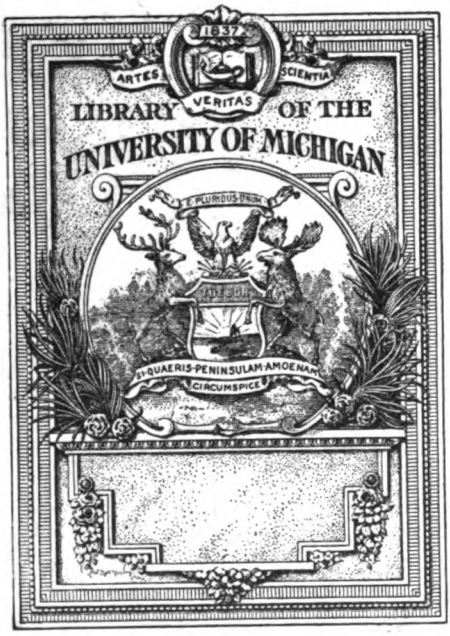
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THE

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An Illustrated Monthly

Edited by

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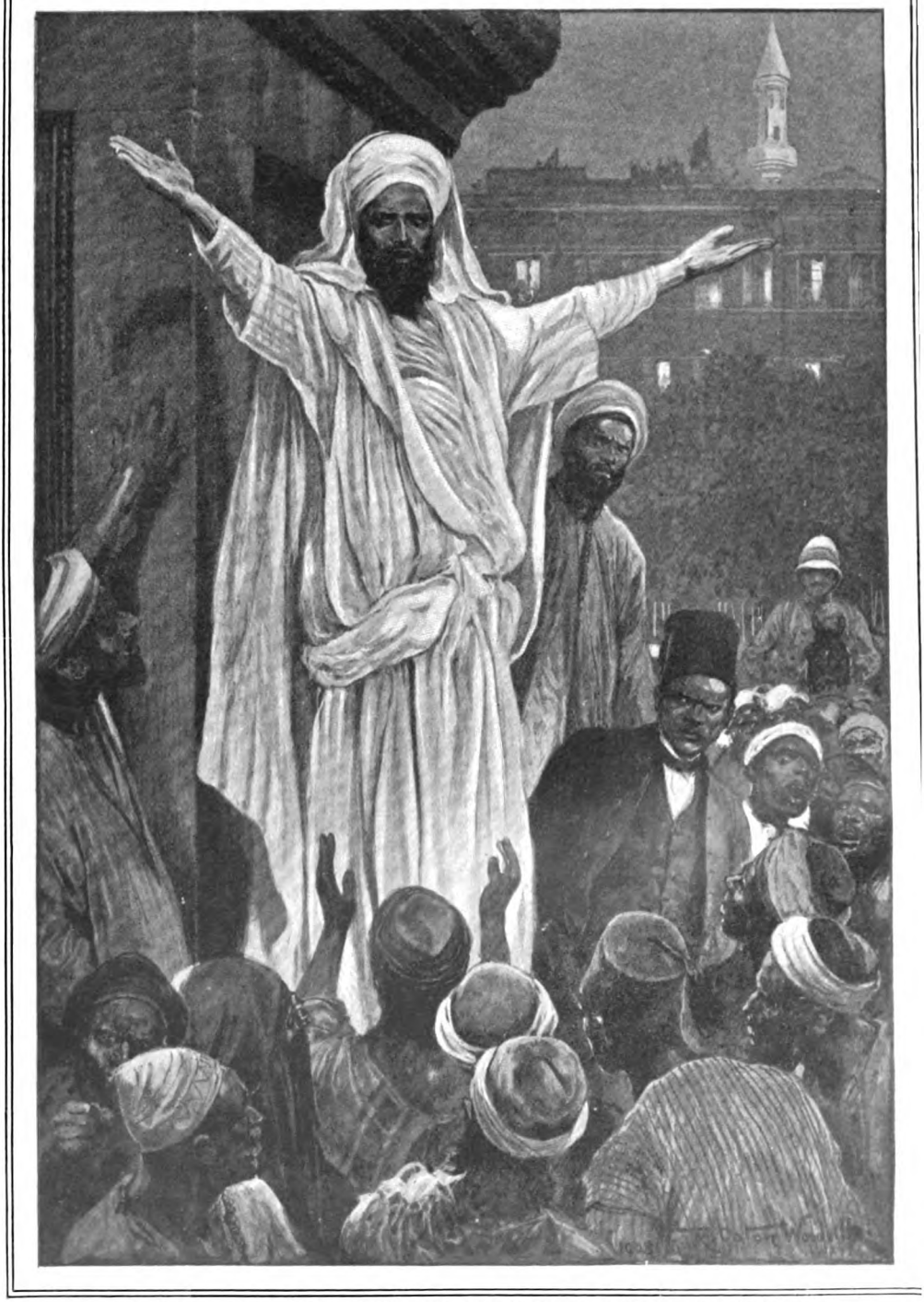

"O MEN OF MANY RACES, BE BROTHERS ONE TO ANOTHER!"

(*See page* 10.)

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The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The Arabs have a tradition that in "the time of the end" a Redeemer will come to unite the faiths of the world into one faith, and the peoples of the world into one people. This Redeemer is sometimes known as the Mahdi, sometimes as Mohammed, sometimes as Jesus, but generally as the White Prophet of Peace, meaning the Christ.]

FIRST BOOK :—The Crescent and the Cross.

CHAPTER XIII.

ISHMAEL AMEER was the son of a Libyan carpenter and boat-builder, who, shortly before the days of the Mahdi, had removed with his family to Khartoum. His earliest memory was of the solitary figure of the great white pasha on the roof of the palace, looking up the Nile for the relief army that never arrived, and of the same white-headed Englishman, with the pale face, who, walking to and fro on the sands outside the palace garden, patted his head and smiled.

His next memory was of the morning after the fall of the desert city, when, awakened by the melancholy moan of the great onbeya, the elephant's horn that was the trumpet of death, he heard the hellish shrieks of the massacre that was going on in the streets, and saw his mother lying dead in front of the door of the inner closet in which she had hidden her child, and found his father's body on the outer threshold.

He was seven years of age at this time, and being adopted by an uncle, a merchant in the town, who had been rich enough to buy his own life, he was sent in due course first to the little school of the mosque in Khartoum, and afterwards, at eighteen, to El Azhar, in Cairo, where, with other poor students, he slept in the stifling rooms under the flat roof, and lived on the hard bread and the jars of cheese and butter which were sent to him from home.

Within four years he had passed the highest examination at the Arabic University, taking the rank of alim (doctor of Koranic divinity), which entitled him to teach and preach in any quarter of the Mohammedan world, and then, equally by reason of his rich voice and his devout mind, he was made reader in the mosque of El Azhar.

Morality was low among the governing classes at that period, and when it occurred that the Grand Kadi, who was a compound of the Eastern voluptuary and the libertine of the Parisian boulevards, marrying for the fourth time, made a feast that went on for a week, in which the days were spent in eating and drinking and the nights in carousing of an unsaintly character, the orgy so shocked the young alim from the desert that he went down to the great man's house to protest.

"How is this, your Eminence?" he said, stoutly. "The Koran teaches temperance, chastity, and contempt of the things of the world—yet you, who are a tower and a light in Islam, have darkened our faces before the infidel."

So daring an outrage on the authority of the Kadi had never been committed before, and Ishmael was promptly flung into the streets; but the matter made some noise and led, in the end, to the expulsion of all the governors (the Ulema) of the University except the one man who, being the first cause of the scandal, was also the representative of the Sultan, and therefore could not be changed.

Meantime Ishmael, returning no more to El Azhar, had settled himself on an island far up the river, and there, practising extreme austerities, he gathered a great reputation for holiness, and attracted attention throughout the valley of the Nile by breathing out threatenings and slaughter—not so much against the leaders of his own people, who were degrading Islam, as against the Christians under whose hated bondage, as he believed, the whole Mohammedan world was going mad.

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So wide was the appeal of Ishmael's impeachment, and so vast became his following, that the Government (now Anglo-Egyptian), always sure that after sand-storms and sand-flies holy men of all sorts were the most pernicious products of the Soudan, thought it necessary to put him down, and for this purpose they sent two companies of Arab camel police, promising a reward to the one that should capture the new prophet.

The two camel corps set out on different tracks, but each resolving to take Ishmael by night, they entered his village at the same time by opposite ends, met in the darkness, and fought and destroyed one another, so that when morning dawned they saw their leaders on both sides lying dead in the crimsoning light.

The gruesome incident had the effect of the supernatural on the Arab intellect, and when Ishmael and his followers, with nothing but a stick in one hand and the Koran in the other, came down with a roar of voices and the sand whirling in the wind, the native remnant turned tail and fled before the young prophet's face.

Then the Governor-General, an agnostic with a contempt for "mystic senses" of all kinds, sent a ruckling, swearing, unbelieving company of British infantry, and they took Ishmael without further trouble, brought him up to Khartoum, put him on trial for plotting against the Christian Governor of his province, and imprisoned him in a compound outside the town.

But soon the Government began to see that, though they had crushed Ishmael, they could not crush Ishmaelism, and they lent an ear to certain of the leaders of his own faith, judges of the Mohammedan law courts, who, having put their heads together, had devised a scheme to wean him from his asceticism, and so destroy the movement by destroying the man. The scheme was an old one, the wiles of a woman, and they knew the very woman for the purpose.

This was a girl named Adila, a Copt, only twenty years of age, and by no means a voluptuous creature, but a little, winsome thing, very sweet and feminine, always freshly clad and walking barefoot on the hot sand with an erect confidence that was beautiful to see.

Adila had been the daughter of a Christian merchant at Assouan, and there, six years before, she had been kidnapped by a Bisharin tribe, who, answering her tears with rough comfort, promised to make her a queen.

In their own way they did so, for, those being the dark days of Mahdism, they brought her to Omdurman and put her up to auction in the open slave-market, where the black eunuch of the Calipha, after thrusting his yellow fingers into her mouth to examine her teeth, bought her, among other girls, for his master's harem.

There, with forty women of varying ages, gathered by concupiscence from all quarters of the Soudan, she was mewed up in the close atmosphere of two sealed chambers in the Calipha's crudely gorgeous palace, seeing no more of her owner than his coffee-coloured countenance as he passed once a day through the curtained rooms, and signalled to one or other of their bedecked and beringleted occupants to follow him down a hidden stairway to his private quarters. At such moments of inspection Adila would sit trembling and breathless, in dread of being seen, and she found her companions only too happy to help her to hide herself from the attentions they were seeking for themselves.

This lasted nearly a year, and then came a day when the howling in the streets outside, the wailing of shells overhead, and the crashing of cannon-balls in the dome of the Mahdi's tomb told the imprisoned women, who were creeping together in corners and clinging to each other in terror, that the English had come at last, and the Calipha had fallen and fled.

When Adila was set at liberty by the English Sirdar, she learned that, in grief at the loss of their daughter, her parents had died, and so, ashamed to return to Assouan, after being a slave-girl in Omdurman, she took service with a Greek widow who kept a bakery in Khartoum. It was there the sheikhs of the law courts found her, and they proceeded to coax and flatter her, telling her she had been a good girl who had seen much sorrow, and therefore ought to know some happiness now, to which end they had found a husband to marry her, and he was a fine, handsome man, young and learned and rich.

At this, Adila, remembering the Calipha, and thinking that such a person as they pictured could only want her as the slave of his bed, turned sharply upon them and said, "When did I ask you to find me a man?" and the sheikhs had to go back discomfited.

Meantime Ishmael, raving against the Christians, who were corrupting Mohammedans while he was lying helpless in his prison, fell into a fever, and the Greek mistress of Adila, hearing who had been

meant for her hand-maiden and fearing the girl might think too much of herself, began to taunt and mock her.

"They told you he was rich, didn't they?" said the widow. "Well, he has no bread but what the Government gives him, and he is in chains and he is dying, and you would only have had to nurse him and bury him. That's all the husband you would have got, my girl, so perhaps you are better off where you are."

But the widow's taunting went wide, for as soon as Adila had heard her out she went across to the Mohammedan court-house and said:—

"Why didn't you tell me it was Ishmael Ameer you meant?"

The sheikhs answered with a show of shame that they had intended to do so eventually, and if they had not done so at first it was only out of fear of frightening her.

"He's sick and in chains, isn't he?" said Adila.

They admitted that it was true.

"He may never come out of prison alive—isn't that so?"

They could not deny it.

"Then I want to marry him," said Adila.

"What a strange girl you are!" said the sheikhs, but without more ado the marriage document was drawn up in Ishmael's name, Adila signed it, half her dowry was paid to her, and she promptly gave the money to the poor.

Next day Ishmael was tossing on his angerib in the mud hut which served for his cell when he saw his Soudanese guard come in, followed by four women, and the first of them was Adila, carrying a basketful of cakes, such as are made in that country for a marriage festival. One moment she stood over him as he lay on his bed with what seemed to be dews of death on his forehead, and then, putting her basket on the ground, she slipped to her knees by his side and said:—

"I am Adila. I belong to you now and have come to take care of you."

"Why do you come to me?" he answered. "Go away. I don't want you."

"But we are married and I am your wife, and I am here to nurse you until you are well," she said.

"I shall never be well," he replied. "I am dying and will soon be dead. Why should you waste your life on me, my girl? Go away and God bless you!"

With that she kissed his hand and her tears fell over it, but after a moment she wiped her eyes, rose to her feet, and, turning briskly to the other women, said:—

"Take your cakes and be off with you—I'm going to stay."

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE weeks longer Ishmael lay in the grip of his fever, and day and night Adila tended him, moistening his parched lips and cooling his hot forehead, while he raged against his enemies in his strong delirium, crying, "Down with the Christians! Drive them away! Kill them!" Then the thunging and roaring in his poor brain ceased, and his body was like a boat that had slid in an instant out of a stormy sea into a quiet harbour. Opening his eyes, with his face to the red wall, in the cool light of a breathless morning, he heard behind him the soft and mellow voice of a woman who seemed to be whispering to herself or to Heaven, and she was saying:—

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

"What is that?" he asked, closing his eyes again; and at the next moment the mellow voice came from somewhere above his face:—

"So you are better? Oh, how good that is! I am Adila. Don't you remember me?"

"What was that you were saying, my girl?"

"That? Oh, that was the prayer of the Lord Isa (Jesus)."

"The Lord Isa?"

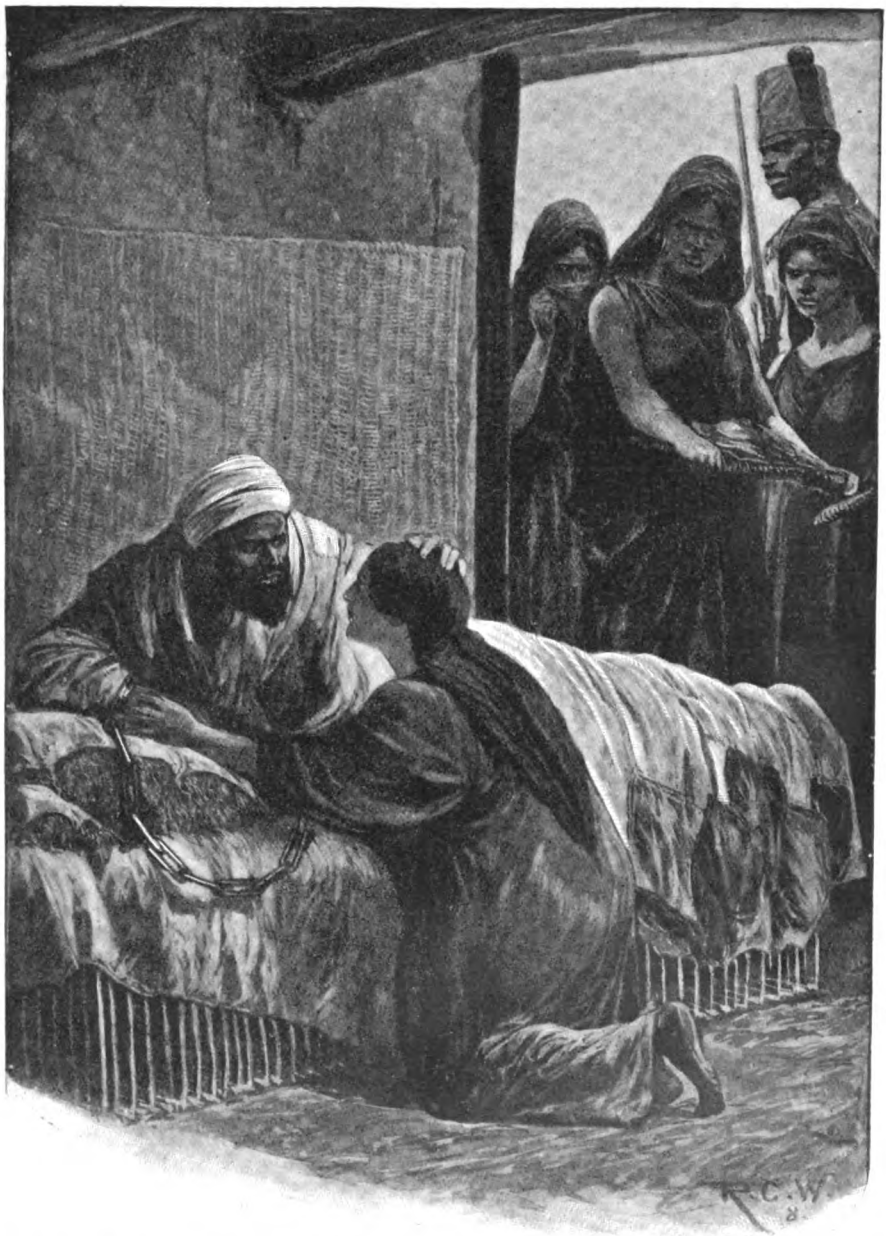
"Don't you know? Long ago my father told me about Him, and I've not forgotten it even yet. He was only a poor man, a poor Jewish man, a carpenter, but He was so good that He loved all the world, especially sinful women when they were sorry, and little helpless children. He never did harm to His enemies either, but people were cruel and they crucified Him. And now He is in heaven, sitting at God's right hand, with Mary, His mother, beside Him."

There was silence for a moment, and then:—

"Say His prayer again, Adila."

So Adila, with more constraint than before, but still soft and sweetly, began afresh:—

"Our Father, Which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the



"SHE SLIPPED TO HER KNEES BY HIS SIDE AND SAID: 'I AM ADILA. I BELONG TO YOU NOW AND HAVE COME TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.'"

kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Thus the little Coptic woman, in her soft and mellow voice, said her Lord's Prayer in that mud hut on the edge of the desert, with only the sick man to hear her, and he was a prisoner and in chains; but long before she had finished Ishmael's face was hidden in his bed-clothes and he was crying like a child.

There were three weeks more of a painless and dreamy convalescence, in which Adila repeated other stories her father had told her, and Ishmael saw Christianity for the first time as it used to be, and wondered to find it a faith so sweet and so true, and, above all, save for the character of Jesus, so like his own.

Then a new set of emotions took possession

of him, and with returning strength he began to see Adila with fresh eyes. He loved to look at her soft, round form, and he found the air of his gloomy prison full of perfume and light when she walked with her beautiful erect bearing and smiling blue eyes about his bed. Hitherto she had slept on a mattress which she had laid out on the ground by the side of his angerib, but now he wished to change places, and when nothing would avail with her to do so he would stretch out his arm at night until their hands met and clasped, and thus linked together they would fall asleep.

At length he would awake in the darkness, not being able to sleep for thinking of her, and finding one night that she was awake too, he said in a tremulous voice :—

"Will you not kiss me, Adila?"

"Should I?" she whispered, and she did.

Next day the black Soudanese guard that had been set to watch him reported to the Mohammedan sheikhs that the devotee had been swallowed up in the man, whereupon the sheikhs, with a chuckle, reported the same to the Government, and then Ishmael with certain formalities was set free.

At the expense of his uncle a house was found for him outside the town, for in contempt of his weakness in being tricked, as his people believed, by a Coptic slave-girl, his following had gone and he and Adila were to be left alone. Little they recked of that, though, for in the first sweet joys of husband and wife they were very happy, talking in delicious whispers and with the frank candour of the East of the child that was to come. He was sure it would be a girl, so they agreed to call it Ayesha (Mary), she for the sake of the sinful soul who had washed her Master's feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head, and he in memory of the poor Jewish woman, the mother of Isa, whose heart had been torn with grief for the sorrows of her son.

But when at length came their day of days, at the height of their happiness a bolt fell out of a cloudless sky, for though God gave them a child, and it was a girl, He took the mother in place of it.

She made a brave end, the sweet Coptic woman, only thinking of Ishmael and holding his hand to cheer him. It was noon, the sun was hot outside, and in the cool shade of the courtyard three Moslems chanted the Islamee la Illaha, for so much they could do even for the infidel, while Ishmael sat within on one side of his wife's angerib, with his uncle, seventy years of age now, on the other. She was too weak to speak to her husband, but she held up her mouth to him like a child to be kissed, and then the old man closed her eyes, and said :—

"Be comforted, my son—death is a black camel that kneels at the gate of all."

There were no women to wail outside the house that night, and next day, when Adila had to be buried, it was neither in the Mohammedan cemetery with those who had "received direction," nor in the Christian one with English soldiers who had fallen in fight, that the slave-wife of a prisoner could be laid, but out in the open desert where there was nothing save the sand and the sky.

They laid her with her face to Jerusalem, wrapped in a coco-nut mat, and put a few thorns over her to keep off the eagles, and when this was done they would have left her, saying she would sleep cool in her soft bed, for a warm wind was blowing and the sun was beginning to set, but Ishmael would not go.

In his sorrow and misery, his doubt and darkness, he was asking himself whether, if his poor Coptic wife was doomed to hell as an unbeliever, he could ever be happy in heaven. The moon had risen when at length they drew him away, and even then in the stillness of the lonely desert he looked back again and again at the dark patch on the white waste of the wilderness in which he was leaving her behind him.

Next morning he took the child from the midwife's arms, and, carrying it across to his uncle, he asked him to take care of it and bring it up, for he was leaving Khartoum and did not know how long he might be away. Where was he going to? He could not say. Had he any money? None, but God would provide for him.

"Better stay in the Soudan and marry another woman, a believer," said his uncle, and then Ishmael answered, in a quivering voice :—

"No, no, by Allah! One wife I had, and if she was a Christian and was once a slave, I loved her, and never—never—shall another woman take her place."

He was ten years away, and only at long intervals did anybody hear of him, and it was sometimes from Mecca, sometimes from Jerusalem, sometimes from Rome, and finally from the depths of the Libyan desert. Then he reappeared at Alexandria, and, entering a little mosque, he exercised his right as alim and went up into the pulpit to preach.

His teaching was like fire, and men were like fuel before it. Day by day the crowds increased that came to hear him, until Alexandria seemed to be aflame, and he had

to remove to the large mosque of Abou Abbas in the square of the same name.

Such was the man whom Gordon Lord was sent to arrest.

CHAPTER XV.

"Head-quarters, Caracol Attarin,
"Alexandria.

"My Dearest Helena,—I have seen my man and it is all a mistake! I can have no hesitation in saying so—a mistake! Ishmael Ameer is not the cause of the riots which are taking place here—never has been, never can be. And if his preaching should ever lead by any indirect means to sporadic outbursts of fanaticism the fault will be ours—ours, and nobody else's.

"Colonel Jenkinson and the Commandant of Police met me on my arrival. It seems my coming had somehow got wind, but the only effect of the rumour had been to increase the panic, for even the conservative elements among the Europeans had made a run on the gunsmiths' shops for firearms and—could you believe it?—on the chemists' for prussic acid, to be used by their women in case of the worst.

"Next morning I saw my man for the first time. It was outside Abou Abbas, on the toe of the east port, where the native population, with quiet Eastern greeting, of hands to the lips and forehead, were following him from his lodging to the mosque.

"My dear girl, he is not a bit like the man you imagined. Young—as young as I am, at all events—tall, very tall (his head showing above others in a crowd), with clean-cut face, brown complexion, skin soft and clear, hands like a woman's, and large, beaming black eyes as frank as a child's. His dress is purely Oriental, being white throughout, save for the red slippers under the caftan and the tip of the tarboosh above the turban. No mealy-mouthed person, though, but a spontaneous, passionate man, careless alike of the frowns of men and the smiles of women, a real type of the Arab out of the desert, uncorrupted by the cities, a man of peace, perhaps, but full of deadly fire and dauntless energy.

"My dear Helena, I liked my first sight of Ishmael Ameer, and thinking I saw in him some of the barbarous virtues we have civilized away, some of the fine old stuff of the Arab nobleman who would light his beacon to guide you to his tent even if you were his worst enemy, I could not help but say to myself, 'By ——, here's a man I want to fight!'

"As soon as he had gone into the mosque I sent Hafiz and the two Egyptians after him by different doors, with strict injunctions against collusion of any kind, and then went off to the police head-quarters in the Governorat to await their report. Hafiz himself was the first to come to me, and he brought a circumstantial story. Not a word of sedition, not a syllable about the Christians, good, bad, or indifferent! Did the man flatter the Moslems? Exactly the reverse! Never had Hafiz heard such a rating of a congregation even from a Mohammedan preacher.

"The sermon had been on the degradation of woman in the East, which the preacher had denounced as a disgrace to their humanity. Christians believed it to be due to their faith, but what had degraded woman in Mohammedan countries was not the Mohammedan religion but the people's own degradation.

"'I dreamt last night,' he said, 'that in punishment of your offences against woman God lifted the passion of love out of the heart of man. What a chaos! A cockpit of selfishness and sin! Woman is meant to sweeten life, to bind its parts together—will you continue to degrade her? Fools, are you wiser than God, trying to undo what He has done?'

"Such was Ishmael's sermon, as Hafiz reported it, and when the Egyptians came their account was essentially the same; but just at the moment when I was asking myself what there could be in teaching like this to set Moslem against Christian, tinkle-tinkle went the bell of the telephone, and the Commandant of Police, who had been listening with a supercilious smile, seemed to take a certain joy in telling me that his inspector in the quarter of Abou Abbas was calling for reinforcements because a fresh disturbance had broken out there.

"In three minutes I was on the spot, and the first thing I saw was the white figure of Ishmael Ameer lashing his way through a turbulent crowd, whereupon the Commandant, who was riding by my side, said, 'See that? Are you satisfied now, sir?' to which I answered, 'Don't be a fool,' with a stronger word to drive it home, and then made for the middle of the throng.

"It was all over before I got there, for Christians and Moslems alike were flying before Ishmael's face, and, without waiting for a word of thanks, he was gone too, and in another moment the square was clear, save for a dozen men, native and European, whom the police had put under arrest.

"With these rascals I returned to the Governorat and investigated the riot, which turned out to be a very petty affair, originating in an effort on the part of a couple of low-class Greeks to attend to the Scriptural injunction to spoil the Egyptians by robbing a shop (covered only by a net) while its native owner was in the mosque.

"Next morning came a letter from Ishmael Ameer, beginning, 'In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful,' but otherwise written without preamble or circumlocution, saying he was aware that certain incidents in connection with his services had assumed an anti-Christian aspect, and begging to be permitted, in the interests of peace and in order to give a feeling of security to Europeans, to preach openly at noon the next day in the square of Mohammed Ali.

"I need not tell you, my dear Helena, that everybody at the Governorat thought the letter a piece of appalling effrontery, and, of course, the Commandant—who is one of the good Christians, with a rooted contempt for anything in a turban (forgetting that Jesus Christ probably wore one)—made himself big with phrases out of Blue Books about the only way to suppress disorder being to refuse to let sedition show its head. But I have never been afraid of a mob, and, thinking the situation justified the experiment, I advised the Governor to let the man come.

"One thing I did, though, my dear Helena, and that was to dictate a pretty stiff reply, saying I should be present myself with a regiment of soldiers, and if, instead of pacifying the people, he aggravated their hostility, I should make it my personal business to see that he would be the first to suffer.

"That night all the world and his wife declared that I was fishing in troubled waters, and I hear that some brave souls fled panic-stricken by the last train to Cairo, where they are now, I presume, preferring their petitions at the Agency; but next morning (that is to say, this morning) the air was calmer, and the great square, when I reached it, was as quiet as an inland sea.

"It was a wonderful sight, however, with the 1st Suffolk lining the east walls, and the 2nd Berkshire lining the west; and the overflowing Egyptian and European populace between, standing together yet apart, like the hosts of Pharaoh and of Israel with the Red Sea dividing them.

"I rode up with Jenkinson a little before twelve, and I think the people saw that, though we had permitted this unusual experiment in the interests of peace, we meant business. A space had been kept clear for Ishmael at the foot of the statue of the great Khedive, and hardly had the last notes of the midday call to prayers died away when our man arrived. He was afoot, quite unattended, walking with an active step and that assured nobility of bearing which belongs to the Arab blood alone. He bowed to me, with a simple dignity that had not a particle either of fear or defiance, and again, Heaven knows why, I said to myself, 'By ——, I want to fight that man!'

"Then he stepped on to the angerib that had been placed for him as a platform and began to speak. His first words were a surprise, being in English, and faultlessly spoken.

"'The earth and the sky are full of trouble. God has afflicted us; praise to His name,' he began, and then, pointing to the warships that were just visible in the bay, he cried:—

"'Men who are watching the heavens and who speak with authority tell us that great conflicts are coming among the nations of the world. Why is it so? What is dividing us? Is it race? We are the sons of one Father. Is it faith? It is the work of religion not only to set men free, but to bind them together. Our Koran says: "Thou shalt love thy brother as thyself, and never act towards him but as thou wouldst that he should act towards thee." The Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Law of Moses say the same. The true Christian is the true Moslem—the true Moslem is the true Jew. All that is right in religion includes itself in one commandment—love one another! Then, why warfare between brethren so near akin?'

"His voice, my dear Helena, was such as I had never in my life heard before. It throbbed with the throb that is peculiar to the voice of the Arab singer and seems to go through you like an electric current. His sermon, too, which was sometimes in English, sometimes in Arabic, the two languages so intermingled that the whole vast congregation of the cosmopolitan seaport seemed to follow him at once, was not like preaching at all, but vehement, enthusiastic, extempore prayer.

"I have sent a long account of it to the Consul-General, so I dare say you will see what it contained. It was the only preaching I have ever heard that seemed to me to deserve the name of inspiration. Sedition? In one passage alone did it so much as skirt the problem of England in Egypt, and then

there was a spirit in the man's fiery words that was above the finest patriotism. Speaking of the universal hope of all religions, the hope of a time to come when the Almighty will make all the faiths of the world one faith, and all the peoples of the world one people, he said:—

"'In visions of the night I see that promised day, and what is our Egypt then? She, the oldest of the nations, who has seen so many centuries of persecution and shame, trodden under the heel of hard task-masters, and buried in the sands of her deserts, what is she? She is the meeting-place of nations, the hand-clasp of two worlds, the interpreter and the peacemaker between East and West. We can never be a great nation—let us be a good one. Is it not enough? Look around! We stand amid ruins half as old as the earth itself—is it not worth waiting for?'

"Then in his last word, speaking first in Arabic and afterwards in English, he cried:—

"'O men of many races, be brothers one to another! God is great! God is great! Take hands, O sons of one Father, believers in one God! Pray to Him who changes all things but Himself changeth not! God is great! God is great! Let Allah Akbar sound for ever through your souls!'

"The effect was overwhelming. Even some of the low-class Greeks and Italians were sobbing aloud, and our poor Egyptian children were like people possessed. Hungry, out of work, many of them wearing a single garment, and that a ragged one—yet a new magnificence seemed to be given to their lives. Something radiant and glorious seemed to glimmer in the distance, making their present sufferings look small and mean.

"And I? I don't know, my dear Helena, how I can better tell you what I felt than by telling you what I did. I was looking down from the saddle at my 1st Suffolk and my 2nd Berkshire, standing in line with their poor little rifles, when something gripped me by the throat, and I signed to the officers, shouted 'Back to your quarters!' and rode off, without waiting to see what would happen, because I *knew*.

"I have written both to the General and to my father, telling them I have not arrested Ishmael Ameer and don't intend to do so. If this is quackery and spiritual legerdemain to cover sedition and conspiracy, I throw up the sponge and count myself among the fools. But Ishmael Ameer is one of the flame-bearers of the world. Let who will put him down—I will *not*.

"My dearest Helena, I've written all this about the new prophet and not a word about yourself, though I've been feeling the quivering grip of your hand in mine every moment of the time. The memory of that delicious quarter of an hour in the garden has sweetened the sulphurous air of Alexandria for me, and I'm in a fever to get back. 'Smash the Mahdi!' you said, thinking if I didn't obey my father and yours I should offend both and so lead to trouble between you and me. But the Consul-General is a just man, if he is a hard one, and I should not deserve to be his son if I did not dare to warn him when he was going to do wrong. Neither should I deserve to be loved by the bravest girl alive if I hadn't the pluck to stand up for the right.

"Good night, sweetheart! It's two in the morning, the town is as quiet as a desert village, and I am going to turn in.—GORDON.

"P.S.—Forgot to say Ishmael Ameer is to go up to Cairo shortly, so you'll soon see him for yourself. But Heaven help me, what is to become of Gordon Lord when you've once looked on this son of the wilderness?

"P.P.S.—Not an arrest since yesterday!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"General's House,
"Citadel, Cairo.

"MY DEAR GORDON,—You're in for it! In that whispering gallery which people call the East, where everything is known before it happens to happen, rumours without end were coming to Cairo of what you were doing in Alexandria, but nobody in authority believed the half of it until your letters arrived at noon to-day, and now—heigho, for the wind and the rain!

"My dear dad is going about like an old Tom with his tail up, and as for the Consul-General—whew! (a whistle, your Excellency).

"Let me take things in their order, though, so that you may see what has come to pass. I was reading your letter for the third (or was it the thirtieth?) time this afternoon, when who should come in but the Princess Nazimah, so I couldn't resist an impulse to tell her what your son of Hagar had to say on the position of Eastern women, thinking it would gratify her and she would agree. But no, not a bit of it; off she went on the other side, with talk straight out of the harem, showing that the woman of the East isn't worthy of emancipation and shouldn't get it—*yet*.

"It seems that if the men of the East are 'beasts,' the women are 'creatures.' Love? They never heard of such a thing. Husband?

The word doesn't exist for them. Not *my* master, even! Just master! Living together like schoolgirls and loving each other like sisters—think of that, my dear!

"And when I urged that we were all taught to love one another—all Christians, at all events—she cried: 'What! And share one man between four of you?' In short, the condition was only possible to cocks and hens, and that Eastern women could put up with it showed they were creatures—simple creatures, content and happy if their husbands (beg pardon, their masters) gave them equal presents of dresses and jewels and Turkish delight. No, let the woman of the East keep a little longer to her harem window, her closed carriage, and the wisp of mousseline de soie she calls her veil, or she'll misuse her liberty. 'Oh, I know. I say what I think. I don't care.'

"As for your Ishmael, the Princess wouldn't have him at any price. He's just another Mahdi, and if he's championing the cause of women the son of a duck knows how to swim. His predecessor began by denouncing slavery and ended by being the biggest slave-dealer in the Soudan. Ergo, your Ishmael, who cares neither for 'the frowns of man nor the smiles of woman,' is going to finish up like Solomon or Samson, either as the tyrant of a hundred women or the victim of one of them whose heart is snares and nets. 'Oh, I know. Every man is a sultan to himself, and the tail of a dog is never straight.'

"But as for you, it seems you are 'a brother of girls,' which being interpreted means you are a man to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters, and courage and strength to fight for their protection. 'Didn't I tell you that you had the best of the bunch, my child?' (She did, Serenity.) 'But though he is a soldier and as brave as a lion, he has too much of the woman in him.' In this respect you resemble, it seems, one of the Princess's own husbands, but having had a variety of them, both right and left-handed, she found a difficulty in fixing your prototype. 'My first husband was like that—or no, it was my second—or perhaps it was one of the other ones.'

"But this being so, O virtuous one, it became my duty to get you back from Alexandria as speedily as possible. 'Love, like the sparrows, comes and goes. Oh, I know. I've seen it myself, my child.'

"'And listen, my moon. Don't allow your Gordon' (she calls you Gourdan) 'to go against his father. Nuneham is the greatest man in the world, but let anybody cross him—*mon Dieu!* If you go out as the wind you meet the whirlwind, and serve you right, too.'

"In complete agreement on this point, the Princess and I were parting in much kindness when father came dashing into my drawing-room like a gust of the Khamseen (hot wind), having just had a telephone message from the Consul-General requiring him to go down to the Agency without delay. Whereupon, with a word or two of apology to the Princess and a rumbling subterranean growl of 'Don't know what the d—— that young man . . .' he picked up your letter to himself and was gone in a moment.

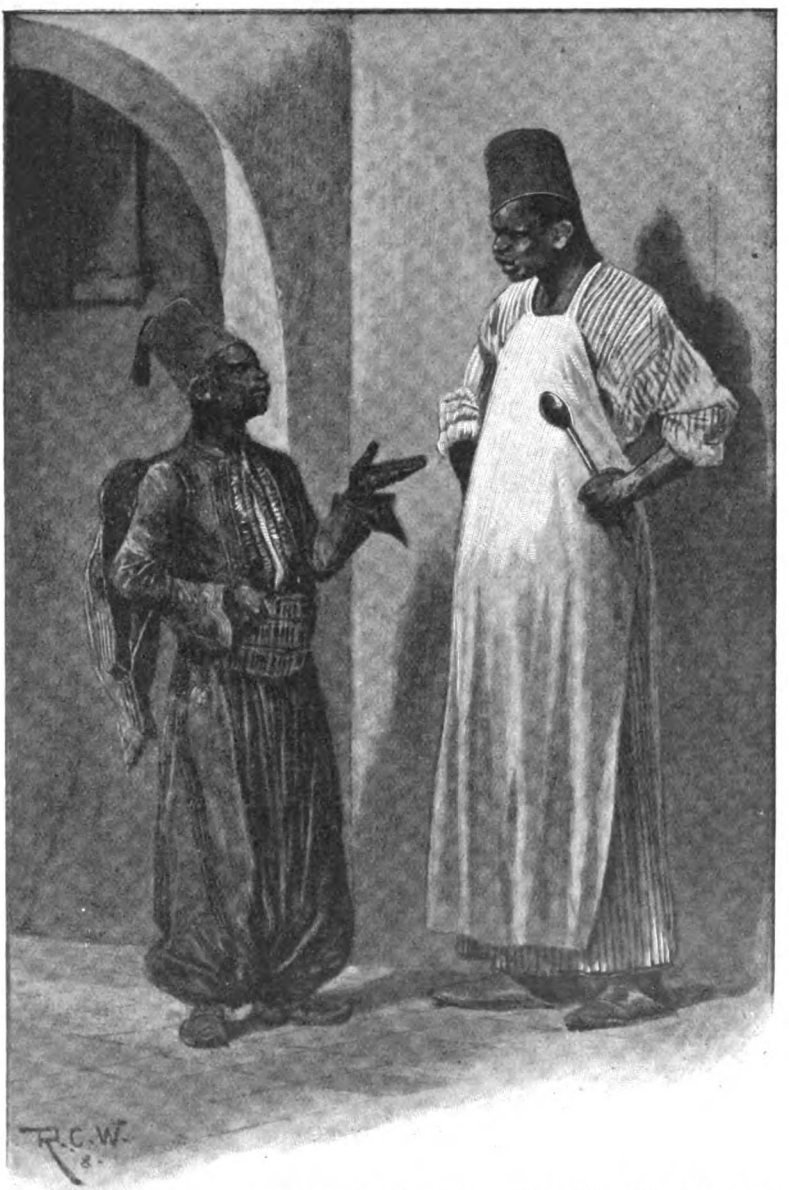
"It is now 10 p.m. and he hasn't come back yet. Another telephone message told me he wouldn't be home to dinner, so I dined alone, with only Mosie Gobs for company, but he waits on me like my shadow, and gives me good advice on all occasions.

"It seems his heart is still on fire with love for me, and, having caught him examining his face in my toilet-glass this morning, I was amused, and a little touched, when he asked me to-night if the Army Surgeon had any medicine to make people white.

"Apparently, his former love was a small black maiden who works in the laundry, and he shares your view (as revealed in happier hours, your Highness) that there's nothing in the world so nice as a little girl except a big one. But I find he hasn't the best opinion of you, for when I was trying to while away an hour after dinner by playing the piano I overheard the monkey telling the cook that to see her hands (*i.e.*, mine) run over the teeth of the music-box amazes the mind—therefore, why should her husband (*id est*, you) spend so much time in the coffee-shop?

"Since then I've been out in the arbour trying to live over again the delicious quarter of an hour you speak of, but though the wing of night is over the city and the air is as soft as somebody's kiss is (except sometimes), it was a dreadful failure, for when I closed my eyes, thinking hearts see each other, I could feel nothing but the sting of a mosquito, and could only hear the watchman crying 'Wahhed!' and what that is you've only to open your mouth wide and then say it, and you'll know.

"So here I am at my desk talking against time until father comes, and there's something to say. And if you would know how I am myself, I would tell you, most glorious and respected, that I'm as tranquil as can be



"WHY SHOULD HER HUSBAND SPEND SO MUCH TIME IN THE COFFEE-SHOP?"

expected considering what a fever you've put me in, for, falling on my knees before your unsullied hands, O Serenity, it seems to me you're a dunce after all, and have gone and done exactly what your great namesake did before you, in spite of his tragic fate to warn you.

"The trouble in Gordon major's case was that the Government gave him a discretionary power and he used it, and it seems as if something similar has happened to Gordon minor, with the same results. I hope to goodness they may send you a definite order as the consequence of their colloguing to-night, and then you can have no choice, and there will be no further trouble.

"That is not to say that I think you are wrong in your view of this new Mahdi, but merely that I don't want to know anything about him. His protests against the spirit of the world may be good and beneficial, but peace and quiet are better. His predictions

about the millennium may be right, too, and if he likes to live on that dinner of herbs let him. Can't you leave such people to boil their own pot without you providing them with sticks? I'm a woman, of course, and my Moslem sisters may be suffering this, that, or the other injustice, but when it comes to letting these things get in between your happiness and mine, what the dickens, and the deuce, and the divil do I care?—which is proof of what Mosie says to the cook about the sweetness of my tongue.

"As for your 'Arab nobleman' taking me by storm, no, thank you! I dare say he has yellow nails, and if one touched the tip of his nose it would be as soft as Mosie's. I hate him anyway, and if you are ever again tempted to fight him, take my advice *and fall!* But look here, Mr. Charlie Gordon Lord! If you're so very keen for a fight come here and fight *me*—I'm game for you!

"Soberly, my dear—dear, don't think I'm not proud of you that you are the only man in all Egypt, aye, or the world, who dares stand up to your father. When God made you he made you without fear—I know that. He made you with a heart that would die rather than do a wrong—I know that too. I don't believe you are taking advantage of your position as a son, either; and when people blame your parents for bringing you up as an Arab I know it all comes from deeper down than that. I suppose it is the Plymouth rock in you, the soul and blood of the men of the *Mayflower*. You cannot help it, and you would fight your own father for what you believed to be the right.

"But, oh, dear, that's just what makes me tremble. Your father and you on opposite sides is a thing too terrible to think about. English gentlemen? Yes, I'm not saying anything to the contrary, but British bulldogs too, and, as if that were not enough, *you've* got the American eagle in you as well. You'll destroy each other—that will be the end of it. And if you ask me what reason I have for saying so, I answer—simply a woman's, I *know! I know!*

"Father just back—dreadfully excited and exhausted—had to get him off to bed. Something fresh brewing—cannot tell what.

"I gather that your friend the Grand Kadi was at the Agency to-night—but I'll hear more in the morning.

"It's very late and the city seems to be tossing in its sleep—a kind of somnambulent moan coming up from it. They say the Nile is beginning to rise, and by the light of the moon (it has just risen) I can faintly see a streak of red water down the middle of the river. Ugh! It's like blood and makes me shiver, so I must go to bed.

"Father much better this morning. But oh! oh! oh! . . . It seems you are to be telegraphed for to return immediately. Something you have to do in Cairo—I don't know what. I'm glad you are to come back, though, for I hate to think of you in the same city as that man Ishmael. Let me hear from you the minute you arrive, for I may have something to say by that time, and meantime I send this letter by hand to your quarters at Kasr-el-Nil.

"That red streak in the Nile is plain enough this morning. I suppose it's only the first water that comes pouring down from the clay soil of Abyssinia, but I hate to look at it.

"Take care of yourself, Gordon, dear—I'm really a shocking coward, you know.

HELENA.

"P.S.—Another dream last night! Same as before exactly—that man coming between you and me."

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURNING to Cairo by the first train the following morning, Gordon received Helena's letter and replied to it:—

"Just arrived, in obedience to their telegram. But don't be afraid, dearest. Nothing can happen that will injure either of us. My father cannot have wished me to arrest an innocent man. Therefore set your mind at ease and be happy. Going over to the Agency now, but hope to see you in the course of the day. Greetings to the General and all my love to his daughter.—GORDON."

But in spite of the brave tone of this letter, he was not without a certain uneasiness as he rode across to his father's house. "I couldn't have acted otherwise," he thought. And then, recalling Helena's hint of something else which it was intended he should do, he told himself that his father was being deceived and did not know what he was doing. "First of all I must tell him the truth—at all costs, the truth," he thought.

This firm resolution was a little shaken the moment he entered the garden and the home atmosphere began to creep upon him. And when Ibrahim, his father's Egyptian servant, told him that his mother, who had been less well since he went away, was keeping her bed that morning, the shadow of domestic trouble seemed to banish his stalwart purpose.

Bounding upstairs three steps at a time, he called in a cheery voice at his mother's door, but almost before the faint, half-frightened answer came back to him he was in the room, and the pale-faced old lady in her nightdress was in his arms.

"I knew it was you," she said, and then, with her thin, moist hands clasped about his neck, and her head against his breast, she began in a plaintive, hesitating voice, as if she were afraid of her own son, to warn and reprove him.

"I don't understand what is happening, dear, but you must never let anybody poison your mind against your father. He may be a little hard sometimes—I'm not denying that—but then he is not to be judged like other men—he is really not, you know. He would cut off his right hand if he thought it had done him a wrong, but he is very tender to those he loves, and he loves you, dear, and wants to do so much for you. It was pitiful to hear him last night, Gordon. 'I feel as if my enemy has stolen my own son,' he said. 'My own son, my own son,' he kept saying, until I could have cried, and I couldn't sleep for thinking of it. You won't let anybody poison your mind against your father?—promise me you won't, dear."

Gordon comforted and kissed her, and rallied her and laughed, but he felt for a moment as if he had come back as a traitor to destroy the happiness of home.

Fatimah followed him out of the room, and, winking to keep back her tears, she whispered some disconnected story of what had happened on the day on which his father received his letter.

"Oh, my eye, my soul, it was sad! We could hear his footsteps in his bedroom all night long. Sometimes he was speaking to himself. 'The scoundrels!' 'They don't know what shame is!' 'Haven't I had enough? And now he too! My son, my son!'"

Gordon went downstairs with a slow and heavy step. He felt as if everything were conspiring to make him abandon his purpose. "Why can't I leave things alone?" he thought. But just as he reached the hall the Egyptian Prime Minister, who was leaving the house, passed in front of him without seeing him, and a certain sinister look in the man's sallow face wiped out in an instant all the softening effect of the scenes upstairs. "Take care!" he thought. "Tell him the truth, whatever happens."

When he entered the library he expected his father to fly out at him, but the old man was very quiet.

"Sit down—I shall be ready in a moment," he said, and he continued to write without raising his eyes.

Gordon saw that his father's face was more than usually furrowed and severe, and a voice seemed to say to him, "Don't be afraid!" So he walked over to the window and tried to look at the glistening waters of the Nile and the red wedges of Pyramids across the river.

"Well, I received your letter," said the old man, after a moment. "But what was the nonsensical reason you gave me for not doing your duty?"

It was the brusque tone he had always taken with his secretaries when they were in the wrong, but it was a blunder to adopt it with Gordon, who flushed up to the forehead, wheeled round from the window, walked up to the desk, and said, beginning a little hesitatingly, but gathering strength as he went on:—

"My reason, father . . . for not doing my . . . what I was sent to do . . . was merely that I found I could not do it without being either a rascal or a fool."

The old man flinched and his glasses fell. "Explain yourself," he said.

"I came to the conclusion, sir, that you were mistaken in this matter."

"Really!"

"Possibly misinformed——"

"Indeed!"

"By British officials who don't know what they are talking about, or by native scoundrels who do."

Not for forty years had anybody in Egypt spoken to the Consul-General like that, but he only said:—

"Don't stand there like a parson in a pulpit. Sit down and tell me all about it." Whereupon Gordon took a seat by the desk.

"The only riot I witnessed in Alexandria, sir, was due simply to the bad feeling which always exists between the lowest elements of the European and Egyptian inhabitants. Ishmael Ameer had nothing to do with it. On the contrary, he helped to put it down."

"You heard what he had said in the mosques?"

"I had one of his sermons reported to me, sir, and it was teaching such as would have had your own sympathy, being in line with what you have always said yourself about the corruptions of Islam and the necessity of uplifting the Egyptian woman as a means of raising the Egyptian man."

"So you decided, it seems——"

"I decided, father, that to arrest Ishmael

Ameer as one who was promulgating sedition and inciting the people to rebellion would be an act of injustice which you could not wish me to perpetrate in your name."

The Consul-General put up his glasses, looked for a letter which lay on the desk, glanced at it, and said:—

"I see you say that before you arrived in Alexandria it was known you were to come."

"That is so, sir."

"And that after the riot you counselled the Governor to consent to the man's request that he should preach in public."

"I did, sir. I thought it would be a good experiment to try the effect of a little moral influence."

"Of course, the experiment was justified?"

"Perfectly justified — the people dispersed quietly and there has not been a single arrest since."

"But you had a battalion of soldiers on the spot?"

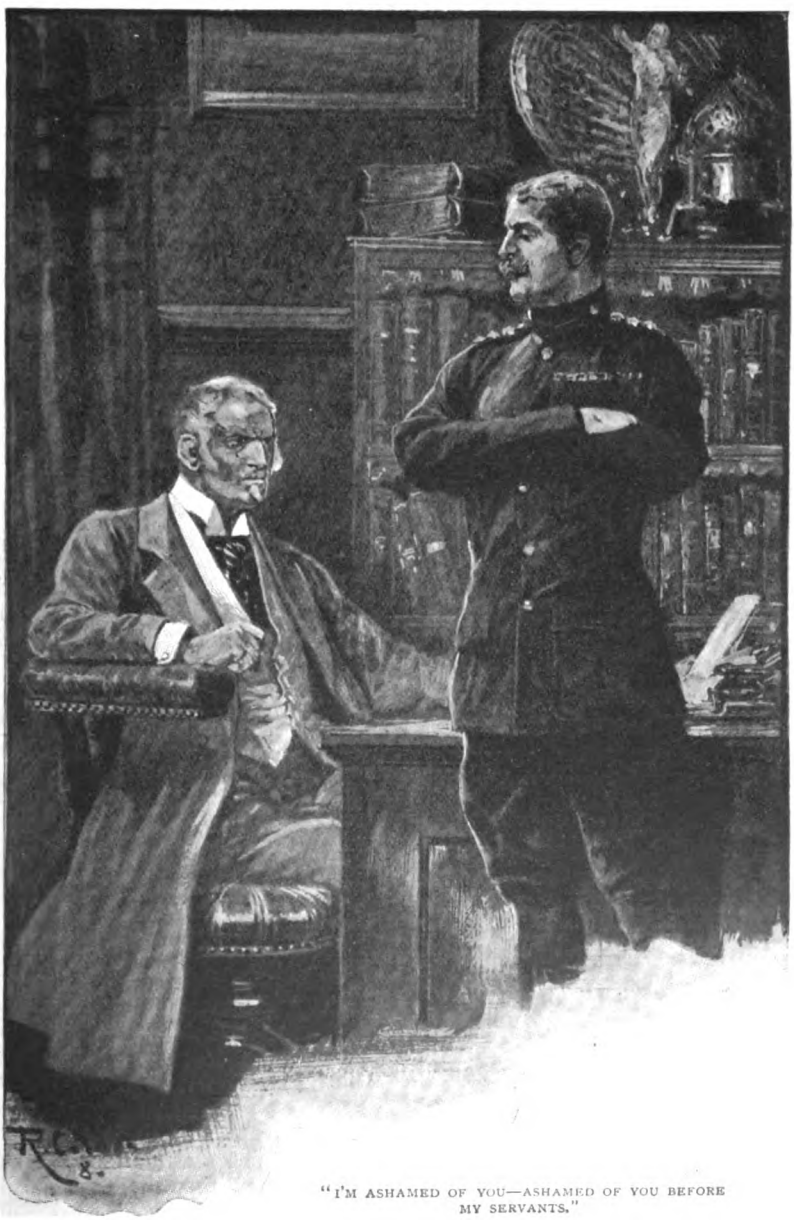
"I had—it was only right to be ready for emergencies."

The old man laughed bitterly. "I'm surprised at you. Don't you see how you've been hoodwinked? The man was warned of your coming — warned from Cairo, from El Azhar, which I find you were so foolish as to visit before you left for Alexandria. Everything was prepared for you. A trick, an Eastern trick, and you were so simple as to be taken in. I'm ashamed of you—ashamed of you before my servants, my secretaries."

Gordon coloured up to his flickering, steel-blue eyes and said:—

"Father, I must ask you to begin by remembering that I am no longer a child and not quite a simpleton. I *know* the Egyptians. I know them better than all your people put together."

"Better than your father himself, perhaps?"



"I'M ASHAMED OF YOU—ASHAMED OF YOU BEFORE MY SERVANTS."

"Yes, sir, better than my father himself, because—because I love them, whereas you—you have hated them from the first. They've never deceived me yet, sir, and, with your permission, I'm not going to deceive them."

The passionate words were hotly, almost aggressively spoken, but from some unfathomable depth of the father's heart the old man was proud of his son at that moment—strong, fearless, and right.

"And the sermon in public—was that also on the corruption of Islam?"

"No, sir; it was about the spirit of the world—the greed of wealth which is making people forget in these days that the true welfare of a nation is moral, not material."

"Anything else?"

"Yes—the hope of a time when the world will have so far progressed towards peace that arms will be laid down and a Redeemer will come to proclaim a universal brotherhood."

"That didn't strike you as ridiculous—to see one unlettered man trying to efface the laws of civilized society—asking sensible people to turn their backs on the facts of life in order to live in a spiritual hot-house of dreams?"

"No, father, that did not strike me as ridiculous, because——"

"Because what—what, now?"

"Because John the Baptist and Jesus Christ did precisely the same thing."

There was silence for a moment, and then the old man said:—

"In this golden age that is to come, he predicts, I am told, a peculiar place for Egypt—is that so?"

"Yes, sir. He holds that in the commonwealth of the world Egypt, by reason of her geographical position, will become the interpreter and peacemaker between the East and the West—that that's what she has lived so long for."

"Yet it didn't occur to you that this was sedition in its most seductive form, and that the man who promulgated it was probably the most dangerous of the demagogues—the worst of the Egyptians who prate about the natives governing themselves and the English being usurping foreigners?"

"No, sir, that didn't occur to me at all, because I felt that a Moslem people had a right to their own ideals, and also because I thought——"

"Well? Well?"

"That the man who imagines that the soul of a nation can be governed by the sword—whoever he is, King, Kaiser, or—or Czar—is the worst of tyrants."

The old autocrat flinched visibly. The scene was becoming tragic to him. For forty years he had been fighting his enemies, and he had beaten them, and now suddenly his own son was standing up as his foe. After a moment of silence he rose and said, with stony gravity:—

"Very well! Having heard your views on Ishmael Ameer, and incidentally on myself, and all I have hitherto attempted to do in Egypt, it only remains to me to tell you what I intend to do now. You know that this man is coming on to Cairo?"

Gordon bowed.

"You are probably aware that it is intended that he shall preach at El Azhar?"

"I didn't know that, sir, but I'm not surprised to hear it."

"Well, El Azhar has to be closed before he arrives."

"Closed?"

"That is what I said—closed, shut up, and its students and professors turned into the streets."

"But there are six thousand of them—from all parts of the Mohammedan world, sir."

"That's why! The Press as a medium of disaffection was bad enough, but El Azhar is worse. It is a hotbed of rebellion, and a word spoken there goes, as by wireless telegraphy, all over Egypt. It is a secret society, and as such it must be stopped."

"But have you reflected——"

"Do I do anything without reflection?"

"Closed, you say? The University? The mosque of mosques? It is impossible! You are trifling with me."

"Have you taken leave of your senses, sir?"

"I beg your pardon, father. I only wish to prevent you from doing something you will never cease to regret. It's dangerous work to touch the religious beliefs of an Eastern people—you know that, sir, better than I do. And if you shut up your University, their holy of holies, you shake the foundations of their society. It's like shutting up St. Peter's in Rome, or St. Paul's in London."

"Both events have happened," said the old man, resuming his seat.

"Father, I beg of you to beware. Trust me, I know these people. No Christian nation nowadays believes in Christianity as these Moslems believe in Islam. We don't care enough for our faith to fight for it. But these dusky millions will die for their religion. And then there's Ishmael Ameer—you must see for yourself what manner of man he is—

careless alike of comfort or fame, a fanatic if you like, but he has only to call to the people and they'll follow him. All the wealth and well-being you have bestowed on them will go to the winds and they'll follow him to a man."

The Consul-General's lip curled again, and he said, quietly, "You ask me to believe that at the word of this man, without a penny and with his head full of worthless noise, the blue-shirted fellaheen will leave their comfortable homes and their lands?"

"Aye, and their wives and children, too—everything they have or ever hope to have! And if he promises them nothing but danger and death, all the more they'll go to him."

"Then we must deal with him also."

"You can't—you can't do anything with a man like that—a man who wants nothing and is afraid of nothing—except kill him, and you can't do that either."

The Consul-General did not reply immediately, and, coming closer, Gordon began to plead with him.

"Father, believe me, I know what I am saying. Don't be blind to the storm that is brewing, and so undo all the good you have ever done. For Egypt's sake, England's, your own, don't let damnable scoundrels like the Grand Kadi and the Prime Minister play on you like a pipe."

It was Gordon who had blundered now, and the consequences were cruel. The ruthless, saturnine old man rose again, and on his square-hewn face there was an icy smile.

"That brings me," he said, speaking very slowly, "from what *I* have done to what *you* must do. The Ulema of El Azhar have received an order to close the University. It went to them this morning through the President of the Council, who is acting as Regent in the absence of the Khedive. If they refuse to go it will be your duty to turn them out."

"Mine?"

"Yours! The Governor of the city and the Commandant of Police will go with you, but where six thousand students and a disaffected population have to be dealt with the military will be required. If you had brought Ishmael Ameer back from Alexandria this step might have been unnecessary, but now instead of one man you have to arrest hundreds."

"But if they resist—and they will—I know they will——"

"In that case they will come under a special tribunal as persons assaulting the members of the British Army of Occupation, and be dispatched without delay to the Soudan."

"But surely——"

"The Ulema are required to signify their assent by to-morrow morning, and we are to meet at the Citadel at four in the afternoon. You will probably be required to be there."

"But, father——"

"We left something to your discretion before, hoping to give you an opportunity of distinguishing yourself in the eyes of England, but in this case your orders will be definite, and your only duty will be to obey."

"But will you not permit me to——"

"That will do for the present. I'm busy. Good day!"

Gordon went out dazed and dumbfounded. He saw nothing of Ibrahim, who handed him his linen-covered cap in the hall, or of the page-boy at the porch who gave him his reins and held down his stirrup. When he came back to consciousness he was riding by the side of the Nile, where the bridge was open, and a number of boats with white sails, like a flight of great sea-gulls, were sweeping through.

At the next moment he was at the entrance to his own quarters, and found a white motor-car standing there. It was Helena's car, and, leaping from the saddle, he went bounding up the stairs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HELÈNA was at his door, with an anxious and perplexed face, talking to his soldier servant. At the next instant they were in each other's arms, and their troubles were gone. Her smile seemed to light up his room more than all its wealth of sunlight, and nothing else was of the smallest consequence. But after a moment she drew out a letter and said:—

"I told father you were back, and he dictated a message to you. He was going to send it by his A.D.C., but I asked to be allowed to bring it myself and he consented. Here it is, dear."

Gordon opened and read the General's letter. It was a formal request that he should be in attendance at the Citadel at four the following day to receive urgent and important instructions.

"You know what it refers to, Helena?"

"Yes, I know," she answered.

The look of perplexity had returned to her face, and for some minutes they stood arm in arm by the open window, looking down at the Nile in a dazed and dreamy way.

"What are you going to do, Gordon?"

"I don't know—yet."

"It will be an order now, and as an officer you can do nothing but obey."

"I suppose not, dear."

"There are so many things calling for your obedience, too—honour, ambition, everything a soldier can want, you know."

"I know! I know!"

She crept closer and said, "Then there's something else, dear."

"What else, Helena?"

"Haven't I always told you that sooner or later that man would come between us?"

"Ishmael?"

"Yes. Last night my father said . . . but I hate to mention it."

"Tell me, dear, tell me."

"He said, 'You couldn't marry a man who had disobeyed and been degraded?'"

"Meaning that if I refused to obey orders, you and I, perhaps . . . by arrangement between your father and mine, maybe——"

"That is what I understood him to mean, dear, and therefore I came to see you."

He flushed crimson for a moment and then began to laugh.

"No, no! I'll never believe that of them. It would be monstrous—impossible!"

But the questioning look in Helena's eyes remained and he tried to reassure her. So many things might happen to remove the difficulty altogether. The Ulema might take the order of the Government as a protest against the visit of Ishmael Ameer, and send him instructions not to come to Cairo.

"He's here already, dear," said Helena.

As she drove down from the citadel she had crossed a crowd of natives coming from the direction of the railway station, and someone had said it was a procession in honour of the new prophet, who had just arrived from Alexandria.

"Then you've seen him yourself, Helena?"

"I saw a man in a white dress on a white horse, but I didn't look—I had somebody else to think about."

He was carried away by the singleness of her love, and with a score of passionate expressions he kissed her beautiful white hands and did his best to comfort her.

"Never mind, dear! Don't be afraid! The Governors of El Azhar may agree to close their doors—temporarily, at all events. Anyhow, we'll muddle through somehow."

She made him promise not to go near "the new Mahdi," and then began to draw on her long yellow driving gloves.

"I suppose the gossips of Cairo would be shocked if they knew I had come to see you," she said.

"It's not the first time you've been here, though. You're here always—see!" he said, and with his arm about her waist he took her round his room to look at her portraits that hung on the walls. It was Helena here, Helena there, Helena everywhere, but since that was the first time the real Helena had visited his quarters, she must drink his health in them.

She would only drink it in water, and when she had done so she had to slip off her glove again and dip her finger into the same glass that he might drink her own health as well. In spite of the shadow of trouble which hung over them they were very happy. A world of warm impulses coursed through their veins, and they could hardly permit themselves to part. It was sweet to stand by the window again and look down at the dazzling Nile. For them the old river flowed, for them it sang its sleepy song. They looked into each other's eyes and smiled without speaking. It was just as if their hearts saw each other and were satisfied.

At length she clasped her arms about his neck, and he felt the warm glow of her body.

"You think that still, Gordon?"

"What, dearest?"

"That love is above everything?"

"Everything in the world," he whispered, and then she kissed him of herself, and nothing else mattered—nothing on earth or in heaven.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Helena had gone the air of his room seemed to be more dumb and empty than it had ever been before; but the bell of the telephone rang immediately, and Hafiz spoke to him.

Hafiz had just heard from his uncle that the Ulema were to meet at eight o'clock to consider what course they ought to adopt. The Chancellor was in favour of submission to superior force, but some of his colleagues of the reactionary party—the old stick-in-the-muds made in Mecca—not being able to believe the Government could be in earnest, were advocating revolt, even resistance.

"Hadn't you better go up to El Azhar to-night, Gordon, and tell them the Government means business? They'll believe *you*, you know, and it may save riot, perhaps bloodshed."

"I hadn't intended to go there again, Hafiz, but if you think I can do any good——"

"You can—I'm sure you can. Let me call for you at eight, and we'll go up together."

"Can't see why we shouldn't. . . . But wait! Ishmael Ameer is in Cairo. Will he be there, think you?"

"Don't know—should think it very likely."

"Well, it can't be helped. Eight o'clock, then! By-bye!" said Gordon, and with that he rang off and wrote to Helena, telling her what he was going to do. He was going to break his word to her again, but it was only in the interests of peace and with the hope of preventing trouble.

"Don't suppose these people can influence me a hair's breadth, dearest," he said, "and, above all, don't be angry."

At eight o'clock Hafiz came for him, and, dressed in mufti, they walked up to the University. With more than usual ceremony they were taken to the Chancellor's room in the roof, and there, in a tense, electrical atmosphere, the Ulema were already assembled—a group of eight or nine rugged and unkempt creatures in their farageeyeh (a loose grey robe, like that of a monk), squatting on the divans about the walls. All the Governors of El Azhar were present except the Grand Kadi, and the only stranger there, except themselves, was Ishmael Ameer, who sat, in his spotless white dress and with his solemn face, on a chair beside the door.

In silence, and with many sweeping salaams from floor to forehead, Gordon was received by the company, and at the request of the Chancellor he explained the object of his visit. It was not official, and it was scarcely proper, but it was intended to do good. There were moments when, passion being excited, there was a serious risk of collision between governors and governed. This was one of them. Rightly or wrongly, the Consul-General was convinced that the University of Cairo was likely to become a centre of sedition. Could they not agree to close it for a time, at all events?

At that the electrical atmosphere of the room broke into rumblings of thunder. The order of the Government was an outrage on the Mohammedan religion, which England had pledged herself to respect. El Azhar was one of the three holy places of the Islamic world, and to close it was to take the bread of life from the Moslems. "The Government might as well cut our throats at once and have done with it," said someone.

From denouncing the order of the Government, the Ulema went on to denounce the Government itself. It was eating the people! It was like wolves trying to devour them! "Are we to be body and soul under the heel of the infidel?" they asked themselves.

After that they denounced Lord Nuneham. He was the slave of power! He was drunk with the strong drink of authority! The University was their voice—he had deprived them of every other—and now he was trying to strike them dumb! When somebody, remembering that they were speaking before the Consul-General's son, suggested that if he was doing a bad act it might be with a good conscience, an alim with an injured eye and a malignant face cried, "No, by Allah! The man who usurps the power of God becomes a devil, and that's what Nuneham is and long has been."

Listening to their violence Gordon had found himself taking his father's part, and at this moment his anger had risen so high that he was struggling against an impulse to take the unkempt creature by the throat and fling him out of the room, when the soft voice of the Chancellor began to plead for peace.

"Mohammed, blessed be his name, always yielded to superior force; and who are we that we should be too proud to follow his example?"

But at that the reactionary party became louder and fiercer than before. "Our prophet in the Koran," cried one, "has commanded us not to seek war and not to begin it. But he has also told us that if war is waged against Islam we are to resist it under penalty of being ourselves as unbelievers, and to follow up those who assail us without pity and without remorse. Therefore, if the English close our holy El Azhar they will be waging war on our religion, and, by the Most High God, we will fight them to the last man, woman, and child."

At that instant Hafiz, who had been trembling in an obscure seat by the door, rose to his feet and said, in a nervous voice, addressing his uncle:—

"Eminence, may I say something?"

"Speak, son of my sister," said the Chancellor.

"It is about Colonel Lord," said Hafiz. "If you refuse to close El Azhar, an order to force you to do so will be issued to the Army and Colonel Lord will be required to carry it into effect."

"Well?"

"He is the friend of the Mussulmans, your Eminence, but if you resist him he will be compelled to kill you."

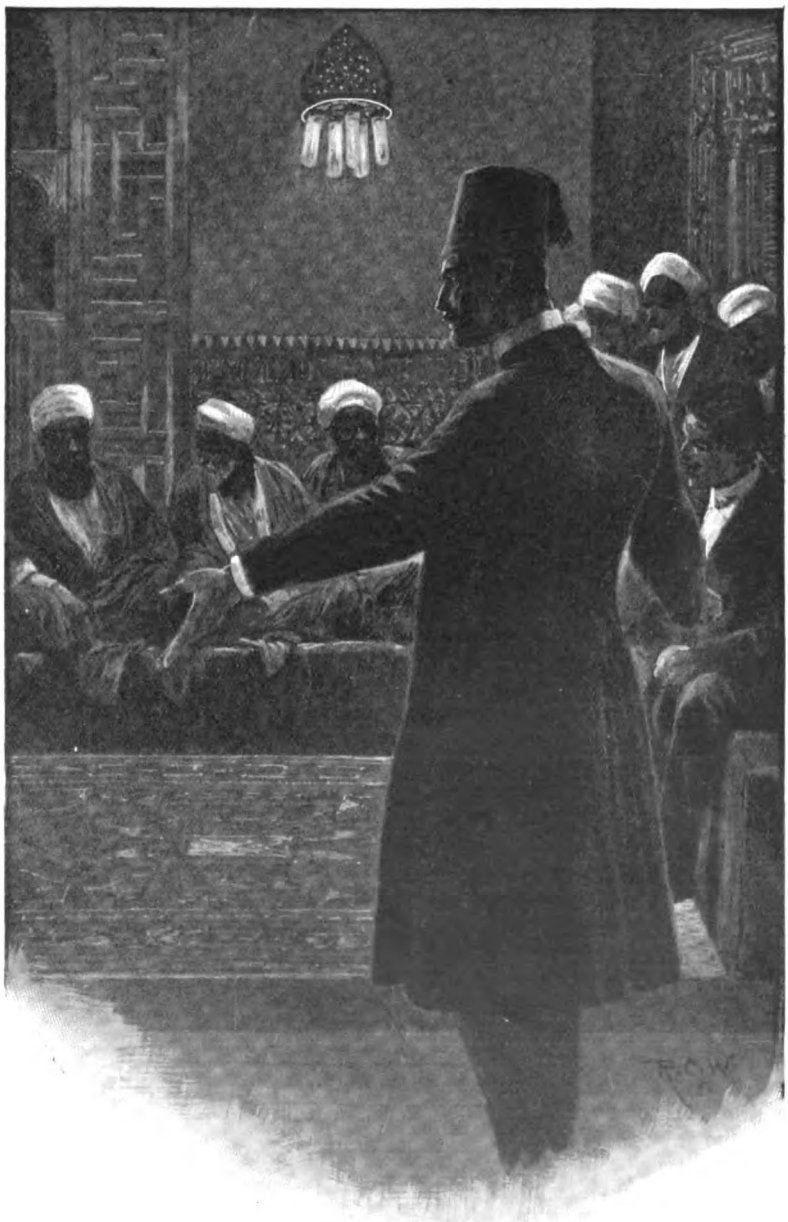
"Wouldn't it be well to say 'With God's permission'?" said the man with the injured

eye, whereupon Hafiz wheeled round on him and answered, hotly:—

"He has the bayonets and he has the courage, and if you fight him there won't be so much as a rat among you that will be left alive."

There was a moment of tense and breathless silence, and then Hafiz, now as nervous as before, said quietly: "On the other hand, if he refuses to obey his orders he will lose his place and rank as a soldier. Which of these do you wish to see, your Eminence?"

There was another moment of breathless silence, and then Ishmael Ameer, who had not spoken before, said in his quivering voice:—



"HAFIZ WHEELED ROUND ON HIM AND ANSWERED, HOTLY, 'HE HAS THE BAYONETS AND HE HAS THE COURAGE.'"

"Let us call on God to guide us, my brothers—in tears and in fervent prayer, all night long in the mosque, until His light shines on us and a door of hope has opened."

CHAPTER XX.

As Gordon returned to barracks the air of the native section of the city seemed to tingle with excitement. The dirty, unpaved streets with their overhanging tenements were thronged. Framed portraits of Ishmael Ameer, with candles burning in front of them, were standing on the counters of nearly all the *cafés*, and the men squatting on the benches about were chanting the Koran. One man, generally a blind man, with his right hand behind his ear, would be reciting the text, and at the close of every Sura the others would be crying, "Allah! Allah!"

In the densest quarter, where the streets were narrowest and most full of ruts, the houses most wretched and the windows most covered with cobwebs, a company of dervishes were walking in procession, bearing their ragged banners and singing their weird Arab music to the accompaniment of pipes and drums, while boys parading beside them were carrying tin lamps and open flares. Before certain of the houses they stopped, and for some minutes they swayed their bodies to an increasing chorus of "Allah! Allah! Allah!"

Gordon saw what had happened. With the coming of the new teacher a wave of religious feeling had swept over the city. Dam it up suddenly, and what scenes of fanatical frenzy might not occur!

Back in his room, with the window down to shut out the noises of the river and the bridge, he tried to come to a conclusion as to what he ought to do the following day if the Ulema decided to resist. They *would* resist; he had no doubt about that, for where men were under the influence of gusts of religious passion they might call on God, but God's answer was always the same.

If the Ulema were to decide not to close their sacred place they would intend to die in defence of it, and, seeing the issue from the Moslem point of view, that El Azhar was the centre of their spiritual life, Gordon concluded that they would be justified in resisting. If they were justified the order to evict them would be wicked, and the act of eviction would be a crime. "I can't do it!" he told himself. "I can't and I won't!"

This firm resolve relieved him for a moment, and then he began to ask himself what would happen if he refused to obey. The bad work would be done all the same, for somebody else would do it. "What then will be the result?" he thought.

The first result would be that he himself would suffer. He would be tried for insubordination, and, of course, degraded and punished. As a man he might be in the right, but as a soldier he would be in the wrong. He thought of his hard-fought fights and of the honours he had won, and his head went round in a whirl.

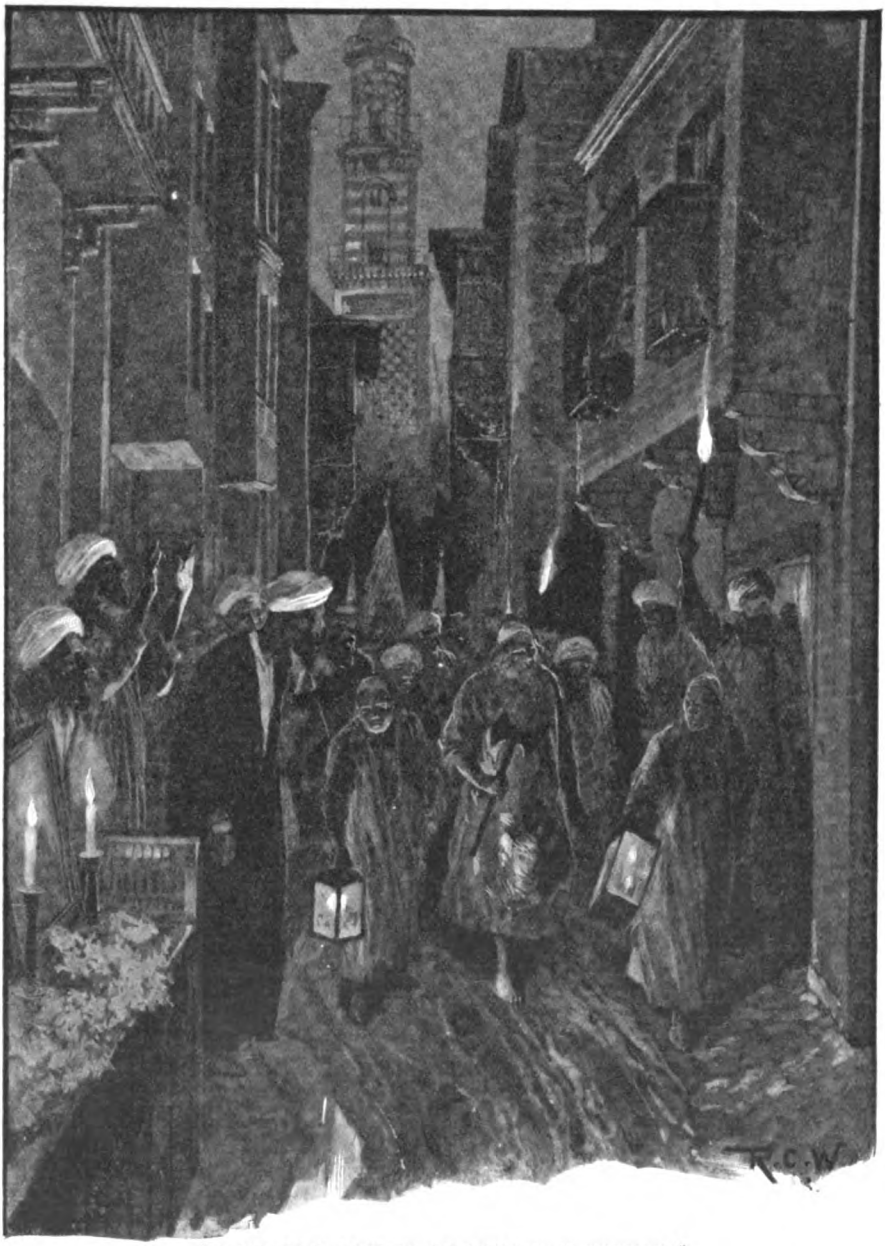
The next result would be that he would bring disgrace on his father as well. His refusal to obey orders would become known, and if the consequences he expected should come to pass he would seem to stand up as the first of his father's accusers. He, his father's only son, would be the means of condemning him in the eyes of England, of Europe, of the world! In his old age, too, and after all he had done for Egypt!

Then, above all, there was Helena! The General would side with the Consul-General, and Helena would be required to cast in her lot either with her father or with him. If she sided with him she would have to break with her father; if she sided with her father she would have to part from him. In either case the happiness of her life would be wasted—*he* would have wasted it, and he would have wasted his own happiness as well.

This thought seemed to take him by the throat and stifle him. He leapt from the bed on which he had been lying in restless pain and threw open the window. The river and the bridge were quiet by that time, but through the breathless night air there came the music of a waltz. It was the last dance of the visiting season at an hotel near by—a number of British officers were dancing on the edge of the volcano.

Gordon shut the window and again threw himself on the bed. At length the problem that tormented him seemed to resolve itself into one issue. His father did not realize that the Moslems would die rather than give up possession of their holy place, and that in order to turn them out of it he would have to destroy them—slaughter them. A man could not outrage the most sacred of human feelings without being morally blind to what he was doing. His father was a great man—a thousand times greater than he himself could ever hope to be—but in this case he was blind and somebody had to open his eyes.

"I'll go and bring him to reason," he thought. "He may insult me if he likes, but no matter!"



"A COMPANY OF DERVISHES WERE WALKING IN PROCESSION."

The last cab had rattled home and the streets were silent when Gordon reached the entrance to the Agency. Then he saw that it was late, for the house was in darkness, and not even the window of the library showed a light. The moon was full, and he looked at his watch. Good heavens! It was two o'clock!

The house dog heard his footsteps on the gravel path, and barked and bounded towards him; then, recognising him, it began to snuffle and to lick his hands. At the same moment a light appeared in an upper window. It was the window of his mother's room, and at sight of it his resolution began to ebb away, and he was once more seized with uncertainty.

Strife between himself and his father would extinguish the last rays of his mother's flickering life. He could see her looking at him with her pleading and frightened eyes.

"Am I really going to kill my mother—that too?" he thought.

He was as far as ever from knowing what course he ought to take on the morrow, but the light in his mother's window, filtering through the lace curtains that were drawn across it, was like a tear-dimmed, accusing eye, and with a new emotion he was compelled to turn away.

As two o'clock struck on the soft cathedral bell of a little clock by the side of her bed, Fatimah rose with a yawn, switched on the electric light, and filled a small glass from a bottle on the mantelpiece.

"Time to take your medicine, my lady," she said, in a sleepy voice.

Her mistress did not reply immediately, and she asked:—

"Are you asleep?"

But her lady, who was wide awake, whispered, "Hush! Do you hear Rover? Isn't that somebody on the path?"

Fatimah listened as well as she could through the drums of sleep that were beating in her ears, and then she answered:—

"No; I hear nothing."

"I thought it was Gordon's footstep," said the old lady, raising herself in bed to take the medicine that Fatimah was holding out to her.

"It's strange! Gordon's step is exactly like his grandfather's."

"Don't spill it, my lady," said Fatimah, and with a trembling hand the old lady drank off her dose.

"He's like his grandfather in other things, too. I remember when I was a girl there was a story of how he struck one of his soldiers in the Civil War, thinking the man was guilty of some offence. But afterwards he found the poor fellow was innocent and had taken the blow for his brother without saying a word. Father never forgave himself for that—never!"

"Shall I put on the eider-down? The nights are cold if the days are hot, you know."

"Yes—no—just as you think best, nurse. . . . I'm sure Gordon will do what is right, whatever happens. I'm sorry for his father, though. Did you hear what he said when he came to bid me good night: 'They think they've caught me now that they've caught my son, but let them wait—we'll see.'"

"Hush!" said Fatimah, and she pointed to the wall of the adjoining room. From the other side of it came the faint sound of measured footsteps.

"He's walking again—can't sleep, I suppose," said Fatimah, in a drowsy whisper.

"Ah, well!" said the old lady, after listening for a moment; and then Fatimah put out the light and went back to her bed.

"God bless my boy!" said a tremulous voice in the darkness.

After that there was a sigh, and then silence—save for the hollow thud of the footsteps in the adjoining room.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEFORE Gordon was out of bed next morning Hafiz rang him up on the telephone. He had just heard from his uncle, the Chancellor, that as a result of their night-long deliberation and prayer the Ulema had decided to ask the Consul-General to receive Ishmael Ameer and listen to a suggestion.

"What will it be?" asked Gordon.

"That the Government should leave El Azhar alone on condition that the Ulema consent to open it, and all the mosques connected with it, to public and police inspection, so as to dissipate the suspicion that they are centres of sedition."

"Splendid! To make the mosques as free as Christian churches is a splendid thought—an inspiration. But if the Government will not agree, what then?"

"Then the order to close El Azhar will be resisted. 'Only over our dead bodies,' they say, 'shall the soldiers enter it.'"

Gordon went about his work that morning like a man dazed and dumb, but after lunch he dressed himself carefully in his full-dress staff uniform. He wore all his decorations—his Distinguished Service Order, the King's and war medal of the South African War with three clasps, the Soudan medal with four clasps, the Medjidieh, and the Khedive's star. It was not for nothing that he did so, or merely because he was going to an official conference, but with a certain pride as of a man who had won the right to consideration.

Taking a cab by the gate of the barracks, he drove through the native quarters of the city and saw crowds surging through the streets in the direction of El Azhar. The atmosphere seemed to tingle with the spirit of revolution, and seeing the sublime instinct of humanity which leads people in defence of their faith to the place where danger is greatest, he felt glad and proud that what was best in him was about to conquer.

Arriving at the Citadel he found Helena's black boy waiting for him at the door of the

General's house with a message from his mistress, saying the gentlemen had not arrived and she wished to see him. The city below lay bright under the warm soolham of the afternoon sun, and the swallows were swirling past the windows of Helena's sitting-room, but Helena herself was under a cloud.

"I see what it is—you are angry with me for going to El Azhar last night," said Gordon.

"No, it isn't that, though I think you might have kept faith with me," she answered. "But we have no time to lose, and I have something to say to you. In the first place, I want you to know that Colonel Macfarlane, your Deputy Assistant Adjutant, has been ordered to stand by. He will be only too happy to take your place if necessary."

"He's welcome!" said Gordon.

Her brows were contracted, her lips set. She fastened her eyes on him and said:—

"Then there is something else I wish to tell you."

"What is it, Helena?"

"When my father asked me if I could marry a man who had disobeyed and been degraded, I said . . . But it doesn't matter what I said. My father has hardly ever spoken to me since. It has been the first cloud that has come between us—the very first. But when I answered him as I did there was something I had forgotten."

"What was it, dearest?"

"I cannot tell you what it was—I can only tell you what it comes to."

"What does it come to, Helena?"

"That whatever happens to-day I can never leave my father—never as long as he lives."

"God forbid that you should be tempted to do so—but why?"

"That is what I cannot tell you. It is a secret."

"I can think of no secret that I could not share with you, Helena."

"Nor I with you—if it were my own—but this isn't."

"I cannot understand you, dear."

"Say it is somebody else's secret, and that his life, his career, depends upon it. Say it couldn't be told to you without putting you in a false position, involving you in responsibilities which you have no right to bear."

"You puzzle me, bewilder me, Helena."

"Then trust me, dear; trust me for the present, at all events, and some day you shall know everything," she said, whereupon Gordon, who had not taken his eyes off her, said:—

"So what it really comes to is this—that whatever course your father takes to-day I must take it also, under pain of a violent separation from you! Isn't that it, Helena? Isn't it? And, if so, isn't it like sending a man into battle with his hands tied and his eyes blindfold?"

She dropped her head, but made no reply.

"That is not what I expected of you, Helena. The Helena who has been living in my mind is a girl who would say to me at a moment like this, 'Do what you believe to be right, Gordon; and whether you are degraded to the lowest rank or raised to the highest honour, I will be with you—I will stand by your side!'"

Her eyes flashed and she drew herself up.

"So you think I couldn't say that—that I didn't say anything like it when my father spoke to me? But if you have been thinking of me as a girl like that, I have been thinking of you as a man who would say, 'I love you, and do you know what my love means? It means that my love for you is above everything and everybody in the world.'"

"And it is, Helena, it is."

"Then why," she said, with her eyes fixed on his, "why do you let this Egyptian and his interests come between us? If you take his part after what I have just told you, will it not be the same thing in the end as choosing him against me?"

"Don't vex me, Helena. I've told you before that your jealousy of this man is nonsense."

The word cut her to the quick and she drew herself up again.

"Very well," she said, with a new force, "if it's jealousy and if it's nonsense you must make your account with it. I said I *couldn't* tell you why I cannot leave my father—now I *won't*. You must choose between us. It is either that man or me."

"You mean that if the General decides against Ishmael Ameer you will follow your father, and that I—whatever my conscience may say—I must follow you?"

Her eyes blazed and she answered, "Yes."

"Good God, Helena! What is it you want me to be? Is it a man or a manikin?"

At that moment the young lieutenant who was the General's aide-de-camp came in to say that the Consul-General and the Prime Minister had arrived, and required Colonel Lord's attendance.

"Presently," said Gordon, and as soon as the lieutenant had gone he turned to Helena again.

"Helena," he said, "there is not a moment

to lose. Remember, this is the last time I can see you before I am required to act one way or other. God knows what may happen before I come out of that room. Will you send me into it without any choice?"

She was breathing hard and biting her under lip.

"Your happiness is dearer to me than anything else in life, dear; but I am a man, not a child, and if I am to follow your father in order not to lose you, I must know why. Will you tell me?"

Without raising her eyes, Helena answered, "No!"

"Very well!" he said. "In that case it must be as the fates determine." And, straightening his sword-belt, he stepped to the door.

"GOOD GOD, HELENA! WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO BE? IS IT A MAN OR A MANIKIN?"

Helena looked up at him and in a fluttering voice called, "Gordon!"

He turned, with his hand on the handle. "What is it?"

For one instant she had an impulse to break her promise and tell him of her father's infirmity, but at the next moment she thought of the Egyptian and her pride and jealousy conquered.

"What is it, Helena?"

"Nothing," she said, and fled into her bedroom.

Gordon looked after her until she had disappeared, and then—hot, angry, nervous, less able than before to meet the ordeal before him—he turned the handle of the door and entered the General's office.

(To be continued.)

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS IN HIS STUDY.

"My Reminiscences."

II.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

MY reminiscences? They do not go quite back to a pre-Victorian era, in spite of the impressions of many kindly-disposed people who have long looked upon me as a nonagenarian and cannot be convinced of my comparative (and, I should like to add, obvious) youth. The last reign was at least twenty years old before I was sent to my first school at Eastbourne. I fear the parting caused a pang to my mother, a lady whom many will remember for her benevolence; whose life, indeed, was largely devoted to the welfare of her own sex. Afterwards I was packed off to Hanwell (not the Asylum, but the College), then in charge of the Rev. James Emerton, D.D.

I began to send contributions to newspapers when I was fourteen years old and at Hanwell College. The first periodical I favoured with the fruits of my precocious pen was *Fun*. Shall I ever forget how, week after week, I flew to the bookstalls the moment the paper was published, only to search for my witty verses, sketches, and paragraphs, and, alas! with a sinking heart, to search in vain? My story-telling faculty was greatly developed at Hanwell, for in my dormitory were eight other boys, who formed such an appreciative audience that I was never permitted the

luxury, no matter how sleepy I was, of a continued-in-our-next, but was obliged to carry out my plot to the bitter end. What connoisseurs they were in plots and *dénouements!* If I tried to cut short a murder mystery by the introduction of a ghost as the perpetrator of the crime, what a shower of indignant epithets, accompanied by boots and bolsters, came my way! But even before that I had made my first appearance on any stage at the Theatre Royal Back Drawing Room. I actually went the length of writing a burlesque which was acted at home by my brothers and sisters to a large audience of cousins, aunts, and relations.

When I was at Hanwell (the College, not the Asylum) the Brent was my favourite place of meditation, and it was by the side of that now "effluvient" stream that I surreptitiously smoked my first pipe. I was very ill after the experiment. At the time I thought it was the tobacco that upset me; now I think it may perhaps have been the river.

Dear old Brent! We used to bathe in the Brent in those happy days, and we thought we were indulging in a healthy pastime. I wonder if it is to my early Brent bathes that I owe the sufferings of my later years? "A fetid ditch polluting the air with deadly effluvium." And I thought it quite a romantic stream, and wandered beside it with my first sweetheart, the daughter of a local chemist. Had I known as much about the Brent then as I do now, I should have felt reassured by the fact that my fair one's papa was in that line of business.

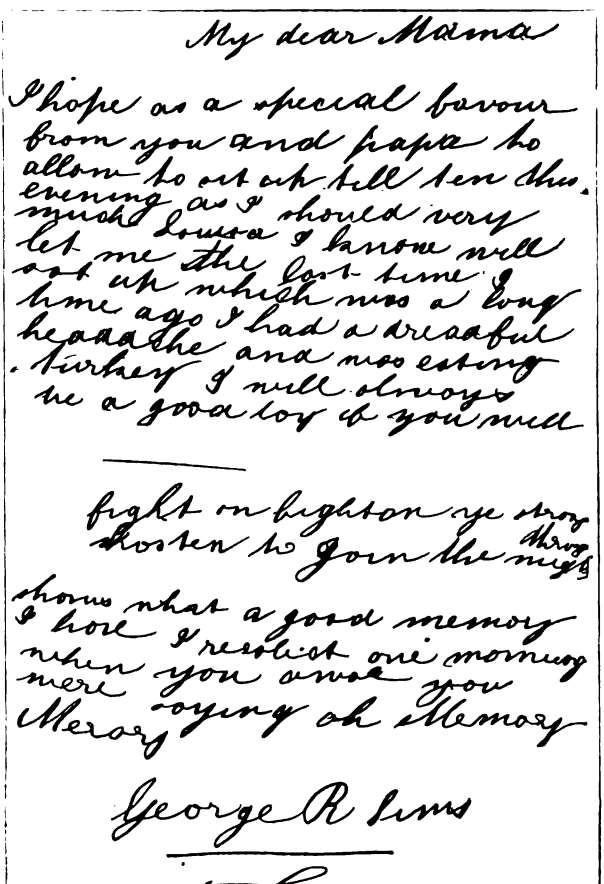
I often drive that way, and I always give a loving glance at those meadows and the little crawling Brent, and recall the old days when I dreamed dreams and thought out all the wonderful things I was going to do in the world.

While at Hanwell I was a contributor to our *College Gazette*, some bound numbers of which, in a neat round hand, now lie before me. I have been since much amused by the following entry by a contributor, following an essay on entomology and another on composition:—

"The weather has been very fine for the last week (only raining now and then), which allows us to play more out of doors than we could before. Skipping seems to be going out of fashion — how ridiculous to see a great boy like G. R. Sims with a skipping-rope!"

As a matter of fact, forty years later I was so convinced of the merits of skipping as a hygienic exercise that I took it up and recommended Dr. Bond's system publicly. Some of the comments on my hobby read very much like an echo of my schoolfellow's gibe when I was a "great boy" of fifteen.

Once, many years afterwards, I drove with an old fellow-collegian to see our old college. We had neither of us visited the spot since boyhood. When we arrived, we found, alas! a cleared space and a few bushes, and a notice-board that we were on "The College Estate." Still, we found a curious link between the past and present. On the spot where as boys we had played there lay a weather-stained copy of the *Referee*.


My dear Mama
I hope as a special favour
from you and papa to
allow to sit up till ten this
evening as I should very
much Louisa I know will
let me the last time I
sat up which was a long
time ago I had a dreadful
headache and was eating
turkey I will always
be a good boy if you will

fight on fighton ye strong
hosten to join the mighty throng
shows what a good memory
I have I recollect one morning
when you awoke you
were saying oh Memory
Memory

George R Sims

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIS MOTHER BY MR. SIMS WHEN EIGHT YEARS OLD.

A MOTHER-OF-PEARL PICTURE WHICH HUNG OVER MR. SIMS'S COT WHEN A BABY, AND NOW HANGS IN HIS DRAWING-ROOM.

After Hanwell I went to Bonn to complete my education. While I was a student, one day I found myself at Ems.

It was in the old days before the war, when one could put one's gulden on the board of green cloth at Ems, at Wiesbaden, at Baden-Baden, and at Homburg. I was caught in a storm in the woods above Ems, and, spying a stranger standing under a dripping tree, I offered him half my umbrella. When the storm was over he thanked me and went his way. That night at the tables we met again; he recognised me and stopped and spoke to me, and asked me if I had had good luck. It is astonishing how polite they were to me at the tables after that, and although I only played in modest silver, the croupiers would do their best to get me a seat, and treated me with the greatest distinction. I had entertained a Czarewitch under my umbrella unawares. The gentleman who had publicly asked me if I was having good luck was the heir to the throne of All the Russias. I have never since had a chance of chatting publicly with Royalty, and have had to fall back upon sending it telegraphic messages, or, rather, leaving telegraphic messages addressed to it lying about unfinished on the desks of Continental post-office bureaux.

After that I took to a mercantile career for a time, varying my calling by dabbling in the literature of the day. I belonged to a club of Bohemians known as the Unity.

We used to read our unpublished works to each other at the old Unity, but we weren't shining lights, and our works were unpublished for the best of all possible reasons, we couldn't find a publisher. In those days I had the knack of the ready rhymester (it has deserted me in my old age), and I used to perpetrate many atrocities in verse and recite them to the company in the small hours of the morning. It was at the Unity that George Purkess introduced me to the Swanboroughs, then the presiding deities of the "merry little Strand," and Arthur Swanborough gave me my first theatrical job—the writing of some new songs and lines in the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of

MR. SIMS AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT.

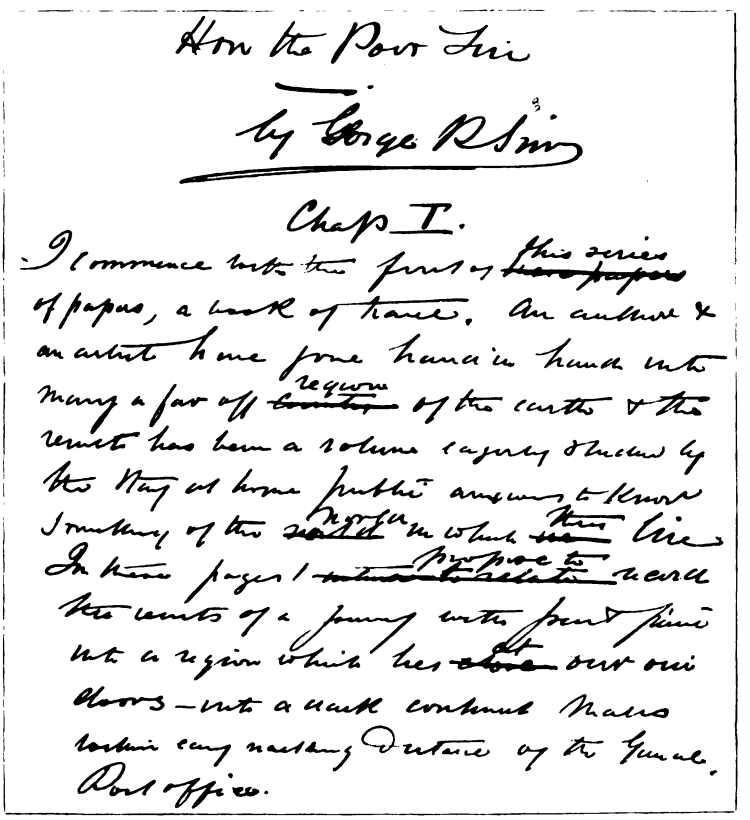
Gold." It was at the Unity that I first met Henry Sampson.

They are so long ago now, those old Unity days, that some of the faces I used to see around me in the old club day after day have faded out of my memory entirely. But I can see the dinner-table as it used to be on Saturday afternoons. We dined at three in those days—dined on homely English fare—big joints at either end of the table, with the chairman and the vice-chairman carving vigorously for a chaffing, merry crowd. I can see around that table, among the players and the journalists, the faces of young Bohemians who are now famous barristers and ornaments of the medical profession. There are no clubs like the Unity now, and the old Bohemian of those days is gone, to return never again. But it was a club of good fellows, and those days were happy days, and I am proud to have been one of the little band.

I had many literary and journalistic idols as a boy. For George Augustus Sala, in the days of my youth, I had the most profound admiration, and when later on it was my privilege to enjoy his friendship and to correspond with him I felt that one of my earliest ambitions had been gratified. At the time when I devoured everything that came from his pen I had no idea that I should ever be admitted behind the scenes of a newspaper office. To appear under initials in the "Answers to Correspondents" was all that I could reasonably hope to accomplish in connection with the Press. When one fine day, or rather afternoon, I purchased a copy of the *London Figaro*, then a daily sheet edited by Mr. James Mortimer, and found that the sprightly Almaviva—Mr. Clement Scott at that time, I fancy—had inserted a letter of mine in his columns, I felt that I had only just begun to live. I was eight-and-twenty before I earned my first guinea as a journalist, and almost my first attempt was a "special correspondence" on the subject of the escape of the French Marshal Bazaine, written in burlesque imitation of the style of "G. A. S."

When Tom Hood the younger died, the editorship of *Fun* devolved upon Sampson, who invited me to contribute to that journal. I think I may say that as the "Lunatic Laureate" I scored my first success. I next undertook to furnish a column of notes to the *Weekly Dispatch*, which appeared in that paper under the title of "Waifs and Strays." By and by—it was in 1877—Mr. Sampson projected the *Referee*, whose principal contributors assumed the names of King Arthur's knights. To me was assigned "Dagonet," and I agreed to supply a weekly column on the social and political topics of the day, under the heading of "Mustard and Cress." These notes, since spread to nearly a page of the paper, have, I am proud to say, continued to this day.

It was Mr. John R. Robinson who opened


How the Poor Live

by George R. Sims

Chap I.

I commence with the first of this series of papers, a book of travel. An author & an artist have gone hand in hand into many a far off region of the earth & the result has been a volume eagerly studied by the stay at home public who love to know something of the world in which their fellows live. In these pages I propose to record the events of a journey into part of the country which lies at our own doors—into a dark continent where exists every necessary feature of the Great Post office.

A SPECIMEN OF MR. SIMS'S MS.

to me the columns of the *Daily News* when the great question of the homes of the poor was a burning one, and gave me a free hand with "Horrible London"; and although we differed widely on another great "Home" question, Sir John R. Robinson was to his death one of my best friends.

I had been journeying through Slumland with the late Fred Barnard, the artist, in search of material for "How the Poor Live," when Dr. How, afterwards Bishop of Wakefield, hearing of our investigations, at once personally interested himself in our work.

He sent for me to his house at Clapton, and gave me advice and information which were of the greatest service to me later on when I undertook the series of articles, "Horrible London," for my good friend Sir John R. Robinson, of the *Daily News*. I have seen both "How the Poor Live" and "Horrible London" described of late years as "melodramatic" and "sensational." The Bishop of Bedford, who knew the facts and was in direct communication with the workers in the poorest districts of London, did not take that view. On the contrary, it was he who brought the articles under the notice of the members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, and when, nervous and distrustful, I had to appear before the Commissioners and give evidence, the Bishop was the first to make me feel at ease. On more than one occasion he came to my rescue when I was being hard pressed as to certain statements, by saying that they were within his personal knowledge and in no way exaggerated.

A PROOF OF FAME—THIS LETTER WAS DELIVERED WITHOUT ANY OTHER ADDRESS THAN "DAGONET."

The *Referee* Fund originated in 1882. I was engaged on "How the Poor Live." The district which I specially explored was Southwark, and it was while collecting my facts that a School Board officer, Mr. Arthur B. Moss, took me to the Orange Street Board School and introduced me to Mrs. Burgwin, then the head mistress. From that date commenced my connection with Orange Street, the Mint, the Farm House—where the first dinners were given, and which is still one of our centres—and the district generally. It was Mrs. Burgwin who told me how many of the children came to be taught, shoeless, cold, and hungry. The "Oranges"—as we called those children—were amongst the poorest of London's little ones, and it was in connection with the Orange Street Board School and the Farm House that I started, five-and-twenty years ago, the fund which has now grown into the *Referee* Dinner Fund.

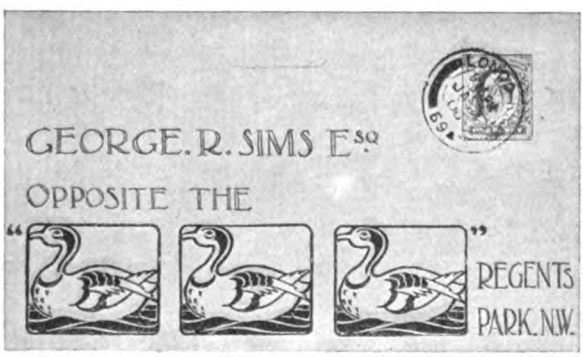
It was after reading Colonel Hay's "Jim Bludso" one evening that, fired with ambition, I wrote my first "Dagonet Ballad." After knocking about Fleet Street for many months the ballad, which was called "Jack's Story," first saw the light in the *San Francisco News Letter*, having been forwarded to the editor by my friend and *confrère* on *Fun*, Mr. Ambrose Bierce.

Some years after I was sitting in a railway carriage at Paddington Station *en route* for Malvern. As the train was starting a gentleman came to the carriage-door and said, "Are you the author of 'Billy's Rose'?" I blushed and confessed the soft impeachment. "Glad to meet you," said the gentleman. "I'm Colonel John Hay." Before I had recovered from my confusion the train was shrieking its way out of the station.

In those days I lived in Gower Street, and I was very happy there. In making this startling announcement I trust I shall not be misunderstood. I am not bragging or pretending to have accomplished a deed of heroism. People who know Gower Street will doubtless suspect me of exaggeration, or feel that I ought to have kept this announcement for a line on my tombstone. "He was happy in Gower Street" would be a notable addition to those monumental inscriptions

dear to the collector of churchyard comicality and necropolitan wit and humour generally. But I *was* happy in Gower Street, and I do not hesitate to say so. At one time I might have hesitated before risking my reputation for strict veracity by making such a statement.

My first real dramatic success came with "The Lights o' London," the title of which is associated in my mind with a tramp. I have always been interested in tramps, and I engage as many of them as possible in conversation when I have the chance. I have before now tramped a long winter's day along the North Road with members of the fraternity. I have even shared the midday lunch of one of the brotherhood of the *pieds poudreux*, and that was the cheapest indigestion I ever had, for the lunch consisted of a raw turnip. We were both tramping in search of work, only he was looking for carpentering and I was looking for "copy." It was that tramp who brought to my mind as we came to Highgate Archway, and saw the far-off glare of the City, the remark of Noah Claypole, made to his unfortunate female companion at the same spot. "Much farther! Yer as good as there," said the long-legged tramper, pointing out before him. "Look there! Those are the lights of London!" And years afterwards I remembered the scene and the words, and used them first as the title of a song and then of a play.



ONE EXAMPLE OUT OF HUNDREDS OF QUEER ENVELOPES ADDRESSED TO MR. SIMS.

When "The Lights o' London" was produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1882, one of the leading critics objected to the scene in which Seth is flung off St. Mark's Bridge into the Regent's Canal and rescued from drowning by Harold Armytage. The critic declared that to make this spot the scene of rescue was an absurdity—there wasn't enough water there to drown anybody. At the time I sent a private note to the gentleman, who was a very good friend of mine, inviting him to jump in and try, but he declined on the plea that it would spoil his clothes.

Fifteen years later an old couple flung themselves into the Regent's Canal from St. Mark's Bridge. The woman was drowned and the man was saved. They couldn't live together, so they attempted to die together.

It is twenty-seven years since Wilson Barrett dragged me in front of the curtain at the Princess's Theatre, on the first night of "The Lights o' London," to make as much bow as there was left in me. Dear, dashing, cheery, robust Wilson Barrett! Once, a dozen years later, as I was writhing in the agonies of a comic song for a celebrated comedian, there burst into my study a radiant dream of effervescent manhood clad in evening dress, a mass of wavy hair, and a "Silver King" hat. "Just landed from America, old fellow!" exclaimed the radiant one's cheery voice. "How are you? I rehearse to-morrow, play Monday, a little tour, and open again in Boston in ten days." And he was gone, leaving me like a boy who has had a rocket go off in his hand in the back parlour.

For a number of years I collaborated in my plays with my friend Henry Pettitt, who had previously collaborated with Paul Merritt. Merritt's real name was Paul John Metzger, and he was half a Russian and half a Yorkshireman. The *nom de plume* was assumed when he first began to write for the stage. One evening he was discussing with Pettitt, who was then a junior master at the North London Collegiate School, the idea of their working together as playwrights. "Let us be a firm," said Paul Metzger, "and have a business name. What do you say to our trading as 'Merit and Success'?" Henry Pettitt didn't quite see the name suggested for himself, but Paul Metzger adopted the "Merit," doubled the "r" and the "t," and the "firm" started as "Merritt and Pettitt," and Merritt was the name he lived under the rest of his life.

I suppose the episode in my journalistic career of which I am proudest was that which has come to be known as the Beck case.

When in February, 1896, at the Central Criminal Court, Adolf Beck was convicted and sentenced, I contended that he was an innocent man. I wrote an article setting forth the facts and the reasons that convinced

WHEN MR. SIMS REQUIRES INSPIRATION IN WRITING HE INSPECTS THIS CROCODILE, WHICH LIES IN HIS MOORISH ROOM.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

me that this was a striking case of mistaken identity, and the article was headed, "Where is John Smith?" I tried my best to get the Beck case reconsidered, but failed, owing to the firm conviction of everybody who had taken part in his trial that it was impossible that a score of witnesses could be mistaken as to his identity.

After Beck was released he came to me and I again took up the case, urging in the *Referee* that he was an innocent man who had suffered for another's guilt; and the editors of *Lloyd's* and of the *Weekly Dispatch* very kindly took up the case also at my request, and published the facts which made it absolutely clear to me that John Smith—a man who had previously been convicted of a series of frauds exactly on the same lines—had again been at work and that Beck had been mistaken for him. The police authorities gave me every assistance, but I failed to induce the Home Office to move in the matter.

When Beck was arrested again in April, 1904, and again charged with the same kind of fraud, sworn to by witnesses, and convicted, his case seemed hopeless. The evidence was damning, and yet Beck was innocent. It was "John Smith" at work again, and Beck had for a second time been mistaken for him by all witnesses.

Fortunately for poor Adolf Beck, John Smith, one Vilvoir Weisenfells, a German Jew, has been found. Now the truth is known beyond all shadow of a doubt, and one of the most remarkable cases of mistaken identity the world has ever known is placed on modern records.

I contended for ten years that Beck was innocent, and now almost by a miracle the truth was revealed just as the unfortunate man was about to undergo a further long period of penal servitude.

From first to last the mistake of the authorities was in not seeing that all the frauds were undoubtedly those of John Smith, and that Adolf Beck, as I proved conclusively, could not be John Smith.

As a result of the long campaign I was permitted to wage in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, a commission was appointed, consisting of the Master of the Rolls, Sir Spencer Walpole, and Sir John Edge, K.C., late Chief Justice of the North-West Provinces of India, to report upon the miscarriage of justice in his case.

Mr. Beck was eventually given a free pardon, and the Home Office awarded him five thousand pounds compensation.

It is no secret amongst my friends that for many years I have had a weakness, not only for horses and dogs, but for dolls. I am

MR. SIMS'S COLLECTION OF DOLLS.

really much attached to my collection of dainty *poupées*, and often spend my spare hours in their company, in which respect I anticipated Mrs. Solness in Ibsen's famous play.

Somehow or other the idea that I love dolls tickled my friends immensely, and I received many letters on the subject. A celebrated divine informed me that he too loved dolls, and that a great temptation which all his life he has had to guard against is a temptation to play with his dolls on Sunday. A lady in distress wrote me that it is wicked for a man to love dolls when there are so many neglected babies about, and offered me a couple of live infants just ready for adoption.

I have in my library a collection of the celebrated murders of the first three-quarters of the last century. Most of them are in book form, with illustrations and portraits, and exhaustive speeches of counsel and notes by the editor, and some of the older volumes run to over three hundred pages. The murders of to-day, however startling, are left in the newspapers in which they first appear. The world is too busy, it has too much to see and hear and read every day, to go back on anything. Sufficient unto the modern murder is the day thereof. It is so with most other things, even with the great General, the great explorer, the great inventor, and (with the exception of Lord Beaconsfield, who owes his staying powers to Primrose Day) the great statesman. We no longer give our heroes statues during their lifetime. By the time the statue was finished and erected half the world would have so far forgotten the gentleman's performance that they would inquire who he was and what he had done.

Sometimes, when the midnight oil burns low and I sit alone and brood far into the night, I ask myself if this is what I have been fighting the battle of life to gain. And at times, when I am out of health and low-spirited, I am inclined to throw down my weapons. But with the daylight hope and self-reliance return, and I buckle on my armour and go forth to the battlefield again, determined to conquer or die with my face to the foe and my sword in my hand. I do not think it wise for authors and dramatists to rush into print over their grievances or to show themselves unduly sensitive to criticism. If we are sometimes slapped on the face we are also frequently patted on the back, and we must take the bad with the good and be thankful that the bad is not worse.

From a Photo. by] "FLASH." *[T. Fall.*

"BABY."

By FRANK SAVILE.

JAKE SILSO tapped the tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe and gave a little sigh of content. There was every sign of approval in the gaze with which he reviewed the lumber camp. Though his lips were set upon the stem of his pipe, his eyes smiled broadly at his companion.

"Maple-syrup cakes for supper," he prophesied.

"'Ow d'yer know?" demanded Hinglish Joe.

Jake made a gesture towards the open door of one of the log huts.

"I saw Baby go in an' then come out with her hands tucked under her apron, keerless-like. She was hidin' the tin so's the boys wouldn't guess. But *I* know the ways of her—I ain't had the rarin' of her these eighteen years without gettin' an insight into her tricks and her manners."

"You think yourself powerful smart," grunted his companion, "but you ain't got to seein' so amazin' far, all the same. Else you'd quit callin' 'er that rediklous name. 'Baby,' indeed!"

This sudden outburst shook Jake's imperturbability to its very depths. It was only by a supreme effort that he caught the pipe which dropped from between his teeth.

"Why—why, what d'you *want* to call her, Joe?" he demanded.

"Somethink sensibler than *that*," growled the other. "Ain't I seed 'er grow up from the time as I joined this gang fifteen years ago? But that don't blind me from understandin' that now she's a *woman*. Bless and save us all, as *womany* a one as you'll find between this and Vancouver!"

Jake lifted his cap and passed his fingers bewilderedly through his iron-grey hair.

"But—but she's my—my *kiddy!*" he protested.

"She's your daughter," allowed Joe, grudgingly, "and a precious old fool she's got for a father if you reckon that you and a packet of candy is going to be the last of her wants from now to nevermore. It's been sweeties so far. You look out as it ain't sweethearts before you've time to call next!"

Jake's eyes grew rounder and rounder.

"But—but——" he began. Joe interrupted him with a rush.

"And you needn't think as I'm the only one in this yer camp of hard-shell bachelors that's made the discovery. You watch out for Sam Curtis when you see them together."

Jake's face lit up.

"Sam!" he repeated. "Sam!" This time there was a sort of wondering satisfaction in his tone. "I don't know any man I think more of than Sam," he said, slowly, "but he's forty if he's a day!"

"Forty don't turn a man into a graven image," snapped Joe. "He's ready to kiss the ground she stands on!"

Jake's eyes were still something saucer-like.

"D'you reckon she—she *knows* it?" he debated.

"She!" Exasperation was loud in Joe's voice. "She don't know nothink! She *mothers* us! 'Cos why? 'Cos there ain't a man that isn't twenty years older than herself in camp, and naturally it wouldn't get into 'er pretty little 'ead to do anythink else for such a collection of fossils! But if somethink *young* happens along? Then you'll see!" He rose, slowly tapped out his pipe upon the log on which he had been sitting, and sauntered down towards the cabins.

What had dragged up the idea of Sam Curtis into Joe's woolly old brain? Jake laughed, half anxiously, half sneeringly, and then rose to follow his friend to where the subject of discussion was waving the apron which signified supper.

He looked at his daughter keenly and with a sense of realization of her prettiness which he had never known before. He noted the

rose flush of her cheeks, the sea-blue light in her eyes, the wonderful gleam and gloss of the gold which lit her hair.

Yes, it was *true*, he told himself. Baby was a woman. He read it in her smile—heard it in every tone of her voice. And that was not the worst of it, for his gaze travelled on to examine his unconscious comrade, Sam. He almost groaned. There was certainly nothing paternal in the glance with which Sam was *devouring* Baby. It was the yearning look of a man towards his very heart's desire.

His meditations kept Jake very silent through the evening, stood between him and his sleep that night, and made a discomforting cloud at the next morning's meal.

Fate has her own sharp sword to divide such tangles as Jake's. A few hours later Baby Silso turned from her cooking at the sound of a hurried step. She looked up in surprise and even—at that moment—with an instinctive throb of fear, for the gang were felling a couple of miles from camp and were not expected back till evening. It was Sam who entered.

As she recognised the newborn sympathy in his eyes fear gripped and enveloped her with its chill premonition. She gasped—one word! "Dad?" she cried and thrust out her hand to him for support.

"Somethin'—somethin' must have ailed him," he answered, brokenly. "Joe an' Val were fellin' fifty yards from us when Jake stepped across to take his axe to the stone. All of a sudden somethin' seemed to get his attention; he stopped and stared—at nothin'! They'd give the last chop before they'd seen him, and they hollered like all possessed. But it was too late then—he didn't move—he didn't seem to hear a thing! The tree pitched out into the open, and the top branches took him. His back"—Sam's voice wavered miserably—"he can't feel nothin' below the middle of it."

She clung to him, gasping. Her hand went up to her throat. Impulsively, breathlessly she stumbled towards the door and out into the open, and almost on the threshold met the file of bearers moving with the heavy step of those who carry sorrow.

Tenderly they laid the dying man upon his cot, and as they did so his eyes opened with a patient and almost wondering gaze. They fell upon the girl who knelt beside the

"HIS EYES FELL UPON THE GIRL WHO KNELT BESIDE THE BED."

bed. He smiled; his hand reached out and touched her hair.

"Baby," he said, quietly, and then a half-humorous, half-puzzled expression replaced the smile. "Joe says it ain't no name for you," he whispered, "but—but I don't know."

Suddenly, as if remembrance woke a new emotion, the watchers saw anxiety grow in his glance. It sought for and rested on Curtis. With a faintly pleading gesture the brown hand beckoned.

Sam's fingers caught and gently closed upon it, and Jake's smile shone out again.

"I'll be reckoning on you, Sam, if—if I have to go," he said. "Baby! Are you there, my lass? I don't seem to see just clear."

A sob quivered in her voice.

"Here, dad!" she answered. "Here, beside you."

The smile brimmed the fading eyes with tenderness.

"I knew it, dearie, but—but it's dark. And so you'll stick by Sam, won't you, sweetheart? He's strong, is Sam, and—and *safe*. If I'm still here by morning——" The languid voice halted and then woke from its pause into sudden triumphant strength. "Why," cried Jake, in glad surprise, "it's morning now!" and passed, with a sigh of supreme content, towards that morn which knows no eventide.

And so, for Baby, began the new life, new—but fashioned on the foundations of the old. For, after the simple funeral, after the numbing weeks of misery which succeeded her loss, life came back to her with the healing for sorrow which—God be thanked—can always come for the young and for those who have work as the anodyne of pain. No thought of change came to her—to one of her upbringing and innocence, indeed, it could not come. The camp and its occupants held the whole of her interest.

Hinglish Joe was the first to make her understand that the situation had other aspects. He came to the point with bluntness.

"When do you and Sam reckon to get spliced?" he asked, as they sat together one evening, waiting supper for the others, who had gone down to the river to net salmon. "There ain't nothink to wait for as I can see."

The girl stared at him in amazement.

"Spliced!" she cried. "Me—and Sam!"

"You ain't fixed up a particular day, likely enough," agreed Joe, amiably; "but what I say is—why not?"

"But—but we've never even thought of such a thing!" she protested, in bewilderment. "Where did you get the notion, Joe?"

It was his turn to be surprised now. He took the pipe out of his mouth and gaped in astonishment.

"Your dad arranged it," he declared. "Why, my girl, it was the last thing he found breath for."

"My dad!" The emotions chased each other across her features.

"I—I didn't understand," she stammered. "Does—does Sam——"

"Does Sam understand?" interrupted Joe, with a dry little laugh. "I reckon he does, my dear. I reckon there ain't much else in heaven or earth as he's given two thoughts to since your father handed you into his keeping."

She stared into his eyes with the same puzzled expression which Jake had worn six weeks before. Her breath came quickly.

"But—but he hasn't *said* anything," she pleaded. "I—I think I'd have to get used to—to the idea, Joe."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ain't you got used to him in fifteen years?" he answered, dryly. "*I* can't see much that wants changing. He's one of the best from Bestville, is Sam."

"He is—of course he is!" she cried. "I love him—I love him the same as I love you all. But—but——"

"But?" repeated Joe, doggedly. "But what?"

"But he'd be a—a *husband*, Joe," she answered. "I—don't—think—I—can—*feel*—that, somehow."

Joe smote the bowl of his pipe upon the log.

"There ain't two words to it!" he decided. "You *ought* ter get married!"

She looked at him with still startled eyes.

"There's no hurry!" she pleaded. "It couldn't be right with father only dead a few weeks?"

There was the sound of a sob in her voice, the shadow of unshed tears in her eyes. With an old man's horror of anything approaching a "scene," Joe got up and shuffled uncomfortably towards the door. But he made his last pronouncement grimly.

"It's your *duty* to marry Sam," he gave sentence. "It's your bounden duty!"

For a minute she sat silent, staring into the fire with the bewildered air of a child punished for some action which had been unexpectedly ranked as a fault. It seemed that she had been unfaithful—to her dead

father's wish! She was rebelling against his authority! This conviction grew in her mind as she debated it — she began to reproach herself—to build resolutions of immediate amendment. But how and when? For it came home to her startlingly that the first move could not come from herself.

And then Fate, who had interfered in her affairs so drastically before, repeated the experiment, again using Hinglish Joe for the first convenient tool which came to hand.

His voice called loudly from the forest darkness for a light.

"A lantern!" the old man was yelling. "Lord's sake, bring a lantern—and quick!"

She snatched the lamp from the table, flung her shawl over her head, and ran into the shadow of the firs.

In her haste she stumbled, half fell, and then realized that it was not a log over which she had tripped, but the limbs of a man; his head was leaning against Joe's breast.

The yellow light gleamed upon a white face, a drooping blond moustache, the sunken lines of throat and cheek. For a moment Baby quivered and flinched as youth and health flinch in the presence of Death. Old Joe saw and understood.

"He's alive!" he cried, savagely. "His heart's goin' like a clock. This ain't a place for fine airs! Lift his legs, my girl—lift 'em up an' get 'im inside. It's just emptiness that's the matter—just sheer hunger an' want."

With instinctive obedience she did as she was told. Within a minute the almost inanimate body was lying on Joe's cot, and spoonfuls of the hot soup which awaited the fishermen were being forced between the cold lips. Almost imperceptibly at first, but with pulses which by degrees grew firmer, the blood filtered back to the wan cheeks. The man stirred, sighed, and opened his eyes. As they fell upon Baby he rocked awkwardly up into a sitting posture.

"'HE'S ALIVE!' HE CRIED, SAVAGELY. 'HIS HEART'S GOIN' LIKE A CLOCK.'"

"Ain't—ain't I *dead*, then?" he demanded, weakly.

"*Dead!* Dead nothink!" retorted Joe. "Drink that, Mister Dead Man, before we hear from you again. We ain't ordered no coffins yet!"

He tipped the bowl of broth against the other's lips and held it there insistently till the contents had disappeared. Then he gave a chuckle.

"Want to inform the coroner?" he derided. "You've been shammin', that's what you've been doin'," he added, with a rough attempt to hide his very evident feeling.

The man dropped his feet to the floor and leaned against the wall.

"I haven't had a morsel for three days," he said, quietly. "I saw your light—I was just, so to speak, reaching out to it—when I went down. I'm—I'm afraid I've been a bother, miss," he deprecated, with a little bow in Baby's direction.

Her face glowed with a sort of fascination of pity. Everything that was maternal in her yearned to him.

"Why—why, it *strangles* me to think of you lying out there and us not knowing!" she said. "Sit down—sit right down this minute and begin supper. Three days' starving! I can hardly dare to think of it!"

They hovered round him as he ate, plying him with food. Little by little, between mouthfuls, his story was told. It was simple enough—the forest has written the closing chapter for many such where none can read it. Two men, all ignorant of the water-ways, setting out by canoe to reach one of the distant mining camps. A portage missed—unexpected rapids encountered—a false stroke of the steering paddle—and disaster. John Graham had been flung out from between the white fangs of the fall to find himself companionless and destitute in the loneliness of the backwoods. Keeping by instinct to the river bank, he had stumbled on till famine had done its work. And Fate had made Joe the instrument of his safety because Fate has her own methods of flying in the face of human desire.

For if Hinglish Joe could have foreseen the consequences of his act, would he have rejoiced as he did in his own gruff way over the human derelict to whom he had acted the part of Providence? Would his feelings have carried him so far that he would have done as he did the next morning, and propose that his *protégé* should take Jake's vacant place in the gang? Would he have adduced every possible form of argument to counter his comrades' mild objections that lumbering wasn't learned in a day, and that you couldn't expect a green hand to be worth even his keep for weeks? Perhaps not, but Fate had made up her mind and was not listening to objections. And Joe's pupil was not without natural abilities either. Within a week his preceptor was able to announce with a grin of triumph that the "green hand" had chopped through a two-foot trunk without a miss-hit, and within thirteen and a half minutes by the only Waterbury in camp. So absorbed, indeed, was the old man in these matters of a lumberman's education that it was a full month after Graham's arrival before he found time to concern himself again in Baby Silso's future.

This time Sam was the object of his attack. He opened it in precisely the same form as he had used four weeks before.

"When do you and Baby reckon to get spliced?" he asked, in matter-of-fact tones, as he and Sam busied themselves in stripping a giant pine beside the river. "Time's gettin' on and nothink hinderin', is there?"

Sam halted in a blow and leaned upon his axe. A queer glint of anger shone in his eyes, a shadow clouded his face.

"Nothin' hinderin'?" he repeated, slowly. "I reckon if anything's been more of a hindrance than another, it's you, Joe."

Joe's jaw dropped. He gaped at his companion.

"Are you in your right mind, Sam?" he cried. "*Me?*"

"*You!*" retorted the other, grimly. "You, when you brought that young come-by-chance into camp to upset us all—us that's been the comfortablest gang that ever trimmed a log till now. Yes, *you*, my lad, and it's as well you should know it."

Joe's astonishment did not abate—rather it increased.

"You mean ter tell me," he began, "you mean to tell me——"

"I mean to tell you this," said Sam, "that he's in love with our Baby, and when he tells her so——"

Joe interrupted with an exclamation of impatience.

"*When!*" he cried. "Are you comin' to me with this yer fool's tale without any sort of evidence to back it? What's 'e *said?*"

"Nothing," answered Sam, gloomily. "But I ain't blind. Can't I see him *look* at her? And what's more, can't I see her look back?"

Joe laid down his axe and put his hand upon his comrade's arm.

"Sam Curtis," he said, impressively, "like most men in love, you're several kinds of fool. I didn't reckon, though, that you'd be the jealous kind. As if the girl would take any notice of young John *seriously* when she knows 'er father's wishes on 'is dying bed! You don't want 'er to treat the lad as if he come out of a pest 'ouse. Let 'er look at 'im. She knows it's you she's got to *marry*."

"Does she?" retorted Sam. "And why?"

"For one thing, 'cos I told 'er," returned Joe, triumphantly. "Not more than a month back the subject came up between us. Surprised she may have been, but I made 'er see where 'er duty lay. Now it's *you* that's been hinderin'—*you* she's been waitin' for; and my advice to you is, don't keep 'er waitin' a moment longer."

Sam shook his head. Forest-born and forest-bred, without experience of women to guide him, he was not, all the same, without instincts that took the place of knowledge. That Baby Silso would never look at him as she looked at John Graham was a conviction in his solid, sensible mind. But with a lover's longing he caught at half hopes while Joe's assurance was so overwhelming. The upshot of further argument led him to promise to put the matter to a test that very evening.

Fate, still playing her own game, made it a stormy one. A western gale roared among the pine-tops.

The evening meal was done. Baby might reasonably be expected to be found in her kitchen, washing up and making preparations for the next morning's early breakfast, and, therefore, alone. Very conscious of the beating of his own heart, Sam stalked slowly in through the open cook-house door.

The place was dark and empty.

A throb of rage shot up into Sam's bosom. All the jealous misgivings of the past few weeks took flame. Swearing below his breath he blundered out into the open.

A moonbeam sank through the scud of flying clouds, and fell upon the great log at the edge of the clearing. Two figures leaned against it. A dozen strides, and he stood before the pair. He towered over them in his anger as if passion had added inches to his height. And his voice was almost unrecognisable.

"Come in—you!" he commanded, hoarsely. "Come away in! Ain't you ashamed to be hangin' about after—after *him* this hour of night?"

The moonlight beat upon the horrified amazement which covered the two young faces turned to his, and then, on Graham's face, amazement turned to rage. He strode forward till he nearly touched Sam's shoulder.

"What's that you said?" he cried, savagely. "What's that?"

"I say this!" snarled Sam, jealousy stripping him of every bit of self-possession that he owned. "That it ain't respectable for a girl to be followin' you like a dog when she's another man's promised wife!"

The younger man's cry was scarcely human in its agony of surprise. He thrust out his arms as if he pushed away some horrifying spectre.

"It's a lie!" he thundered. "It's a lie!" His voice brimmed with passion and, as he turned to the girl beside him, with appeal.

He laid his hand upon her arm—he shook it. "Say it's not true!" he pleaded, wildly. "Say it!"

She looked up, first at him and then at the other. Her face was drawn with throes of indecision. She tried to speak—stammered—and finally burst into a storm of weeping. Her voice came low and muffled through the fingers which she clasped before her face.

"I don't know!" she wailed. "Oh, I don't know!"

Curtis beat his hand upon the log.

"You know and you've got to tell!" he said. "Make the best tale you can of it, for to-night's the last night of fast and loose. To-morrow the whole gang'll hear as you're to be my wife—*mine!* And as for you, my lad"—he turned with an accusing gesture upon Graham—"you can take your philanderin's back to the no-man's-land or the jail you was flung from!"

He swung out his hand again with a motion of contempt, wheeled, and passed back into the darkness. The storm roared on over the lovers' heads, but the tempest of Baby's weeping was silenced — against John Graham's breast. He drew her to him, encircling her with his arms.

"My darling—my darling!" he whispered. "Tell me the truth—the whole of it—and we can face them all—together!"

Word by word, sentence by sentence, she faltered it out—her ignorance of her father's meaning, her innocent astonishment at Joe's interpretation of it, her desire to do right, and then, shyly, shamefacedly, the acknowledgment of what the last month had done to weaken and break her resolution.

As he listened John Graham's face shone with a lover's ecstasy.

"I thank him for his outburst!" he cried,

"'SAY IT'S NOT TRUE!' HE PLEADED, WILDLY."

joyously. "It's won for me to-night what I shouldn't have dared to ask for for months. It's given me *you!*"

She raised her eyes to his despairingly.

"They won't allow it," she moaned. "Oh, they'd never allow it!"

He smiled; there was a triumphant ring in his voice.

"They?" he asked. "They?"

"The—the boys—the gang," she murmured. "Oh, they wouldn't hear of it. To them you're only a new-comer—an outsider."

He nodded his head.

"Yes," he agreed, confidently. "So we'll stay outside—together!"

Her eyes questioned his, doubtfully.

"To-night, sweetheart," he said. "This very night. There's a boat at the landing. By morning we can be fifty miles on our way to Chilcote—by next evening we can be there. I'll put you in charge of the missionary's wife. As soon as they'll hand me out a licence we'll be married."

She shook her head; she still hesitated.

"Oh, I'm afraid, Jack," she whispered. "I'm afraid!"

His arms tightened about her.

"Afraid? Afraid—of me?" he questioned.

Her eyes met his again—steadfastly this time. A tiny smile broke out about her lips.

"No, dear," she whispered. "Afraid—of losing you."

Four hours later the faint sound of grinding pebbles was smothered by the tempest as a canoe swung off the landing and out into the river. The wind still howled through the forest. The rain drove in heavy drops upon the branches and dripped through to the pine needles. The roar of the shallows, now twice their usual depth, showed that the floods were storming their way from the hills. In mid-stream it came home to Graham with sudden, sharp realization that the current would tax, and perhaps overpower, the limits of his strength. He did not attempt to increase the speed—he only guided. Seated in the bow, Baby peered anxiously into the gloom, giving quick warnings or directions. For ten minutes they raced through the rapids, escaping disaster by a hair's breadth at every furlong. And the river rose in power.

Suddenly the gloom ahead grew more opaque—the voice of the torrent rose even above the howl of the wind—foam streaks showed white on either hand—Baby's cry was shrill in terror.

Too late!

There was a grinding crash, and the frail birch bark crumpled as an envelope crumples between tightening fingers. The next instant John Graham was in the grip of the eddies,

one arm about Baby's waist, one around a great boulder which heaved and rocked under the strain. His feet probed vainly for purchase.

He took a deep breath. Then, with a stupendous effort, he dragged himself and his burden behind the stone. The stream was not a danger now, but a help. It thrust them against the rock instead of straining them from it. Little by little, inch by inch, they climbed, stepped from boulder to boulder, and so found solid earth. In their exhaustion they sank down panting.

Baby was the first to break silence.

"Which side are we?" she gasped, anxiously. "Which?"

Graham tottered to his feet and looked round. The rapids boiled past upon his left side. He turned, and in turning found the smooth black depth of the main stream whirling past on the right hand also. He gazed bewilderedly in front of him. Here, twenty yards away, the two channels joined to spin between the rocks! He gave an exclamation of despair.

"We're trapped!" he cried. "We're on an island! We can't get away—we can't get away!"

When the dawn broke upon the two who clung to their frail refuge in mid-stream it was to bring them no hope, but rather to confirm their despair. The flood was still rising—eating its way foot by foot into the heart of their resting-place as they watched. The soft earth crumbled—stones were forced from their seating and sucked into the current—more than half the island had already disappeared. And on each side of them roared the torrent, sixty feet wide.

Minute by minute Death was coming nearer and yet nearer. There was nothing left to do but watch his approach in the apathy with which Nature heralds his coming. Silently, almost patiently, the girl and the man sat and waited, hand clasped in hand.

Suddenly some unexplained instinct drew Baby's eyes from the torrent and lifted them towards the bank behind her. She started—an exclamation burst from her. Graham wheeled round.

With one hand leaning upon the great pine beside him, haggard with weariness, red-eyed with want of sleep, Sam Curtis stood upon the bank and stared down upon them. His fingers clasped and unclasped upon his woodman's axe—his gaze seemed to burn itself into their very souls. Then suddenly he flung out his hand towards them and gesticulated fiercely. His lips moved, but the roar of the hurricane tore the words away unheard.

He pointed up into the branches of the pine. His eyes flashed ominously as he raised his axe and dashed it against the trunk.

And so John Graham—thought he understood. He gave a cry—he gathered his love to him—he turned her face from his rival and shielded it with his own.

"It would have been within an hour, anyway," he said, quietly. "He is only doing quickly what the flood was doing with cruel slowness. He won't delay his revenge. He wants our destruction to come from his own hand—his very own!"

She struggled against his embrace.

"No!" she protested, vehemently. "No! Why—why, it's *Sam!*"

He nodded.

"Yes," he said, "and he's going to make sure. He won't wait for the river. He's felling the tree—*upon us!*"

She gave a queer, choking little laugh, half in terror, half in exasperation, as it seemed.

"He isn't! He isn't!" she declared. "Look! Look!"

Graham looked round again. The lumberman's axe was swinging to and fro in great, sweeping blows which bit fiercely into the wood. The tree swayed in the blast, bending more and more as they watched. Then they saw Sam halt and glance alertly at the sky. He altered his position slightly and began to strike again from a new point.

Baby sighed with appreciation.

"He's getting the wind behind the cut," she breathed, tensely. "Look! Look again!"

She had no need to explain further. A gust shrieked through the forest, smote the wounded tree, and with a ripping, tearing sound smashed it riverwards from the root. The great mass of its upper branches fell out, half beside, half upon the island, bridging the stream completely with its bulk. And like some Berserk hero at the storming of a breach Sam came smiting his way along the trunk, lopping the great limbs till he had opened a path to their very feet.

And then—the very storm seemed to hush its uproar in their ears—a great silence fell between the three. The two waited expectant, the young man's arm still defiantly about the girl's waist.

Sam's eyes still glowed; his fingers still knitted and unknitted themselves upon the helve of the great axe. But it was with nothing but gentleness in its tones that his voice came at last.

"SAM CAME SMITING HIS WAY ALONG THE TRUNK."

"Baby," he said, tenderly. "Baby, my lass, come home!"

She gave a little gasp. Her grip tightened upon her lover's arm.

"I'll come," she whispered. "I'll come—but only as—his wife!"

The axe helve was gripped as if the strong fingers would crush it. The great chest heaved. Then Sam smiled—a grave, unfaltering smile.

"As his wife," he said, quietly. "His wife—but still—our Baby!"

The Comic Side of Crime.

V.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

IT appears it is no use arguing with female prisoners. Griffiths, Guillot, and others, English and foreign experts in prison life, assert that the official has no moral weight, but simply wastes time in preaching to them. He is simply looked upon as one performing a duty for which he is paid. Visitors unofficial may have some influence for good, but the Major maintained that inexperienced visitors are so easily misled; "they may be subjected to so much imposture by designing hypocrites who can assume any mood, and their aid is more often mischievous than beneficial." Yet in his "Secrets of the Prison House" he lets out one secret which rather shows that an experienced visitor can outwit the officials and thus be more mischievous than any well-meaning amateur.

This story is a true comedy in prison life. A parallel episode we find in the most dramatic book Dickens wrote — "A Tale of Two Cities," but in that story men are the chief figures. Here the characters are women.

One day a lady of title, well known for her philanthropy and kindness to all her retainers, discovered that the daughter of her coachman had stolen a horse out of her stable and had been imprisoned. The culprit was arrested when endeavouring to sell the horse, a valuable one, for five pounds. The horse-dealer, being suspicious, retained the horse and sent for the police. The dealer was a good judge of a horse, and knew that such a fine spirited animal, which had been galloped ten miles or over, was worth more than was demanded by the lad who rode it. However, he was not much of a judge of human flesh, for he did not detect that the groom was a young girl. It was only when she was in jail and took her hat off, thus letting her long hair down, and she cried, that she gave herself away.

This female Dick Turpin caused quite a stir in the women's wing of Harchester Jail. The prisoners admired the new-comer's pluck, and a gipsy girl in addition admired her crime, and, eventually hobnobbing with her, became her pal and her evil genius. They arranged future escapades, which they would jointly carry out when they were free. Maimie Popple, the gipsy girl, however, was released from jail several months before Josephine, the horse-stealer. The latter was not even tried yet, and the poor Josephine, full of spirit, enterprise, and devilment, had to roll herself up in the corner of her cell and curse her fate in solitude. She had asked Maimie to call at Crewkerne Hall to see the dear, philanthropic Lady Sarah Furnival, and to intercede for her. Not many days later Lady Sarah drove up to the jail. She sent in her card to the governor with an urgent request to see Josephine, her coachman's daughter.

The visit of the popular Lady Sarah Furnival caused great excitement among the officials of the prison, and the governor himself, hat in hand, ushered the aristocratic lady in. She was richly dressed in a long sealskin, smart bonnet, and the newest gloves. Her veil was down.

"I wish to see Josephine alone. Against the rules? But in *my* case you will make an exception? I want to speak to her, to reason with her, to console her as best I can, and for that I must be alone with her."

Her appeal was irresistible. The governor bowed her out of his room to the corridor, where she was met by obsequious turnkeys and warders. The matron and assistant warder followed her ladyship into the cell. It was fortunate that they did so, for no sooner had Josephine realized who her visitor was than she had violent convulsions, kicking all over the floor. The matron, at the earnest request of the distressed Lady Bountiful, rushed off for assistance, and came back with the doctor, just as the aristocrat, anxious to escape from such a heartrending scene and the unpleasant surroundings of the prison, walked out, everyone flying to pay her all the attention they could till she was safely in her carriage and driven off.

The governor, matron, and officials generally, including the Major — though

"THE VISIT OF THE POPULAR LADY SARAH FURNIVAL CAUSED GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE OFFICIALS OF THE PRISON."

he does not relate the story as happening to himself—must have looked very foolish when they discovered that the prisoner recovering from convulsions in her cell was none other than the gipsy, Maimie Popple, and the "lady" they had just bowed out was Josephine! They had exchanged clothes—the clothes *were* Lady Sarah Furnival's, for Maimie had stolen them the night before from Crewkerne Hall, thus freeing Josephine, who might have had years in prison. Knowing that she herself for this trick would only get six months at the most, and then be free to join Josephine, she had carried the affair off with a light heart.

The "convulsions" was an excuse to get a few minutes alone, so that the girls could change clothes; and the Major says that the gipsy girl, when personating her ladyship, spoke with rather a mincing, affected voice, which the governor attributed to emotion. No wonder these governors object to philanthropic visitors!

Major Arthur Griffiths was no doubt as shrewd and clever as he was entertaining and accomplished, but he gives himself away amusingly in his first introduction to prison life. In 1869, when brigade-major at Gibraltar, he was suddenly selected to take over the management of the convict establishment which at that time existed on the Rock. He admits that he was quite green at the work and that he had to deal with some hundreds of the very worst characters sent from England, and in his usual graphic style gives an account of the first confession made to him by a prisoner.

"If emotion, heart-rending, deep-seated, was ever depicted on a human countenance, it was there before me, plainly, forcibly written upon this agonized, unhappy face. The man's eyes were full, and the great tear-drops welled over, rolling down his cheeks. His hands twitched convulsively, and his body heaved and swayed with the piteous sobs that shook his whole powerful frame." The poor wretch made a complete confession to being the murderer, long wanted for a ghastly crime in the counting-house of a City firm. "The murderers were never discovered," he said to the Major. "They have got clear away with their booty, and have since eluded detection until to-day."

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished Major. "Do you know them?"

"I do, sir, only too well. Alas, alas! it was I with my mate who did the foul deed."

He then goes on to relate how this unhappy man broke down under his confession and gave away another prisoner as his fellow-culprit. Griffiths sent for the accomplice, and a little, round-faced, chubby man, with a jaunty, impudent air, was marched in.

"Do you know this man?" said Griffiths, pointing to the quivering wretch in the corner.

Directly their eyes met the new-comer's colour changed; his smug self-sufficiency faded out of him, and he collapsed. He

denied he had ever seen the man before. The man who had confessed, however, upbraided him for his cowardice, and a violent scene occurred, which left no doubt in the mind of the governor of the prison that they were jointly guilty. There was nothing to do

"THE MAN WHO HAD CONFESSED UPBRAIDED HIM FOR HIS COWARDICE."

but to send the particulars to England, and in the usual course of things, which in those days moved very slowly, these men would be brought up at the Central Criminal Court and duly tried. In the meantime, they were placed in a portion of the prison for prisoners awaiting trial, which meant that they received the best of fare and had no work to do. They amused themselves by writing a full confession, giving all the ghastly particulars of their dreadful deed. But, as it turned out, the men were in prison at the time of the murder for some trivial offence, and the whole of this little comedy in the Gibraltar prison was a clever dodge to obtain some respite from prison routine.

A well-known figure in Bohemian society in London in the 'seventies and 'eighties was the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, soldier, actor, artist, author, traveller, and perhaps the most morbid-minded man I ever knew. How such a pleasant companion could have emulated the Fat Boy in "Pickwick" by taking delight in making your flesh creep was to me a mystery. Reared in a veritable fairyland—Powerscourt, near Dublin—one would have expected the famous "Lover's Leap" of that place sufficient melodramatic fare for him to feed upon, but he loved a stronger meat. He, like Ko-Ko in "The Mikado," was anxious to discover if in everyday life the punishment would fit the crime. In fact, Wingfield's hobby was the study of punishment—from the tortures in foreign lands to hangings at Newgate. His reception-room, on the ground-floor of his house in Montagu Place, was a perfect and costly museum of Japanese art; his collection of photographs of trials by torture was supposed to give his guests an appetite while waiting for dinner. And so as to pass the time until all his guests had arrived he would kindly allow you to handle the sword of the Great Executioner of Japan.

> Behold the Lord High Executioner!
> A personage of noble rank and title,
> A dignified and potent officer,
> Whose functions are particularly vital.
> Defer, defer,
> To the noble Lord High Executioner!

and, assuming the character of the "noble Lord High Executioner," he himself would vividly describe to you the mode in which capital punishment was administered, when, to your astonishment, the Japanese panels would suddenly and mysteriously fly open, and reveal to you—no, not the chamber of

horrors in Japan, but a charming London dining-room. Gladly you accepted the change of scene, and honestly you admired the Japanese salt-cellars, and willingly began to enjoy the capital dinner and the clever company, readily forgetting all about heads horribly cut off and limbs cruelly crushed by torture, when your eye was attracted by a curious object in the centre of the dining-table, winding in and out among choice flowers—a long rope, not a common one, but seemingly of semi-silk, and here and there bound round by pieces of tape, on each of which was written a name, date, and other figures. Probably, you think, the rope is a relic of some foundered yacht, the names inscribed are those of your host's dear departed friends, the date of the disaster, and the ages of the victims. It is a pretty idea, and you sympathetically asked Wingfield for particulars.

"Oh, ah, that's most interesting. It's the rope Marwood used for two years. The names, dates, and length of drop connected with each hanging are written on the pieces of tape."

It was surprising how many guests remembered they had friends to meet at the Opera.

One day he sat at lunch with only one guest. The rope was not on the table; the conversation did not turn on criminals or hanging — at least, not when the butler was in the room, for the guest was none other than Marwood, the public hangman. Naturally, Wingfield was most anxious that his domestics should not discover this fact, fearing that they would have refused to serve the hangman, and probably given notice on the spot. His butler was an old and valued servant, and when he was in the room Wingfield was careful to refer only to general topics, and avoid the one which he and his guest had met to discuss. To Wingfield's horror the hangman kept looking at his watch, and once or twice, when the butler was in the room, he would say:—

"Ah, they're giving it to them now. Yes, yes; it's about time now it was over."

Wingfield was on pins and needles lest his guest should, in his excitement, disclose the names of the poor victims. As soon as they were alone, he said:—

"Who are they? I didn't know there was any execution on to-day."

"Well, I should think not—or I wouldn't be here."

"But they're criminals of some kind—flogging, eh?"

"Flogging! Criminals! Bless you, no, sir. I was looking at my watch 'ere to time the presentation of prizes at my girls' school. To-day one takes a fust prize and the other a second!"

"TO WINGFIELD'S HORROR THE HANGMAN KEPT LOOKING AT HIS WATCH."

In recalling some interesting escapes which prisoners have achieved, which I may appropriately entitle "Close Shaves," I am reminded by the phrase of the vanity of convicts; for, strange as it may appear to those in the outer world, there is much comedy in the extreme vanity of those hidden in their prison cells. Many a convict feels more sorely the fact that he is forced to go unshaven than that the marks denoting his crime are sewn upon his clothes. Extraordinary is his ingenuity in procuring some sharp piece of metal, glass, or anything that will shave him; it is one of the puzzles that seem to baffle prison officials. A man will spend hours and hours in his cell scraping

at his chin, and when his door is opened in the morning will stand up as clean as if he were leaving a barber's shop. Search him, examine his cell as minutely as they may, yet they will fail to find the instrument with which he has accomplished his object. Swell mobsmen, and others of the dandy class, use their soup for hair-grease, and there are other little fads of the confirmed convict which show that vanity is one of their minor failings.

But this is a digression. The "close shaves" I am about to call to mind are those connected with prisoners' escapes.

Luck has a great deal to do with these; ingenuity of counsel has sometimes the desired effect, and the blundering of a judge or the stupidity of a jury may let a scoundrel off. Let me take a case of luck.

A young man I knew once had a narrow escape of this kind. He had studied dentistry, and at last was able to set up for himself, buying a small business and the name of a dentist in the vicinity of Long Acre; and I then thought he was on the high road to success. I met him years afterwards in a publisher's office!

"Why did you give up dentistry?" I asked, and in reply he told me this remarkable story.

"A CLOSE SHAVE."

"Through one of those extraordinary unforeseen tides in the affairs of man that swamp and drown him. The business I had bought was an old one, with some curious old customers—patients, I should say—on the books. One, and one only, I saw. The remainder were either dead or on the books of others. This solitary item of purchase was too old to require my services, but she called occasionally out of mere habit. I depended altogether upon new clients, and was just beginning to succeed in making a paying business when this lady died. I had really forgotten all about her, when one day, to my surprise, two men pushed past my attendant and entered my consulting-room. They were aggressively impertinent; and, after informing me that one of them was a detective and the other a solicitor's clerk, they told me I had better make a clean breast of it, and not give them the trouble of searching the place for the money I had wheedled out of my client. The old lady, on her death-bed, had said that I had all her money in my possession, and they came with full power to demand it.

"My first impulse was to kick them downstairs, but I was too astonished to do more than seize my day-book and open it at the place in which I had entered the last visit of the old lady.

"'I do not know if this is some practical joke on your part, gentlemen, but I may tell you that I never looked upon the old lady's visits seriously. I never saw her teeth or her money—in fact, I do not know if she had either. The entry of her last visit is here:—

"'"The old cat called again, and remained an hour. I think I'll write and tell her 'Time is money.'"'

"'Money sometimes means "Time,"' said the sharp detective to the sharp solicitor's clerk, with a wink.

"'And this man's epigrammatic entry,' said the clerk—'"Time is money," "The old cat remained an hour"—is made exactly upon the day on which the "old cat" drew all her money out of the bank and brought it here. The "old cat's" dying words were: "My dentist has all my money—all of it, every shilling; no teeth—but all my money."'

"'Do you seriously imply,' I asked, 'that I have robbed the old lady of all her money?'

"'She said so, clearly enough, on her death-bed: "No teeth, but all my money."'

"This was no joke; I felt the handcuffs would soon be upon my wrists. I was dazed, dumbfounded! What could I do? What did it all mean? The last thought I must have expressed audibly, for the detective said:—

"'It means you have to come with me. But, first, perhaps you have no objection—

"'MONEY SOMETIMES MEANS TIME,' SAID THE SHARP DETECTIVE."

just to substantiate your innocence, you know—to hand over your keys. There may be some cat's-meat in the larder,' he said, as he opened my safe—to find nothing in it, except some old books and a little dentists' gold for filling teeth.

"The next day I was in Holloway; a month after I was in the Old Bailey; a few days later I was in Wormwood Scrubs.

"Within a week I was set free, unconditionally—without a stain upon my character—but a ruined man.

"When I was sentenced to three years' hard labour for robbing the old lady, the evidence against me was considered conclusive.

"I had to admit that the entry in my diary was in my writing, and it was proved that it was written five minutes after the lady's visit to the bank, from which she had withdrawn her entire capital; that she had not a penny to pay her bus fare from my house, and that she emphatically declared I had all her money.

"It all seemed to me a dream. I do recollect saying that the lady left her old case of teeth, but I had not opened it. I had thrown it into a drawer, with a lot of other useless relics of old cases, and had forgotten all about it.

"This old case, with a label saying it contained her teeth, was offered for sale, with the remainder of the rubbish of my establishment, to pay the expenses of my defence.

"The case was opened by the man who was about to offer five shillings for the contents of the drawer, and he found in it ten one-thousand-pound notes, corresponding with the numbers the bank had entered as those given to the old cat!

"We were all in the right. It was true the old lady had given me all her money and no teeth. She felt that in leaving her old case with me she would ensure my unsuspectingly taking care of her supposed old teeth. And in this way her money would be safer from her grasping relatives than if left in the bank.

"The bank was right, the solicitor was right, the detective was right.

"I was right, too; but I was ruined and they were not."

It was but another instance to illustrate the fact that men have narrow shaves. It was my young friend's name that was embossed on the case, but it was the old lady's fortune—not her teeth—that was inside it.

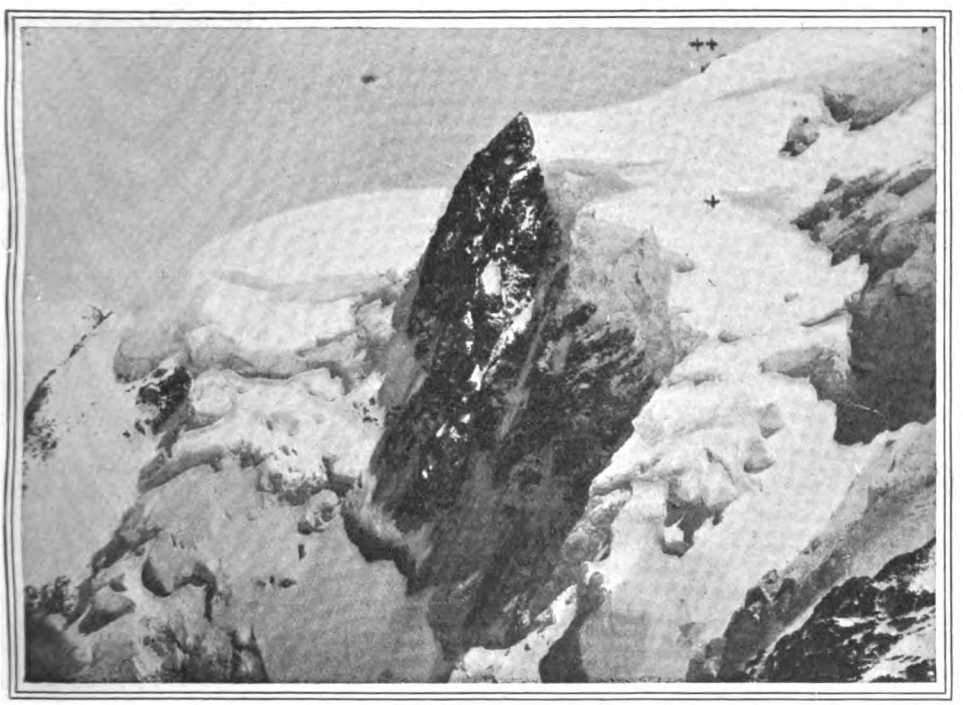
Mountaineering Tragedies.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, F.R.S.E.

Author of "Scrambles Amongst the Alps," "The Great Andes of the Equator," etc.

(With Photographs by the Author.)

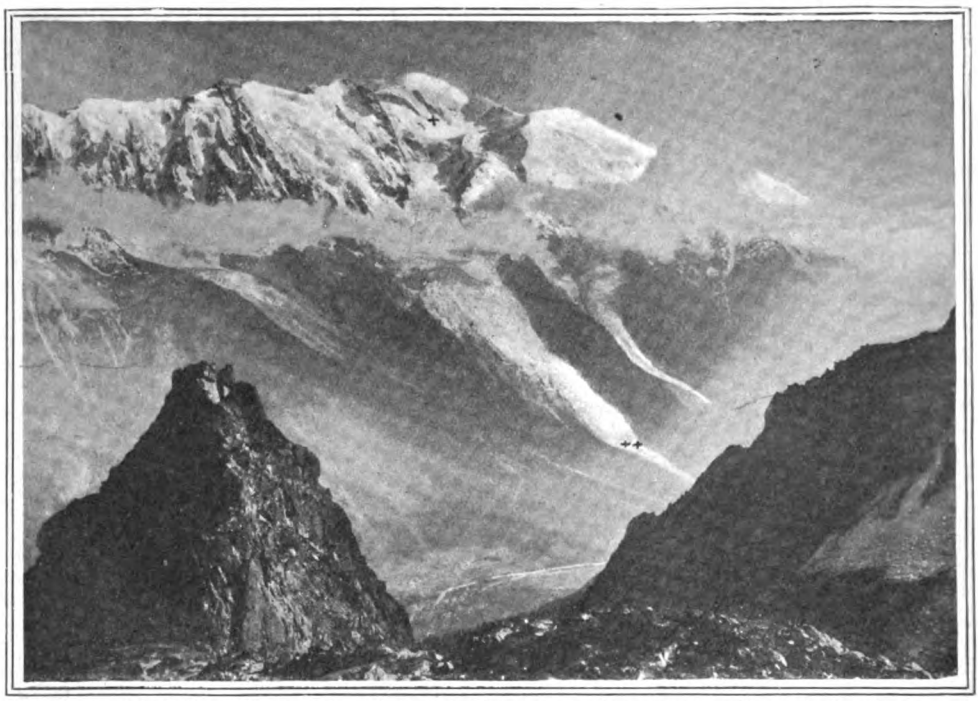
THERE are four principal ways in which anyone may come to grief in mountainous regions. One is from falling avalanches; another from bad weather; a third from falling stones; and a fourth from slipping. The casualties or deaths which occur through the last cause greatly outnumber those which happen from the other three put together.



The snow-track on the right is the route taken in all the early ascents of Mont Blanc. The Hamel accident occurred somewhere about the spot marked x. The party of eleven persons perished in 1890 at the spot marked xx.

1. There are avalanches of different kinds, but when the term "avalanche" is used it is generally supposed to apply to falls of great bodies of snow or ice. One of the first occasions of this kind which attracted attention took place in 1820, upon Mont Blanc, and it is commonly called the Hamel accident. Dr. Hamel, a Russian, set out on August 18th to go up Mont Blanc, accompanied by two Englishmen and eight guides. They had ascended to a height of more than fourteen thousand feet, with five guides in front, who were cutting or making steps, when all at once the snow above them gave way and the entire party was carried down a thousand feet or more over the slopes up which they had toiled. Snow again broke away above, and more or less covered up the whole party. Some of them struggled out, but three of the leading guides were hurried into a crevasse and buried under an immense mass of snow. Ten years afterwards, when conducting another tourist up Mont Blanc by the same route, one of the surviving guides pointed to the crevasse and said to his employer, "They are there."

"It was a melancholy reflection," remarked the tourist, "and all of the guides seemed to feel deeply the loss of their ill fated comrades, who will in all probability remain embedded there till the day of judgment." He was wrong. At that time (1830) the bodies were no doubt a considerable distance from the spot where the accident occurred, for the dismembered remains of the three unfortunates commenced to reappear at the lower end of



Mont Blanc and the Valley of Chamonix from Chalet de la Floriaz—x, the place where the guides of the Hamel party were lost; xx, the place where their remains were recovered forty-one years afterwards.

the Glacier des Bossons in 1861, more than four miles away, in a direct line, from the place where they perished, and must have travelled down on an average at the rate of five hundred feet per annum. A large part of the back of a man was first seen protruding through the ice. After that, fragments of skulls, a lower arm with its hand, bits of knapsacks, a felt hat, lantern, shreds of clothing, and a cooked leg of mutton were amongst the objects which came to light; and in the following year a multitude of other articles which were collected placed it beyond all doubt that they were indeed relics of the long-lost victims of the *affaire Hamel*. These finds attracted much attention, as they afforded a practical demonstration of the motion of glaciers.

In 1866, forty-six years after the Hamel accident, there was a closely-similar occurrence upon nearly the same spot. Captain Arkwright started from Chamonix on the 13th of October to make an ascent of Mont Blanc by the route that was taken by Dr. Hamel, which is called the *ancien passage*, or the old way. It was the route which was followed upon all the earliest ascents of Mont Blanc, but it is now given up. The captain was accompanied by a guide, two porters, and two Chamoniard volunteers. They had ascended only a little way up the *ancien passage* when an avalanche fell. The volunteers saw it coming and managed to get out of the way, but Captain Arkwright and the three others were overwhelmed by it, and no trace of them could be discerned by the survivors. Some time afterwards the bodies of the guide and porters were recovered, though Captain Arkwright remained embedded, and did not come to light again until thirty-one years had elapsed. On October 26th, 1897, whilst prowling about the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons, I found upon the surface of the ice the upper part of a pair of trousers, and in one of the pockets there were two white pocket-handkerchiefs, one marked with his name in full and the other with his initials. There was besides a small woollen comforter, which he had apparently bought for the ascent. These articles were quite uninjured and looked like new, after having been embedded in ice for thirty-one years. Captain Arkwright perished somewhat lower down than the members of the Hamel party, and this partly accounts for his remains having been found after the lapse of thirty-one years, while the others took ten years longer to make their reappearance.

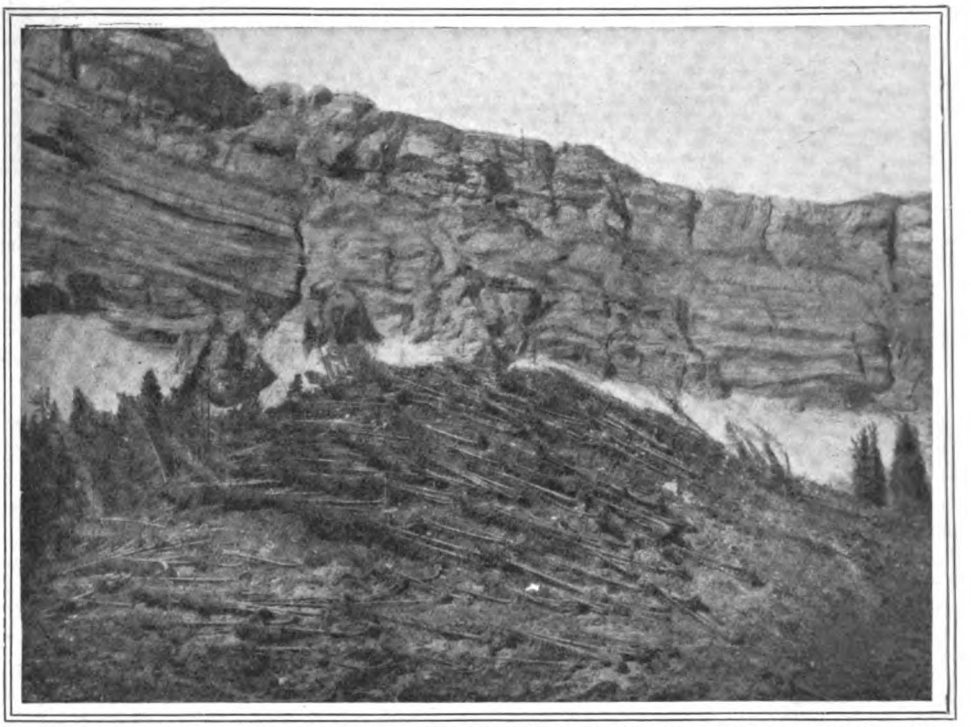
Avalanches of snow arise from different reasons or causes. In the case of the Hamel

accident, it is clear that the snow was started from disturbance of its base. The party interfered with the base, and the superincumbent snow came down, and that was the reason why Bennen, a guide, lost his life in 1864. It is not certain how the avalanche was started which caused the death of Captain Arkwright, though it seems probable that it occurred through snow being piled up naturally until it had passed the "angle of stability." This was what occurred upon the next example which is given of the power of snow-avalanches—namely, the destruction of the Trift Hotel. This hotel was situated in a small valley in the neighbourhood of Zermatt, and was put up principally as a convenience for persons passing by the Trift Pass from Zermatt to Zinal. It was closed during the winter, and its proprietor came up in spring to make preparations for the summer season. When he came up in the spring of 1899 he found that his hotel had been obliterated since he left it in the preceding year. Walls, floors, and all the contents were smashed, crushed, or carried away, and he said that the contents, the pots and pans, the chairs and tables, and all the etceteras were so completely smashed up that it was not worth the trouble to preserve any of them.

The effects of an avalanche. When the proprietor of the Trift Hotel came up in the spring of 1899 to reopen for the summer season he found the hotel thus obliterated.

In regard to ice-avalanches very little needs to be said. They occur, as a rule, from the lower ends or portions of glaciers breaking away. They come down with tremendous force, create a great row, and may do infinite mischief. The last great occasion was the avalanche on the Gemmi, when a considerable part of the glacier upon the western side of the mountain called Altels broke away, and, after falling for thousands of feet, smashing itself into myriads of blocks, plunged down upon the Alp beneath, killing all the herdsmen and nearly all of the cows. The Swiss mourned the loss of the cows more than they did the massacre of the herdsmen! The thing which struck me more particularly was the levelling of the trees upon the outskirts—a thick wood, almost amounting to a forest—which was not touched by the ice, but was blown down by the force of the wind which was created. On this occasion the blocks of ice came down with such tremendous force and velocity that they danced, hopped, and plunged for several miles, and actually went over into the neighbouring valley. A multitude of other examples of this nature might be quoted, but I must pass on to—

2. Accidents arising from bad weather. Upon this subject a volume might be written. Everyone knows that at quite low levels weather may change suddenly, and be very inconvenient. At considerable elevations, and more particularly at great elevations, the changes in weather and in temperature are very abrupt and rough. They have no respect for persons, and, as in the case which I am about to mention, it is just as well to be prepared for whatever may happen. It is, no doubt, very joyous to go about half clad, and to attempt to emulate the feats of the chamois, but it is not prudent, and many a man has been caught by, and has perished



Some of the effects of the avalanche on the Gemmi. These trees were not touched by the avalanche, but were blown down by the wind created by its passage.

from, bad weather who would have been alive now if he had paid attention to that simple matter. A great number of instances can be quoted of people who have perished in the mountains through being badly clad or provided for insufficiently; but I prefer to mention only two or three as examples, and take for the first the case which happened in 1870, when an entire caravan of eleven persons perished near the summit of Mont Blanc. It is the worst thing of its kind that has happened. No one was left to tell the tale, and it is only from fragmentary notes in the pockets of those who were lost, and from observations made by people who were watching the party, more than ten thousand feet below, that one is able to construct a story.

In the late summer of 1870 a scratch party set out from Chamonix to ascend Mont Blanc. The amateurs were Mr. Randall, of Boston, U.S.A., Mr. McBean (American), and the Rev. G. McCorkindale, of Gourock, on the Clyde. They took with them as guides or assistants no fewer than eight persons from Chamonix, and this was a quite sufficient number. They set out in the morning, and, as is customary, they passed the night at the inn called Grands Mulets, which is about ten thousand feet above the sea. Next day they continued the journey, according to the established routine. After that they were absolutely blotted out. No one returned to tell the tale. This is one of the stories which are most regrettable and deplorable, because it happened without fault on the part of anyone. It was a case of *force majeure*. Sir Leslie Stephen, however, said, in regard to it—and he was a fit judge: "With a really experienced guide I cannot but believe that the party who were lost must have been able to find their way. They might have suffered frost-bites, or even lost the lives of some of the weaker members of the party; but that eleven men should be so bewildered as actually to be incapable of discovering a route implies a singular want of that instinct for which a good guide is generally remarkable, and which all tolerable guides ought to possess." These remarks are good and true, and I say "Hear, hear." Now for the story.

The party set out from Chamonix on September 5th, with three guides and five porters and, as is usual, passed the night at the inn upon the rocks which are called the Grands Mulets. On the next day a number of persons below watched their progress

through telescopes. They were seen to arrive on the summit and to begin the descent. By that time the weather had changed. I am told that the wind was something frightful. Even twelve thousand feet below it was seen whirling the snow about, so that the members of the party were obliged to throw themselves down to avoid being carried away by it. Then the summit became clouded, and was not seen again for eight days.

No one came back, and upon the 7th of September fourteen men from Chamonix started out to try to learn something. Bad weather came on again, and it was not until the 17th that the fate of the party was ascertained. When the rescue party got up they found Mr. McCorkindale and two of the porters about seven hundred and fifty feet below the top, with their heads right way up, but with their clothes somewhat torn, as if they had slipped and fallen. About three hundred feet higher up they came upon Mr. McBean and another porter sitting down, the former with his head leaning on one hand and the elbow on a knapsack; ropes coiled up, batons, axes, and knapsacks round about them still containing a little food. Upon Mr. McBean a note-book was found containing several entries in respect to the occasion. This is one of them:—

"MY DEAR HESSIE,—We have been on Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible snow storm. We have lost our way, and are in a hole scooped out of the snow at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending. Perhaps this book may be found and forwarded . . . . We have no food; my feet are already frozen, and I am exhausted. I have only strength to write a few words. I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, with affectionate thoughts of my family; my remembrance to all"; and lower down, in nearly illegible writing, there was this: "Morning. Intense cold, much snow, which falls uninterruptedly; guides restless." All of the five corpses were hard frozen. They were put into sacks and dragged down to Chamonix. It took three days to transport them. The bodies of the six others have not yet been recovered, but they will probably come to light in the course of a few years.

This was the worst disaster that has happened on Mont Blanc, and, so far as I know, in any part of the world. It is often said that it is easy to be wise after the event. What could have been done to save this party? The order ought to have been given, "Down, down, down," for no shelter can be obtained on the summit of Mont Blanc or anywhere near it. Some lives might have been sacrificed, but the greater part would have been saved.

Every year lives are lost in the Alps through bad weather. Sometimes the cases which occur do not deserve commiseration, though others do; and amongst the latter may be mentioned that of the death of Jean Antoine Carrel. He was a man of bulldog tenacity, and a great lover of the mountains. On the 21st of August, 1890, he set out with Signor Sinigaglia, of Turin, to make an ascent of his pet mountain, the Matterhorn. Bad weather came on, and the ascent was not made. They remained in a hut which is about half-way up the mountain for two days, and then decided to retreat. He assisted his employer to the utmost, but progress was slow, as the weather was very bad, and caution had to be exercised. They were just off the mountain about eleven p.m., and had arrived at the grass slopes, over which anyone can come down in the night, when it was noticed that Carrel fell to the ground several times. He was asked what was the matter, and replied, "It is nothing." But at last he fell again, and could not rise. "Come up and fetch me," they heard a faint voice say; "I have no strength left." "With extreme difficulty," said Signor Sinigaglia, "we carried him up to a safe place, and asked him what was the matter. His only answer was, 'I know no longer where I am.' We did all that we could for him, but this did not last long—he could only answer with moans. We tried to lift him, but it was impossible—he was getting stiff. We stooped down and asked in his ear if he wished to commend his soul to God. With a last effort he answered 'Yes,' and then fell on his back, dead, on the snow." With good taste and feeling Signor Sinigaglia has placed a memorial on the spot where this brave man died, and it is known as "Carrel's Cross."

These are a few of the more striking occurrences which have happened in the Alps through bad weather. Many, very many more might be cited, but let us pass on to—

3. Falling stones. To a casual mountain visitor it may seem ridiculous to speak about falling stones. I have had lifelong experience amongst mountains, and know that they are a real danger, and that one cannot exercise too many precautions against them. Partly due to the trouble that I have taken, I have never been injured seriously by falling stones, although upon a number of occasions there have been very close shaves. The first time

I was hit was on the very first ascent I made in the Alps, namely, of Mont Pelvoux, in Dauphiné. Along with a friend, we were encamping on an open slope of the mountain, a thing that never should be done if cover can be obtained, and heard and saw stones coming down the part above us. One, about as big as my fist, which was descending in hops several hundred feet long, alighted just on the top of my head, and took another leap. My companion, who was close by, did not rush up, throw his arms around my neck, and say, "I hope you are not hurt, old fellow," but retired a few steps, put his arms akimbo, and looked at me curiously, saying, "Well, your head must be deuced hard, Whymper." We treated the affair as a joke, but it would not have been a laughing matter if it had struck three inches lower. The next illustration of falling stones is a much more serious matter.

There is a pass leading from the Zermatt Valley to the neighbouring Val d'Anniviers, called the Trift. It is frequently crossed in the summer, but it has been known for fully half a century that stones and large blocks of rock fall down the cliffs on the upper part of the Val d'Anniviers side. On August 30th, 1895, two English ladies, Miss Sampson and Miss Growse, set out to cross this pass, with the guides, Louis Carrel and Anton Biener. They had nearly got clear of the risky part, and were about to cross a small crevasse at the base, Carrel leading, followed by Miss Growse, then Miss Sampson, with Biener last.

"All at once," said Carrel, "I heard a great noise, and saw stones coming down. Said I to myself, 'We are all lost.' I shouted 'Shelter yourselves!' a thing which it was impossible for them to do. Louis crouched down against the upper lip of the crevasse, and was only struck by some small fragments. Miss Growse was rather severely bruised by the blows she received, but was not seriously hurt. Miss Sampson was hit in the back, and so was Biener. A flask he carried was crushed." "How large was the stone which struck Miss Sampson?" I asked. "I am not sure," Carrel answered; "one couldn't see clearly, but I think about as large as this"—indicating a cube of about sixteen inches. "What did you do then?" "She could not walk, and I took her on my back; but more steps had to be cut, and we got along slowly." "You cut steps with one hand, and held her on with the other?" "Yes." "Had she any strength?" "Yes, she hung on to me with her hands over my shoulders." "Could she talk?" "Yes; but I couldn't understand what she said, for she spoke in English." "Go on with the story." "I carried her until we were out of reach of falling stones, and then laid her on the snow, on my coat and other things. She was then alive." "How long was this after the accident?" "About an hour. Just then the guardian of the Mountet hut came up, with two of his men. He had seen that something was wrong, and hurried across the glacier to meet us. 'She is dying,' he said to me. It was so. She turned pale, her eyes closed, and it was all over."

The fault on this occasion was that the excursion was made too late in the day. The party arrived on the top of the pass at ten a.m., and ought to have been there several hours earlier. In the next quoted incident there was no fault on the part of the victim.

There is in the Valley of Zermatt a peak called the Leiterspitze, ten thousand five hundred and fifty feet high, part of the mountain named the Taeschhorn. The road to Zermatt skirts its base, at a height of four thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. I was walking up it in the summer of 1904, and noticed a ruined and another damaged chalet, and inquired into the matter at the village of Taesch, which was a little farther on. The story related was extraordinary, and I returned and interviewed the owner of the two buildings, and this is what he said: "On May 27th, 1904, I was asleep in my house with my wife, eight children, and a servant, and was awoke about midnight by a terrible noise in the east. I jumped out of bed and went to the window, and saw what seemed to me to be flashes of lightning in the forest on the Leiterspitze. This was caused by a descending boulder, crashing through the forest, striking sparks when it hit the rocks. The place where the rock came out of the forest was several hundred metres from my nearest chalet, which was my storehouse. It carried the whole of the top away. The contents were destroyed. It then took another hop of about forty-five metres (one hundred and forty-eight feet) into my dwelling-house, on the other side of the road. It smashed in the lower part and then did not go any farther." The storehouse was completely destroyed, and the boulder, when I saw it in the basement of the dwelling-house, measured thirteen feet long by seven feet broad, but it had been longer. The owner of the houses, Alois Lerjen, was engaged in breaking it up. This malicious boulder, which, it was ascertained subsequently, broke away near the top of the Leiterspitze, descended for five thousand feet, cutting a groove in the forest; and, on emerging from it, made straight for Lerjen's storehouse, and destroyed it. Then it did not continue a straight, downward course, but went off at a tangent of something like thirty degrees to his dwelling-house and crushed in the basement. If it had struck this house a few feet higher up everyone in it would probably have been severely injured or killed; as it was, no one was hurt,

although frightened. The poor Lerjen was temporarily ruined by this disaster, but was set on his legs again by sympathizers.

4. Tragedies arising from slips of various kinds. It was said at the beginning of this article that casualties or fatalities arising through slipping greatly outnumber those which happen from the three preceding causes which are mentioned. The stories of deaths that have occurred through slipping—sometimes on ice, snow, rock, or grass—if collected would fill a thick volume. It may be taken as certain that fresh examples will occur during the present season.

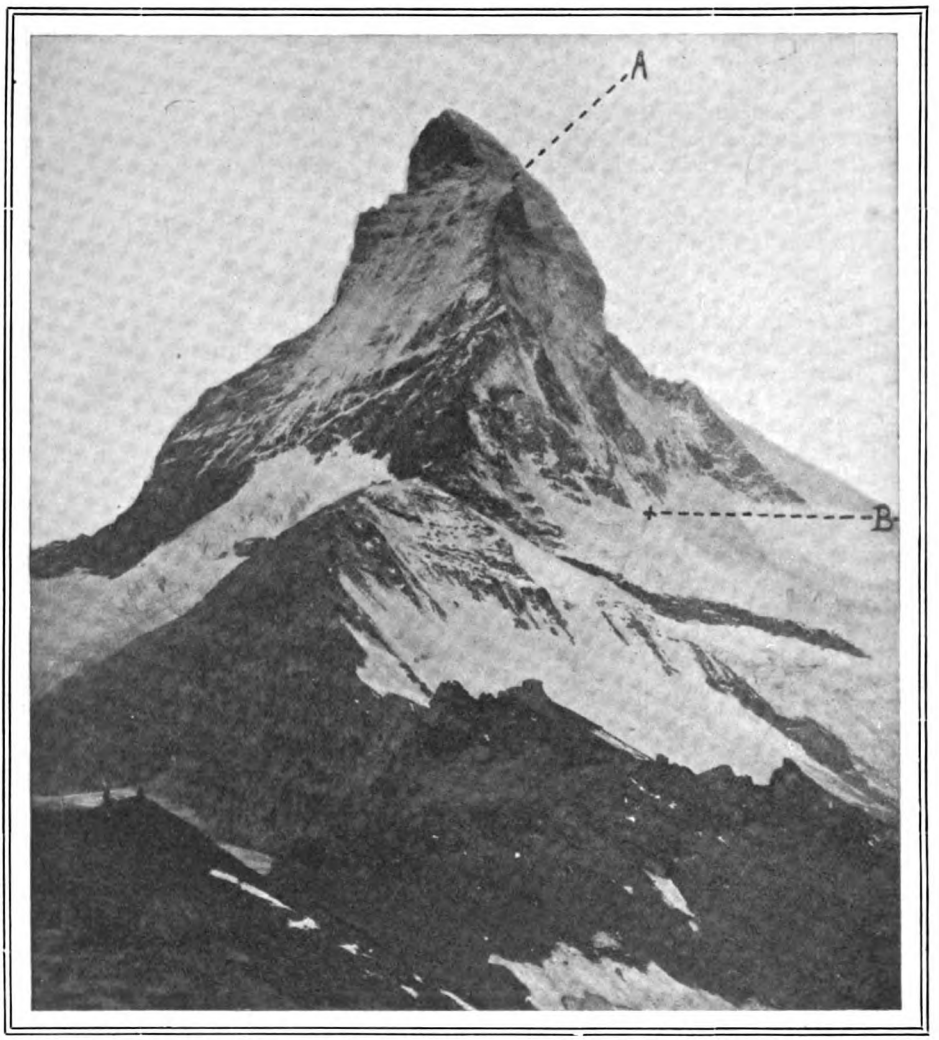
One of the most dramatic of these stories, which clings to the mind although it occurred forty-seven years ago, is the accident which happened to Mr. John Birkbeck, jun., in 1861. The father committed his son, a lad, to the care of the Rev. Charles Hudson. The facts which are stated in the following paragraph are taken from an article that was contributed to the second series of "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," published by Messrs. Longman, in 1862, and as this book can be procured easily the account here is given briefly.

MICHEL CROZ, ONE OF THE FINEST OF MOUNTAIN-GUIDES, WHO WAS KILLED ON THE MATTERHORN.
From a Portrait by Lance Calkin.

It is said in that article "that John Birkbeck formed one of the party in compliance with his father's distinct wish," and a little later on it is said that "after trying him in several smaller expeditions, I was quite satisfied of his powers as regards strength, good head, and sure foot." Notwithstanding, it seems clear that the reverend gentleman was lacking in judgment, for he let his pupil, whom he was especially bound to regard, go aside. The young man probably did not understand the serious nature of the place where he slipped. He went down (according to the statement in "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," page 222) for one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven feet, and when he arrived at the bottom he was nearly skinned and all but dead. He remained between life and death for a long time. One would have thought that this occasion would have made a deep and permanent impression upon his guardian. Nevertheless, a few years later, he took out another young man to the Alps, who slipped, fell, and killed himself and his protector.

The first ascent of the Matterhorn might have been a brilliant success. All the pleasure which the occasion ought to have given was destroyed by this young man, who was not fit to be upon that mountain. Those who were concerned in this ascent set out on July 13th, 1865. Before starting there were doubts about the capacity of the youth, who was under the guardianship of the Rev. Charles Hudson. In answer to questions as to his ability, his guardian said: "He has done Mont Blanc in less time than most men. . . . I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us." Now, upon some mountains it is enough for those who follow to go precisely in the steps of their predecessors. Upon other mountains that is not the case. The young man, upon this occasion, did not understand that, or that a single false step might be fatal. At a critical point he slipped and went on his back, his heels flew up in the air and smote Michel Croz (a guide who preceded and had assisted him) in the small of the back and knocked him right over. The strain of these two falling men pulled the Rev. Charles Hudson off his legs, and Lord Francis Douglas, who followed the others, was jerked off immediately afterwards. The whole incident was over in less than two seconds. Then all four slid and bumped down for a long distance, flinging out their arms endeavouring to save themselves, flew over a cliff three thousand feet high, and were dashed to pieces. The spectacle that their remains presented when they were recovered was revolting. I have seen nothing like it before or since, and do not wish to see such a sight again. The three leading men were there, all stripped absolutely naked, and could only be identified from some small peculiarities. Lord Francis Douglas was not below, and until now no one knows what became of him—whether he was literally knocked and torn to pieces, or whether his descent was arrested and he was suspended on the cliff.

Michel Croz, who was one of the finest mountaineers and strongest men with whom I have had anything to do, was lying a little in advance of the others. He was a



The Matterhorn, showing the spot where Michel Croz and his party perished—A, the spot where the fatal slip was made; B, where the bodies were recovered.

man who could, and did for the sake of amusement, take me up by the coat-collar with one hand and hold me out at arm's length, although I weighed over eleven stone. He was simply smashed. It was as if some tremendous giant had taken him up and had dashed him against rocks over and over again, until all semblance of humanity was obliterated. The condition of the two others was just as bad. A subscription was raised in favour of the sisters of this grand guide, who was their mainstay. He devoted his earnings towards their support. The subscription amounted to nearly three hundred pounds. "That is not much for the life of a man," Gustave Doré said to me, and I agreed with him.

A thing which I remember well, although it occurred forty-three years ago, was that upon getting near the summit of the Matterhorn, and arriving at the foot of the difficult part, Michel Croz turned to me and said, "Monsieur Whymper, I would rather go up here with you and another guide than with those who are going." He guessed what might happen. Five hours later he was a dead man.

THE BLACK VELVET CAP.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

I.

"IS Monsieur Gaston de Trevignon at home?"

"Monsieur le Marquis is at home," replied the man. Then he added, politely, "The late Marquis de Trevignon died six months ago."

So Gaston had come into his kingdom at last. A kingdom, apparently, of forest, moorland, and stream, with a half-ruined château standing in a neglected garden. I followed the servant into a stone-flagged hall of fine proportions, with a superb granite fireplace at one end and a noble flight of stairs, of the best Renaissance period, at the other. These served to illustrate the contrast between a lordly past and a squalid present, for the carpet, a genuine Aubusson, was in rags, and every article of furniture presented an appearance of extreme age and decay. Even the servant, who had answered (after a long interval) my third impatient ringing of the bell, seemed as old as the spindle-legged chairs. And—it may have been my fancy—but I could have sworn that he glared at me, as if resenting the advent of a stranger and a foreigner.

A moment later Gaston came in, with both hands outstretched, and the gay smile I remembered so well upon his lips. Ten years, however, had changed him greatly, perhaps not for the worse. He had lost entirely the look of youth, always so enchanting, but he had gained instead a distinction—the hall-mark of suffering and disappointment bravely endured.

"You remembered me?" he said. "You have hunted me out? How charming of you!"

He was so glad to see me that I blushed, unable to explain brutally that chance had brought me to his door. Motoring through Brittany, I had lost my way. A glance at the map showed me to be within a few kilometres of Trevignon, and at once I recalled my old friend and felt impelled to visit him. I had an indefinable conviction that he was at home, and a sense, an instinct, that the dropped stitches of our friendship were to be picked up again. It is a fact that I had forgotten his name! One of the many young Frenchmen working beside me in Julien's atelier in Paris, he had challenged attention by his bad drawing and abominable colour. A greater duffer never spoiled canvas. But we liked him because he was so gay and keen, and so free from any taint of jealousy. We knew that he was the nephew and heir of some eccentric old man with a château in Brittany, and we knew also that he had inherited from his father a small income, large enough to pay his own bills and some of the bills of his less fortunate fellow-students.

"You will stay with me? Thou *must* stay."

The familiar "*tu*" settled the matter.

"All the same," continued Gaston, with a frown, "this is a ruin, as you see, but we shall forget that when we are talking about Montmartre."

"Do you still paint?" I asked.

"Paint?" he echoed. "I have to paint

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now." Then, reading some astonishment in my face, he plunged into voluble speech. He owned the château and the rough *landes* that encompassed it, but these, unhappily, were mortgaged. As he was speaking the old servant entered the hall. Gaston told him to bring in my suit-case. I instructed my chauffeur to drive to the nearest town and return next day for orders. Gaston laughed, rather awkwardly.

"I can't put him up here," he muttered. He examined the car with enthusiasm. "Lucky beggar! Made out of pictures—*hein?*"

"Call them portraits."

"I heard you were painting princesses—and I was delighted."

The sincerity of his tone was pleasant to hear. A decade had not soured his sweet disposition.

"Where shall I put monsieur's suit-case?"

To my surprise Gaston answered in Breton. I knew enough to understand that my host was turning out of his own room.

"*Mon vieux*," I said, firmly, "I refuse flatly to occupy your room, and I'm as obstinate as I used to be."

"There is only one other room habitable, and that——"

"Yes?"

"Was the one in which my unfortunate uncle was murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Surely you read the case in the papers?" As I shook my head, he continued, lightly, "He was robbed and murdered. I'll tell you about it later. Meanwhile——"

"Put me into your uncle's room."

Gaston made a wry face.

"You English are cold-blooded. I couldn't sleep there myself. The villagers say it is haunted."

"So much the better. I want to see a ghost."

"It's locked up. Joking apart, I dislike to have you sleep in that room. Coadic wouldn't sleep there for a thousand francs—wouldst thou, Yann?"

"Not for ten thousand, monsieur." He shuddered slightly. In his odd, harsh voice he added: "It is locked, and I have the key, but, nevertheless, it is not empty."

"That settles it!" said I, gaily. "I must pass a night there. If I encounter a spirit I shall ask him many questions."

"Have thy own way." Gaston turned to Coadic. "Put monsieur's things into my uncle's room. It is, at any rate, as dry as a bone, and the bed is comfortable."

"But——"

"Do as I tell you," said Gaston, irritably. The old man bowed and went out.

"A faithful servant, but queer. All we Bretons are superstitious, although we hate to admit it. Coadic has never got over my uncle's death."

"It must have been an awful shock to you?"

"I expected it," he answered, curtly.

"Expected it?" I echoed, in astonishment.

"Yes. Come up to the studio and have a look at my *machins*."

He turned abruptly, and I followed him upstairs and into a large room upon the first floor. Two things struck me. My poor friend had been working furiously, and—alas!—to no purpose. His drawing seemed to have improved; his colour remained atrocious.

"Your candid opinion," he said, eagerly.

I hesitated, dumb with distress. Then I exclaimed: "How you have come on in drawing!"

Gaston's face beamed.

"I'm thinking of a one-man exhibition in London," he said. "Good idea—*hein?*"

"We must have a talk about that later," said I. "You have a lot of stuff. Halloa! What's this?"

The head of a girl, delightfully drawn in pastel, with a freshness of colour, a delicacy of tone, and an apprehension of values quite out of the ordinary, smiled at me from the wall.

"Ah," said Gaston, "that's my Argentine."

He took down the pastel and placed it in a better light.

"What do you think of my Argentine?"

"It's the best thing you've done. You must stick to pastel. It's——"

He interrupted me, frowning. "I can do better work than that. I want your opinion of the girl, not of the picture."

"Oh!"

"A friend painted it. If you could see the original——"

"She must be perfectly charming."

"She is," said Gaston, softly. With an ingenuous gesture he laid his hand upon my sleeve. "I hope to marry her some day. That is why I have worked so hard."

I stared at the sweet face upon the easel. Did the winning of this dear creature depend upon the success of her lover as a painter? Why had he not devoted his time and energies to something else? Then I remembered that he was an avowed Legitimist, and as such disqualified for public life.

"Are you engaged to her?" I asked.

"I was. It was broken off by her people a few months ago. I don't blame them. Sit down! I saw your look of amazement when I told you that I expected my uncle to be murdered. He had the most remarkable collection of gems in France, and he kept them in his bedroom."

"I see. The sale of these gems would have made you a rich man."

Gaston nodded. "They were valued at fifty thousand pounds." He added details. More than one previous attempt at burglary had been frustrated by the vigilance of old Coadic. Finally, the uncle was found dead in his bedroom. The police failed to discover either the murderer or the gems.

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that not one has been placed on the market?"

"Not one."

"And the murderer left no trace?"

"He vanished into thin air."

"I STARED AT THE SWEET FACE ON THE EASEL."

"What an extraordinary crime!"

"It baffled even Épine, the famous Chief of Police. I must tell you that Épine did not believe that my uncle was murdered, and the doctor supported his view. They held that he died of shock."

"It comes to the same thing."

"Exactly. He was found dead upon the floor, near the window through which the robber escaped."

"How did the man get in?"

"That is darkest mystery. My uncle

had special bars and bolts to his room, as you will see. The robber came through the window; but wait till you look out of that window."

"You were here at the time?"

"Yes. For a day or two Épine suspected *me*."

He recited a few details. The late marquis, an eccentric, had spent most of his life in Paris. The collection of rare gems had become an overmastering passion. Against the warnings and protests of his nephew, he had insisted upon living at Trevignon. It was understood between him and Gaston that the collection was to be sold after his death.

"We were talking of it the very night he died," said Gaston. "The question of my marriage had come up, and he told me that he was suffering from organic disease of the heart, and that I should not have to wait long for my Argentine. He was not a bad sort. There he is: a rough sketch of mine."

He indicated an old man with white hair, dressed in old-fashioned black clothes, possibly the very suit which hung loosely upon the bony frame of his old servant, and wearing a black velvet skull-cap. The best thing in the study was this cap, and I said so.

"*Une petite note qui chante*," said Gaston.

Presently we crossed a wide corridor and entered a room even larger than the studio. It was excellently furnished, and illuminated by two windows upon the side opposite to the door. The bed, a massive four-poster with brocaded curtains, faced the fireplace. Gaston showed me the bolts and bars of the door; then he walked to the windows. The first of these evidently had not been opened for many years. Gaston opened the other, a diamond-paned casement.

"Look down," he said, curtly.

We were above the *cour d'honneur*, grey with ancient paving-stones, in the interstices of which grass grew rankly. Beneath the window ran a narrow ledge of granite; below this was a leaden pipe, fantastically ornamented, which ran perpendicular to the ground.

"The robber climbed up that. Coadic came to me next morning in great agitation, saying that he couldn't get into his master's room. It took a stout blacksmith a couple of hours to force an entrance. My uncle lay just there"—he indicated the spot—"and the gems were gone. The coffer which held them was found at the bottom of yonder well."

I stared out of the window. I looked up and down. The ledge ended abruptly at an angle of the wall.

"The robber must have been a bit of a climber."

"Nothing is more certain. He swarmed up the pipe, pulled himself on to that ledge, and thence through the window."

"How do you know he came by the pipe?"

"It is lead; there were marks upon it. As a matter of fact, those marks lifted suspicion from me."

"If he had dropped on to the ledge from above——"

"Impossible—without elaborate arrangements of ropes and planks on the roof. Épine tried to squeeze a small boy down the chimney. The walls are solid granite."

"And the other servants?"

"There were no other servants. Coadic and my uncle lived alone; a woman came in daily to do the cooking. We continue the arrangement."

"Did you ever see these gems?"

"See them? A thousand times. I saw them the night he died in this very room. He slept with them. I tell you he adored them. He sacrificed everything for them. He thought an intaglio the most beautiful thing in the world. Perhaps *you* can understand that?"

He laid a slight emphasis on the pronoun.

"What makes you say so?"

"Don't you collect?"

"Not I."

"But you wear a fine specimen."

He indicated a ring that had been given to me, a head of Achilles, very delicately cut. Gaston took my hand in his and examined it.

"A beautiful emerald," he murmured.

"Full of flaws."

"Most of them are. But what a colour!"

"What can have become of these gems?"

"Épine is of opinion that they have been sold in America. And collectors, he says, are most unscrupulous, and some are as crazy as my poor uncle. Épine told me, in confidence, the names of two millionaires who would have bought the Trevignon intaglios without asking any questions. So far as I am concerned, my dear fellow, the confounded stones have ceased to be. Let us go back to the studio and talk about painting."

We talked "shop" till dinner-time. Coadic brought hot water to my room. As he placed the brass pitcher upon the washing-stand he said, heavily, "The water is nearly boiling." Saying this, he stared at my ring.

"I always take it off," said I.

"Might I look at it, if monsieur pleases?"

I handed it to him. His hand trembled as he took it, and it seemed to me that he eyed it with repugnance, as if it were some malefic object.

"It is genuine," he said, calmly, returning it to me. "I thought for an instant it was one of the imitations."

"You care about these things?"

"With reason, monsieur. I knew every gem in the Trevignon collection."

"Then, if necessary, you could identify them?"

"Certainly; but I shall not be asked to do so."

"Why are you so sure of that?"

The old man nodded his head solemnly.

"Because, monsieur, the man who stole the gems was a collector himself, not an ordinary thief."

"Then Epine ought to search the world for a collector young and active enough to swarm up that pipe and pull himself on to that ledge."

"I ventured to say as much to Monsieur Epine myself."

"IT SEEMED TO ME THAT HE EYED IT WITH REPUGNANCE."

He bowed and withdrew silently.

Dinner was served a few minutes later. Coadic waited on us, and filled my glass with wine. Gaston drank cider.

"This is wonderful wine," I observed.

"Romanée, '87," replied Gaston. "There are a few bottles left. My uncle liked it; drank a bottle to himself. He said it was too good to share with a friend. Indirectly, I have thought that this particular wine cost him his life. He had a bottle the night he was murdered. The doctor was of opinion that had he drunk cider he would have heard the man opening the window. He had a pistol under his pillow, and knew how to use it."

I sipped the Burgundy, reflecting that it was the finest wine I had ever tasted; the bottled sunshine of the Côte d'Or. I entreated my host to taste it, but he refused.

"It's a superb wine, but I've an absurd and indefensible prejudice against it—for the reason I have mentioned." Very simply, he added: "I was fond of my uncle, in spite of his eccentricity."

This surprised me, for I was sensible of an ever-increasing exasperation against a selfish monomaniac who had sacrificed his own flesh and blood for the sake of a few so-called precious stones! And the coffer (which I had seen in the studio) was light enough and small enough to be carried easily in one hand.

We went to bed early. As he bade me good night Gaston said, seriously, "Are you quite certain you won't change your mind?"

I laughed.

"I can hardly keep my eyes open. That Romanée is strong drink."

"I am so glad you liked it."

II.

I BEGAN to undress as soon as I was alone. About to jump into bed, I noticed that the window was shut. I opened it and glanced out. A moon, nearly at the full, was playing hide-and-seek with some dark clouds. For the moment it illuminated the courtyard and the façade of the château. Poor Gaston! To own so charming a home, to know that a few hundred pounds would make it habitable, a shrine for the delightful creature he loved, and now—unless a miracle happened

—he would be constrained to live on here alone, seeing his ancient house fall to pieces, powerless to avert its destruction. What an abominable fate!

Why had not the accursed thief fallen and broken his neck?

Examining more carefully the ledge and the pipe, I came to the conclusion that the descent must have been fairly easy. But the ascent was difficult enough to have taxed the powers of a professional gymnast.

Again I was about to slip into bed, when I perceived that the draught from the window had blown open the door. I shut it, but it opened again. Impatiently I bolted it, divining that the hasp was worn out. A second later I was between the sheets—and asleep.

When I woke I failed to realize where I was, but I lay still, a sort of vagabond in slumber's suburbs, wandering idly here and there, not curious and yet not incurious, following the will o' the wisp Fancy, whithersoever the wanton nymph might lead. I can swear that I was not thinking of Gaston's uncle. I was vaguely conscious of occupying a moonlit room and an extremely comfortable bed.

Presently this pleasing state of somnolence changed its character. I heard a faint sound. Certainly, at this moment I woke up, and I told myself that there was a mouse or a rat under the bed. I went to sleep again, hoping that it was not a rat. Again I woke with a disagreeable start. This time I could hear nothing, but I experienced the common and always detestable impression of not being alone in the room. I reasoned with myself, remembering that I had bolted the heavy door. And yet every fibre of my being told me that some living creature stood close to me.

My first impulse urged me to leave my bed and search the room: an impulse I dismissed as cowardly, one to be cast out as it were an unclean spirit. I shut my eyes, and tested the soporific of playing over a recent game of golf. I did the first hole in four, and was comfortably approaching the second green, when I seemed to hear a faint sigh.

I opened my eyes and saw an amorphous shadow on the wall to the right of the bed. The shadow moved. Moving, it assumed the form of some monstrous toad. It remained still, but it deepened in tint, and then faded to a faint blur. Purposely I had drawn the left curtain of the bed, so as to prevent the moonlight from falling on my face. The shadow, therefore, was cast by something or somebody between the window and the bed.

The uncanny thing moved again, faded, and vanished. This time I recognised in the shadow the vague semblance, an outline only, of a man.

I sat up in bed, making no noise, straining my ears rather than my eyes, for the moon had slipped behind a cloud. Peering round the edge of the curtain, I saw, silhouetted against the window, the figure of a man with his face turned away from me. In the very dim light he appeared to be staring intently at some object upon the dressing-table. Suddenly, as the moon reappeared, the table was flooded with light, and I saw that the object upon which my visitor's gaze was focused was my emerald ring. The man himself had his back to me, and, his head being bent over the table, I could make nothing of it except this—he wore a black velvet skull-cap.

"*Une petite note qui chante.*"

Certainly the confounded thing started a buzzing in my head; every nerve seemed to be jangling. Often and often I had expressed a wish to meet a ghost, and now—let me be entirely frank—I was frightened. The sombre figure did not move; nor did I. But my brain became active. Passages from books dealing with psychical phenomena flitted into my mind like bats. Thousands of men and women believe that, under certain conditions, the spirits of the departed return to this earth and may be seen of the living. The dead marquis had exhibited an inordinate passion for gems—a passion entailing misery and suffering upon his nephew and a sweet, innocent girl. Was it incredible—was it not rather probable and just—that the spirit of this egotist should be constrained to linger in expiation near the spot whence it had been torn from the clay? And if it were true that even in death the ruling passion of a life should remain strong, might it not be said with greater truth that the same passion would remain strong, or stronger, after death?

Summoning what moral courage I possessed, I determined to address my visitor.

"Who are you?" I said, in French.

As I spoke I stepped on to the floor, and, as ill luck would have it, the moon once more disappeared, leaving me in Cimmerian darkness. I could just discern the black figure between the window and me. It seemed to assume enormous proportions: an optical illusion due to the fact that it had silently approached me. An instant later I

felt cold fingers at my throat. The attack was so swift and unexpected that I fell backwards upon the bed, which was behind me, and therefore an obstacle in the line of retreat. I can remember feeling the balls of the man's thumbs upon my gullet and a sensation of acute pain at the back of my eyes.

When I recovered consciousness it was broad daylight. I was lying in bed, and someone was hammering at the barred door.

I admitted—Gaston.

"Had a good night?" he asked.

Still half dazed, I glanced round me. There was no sign of a struggle. I told Gaston what had passed.

"Nightmare," said he, with a smile.

"No," said I.

Gaston laughed genially.

"Come, come! If your visitor was a man, how did he get in?"

"How did the murderer get in?"

"Why should a robber wear a skull-cap? If it were the spirit of my poor uncle, why should he attack you? He was the mildest person imaginable. After a cold bath and a breakfast you will laugh at your own story."

As he was speaking Coadic came in with my shaving water.

"Monsieur has seen my uncle's ghost," said Gaston, gaily.

"I am not surprised," replied the old man, sombrely.

"The bath-room, my one extravagance, is near the studio. Are you ready?"

"Give me five minutes more," said I.

Gaston went out, leaving Coadic pottering about. In my rather irritable frame of mind his slow, silent movements exasperated me.

"You can go," I said, abruptly.

Alone, I tried to determine whether the events of the night were or were not nightmare. I reconstituted the scene. Upon the table, where the moonbeams had fallen, lay my ring. If my visitor was flesh and blood, why had he not taken it? I went to the glass and examined my throat. Two red marks were visible: enough to provoke curiosity, not conviction. Gaston would laugh and say they were self-inflicted. I examined the window and the ledge beneath it. I stared at the solid stone walls of the room. Lastly I lay down upon the floor.

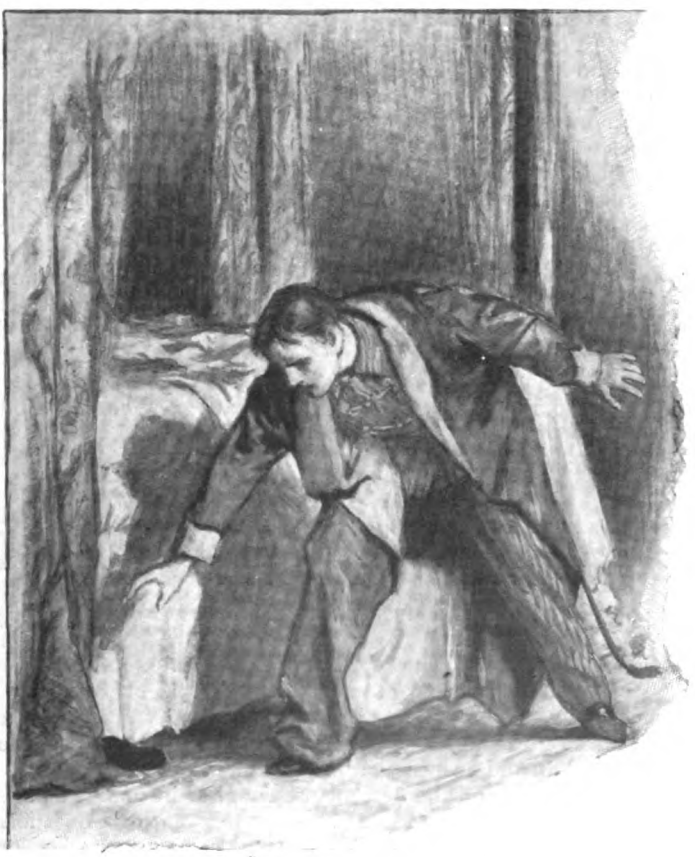
I was about to get up, when I spied something at the side of the bed, almost concealed by the brocaded curtain. With an exclamation, I picked it up.

It was a black velvet skull-cap.

As I was staring at it, half-stupefied, I heard Gaston's voice in the corridor, calling me.

Instantly it occurred to me that it would be edifying and amusing to let him find the cap. I replaced it under the curtain and went to my bath.

The cold water acted like an astringent tonic upon my weakened sensibilities. I called to Gaston as I passed his room.



"I REPLACED IT UNDER THE CURTAIN."

"Come to me when you're dressed."

Entering my own room, I went straight to the curtain and lifted it.

The cap had vanished!

I sat down upon the edge of my bed, afraid to face the facts, with the fear gaining strength that I was going out of my mind. My eyes wandered to the dressing-table and fixed themselves, aimlessly, upon the ring. Another mystery! The ring was not quite in the same place. Somebody had moved it while I was in the bath-room!

At once the fog upon my faculties lifted and I saw clearly. Coadic had moved the ring and taken away the cap. Coadic, then, was my nocturnal visitor. Swooping upon the truth, I realized the significance of his presence in my room. Like his old master, he had become a monomaniac. The temptation to see and touch my emerald had been too much for him. Probably he had reckoned upon the soporific effects of a bottle of Burgundy, and had known that he was running slight risks. But, for that matter, did a monomaniac ever pause to reckon risks?

The next question was not easily answered.

How did he get into my room?

That question I never answered then, for at that moment my mind leaped forward to the inevitable conviction that Coadic had stolen the gems. Would it be possible to prove this?

Gaston came in whistling.

He began to chaff me. I submitted with my tongue in my cheek, unwilling to take the ingenuous chatterbox into my confidence till I had devised some sort of plan. At all hazards Coadic must be hoodwinked. Being insane, he might destroy both the gems and himself if he had reason to suppose that discovery was impending. The guileless Gaston would betray the truth with a glance or a gesture.

Happily, the first breakfast in France is not a serious affair. We finished our coffee, and then Gaston left me to smoke a cigarette under a fine chestnut tree. I could see the well and the façade from my seat under the tree. Knowing that Coadic was the robber, I was enabled to co-ordinate my facts with a cumulative force denied to Monsieur Épine. For instance, the ascent by the water-pipe and the rise on to the ledge were, obviously, feats beyond an old man's powers. But he had strong hands, and the descent presented no great difficulty.

How did he get in?

The answer to the problem came to me quickly. It would have come as quickly to the famous Chief of Police had he had the smallest reason to suspect a servant who had served his master faithfully for thirty years.

He must have been concealed in the room when his master went to bed.

Here, however, a difficulty obstructed my advance. Granting that Coadic was prepared to run risks to steal the gems, was it likely that he would run equal, if not greater, risks merely to look at an intaglio not so fine as at least a score already in his possession? Was he so mad as that? I could hardly believe it.

Nevertheless, I was certain that the gems were concealed, with a maniac's cunning, in or near the château. How to find their hiding-place began to worry me.

I smoked another cigarette before I joined Gaston. Soon afterwards Coadic came up and said that my chauffeur had driven over for orders.

"You will stay a day or two longer?" said Gaston.

I caught a quiver of expectation upon Coadic's lips.

"Forgive me," I replied, slowly, "but I must leave you this afternoon."

"I can't press any friend to stay in this abominable hole," said Gaston. "You won't leave till this afternoon?"

"No."

"Pack monsieur's suit-case," said Gaston to Coadic.

"I am anxious to inspect every nook and cranny of your château," said I.

Once more I detected a gleam of suspicion in the eyes which turned uneasily from mine.

"There is nothing to see," said Gaston.

"You forget that I'm mad on Renaissance architecture. Send Coadic with me, if it bores you."

Although he protested at first, the suggestion pleased him. An hour or so later Coadic and I started. There was indeed little to see inside the house—the walls were bare, the flooring rotten, and the rooms had been gutted of furniture.

"The late marquis sold everything to buy gems?"

"Yes," said Coadic, sullenly.

To avert still further his suspicions, I spoke of the events of the previous night as a bad dream. Then I began to talk about gems, asking questions and receiving answers more or less guarded as Coadic became excited.

If I had experienced any doubt as to his madness it was resolved quickly. His eyes glittered, his face and hands twitched. Any other subject turned him into a graven image.

"That is all, monsieur," he said, as we came out of the fine stone-vaulted kitchen.

"You have not shown me your room," said I. "Is there not a *lit clos* in it, an old *armoire*, something or other interesting?"

With a shrug of his shoulders he turned to the right. As I had divined, his room was on the ground floor, with a small window opening on to the *cour d'honneur*, and close to the water-pipe. Like all the windows level with the ground, it was heavily barred.

"Strong bars," said I.

"Monsieur is right," said Coadic, nervously.

I made certain that one at least of the bars was removable. I strolled to the window and looked out.

"You are close to the pipe," I said, carelessly. "But you heard nothing upon that night?"

"Nothing," he repeated; but the pupils of his eyes grew larger and he slightly moistened his lips. My questions, my presence in his room made him uneasy. I looked about me. The floor was of stone—solid slabs of granite. The furnishings were of the simplest—a truckle bed, a cheap chest of drawers, a wash-hand stand, and a small table.

"Where do you keep the gems?" said I.

He said nothing, but his eyes glared into mine, and I saw the veins stand out on his forehead.

"Come, come!" said I, impatiently. "The game is up. You were in my room last night. You left behind your skull-cap—and I found it by the curtain. The marks of your thumbs are on my windpipe at this instant."

He gave a hoarse cry and jumped to the window. I supposed that he wished to escape. He soon undeceived me, for he plucked out the iron bar and attacked me with insane fury. I avoided his first wild blow with a side-step, which, however, placed me in an angle of the room. Too late

"THIS TIME THE MADMAN ADVANCED CAUTIOUSLY, WITH UPLIFTED WEAPON."

I regretted my folly in not speaking to Gaston.

This time the madman advanced cautiously, with uplifted weapon. Shielding my head with my right hand, I closed. He struck hard, but my left fist landed full on the point of his jaw. He went over backwards, striking his head against the iron bed. The bar clattered upon the stone flags. Instantly I secured it, but Coadic lay still, with a face the colour of dirty tallow. As I stood over him, Gaston rushed in.

"He has injured my arm," said I. "He's a dangerous maniac."

Between us we got him on to the bed. He breathed stertorously, but his eyes remained closed. I muttered hastily half-a-dozen words of explanation.

"The gems must be at Trevignon," I said.

"We can force him to speak when he recovers," said Gaston.

But within a few hours it became plain that Coadic might die without regaining articulate speech. The blow—not a very heavy one—the fall, or, more probably, the horror of discovery, or the fear of being deprived of the gems, had turned him into a raving lunatic. The doctor who bandaged my arm insisted upon his removal at once to a *maison de santé*. Gaston, from the first, refused to believe that the servant had murdered his master.

"He loved my uncle, I tell you," he repeated, obstinately. "His grief was not simulated. I swear to that."

"Perhaps you will affirm that he didn't take the gems?"

"If he took the gems we shall find them."

"I sha'n't leave this house till we do," I answered, irritably.

"The château must be searched by an expert."

His coolness exasperated me. To be honest, I did not want an expert to find the gems. I was enthusiastically keen to discover them myself. We had searched Coadic's room very thoroughly and found nothing except the skull-cap. But, lying awake the same night, I had time to consider the problem with a certain sense of detachment. It was obvious that Coadic did not run the risk of my discovering him merely to stare at my emerald ring. Had his madness been strong enough to justify such a risk, he would have stolen the emerald, regardless of everything. No, another motive had forced him to enter my room. What?

I could think of only one. He must have kept the gems in his late master's bedroom, of which he had the key, to which, apparently, he alone had access. After the police had left the château, what safer hiding-place could be found? Here, and here only, he could gloat over the spoil, finger and caress his beloved stones. The room was said to be haunted. It had been haunted by Coadic. I got out of bed and looked at my watch. It was three in the morning. I knew that the gems were a few feet away.

Then began an absurd and painful search, simplified, however, by the fact that the walls were of stone and the floor of solid oak. Incidentally, I discovered not a single mouse-hole. The room was mouse-proof.

By this time I had examined minutely every object except the huge bed. Now I stood, candle in hand, staring at its faded splendours, wondering whether it was as solid as it seemed. My arm was confoundedly painful, but not so painful as the thought which suddenly discoloured my sanguine expectations. If Coadic had come to my room to remove the gems, was it likely that he had left them behind after choking me into unconsciousness? Without doubt they were lying in the same place where they had been concealed before—some hole in a wall or a tree for which, lacking a definite clue, one might search vainly for twenty years!

I tapped the posts of the bed. They were solid as the walls of the room. I found cobwebs between the top and the ceiling. Finally, with my head and arm throbbing, I crawled back between the sheets.

Gaston came in early, solicitous about my welfare, profoundly regretful that my arm had kept me awake.

"Your confounded gems kept me awake," I replied. "I suppose you don't know where your uncle hid them?"

"Certainly; in the coffer which we found in the well. I showed it to you."

"But where did he keep the coffer?"

"In his bed, poor man."

"In that bed?"

"Of course."

"Where? Where?"

"He had a cunningly-devised mattress. That's what deceived the police. Épine was certain that the thief had heard of this hiding-place, probably from the mechanic who designed it, who, on inquiry, was found to be a *vaurien*."

"For Heaven's sake show me the place at once."

Gaston smiled derisively. Then he turned

back bolster and sheet, and the mattress beneath them. The lower mattress was exposed, lying like a square box full of springs, and well padded on the top with horse-hair. Gaston touched a button, which released a catch. Just where my head had lain there was a cunningly-contrived hiding-place.

In it, with not a gem missing, lay the famous Trevignon collection.

Not till a year later did we learn the truth, although we divined much of it. I was staying with Gaston and his delightful wife, when Coadic, long regarded as a harmless imbecile, met with a serious accident in the asylum where he was confined. He fell down some steps and was stunned. When he recovered consciousness, to the doctor's amazement it was evident that he had recovered also his memory. Before he died he made full confession to a priest, and also to the authorities. He did not murder his master. He knew that the gems would be sold when that master died, and determined to steal them. As I had guessed, he concealed himself in the room, stole the gems, escaped by the window, flung away the coffer, hid the gems in the garden, and regained his own room. It will never be known whether the marquis discovered the theft. He was found dead, hence his servant's subsequent remorse and grief. Coadic told the priest that he believed he had killed his master. The shock of finding his gems stolen had been too sudden for an old and enfeebled man. Later, Coadic replaced the gems in their original hiding-place, to which, as has been said, he alone had access. Hence his distress at my occupying the room. At the last moment, it seems, he had been confronted with the possibility of Gaston showing me the hiding place. He had gone to my room to remove the gems, counting upon my retiring late rather than early. My step in the stone corridor had driven him to hide under the bed. He heard me lock the door, and knew that his escape was cut off. He also had the satisfaction of knowing that the gems were not disturbed. As soon as he was sure I was asleep he had crept from under the bed, thereby arousing me. He told the doctor that he meant to escape by the window, but he was arrested by the sight of the emerald shining in the moonlight. Then followed his detection and the struggle. After choking me into insensibility he escaped with the gems, leaving his cap behind him. He retrieved the cap while I was in the bath-room, and, hoodwinked by my declared intention of leaving the château, had replaced the gems.

"But how did he get possession of the skull-cap?" asked Mme. de Trevignon.

"I gave him what was left of my uncle's wardrobe—not much."

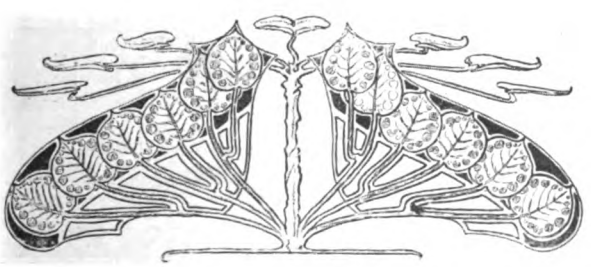
Madame glanced at my emerald ring, which I had presented to her on her marriage.

"If it hadn't been for this," she murmured, "I shouldn't be sitting here."

"I don't know about that," said Gaston. "My one-man exhibition in London would have made me famous, perhaps, and—rich."

"Of course it would," said the wise wife.

And, between ourselves, the good fellow is assured that the finding of the gems wrecked his artistic career. He never touches a brush now, and, next year, I have promised to paint the portrait of his son and heir—a handsome urchin of five.



Auction Bridge.

By W DALTON,

Author of "Auction Bridge," etc., etc.

THE game of auction bridge is creating a considerable flutter in the card-playing world at the present time. Nearly everyone is interested in it to a greater or less degree. Some bridge-players have declared strongly for it; others will have none of it; and others, again, are temporizing with it, asking questions about it, trying experiments with it, and playing round it, so to speak, before they definitely make up their minds.

Auction bridge bears very much the same relation to ordinary bridge as bridge does to whist. It is a lighter and a brighter game, with less technical skill in it, but more scope for individual enterprise as against stereotyped systems of play.

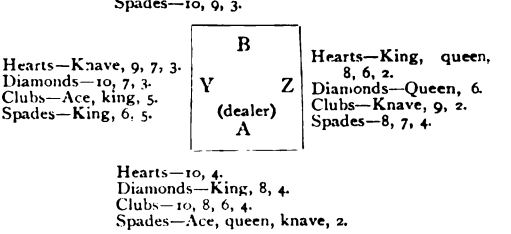
As some of my readers may never have seen the game played, I had better begin by describing it. It is played on bridge lines. The value of the suits in declaring is the same; and the play of the cards, when the bidding for the declaration is over, is precisely the same. The real difference lies in the declaration. This is not confined to the dealer and his partner, as at ordinary bridge, but every player in turn has the right of overcalling any previous declaration which has been made, and the one who makes the highest call assumes the position of dealer, and plays the two hands, his partner's and his own, against the two adversaries.

The dealer is obliged to open the proceedings with a call of some kind. He has no option of passing. He, and he only, is obliged to declare something. The other players, in their turn, can either pass, or overcall, or double, and the dealer, when it comes to his turn again, has the same right. The bidding is not confined to the first round. It goes round and round, until every player has declared himself satisfied. Then the play of the hand commences. The highest bidder assumes the position of dealer for the time being, the player on his left leads to the first trick, and his partner's hand goes down on the table as dummy.

The amount required to win the game—30 points below the line—is the same as at bridge, but the method of scoring is quite different. The points added for winning the rubber are 250 instead of 100. When the highest bidder—hereafter called the "declarer"—fulfils his contract by winning the number of tricks which he declared to win, or more, he scores exactly as at ordinary bridge; but when he fails to win the declared number, neither he nor his opponents score anything below the line, but his opponents score 50 points above the line for every trick under the contract, and this 50 points is a fixed amount (unless doubled), whatever the value of the declaration may have been, whether it was spades or "No trumps." In no case can the declarer lose anything below the line on his own declaration.

The declaration is not limited to naming the trump suit. The number of tricks to be won must be declared. The form of declaration is "One spade," "Two clubs," "Three no trumps," etc. A declaration of two tricks, such as "Two diamonds," means that the declarer undertakes to win two odd tricks, or eight tricks in all, with diamonds as trumps. A declaration of two tricks takes precedence of a declaration of one trick if the value is the same. Thus, "Two clubs" is a higher call than "One heart," and "Two diamonds" is higher than "One no trump."

The method of declaring will be better understood by giving an example. A B are partners against Y Z. A deals:—



A. One spade. Y. Pass. B. One diamond. Z. One heart.
A. Two diamonds. Y. Two hearts. B. Pass. Z. Pass.
A. Pass.

The final declaration is "Two hearts." Z plays the hand, A leads to the first trick, Y's hand goes down on the table, and Y Z have undertaken to win eight tricks with hearts as trumps. It will be noted that Z plays the

hand, although his partner Y made the final declaration. This is because Z made the first call in hearts. It is always the first caller of the accepted suit, not necessarily the final caller, who plays the two hands. In this case Y has only backed up his partner's call. Z was the original heart caller, and, therefore, if the heart suit is accepted, Z becomes the player of the two combined hands.

Take another instance:—

Hearts—King, knave, 3.
Diamonds—King, queen, 8, 6, 2.
Clubs—5.
Spades—King, 10, 9, 6.

Hearts—7. Diamonds—Ace, 10, 9, 4. Clubs—Queen, 10, 7, 3. Spades—Ace, 7, 5, 3.	B Y Z (dealer) A	Hearts—Ace, queen, 4, 2. Diamonds—Knave. Clubs—Ace, king, 9, 6, 2. Spades—Queen, knave, 4.

Hearts—10, 9, 8, 6, 5.
Diamonds—7, 5, 3.
Clubs—Knave, 8, 4.
Spades—8, 2.

A. One spade. Y. Pass. B. One diamond. Z. One no trump.
A. Pass. Y. Pass. B. Two diamonds. Z. Pass.
A. Pass. Y. "I double two diamonds." B, Z, and A. Pass.

This hand occurred quite recently, and the bidding was as quoted above. Z declared "One no trump" over B's call of "One diamond," in order to bid him up; but, when B called "Two diamonds," Z dared not call "Two no trumps," as he had no protection in the diamond suit. Y, however, was in a different position. He could have called "Two no trumps" with safety, if he had wished to, but, knowing that his partner had a "No trump" hand, he could see that B had no possible chance of winning eight tricks with diamonds as trumps, and therefore he doubled the "Two diamonds" call. The result of the hand was that B only made four tricks, and Y Z scored 400 points above the line. B had contracted to win eight tricks, but he only won four, leaving him four tricks under his contract, which entailed a loss of 200 points, 50 points per trick, or, as the declaration was doubled, 100 points per trick, amounting to 400 in all.

A special feature of auction bridge, and rather a novel feature, is that it will nearly always pay you better to defeat your opponents' call than to score yourself. The hand quoted above is an instance of this. Y was quite strong enough to have supported his partner by declaring "Two no trumps," and he and his partner would have won the game if he had done so, but he preferred the practical certainty of winning several hundred points above the line by doubling his opponent's call of "Two diamonds," and he was quite right.

That is the true spirit of auction bridge, and the real ultimate aim and object of the bidding for the declaration—to try to bid your opponents up to a point at which they will be extremely unlikely to be able to fulfil their contract, and then to double them and to score heavily above the line. This may not be a nice spirit—it may not be a generous spirit—it may not commend itself to the mind of the kindly and courteous card-player, ever considerate for the feelings of his adversaries, but it is auction bridge all the same. I do not mean to imply that you should always, invariably, go for defeating your opponents in preference to scoring yourself. I do not say that the chance of getting your opponents one trick under their contract is to be preferred to an equal chance of winning the game yourself.

Your ambition is, of course, to win the rubber sooner or later, and in order to do that you must win two games. Your first objective should be to make the declaration which is the most likely to enable you to score below the line—to win the game if possible, but, anyhow, to score something. It is later on, when the bidding has been considerably advanced, and when you can see that your opponents, in their anxiety to prevent you winning the game, have undertaken more than they will be able to perform, that the position alters. The question then arises whether it will not pay you better to double their declaration than to make a higher bid yourself. This is the most delicate point in the whole game, and involves a very careful and nice weighing up of the chances pro and con. My own idea is that, when you can see a strong probability of getting your opponents at least two tricks under their contract, you should always go for that chance, even though there is an equal, or greater, probability of winning the game yourself on a further call. There is yet another side to the question. Your opponents are playing the same game as you are, and they are equally on the look-out to defeat you. It may happen that your further call, instead of winning the game, will result in failure, and then you will be sorry that you did not adopt the other, and better, policy.

By far the greater part of the profit made by the successful auction bridge-player is derived from his opponents' failures. That is what I want to emphasize most strongly. One player will win a rubber on two good hands, and will win about 400 points, while another player, with the same hands, will very likely score as much as that

on one hand alone, by concealing his strength and doubling his opponents' declaration.

It is only right to say that this principle, strongly as I believe in it myself, is not universally accepted. Some players, especially experienced bridge-players, refuse to accept it altogether. They always play to win the game as quickly as possible, without thinking about possible increments above the line. They are very fond of quoting the ancient proverb which saith:—

A bird in hand is better far
Than two that in the bushes are.

This proverb may be quite sound, but does it not take for granted that the respective birds are of equal value? I imagine that no one will attempt to argue that one sparrow in hand is worth more than two golden pheasants in the bush. In the same way the possible gain by defeating your adversaries is so much greater than the possible gain from scoring yourself that the proverb does not apply. The loss of 50 points per trick entailed by failure is really out of all just proportion to the 6, or 8, or 12 points per trick gained by success, and that is why auction bridge must be played on such different lines to ordinary bridge, where the result of success or failure is of the same value.

Auction bridge is essentially a game of declaration. Skilful play of the cards is valuable, inasmuch as it will enable a player to make the most of the materials at his disposal, but it is on the judgment brought to bear in bidding for the declaration that the result of the rubber will generally depend. There are times when a player ought to declare above the value of his hand, and there are times when he ought to declare below it. The objects with which it is right for him to declare above the value of his hand are, firstly, to raise his opponents' call, and, secondly, to prevent their winning the game, or, still more strongly, the rubber, on a declaration which they have already made. The time when he should declare below the value of his hand is when he thinks that his opponents have undertaken a bigger task than they are likely to be able to perform.

The dealer has to make the first call. His best call is generally "One spade." In the early days of the game this opening call was almost universal, and there was a convention which made it incumbent upon the dealer's partner to take him out of the "One spade" call by declaring "Two spades" if his hand did not admit of any higher call. A new rule has now been introduced (law 51) limiting the loss on a declaration of "One spade" to 100 points, whether doubled or not. This has altered the position altogether. The "Two spades" convention no longer exists unless previously arranged, but I strongly advise every player, before commencing a rubber, to have a clear understanding with his partner that this convention shall be strictly adhered to. It is rarely advisable for the dealer to disclose the full strength of his hand on his first call, and the better his hand the more it behoves him to lie low and to conceal his strength. The tentative "One spade" call is generally his best opening, but there are exceptions. When he has great strength in either black suit, headed by ace, king, or by ace, queen, knave, or by king, queen, knave, and little or nothing else of value, he should declare "Two spades," or "Two clubs," as a direct invitation to his partner to declare "No trumps." This is a very useful call, but it is essential that the caller should have the virtual command of the suit, otherwise it may be very misleading. The call of "Two spades" should never be made on numerical strength without commanding cards at the head of the suit. Auction bridge is a game of aces and kings, not of numerical strength. The information which will be of use to your partner is that you command a suit, not that you have five or six small cards in it.

The best declaration of all for the dealer, if he has any sort of pretension to make it, is "One no trump." It has so many advantages. It cuts away the ground from under the opponents' feet, by preventing their declaring "No trumps." It precludes them from showing one another their strength in the black suits. It forces them at once into a two-trick declaration in either red suit. And, above all, it puts a righteous fear into their hearts, as they cannot tell whether it is a thoroughly sound call or a very weak one. This call of "One no trump" threatens to become a serious danger to the success of auction bridge. The value of it is now so thoroughly realized that it becomes a sort of race as to which side can call it first. The Bath Club had a rule of their own that the declarer of "One no trump" was penalized an extra 50 points if he failed to fulfil his contract. This rule was not accepted by the joint committee, but it seems extremely probable that it will have to be introduced in the near future. The fact of the matter is that the game would be a much better one if the "No trump" call was eliminated altogether. Here is the sort of hand on which the dealer will declare "One no trump":—

Hearts—8, 3.
Diamonds—King, 9, 4.
Clubs—Knave, 10, 6, 2.
Spades—Ace, 9, 8, 3.

It is not a "No trump" hand at all, in the bridge acceptance of a "No trump" hand, but it serves its purpose as an opening call at auction bridge. If either of the opponents declares two tricks in a red suit, the dealer simply retires from the contest, and there is no harm done; on the contrary, the opponents have been forced into a two-trick call. If the dealer's partner has a very bad hand, the "No trump" call may break down badly; but, if the partner's hand is bad, the opponents' hands will be correspondingly good, and one of them is almost certain to overcall the "No trump." A one-trick call is very rarely doubled.

The second player's policy is quite different to the dealer's. The second player is not obliged to call anything, and he should be very chary of taking his opponent out of a black-suit call. It must always be remembered that the declarer of a black suit is laying enormous odds on himself. With a spade declaration he is laying 25 to 1, with a club declaration he is laying 12½ to 1, and these are very heavy odds. The second player should nearly always pass a black-suit call, unless he has a practical certainty of a good score on his own hand, and, even then, he should think twice about it. Why in the world some players are so ready to relieve their adversaries of the responsibility attending a black-suit call passes my comprehension altogether. If the adversaries are able to amend their call, the second player comes in again, and can then say what he wants to. If they are not able to do so, they are left in the unenviable position of risking a great deal to win practically nothing.

The position of third player is the most important of all. The onus of opening the real conversation of the bidding devolves upon him in the majority of cases. If the call of "One spade" comes up to him, he should consider himself morally bound to take his partner out of it; either by making a higher call, or, if he is not strong enough to do that, by calling "Two spades."

Leaving the declaration at "One spade," notwithstanding the limit of 100 points, is just as faint-hearted a policy as the defensive spade declaration by the dealer at ordinary bridge.

If the third player has any other suit of four cards or more, headed by ace, king, or by ace, queen, or by king, queen, he should declare one trick in that in preference to "Two spades," but he should never declare one trick in a suit because he has numerical strength in it, without commanding cards at the head of it. To do so is to wilfully deceive his partner. Let me say again—it cannot be repeated too often—that auction bridge is a game of aces and kings, not of numerical strength.

When the dealer has opened with "One no trump," the third player should always overcall him with two tricks in a red suit, if he has pronounced strength in it. This is not taking the call away from his partner. The dealer can still declare "Two no trumps" if he wishes to do so. The third player merely tells his partner that he cannot afford general assistance to a "No trump" call, but that he has one good suit. Take such a hand as:—

Hearts—Knave, 4.
Diamonds—King, queen, 10, 7, 5, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 9, 5.
Spades—8, 6.

With this hand the third player should not hesitate to declare "Two diamonds" over his partner's original call of "One no trump." If the "No trump" is a good one, the dealer will call "Two no trumps," and the game will be won. If, as frequently occurs, the original call was a defensive one, the dealer will be only too pleased to avail himself of the alternative. The "No trump" call is a strong weapon in the hands of the third player. If he has the smallest nucleus of a justifiable "No trump" he should call it at once. It has just the same advantages for him as it has for the dealer. His opponents will not know how good or how poor it is, and, although they may overbid it, they are very unlikely to double it. If they overbid it they have to do so with a two-trick call, and that is, at any rate, something gained.

The policy of the fourth player is very much the same as that of the second player. If his opponents are in with a call of "Two spades," laying 25 to 1 on themselves, he should leave them there, or double if he is strong enough, and let them work out their own salvation if they can. The dealer will be forced to make some other declaration in order to get out of his trouble, and then the fourth player will be in a fine position, either to double the forced call or to overcall it. He can gain nothing by being in a hurry to show his own suit, as he will be able to do that just as well later on, on the next round of the call. It is only occasionally that the dealer and his partner are caught with such bad hands that neither of them can make an attacking declaration, but it does happen

occasionally, and when it does happen one or other of the opponents generally blunders in and saves them from a loss of 300 or 400 points, by making a premature declaration on his own hand.

Judicious doubling is a very interesting and a very important feature of auction bridge. The conditions of doubling are quite different to those of ordinary bridge. When a declaration at ordinary bridge is doubled, the declarer has no possible means of escape—he is obliged to abide by his original declaration. At auction bridge this is not the case. Either the declarer or his partner can slip out of the difficulty by switching to another call of higher value, and they invariably do so if they are doubled too soon. The time to double the opponents' call is when you are also prepared to double any higher call, or when the bidding has got up so high that they will not be able to switch.

At ordinary bridge it is absolutely necessary to hold considerable strength in the declared suit in order to double with any reasonable hope of success. At auction bridge, when the bidding has run very high, this is not necessary. When the bidding has been forced up to three or four tricks in hearts or diamonds, it is the high cards in the other suits which are going to turn the scale. The declarer has undoubtedly got the command of the trump suit, but he is very unlikely to hold nine or ten trumps. He has probably got six, or possibly seven, and he has to pick up two or three outside tricks. If you command all the other suits, you can safely double a three or four trick declaration without any protection in trumps at all. The following hand recently occurred :—

Hearts—10.
Diamonds—King, queen, 10, 9, 8, 5.
Clubs—9, 7, 4.
Spades—Queen, 8, 5.

Hearts—King, 8, 3.
Diamonds—6, 3, 2.
Clubs—Ace, king, 10.
Spades—King, knave, 9, 2.

B
Y Z
(dealer)
A

Hearts—Ace, knave, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2.
Diamonds—7.
Clubs—6, 5, 3.
Spades—3.

Hearts—Queen.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 4.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 8, 2.
Spades—Ace, 10, 7, 6, 4.

The score was : A B, 18 ; Y Z, 0. A dealt.
A. One no trump. Y. Pass. B. Two diamonds. Z. Two hearts.
A. Pass. Y. Pass. B. Three diamonds. Z. Three hearts.
A. Four diamonds. Y. "Double four diamonds." B, Z, and A. Pass.

In this case Y doubled "Four diamonds" with no sort of protection in the trump suit at all, but B would have to hold eight or nine trumps in order to win four by cards, and there was no chance of that being the case, as A had made the "Four diamonds" call. As the hand was played, the declarer won seven tricks only, instead of ten, and Y Z scored 300 points above the line. The first three tricks were :—

TRICK 1.
B
(declarer)
Y
A

Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.
B
(declarer)
Z Y
Z
A

Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 3.
B
(declarer)
Y
Z
A

Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 3.

B played very badly in not putting up the ace of spades at trick 2, as Z's lead was almost certainly a singleton.

It is rarely right to double a one-trick declaration, except with the object of indicating strength to one's partner. An original declaration of "One spade" or "One club" is sometimes doubled by the second player when he is very strong in the declared suit. This amounts to an invitation to his partner to declare "No trumps," and has just the same meaning as the original "Two spades" or "Two clubs" declaration by the dealer. It is sometimes very tempting to double a "One heart" or a "One diamond" declaration, when one is lying over the declarer with great strength in the suit, and it may occasionally pay to do so ; but as a general rule it does not pay. The declarer or his partner will at once shift out of the danger zone by making some other declaration. The best plan is to try to bid them up to two tricks in the suit, in which case you can double them with a much better chance of success. If you are not strong enough to bid them up, then simply sit tight, and be content with defeating them on their one-trick declaration undoubled.

I hope that the foregoing account of the game is clear enough to enable my readers to give it a trial, even though they may never have heard of it before.

THE STAGE.

MISS PAULINE CHASE, who will be remembered as one of the Twins in the original production of "Peter Pan," is this Christmas playing for the third year in succession the title-rôle in Mr. Barrie's delightful fairy play. As "The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up" she acts with a naturalness and charm which captivates both young and old—indeed, to many youthful playgoers she *is* Peter Pan. If anyone has a doubt as to her hold on the imagination of the audience, let them watch the effect of her appeal for applause to save the life of Tinker Bell.

MISS LILY ELSIE, the delightful Sonia of "The Merry Widow," has achieved her wonderful success at a very early age. Though she had played in "A Chinese Honeymoon" for nearly the whole of its long run, and in one or two other musical comedies, it was with something of a surprise that the playgoing public heard of her selection for the principal part in the famous Austrian musical play. She was appearing in "See See," on tour, when Mr. George Edwardes called her back to London, sent her off post-haste to Vienna to see the original production, and there and then offered her the part. The result is now theatrical history.

MISS ETHEL IRVING is without doubt one of the most interesting personalities on the stage to-day. She had made for herself in musical comedy a reputation for clever and original work, when her appearance in old English comedy showed that she was capable of still better work. So, following in the footsteps of Miss Marie Tempest, the path of musical comedy was forsaken for that of comedy without music. Many successes have been her reward, and at present, in "Dolly Reforming Herself," she has a part which shows her gift for comedy to great advantage, and at the same time gives her, in the great battle of tongues over Dolly's bills, an opportunity for a piece of really powerful acting.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY (Mrs. Cyril Maude) has a part in "The Flag Lieutenant" by no means worthy of her talents, though the charm with which she invests it adds considerably to the enjoyment of one of the greatest successes of the theatrical season. It will be remembered that Mr. Cyril Maude was recently commanded to Sandringham to give a performance of this play of naval life. The King, it is said, was much amused by the scene in which the Flag Lieutenant announces to the Admiral, "Birthday honours, sir." "Read them out," says the Admiral. Lieutenant Lascelles does so, beginning with the newly-created P.C.'s. "Oh, never mind those," replies the Admiral; "what has the Navy got?" "Got left, as usual," is the Lieutenant's reply, greeted with a roar of laughter.

MISS RUTH VINCENT made her stage *début* at the Savoy, and her career since then is known to all music-lovers. Though there are many who regret her disappearance from the home of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, what is the Savoy's loss is the gain of musical comedy. In "The Belle of Brittany" she sings some very effective songs with that clear enunciation which is a delight to the ear and a reminder of the excellence of her early Savoy training.

MISS GRACIE LEIGH is the embodiment of good spirits and sly humour. Who can recall without a chuckle of delight her singing of the amusing "Petticoat song" in "Miss Hook of Holland"? In "The King of Cadonia" she is very happily placed, though the part is not, perhaps, quite so well supplied with opportunities for her peculiar humour as some she has played.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH'S performance in Mr. Sutro's new play, "The Builder of Bridges," in which she realizes so successfully a most difficult and complex character, is worthy to be ranked with the best in her gallery of theatrical portraits. Few other English actresses can convey quite so well as Miss Vanbrugh the impression of despair and mental anguish, or range from grave to gay with such apparent ease.

MISS
PAULINE CHASE,
And a scene from "Peter Pan."
Photographs by Bassano, Ltd.

MISS LILY ELSIE,
And a scene from
"The Merry Widow."
From Photographs by
Foulsham & Banfield.

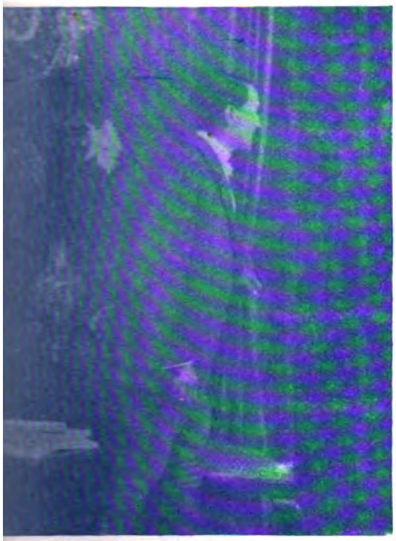
MISS ETHEL IRVING.

From a Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

MISS ETHEL IRVING,

In a scene from "Dolly Reforming Herself."

From a Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY,
in a scene from "The Flag Lieutenant."
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

MISS RUTH VINCENT,
And a scene from "The Belle of Brittany,"

From Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield.

5 GRACIE LEIGH,
from "The King of Cadonia."

Photographs by Fetishaw & Bangfield.

MISS
IRENE VANBRUGH.
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

MISS
IRENE VANBRUGH
In a scene from
"The Builder of Bridges."
Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

A LUCIFO MATCH.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

PERSONS with a choice of several names are not common outside the peerage; but some of them—wholly unconnected with any peer—are to be discovered in London crowds, though discovery is not what they are there for. Crowds, in fact, attract them, from the circumstance that, whatever the number of individuals in a crowd, there are sure to be several times that number of pockets, mostly with something in them; and a pickpocket who has once been convicted finds a change of name a wise precaution. So we arrive at Johnson.

It chanced that Johnson stood in quite a small crowd—perhaps of twenty—that stared at a shop-window in Oxford Street. He had only been Johnson for a week, poor fellow, since emerging from some months' retirement, and as yet the name did not sit easily. He had to keep it continually in mind, lest in some unforeseen emergency he might call himself Jones, or Barker, or Jenkinson, any one of which was dangerous, and had been discarded in its turn for that reason; always after just such another holiday as that he had lately disenjoyed.

Johnson was a mild person—not at all the sort of man whom one might suppose to be a pickpocket—which was fortunate, of course, for Johnson. He was a meek, rather timid body, whose tastes would have been domestic if he had been a family man; and he would have been a family man if it were not for the expense. He was temperate, thrifty, and inoffensive; he shrank with horror from the idea of anything violent, such as burglary or work; he had no vices, no particular abilities, and only one small talent: he could pick a pocket very well indeed. Altogether, Johnson was an unusually virtuous thief.

He stood in a small crowd in Oxford Street, as I have said, and while the small crowd stared at the shop-window because of some new idea of the shopkeeper's, Johnson considered pockets according to ideas of his own; having a natural human preference for the easiest pocket in the most sumptuous habiliment. He felt himself much drawn toward a man in an "immensikoff"—a fur-lined overcoat—which was quite the most magnificent garment in the crowd. The large side-pocket of the "immensikoff" gaped invitingly, and, though outside overcoat-pockets were barren vessels as a rule, this was so very easy that nothing could be lost by trial. So Johnson placed himself against the pocket and tried, with unexpected success.

For, indeed, at the bottom of that pocket reposed a purse—not at all what one might expect to find there. In an instant that purse was transferred to the outside pocket, so closely adjacent, of Johnson's light overcoat; and then Johnson paused for a moment, ostentatiously scratching his cheek with the guilty hand and staring with rapt eyes at the window; till he judged it expedient to edge gently away and evaporate from the little crowd.

He strolled easily to the next turning, turned up it with quicker steps, and so into a quieter cross street. Here he paused, plunged his hand into his side-pocket, and—found it empty.

His chin fell and he stood amazed. There was no doubt of it—this as the pocket into which he had dropped the purse, and now there was nothing there. He felt in the opposite pocket—needlessly, for he clearly remembered working with his right hand, and with his right side-pocket against the left pocket of the "immensikoff." There was nothing now in either of his side-pockets, though he raked them through with anxious fingers. And then everything inside him jumped at the sudden touch of a hand on his shoulder. He shrank and turned, and found himself confronted by the man in the fur-lined coat.

The man was grinning at him with sardonic politeness, and Johnson did not like him at all. He was tall and broad and dark, while Johnson was small and narrow and pale. The stranger's black moustache was waxed into long spikes, which pointed toward the outer edges of the flat brim of a very tall hat, and gave a touch of the unearthly to his grin; and in his hand he extended toward Johnson a metal box — Johnson's own tobacco-box, in truth, which he now remembered to have left in that same side coat-pocket.

"How de do?" said the sardonic stranger.

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"Were you feeling in your pocket for this?"

Johnson's panic impulse was to deny his tobacco-box utterly, but the stranger's black eyes were piercing his very brain, and he felt it useless. He took the box that was forced on him, and gasped unintelligible acknowledgments. He meant to say he was extremely obliged, and didn't know he had dropped it; but he never remembered what he did say.

"*I* believe some sneaking thief picked your pocket," said the stranger, his grin growing fiercer. "Open it and see if anything's missing."

Johnson began a mumble that it was all right and of no consequence and didn't matter, but the eyes and the satanic grin compelled him, and he sprang the lid. Instantly there arose from within a gigantic creature with horns, which ran across his hand on horrid clawed legs and made for his sleeve. Johnson squeaked like a rat, and flung box and insect to the ground together. He had a feminine horror of crawling things, and had never seen a stag-beetle before.

The stranger snatched the box as it fell, and, brushing roughly against Johnson, skilfully scooped up the insect from the pavement.

"THERE AROSE FROM WITHIN A GIGANTIC CREATURE WITH HORNS, WHICH RAN ACROSS HIS HAND ON HORRID CLAWED LEGS AND MADE FOR HIS SLEEVE."

"What?" he said. "Do you mean to say it wasn't yours at all? And yet you wanted to take it? Is there anything else in those pockets of yours that doesn't belong to you? Show me!"

"No, sir! Nothing at all, sir, upon my solemn davy!" wailed Johnson, in terror. For the eyes and the grin were fiercer than ever. "Nothing at all, sir!" protested Johnson, pulling out the pocket-linings. And there, as the right-hand pocket came inside out, emerged the stranger's purse!

"Liar!" cried the dark man. "Thief! That is my purse!"

He snatched it away and opened it, while Johnson stood helpless in amazement, with his pockets protruding on each side.

"See!" pursued the stranger, thrusting the open purse under his nose. "My purse, with my money in it! What about that?"

Instinct brought a jumbled defence to Johnson's lips. "Quite a mistake—wouldn't think of such a thing, being a gentleman himself. Accident that might happen to anybody—a lot of trouble in the family lately"—and so on.

"What's your name?" snapped the stranger. It disconcerted Johnson more than anything else to see that this fiendish person was grinning more than ever, while his unavoidable eyes seemed to divine more about Johnson than even Johnson ever knew. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Jones!" spluttered the thief, in a panic. "Barker!—no, Jenkinson—I mean Johnson!"

"Oh, I see," the stranger replied; and now his moustache and his grin chased each other to the very tips of his ears. "I see; Jones, *alias* Barker, *alias* Jenkinson, and at present Johnson. Last conviction under the name of Jenkinson, eh?"

"'Twasn't exactly a conviction, sir, I assure you," protested the sweating pickpocket. "The judge's mistake entirely—quite a misunderstanding; and the commonest watch you ever see; not worth a bob!"

"And what did you get? A year?"

"No, sir—nothing of the kind. It's a wicked slander, sir, when anybody says it was a year. Not a day more than nine months, I give you my solemn word!"

"After a dozen previous convictions?"

"No, sir—that's another slander; any-

body as told you that is trying to take my character away. There wasn't more than seven, sir, or eight at the very most. It's 'ard to be scandalized like that, sir!"

"Shocking!" The stranger had slipped his purse away and now had his hand on Johnson's shoulder, with finger and thumb taking a good nip of his coat-collar. "Only seven or eight convictions! Poor chap; you shall have another at once. Come along!"

"No, indeed, sir—let me alone! On my solemn davy, sir, it was all a mistake! I dunno how the purse got there!" And it surprised Johnson to find himself offering an excuse with such a deal of truth in it.

The stranger's grin relaxed a little, and his voice grew more business-like. "Very well," he said. "Come with me for an hour and I won't charge you. But don't you displease me, my virtuous friend!" The grin flickered up again. "Don't you displease me, or you'll go back to as long a dose of jail as I can get for you, mind that! You shall buy your release on my terms. Come along; but first stuff those pockets in again."

Johnson obeyed, and walked by the side of his persecutor in a maze of sickening bewilderment. Could he be really awake? The whole thing was uncommonly like a hideous nightmare, down to the very beetle. He had the most distinct recollection of his shock of surprise at finding his coat-pockets empty; yet he *had* put the purse there, and there it proved to be after all. The thing was the more like a dream because his efforts to remember made it all seem like something that had occurred a long time ago. And he would doubtless have believed it a nightmare and made some desperate effort to wake himself were it not for the fact that the gloating stranger most palpably had him by the arm as they walked through the back streets, and now and again put a question of such a pungent and penetrating nature that demanded all Johnson's waking wits to meet it. Such wits as Johnson had were barely sufficient for the needs of his trade, and now they were oppressed by a feeling that he was being "got at" in some unfathomable manner; for indeed the satanic stranger chuckled gaily to himself as the torment went on.

Their way led through numerous back streets which Johnson was too disconcerted to recognise, even if he knew them, and at last they stopped before a very blank and secret-looking door in a tall building that had no more than two other openings in it, and those windows, small and high.

The stranger opened the door with a latch-key, never looking at the key, but always at Johnson, with that embarrassing grin unaltered, unless it were now a little less fierce and a little more whimsical. The door revealed nothing but a dark passage, into which Johnson was pushed without ceremony. The place smelt damp, and on the whole strikingly like a cell in a police-station; a fact which gave the prisoner's terrors a more definite turn. The door closed behind them and left them wholly in the dark; and Johnson, seized by the arm, was thrust stumbling and staggering along the passage till he emerged on a spot only a degree less obscure, where nothing was discernible but some vast construction of square beams that vanished into blackness above. Here the stranger paused and, groping in the gloom among the beams, flung open another door.

"Get in there," he said, "and sit down. I sha'n't want you for an hour. You can go to sleep if you like."

Johnson obediently stumbled into the dark opening, and the door slammed behind him with a bang and a sharp click. It was black—blacker than ever, but at least he was alone for a space, and might collect his faculties. He reached about him, and had no difficulty in finding the walls of his prison, for in fact they were scarce a yard apart in any direction. It seemed that he was in a wooden cupboard, with a ledge for seat. He sat on the ledge and wondered.

Imprisonment was not wholly a novelty, though this was certainly the darkest cell he had ever inhabited, and the smallest. There was to be an hour's respite, it seemed, but he was mighty uneasy as to what would happen at the end of the hour. He thought again of that horrible beetle, and the clothes tingled on his skin at the recollection, till he began to rub himself all over. Heavens! if there were more of them in this place! He jumped to his feet, shook himself, and stamped, and then bethought him of his match-box. He found it and spilt it, stooped for it hurriedly, butted his head into one side of the cupboard and his opposite end into another, and came to the floor in a heap.

"Now, then, keep quiet in there!"

The voice was a strange one—certainly not that of the dark man—and it came from—where? Nowhere about him, but apparently from somewhere above, though even of this he was not certain. Surely there was no possibility that he could be watched in this unspeakable darkness! He groped painfully,

found a match, groped again and found the box to strike it on.

The light was a great relief, for it revealed the fact that at least the place was free from visible insects. He could see now that his cell was wooden—top, bottom, and sides; and then came burned fingers and sudden darkness. He lighted another match, and satisfied himself that there was no cranny, nor even a keyhole, through which peeping was possible; then he lit another to pick up those remaining, and another after that.

"Now, then!" came the voice again. "Leave off strikin' them matches!"

Johnson stopped, bumped his head again, and scrambled to his seat. Then he found courage to speak. "I say——" he began.

"You stow that row, d'y'ear? Shut up."

The prisoner said no more, but waited. Strange noises reached his ear from some far-away part of the building, and a little nearer there were subdued creakings. He began to remember stories of mysterious rooms that closed up and crushed men imprisoned in them; of weighted ceilings that fell; of chambers slowly filled with poisonous gas. As he sat he began to tremble; and as the minutes passed he felt himself growing desperate with fear. He wished he had allowed himself to be handed to the police, for at least he knew what that meant. But now—he could not endure much longer. He had made up his mind, come what might, to shout his loudest for help; when as he stood feeling the hundredth time for the door-fastening, he was suddenly flung backward and down, confusedly realizing that the cupboard was shooting upward bodily. Was the thing a lift?

It stopped with a jerk, and the prisoner, recovering his legs, was aware of a loud and now familiar voice. There was a tap on the door, and a click; and instantly it flew open, and Johnson was blinded by a flood of light and deafened by a roar of sound.

Hundreds of faces stared at him from a great hall, as many voices shouted a delighted greeting, and twice as many hands clapped loud applause. The cupboard stood open on a brilliantly-lighted stage, and by it stood the sardonic stranger in evening dress, with a black wand in his hand; while Johnson, gasping and dishevelled, blinked and cowered helplessly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried the conjurer, "I have the honour to introduce Mr. Johnson, *alias* Jones, *alias* Barker, *alias* Jenkinson, the eminent pickpocket. You will remember that when I enclosed the lady in the cabinet I promised you quite a new and original *dénouement* to the performance—something never before attempted. I think I have fulfilled my promise. Not only has the lady disappeared, but by an extraordinary

"'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,' CRIED THE CONJURER, 'I HAVE THE HONOUR TO INTRODUCE MR. JOHNSON.'"

application of occult natural forces I have brought into her place a pickpocket snatched this moment from his nefarious practices in Oxford Street. You observe his confusion? What more natural? But two minutes ago his hand was in the pocket of an eminent and distinguished gentleman much like myself in appearance, seeking that gentleman's purse. In an instant—whist! he finds himself placed before you on this stage, half a mile off. Ladies and gentlemen, it is just possible that some among you suspected the lady who disappeared of being a confederate of mine; but I defy any one of you to call this man a confederate. Does he look like it? Does he look as though he came here on purpose? Has he the calm, self-possessed, happy, smiling appearance natural to any man who has the good fortune to be in my employ? Look at him. Some gentleman who has ever had his pocket picked may remember him; if any of you are connected with the police you are sure to know him. He has been brought up at half the police-courts in London, and has been convicted at the Old Bailey and the Sessions House over and over again. He has just completed nine months' board and residence at this country's expense, under the name of Jenkinson; if he hadn't changed his name he'd have got more. Are you quite convinced, ladies and gentlemen, that he is not a confederate? Any test you like to suggest will be applied. Is there any lady present he has ever robbed who would like to stick a bonnet-pin into him? No? Don't hesitate—you are quite welcome, I assure you. Come, now, I wish you would. You see, under the Employers' Liability Act I am liable for any injury occurring to people I employ, but I don't care what happens to this chap. Come, now, let me persuade you. Isn't there any dear, kind lady present who will oblige me by sticking a bonnet-pin into this criminal, just to oblige me? It doesn't matter whether he has robbed you or not—*I* don't mind. He'd rob you if he could, you know. Here he is." He seized the wretched Johnson by the collar and thrust him forward. "I always find ladies very obliging," he went on. "*Surely* you won't all be so unkind as to refuse just to stick him with a bonnet-pin while I hold him? Just to help me convince the company, now?"

There were laughs and titters, and the conjurer whispered from behind, "All right, you fool, they won't do it." Then he proceeded, aloud: "You won't? Not one of you? Then I shall have to try something else. I'm always glad to introduce a novelty into my performances, and I think you'll admit that this is the first time a real live pickpocket has ever been brought upon the stage in this extraordinary manner. Having got him here it would be a pity to waste him, wouldn't it? Very well. I will proceed to try a little experiment with a view to showing how dishonesty would be dealt with in this country if I were Prime Minister. Will any ladies and gentlemen in the company oblige me by the loan of a few small articles of value? A few rings, a watch, a gold pencil-case—anything of that sort, you know. I'm sure I sha'n't have to wait long for things like that with such a high-class audience as this. Come, now—thank you, sir; a ring; a valuable diamond ring from a gentleman in the second row. Yes? Thank you, madam—a locket. A gold watch? I should like a gold watch—and so would Mr. Johnson, I am sure. Here it comes—thank you, sir. A gold pencil-case—two more rings, a chain, and a silver match-box; thank you—thank you. I think that will do; we mustn't risk too much on a first experiment, you know. Now I should like some gentleman from the company to assist me by placing these articles in Mr. Johnson's pockets, in full sight of the house. Will you, sir? Thank you; just step up here. Now, will you please take the articles one by one from the table, and place them separately in any of the criminal's pockets you choose. Well in sight of the company, mind. Stand a little aside—that's it—so that everything shall be perfectly clear. I need hardly assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that this gentleman is no confederate of mine. I do not invite you to test it by sticking a bonnet-pin into him—he is a good deal bigger than Johnson, and it might not be safe. I am sure you will accept his word of honour from a gentleman of his size."

The gentleman approached Johnson and followed the conjurer's instructions, and the conjurer, from a little way off, reported the bestowal of each article aloud. "Gold watch in right-hand waistcoat-pocket; diamond ring in left-hand waistcoat-pocket; chain in inside coat-pocket"; and so forth. As for Johnson, he began to feel a good deal happier. He resented the indignities to which he had been subjected, of course, but, after all, he had expected something much worse than this. All the bewilderment and anxiety of the earlier part of the adventure were at an end now, and all was plain enough. The conjurer had scored heavily, it was true, and

"THE NOVEL EXPERIENCE OF HAVING HIS POCKETS VOLUNTARILY STUFFED WITH VALUABLES WAS RATHER PLEASANT THAN OTHERWISE."

the effect of Johnson's appearance in the cabinet, aghast and panic-stricken, was something altogether beyond the possibilities of ordinary preparation and rehearsal. But Johnson's relief was immense, and now the novel experience of having his pockets voluntarily stuffed with valuables was rather pleasant than otherwise. Johnson was himself again, and on the alert for other moves in the game.

The gentleman descended from the platform, and the conjurer came forward. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you have seen the articles safely—or shall we say unsafely?—placed in the thief's pockets. But to make everything perfectly plain, and to identify the owner of each, I will just rapidly run over them again. This ring, sir—you see it? You are sure you identify it? It is your property, and you will remember that it is in the left-hand waistcoat-pocket, where I carefully replace it, as you see. The watch—that is yours, sir; you may examine it again, if you please. No? Well, you will bear in mind that it is in the thief's right-hand waistcoat-pocket. There it is. This chain—the owner of this chain may see that no substitution has been made—is in the inside coat-pocket, on the left. Remember that, please."

The company, vastly interested, watched the apparent return of each trinket, but Johnson knew better. Nothing but the conjurer's fingers entered each pocket in turn, and nothing remained there at all. Somewhere within the breast of the conjurer's coat was a spot over which his fingers flickered instantaneously after each pocket was done with; and when at last he turned away, ostentatiously dusting his fingers with his pocket-handkerchief after the contamination of Johnson, the handkerchief also flickered over that same spot. So much Johnson observed with eyes trained by use in all matters concerned with pockets.

The conjurer stepped between Johnson and the company, putting his pocket-handkerchief into his coat-tail pocket; and Johnson saw that something black went with it.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjurer, "the experiment I am about to make is one of the greatest interest to every law-abiding person. I propose to show you how, by proper scientific precautions known only to myself, all theft, all dishonesty, may be rendered ineffectual and useless."

Gesticulating and bowing elegantly as he spoke, the conjurer stepped so closely before Johnson that only one thing could happen. Johnson had nothing but one small talent, as I have said; he could pick a pocket very well indeed—probably better than the conjurer. The black thing was a little velvet bag, soft and flat, as Johnson felt when it was safely in

his own pocket. And the conjurer, with all eyes on him, went on.

"Just consider, now, how valuable my process would be to the Government of this country. Half the police force might be disbanded, and most of the magistrates pensioned off. People like our friend Johnson, *alias* Jones, *alias* Barker, *alias* Jenkinson, would have to turn honest, or starve. Now for the experiment."

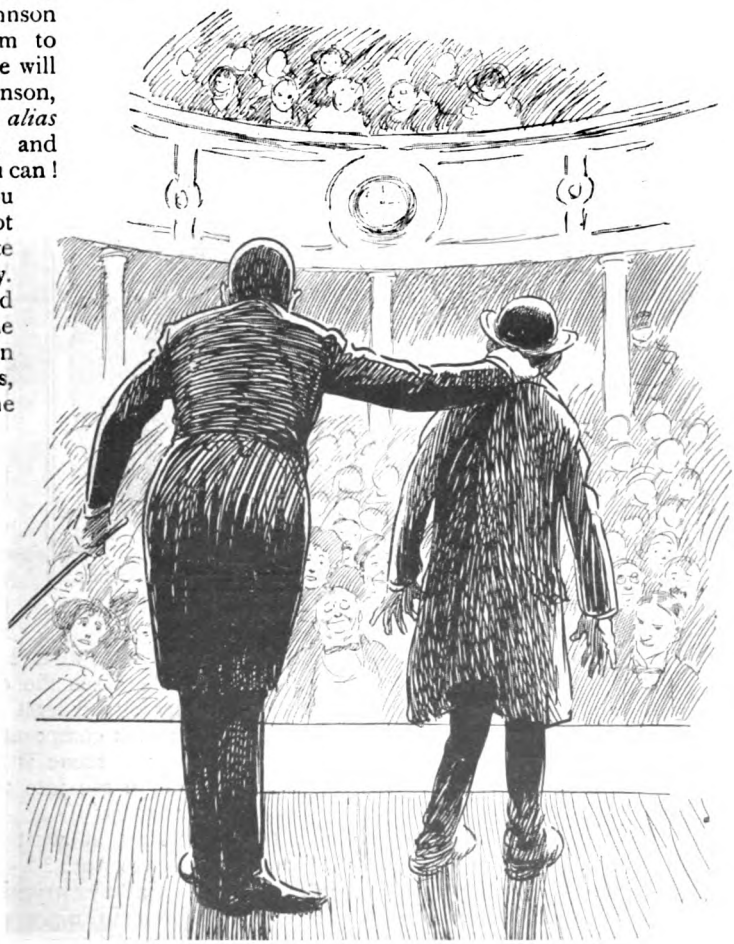
He turned and caught Johnson once more by the collar. "Here, you see, is the pickpocket whom I brought here straight out of Oxford Street by the exercise of the wonderful scientific law to which I have alluded. Here he is, with your valuables in his pockets, as you have observed with your own eyes. Now I shall send Johnson away—turn him out, kick him out—from this place, and let him run where he likes; and when he is gone I shall endeavour, by my scientific process, to bring your valuables back here, just as I brought Johnson himself, and restore them to you in a way that I hope will surprise you. Now Johnson, *alias* Jones, *alias* Barker, *alias* Jenkinson, out you go, and keep what you've got if you can! Ladies and gentlemen, you will agree that I could not afford to kick a confederate—he would give me away. So as a guarantee of good faith I kick Johnson off the platform. Hall-porter! Run this man off the premises, and never let him come here again!"

He swung Johnson to the end of the platform, pushed him over the edge with hand and foot, and stood bowing and waving his wand as the porter bundled the victim out. "Good-bye, Mr. Johnson!" he cried; "good-bye! Run as hard as ever you can!"

As soon as Johnson reached the street he obeyed this order with all the strength of his legs, barely observing from the corner of his eye that the front of the hall was covered with posters announcing afternoon and evening performances by the great Lucifo, the Wizard of Andalusia. And when he had run some distance he turned into a dark entry and there disentangled from the velvet bag the gold watch, the three rings, the chain, the gold pencil-case, the locket, and the silver match-box.

"He was mighty anxious," reflected Johnson, "for some proof that I wasn't his pal. Well, he's got it, and I hope he's satisfied."

For some days Johnson only ventured out after dark; but his days at home were not dull, for he had bought a small collection of newspapers wherefrom he derived solace and chuckles under the headings: "Riotous Scene at an Entertainment," "Extraordinary Occurrence at St. Basil's Hall," "Serious Attack on a Conjurer," and, in the case of an irresponsible halfpenny evening paper, "Lucifo Lamentably Left."



"HERE HE IS, WITH YOUR VALUABLES IN HIS POCKETS."

HOW SARDOU WROTE HIS PLAYS.

AS DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

[The following article is of unique interest. Some time before his death in November M. Sardou gave the writer, in his own admirably clear and lucid words, a full and exact description of his methods of work, his ideas on stage-management and on the art of acting. The views of a great craftsman on his own subject are always interesting and valuable, and Sardou was admittedly the deftest stage-craftsman who ever evolved the story of a play.]

THE late Victorien Sardou, the man to whom hundreds of thousands of playgoers, both in the Old World and the New, have owed so much keen enjoyment, possessed a very striking personality. His keen, kindly face, whose ever-varying expression was the despair of the many painters who attempted to paint him, has been compared with that of many great men, from Louis XI. to Voltaire. But those who would really picture to themselves the man as he was should rather call to mind Holbein's Erasmus, and this although the small, light figure was instinct with French vitality and the vigour inherited from a long line of Southern ancestors.

THE LATE M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.
From a Photo. by H. Mairet, Paris.

The great dramatist spent the summer months of each year in one of the most beautiful and least-known districts of provincial France, Marly-le-Roi, a hamlet lying on the outskirts of the Royal woods which take their rise at Versailles and terminate at St. Germains. There M. Sardou transformed a once modest château into one of the most exquisite dwelling-houses in France.

From the interesting photographs reproduced in the following pages an excellent idea may be derived of the gorgeous luxury of the surroundings amidst which Sardou wrote his plays.

It would be impossible to give in a few words anything like an adequate idea of M. Victorien Sardou's prodigious industry. During the last fifty-four years—he made his theatrical *début* on All Fools' Day, 1854—he wrote something like seventy comedies, tragedies, comic operas, and books.

And now for the methods of work by which these were produced, as set forth in M. Sardou's own description.

"How do I write my plays? That is not an easy question to answer. But as regards the actual casting into shape of a comedy or drama I proceed thus. First of all I write out a scenario or sketch of the piece; this consists of a short story or *résumé* of the plot, for I should tell you that, though I am devoted to the dramatic form, I greatly admire the art of the novelist, and Balzac is as dear to me as Shakespeare. Then, when I am in the mood—for to a certain extent I believe in the inspiration of the moment—I write, as a rule, at one sitting the first act. When I next take up the work I almost entirely rewrite each scene, leaving it to my faithful and conscientious secretaries to make a fair copy. Sometimes I go over the various portions of a play as many as ten times before I am finally satisfied. My instinct is always to cut down and to abbreviate what I have already done. As I write I see the characters before me and observe their least actions. Of course, each dramatist composes in a different fashion; to me each scene is an absolute reality, and I seem to see into the minds of each of my characters."

"And at what time in the day do you prefer to work?"

"I always write in the morning. I do not believe in night work; the brain is then either dulled or over-excited. As for the

From a Photo. by] SARDOU AND RÉJANE DISCUSSING A PLAY. *[H. Mairet, Paris.*

time it takes me to write a play, I should say from three to four months. I only do this kind of work in the country, for there alone can I secure real peace. When I am at Marly I make it a rule to receive no visitors till after three o'clock. By that time my serious writing is over for the day, and I am ready to enjoy the company of my friends."

"May I ask if you take your plots from real life and from history, or do they simply occur to you?"

"That is not an easy question to answer," replied my host, smiling. "Everything and anything, from an important historical scene to a trivial event in my everyday life, suggests plots and inspires me with ideas for new plays. You must know that I am a great believer in method; I have but little sympathy for untidy genius, for it is impossible to produce good sustained work without a certain orderliness."

He rose and, opening the doors of a fine inlaid cabinet, displayed rows on rows of what appeared to be letter portfolios, each neatly docketed. "There, now you will understand something of my work," he observed. "The moment I think of a good idea or plot I open a fresh *dossier* and put a name on it. As time goes on, any historical fact or newspaper cutting bearing on the initial idea is added in, and so in time my play composes itself, and comes to fruition almost without my knowing that it has done so. Of course, this method of procedure is especially suitable when applied to the historical drama. For instance, supposing it occurs to me to-day that a certain character, known to students of the Renaissance, would make the hero of a fine play, I inscribe the name on one of these envelopes, jot down a few ideas or vague outline of the plot as it occurs to me, and then, as time goes on, everything, not only about the personage in question, but the town in which he lived, the period illustrated by him, and the speeches he is recorded to have made, is all gathered together till I am ready to start work."

"And is it true, monsieur, that you are very particular as to the historical accuracy of your dramas; or do you, on the other hand, allow yourself a certain poetic licence?"

"Yes, to the first part of your question," he answered, quickly. "I am extremely exact down to the smallest detail, as I can claim to take measureless pains. Perhaps I should tell you," he continued, thoughtfully, "that I was born an historian rather than a playwright. When I was quite a young man I taught history, and I have always had the keenest interest in that past which so many believe to be dead, but which is to me ever living. Before sitting down to write an

historical play I read every work dealing with the period, often as many as fifty to one hundred volumes. I am fortunate in the possession of an excellent memory, and long after the drama has been produced I can give chapter and book for every actual fact told therein. Take, for instance, my 'Theodora' and the reconstitution of Byzantium—the critics called my knowledge into question and objected to the use of forks on the stage. They declared that in those days these modern instruments of refinement were not known. It is easy to imagine how foolish they must have felt when I, by quoting a dozen authorities, conclusively proved my point. Why, at Treves, Queen Helena's very valuable to me when I was arranging the production of 'Madame Sans Gêne.'"

"And you have made a special study, I believe, of the Revolutionary period?"

"Yes, and of old Paris. I can reconstitute any corner of *mon vieux Paris* in a few moments without the help of either drawings or plan. After the drama, my favourite passion is architecture, and I would go a long way at any time to see a mediæval mansion or castle in a good state of preservation. Not long ago I was fortunate enough to discover Robespierre's house in the Rue St. Honoré. The gentleman who has given up the greater portion of his literary career to the study of the terrible Revolutionary

THE LIBRARY AT THE CHÂTEAU OF MARLY WHERE SARDOU GATHERED MATERIALS FOR HIS HISTORICAL PLAYS.
From a Photo. by H. Mairet, Paris.

fork is one of the most interesting of the relics!"

"Then I presume that you yourself arrange every detail of the mounting of your plays?"

"Certainly; every scene is either drawn by myself or under my close supervision. The reconstitution of the Acropolis in 'Gismonda' was made from photographs specially taken in Athens for the purpose. Of course, there are certain periods of history with which I personally prefer to deal. I am intensely interested in the personality of Napoleon I., and I have all my life collected Bonapartist relics, including a great number of the famous soldier's autographs. This collection became hero declared that the house had been pulled down and did not exist. But after a little trouble I was able to prove," concluded M. Sardou, triumphantly, "that I had indeed discovered Robespierre's house, and that the flat he had occupied during the last years of his life was practically intact."

"I suppose, monsieur, that you are to a certain extent in sympathy with the doctrines of the Revolution, or that you at least count yourself a Republican?"

"Good heavens, no!" he cried. "I make no secret of my opinions. I have the greatest contempt for the Republic and all its methods. Far from ensuring freedom and

comfort to the individual citizen, a Republican *régime*, to my thinking, strikes at all liberties. You will notice, for instance, that a Republican Government is always more willing to interdict a play containing anti-Revolutionary sentiments anti to itself than is any other form of Government."

"I need hardly ask you for your views as to the Censorship?"

"As far as I can see, the Censor has never done any harm," was the unexpected answer. "He may object to certain coarse realism, and so on. But here, in France, it is a mistake to think that the Censor interdicts a play. It is the Government who always

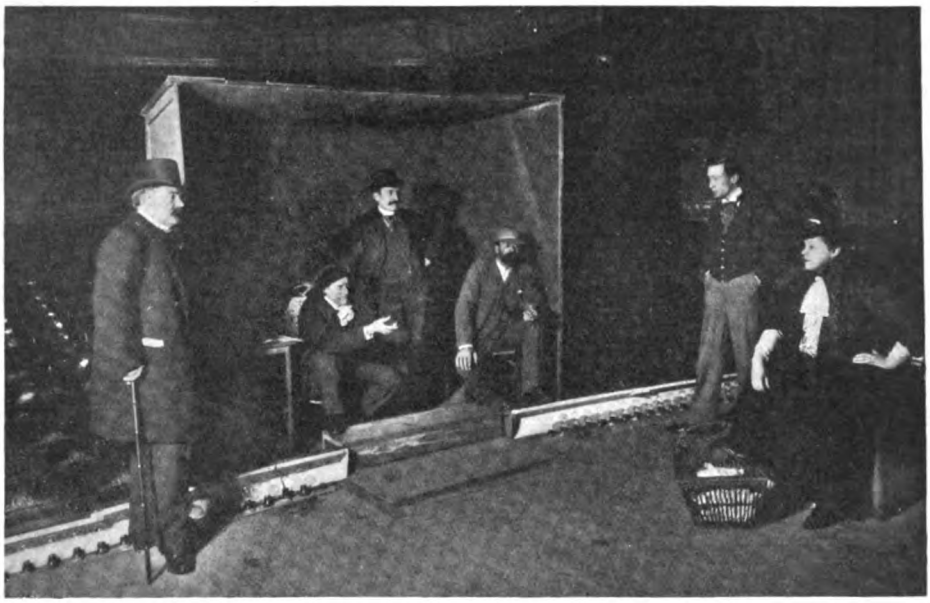
From a Photo. by] SARDOU'S WORKROOM AT THE CHÂTEAU OF MARLY. *[H. Mairet, Paris.*

performs that duty. An interdict was placed on my 'Thermidor' because I described the guillotine in unpleasant terms; and yet had it not been for the events of the day 9 Thermidor, described by me in too true a fashion, President Carnot, who was Chief of the Government at the time that my play was stopped, would have never existed, for on that day his great-grandfather, 'Le Grand Carnot,' would have been guillotined."

"You alluded just now to realism on the stage; how do you regard the subject?"

"Well," said M. Sardou, with considerable energy, "a great deal of nonsense is talked about realism. Our younger dramatists behave as if they had invented the word 'realism'; I was a stage realist forty years ago. Indeed, in 'Nos Intimes' I placed on the stage the first passionate love-scene ever acted—I mean actually acted—on the stage. The Censor objected when he read the manuscript, but I asked him to wait until he had seen the thing acted, and so carefully was it staged that he actually passed it. I remember," he added, laughing, "the sensation it produced. All Paris rushed to witness it. Now it would be considered very mild indeed.

"Of course, in those days the stage conventions were really absurd. Till quite lately no sham murder was ever allowed to disfigure the actual boards of the House of Molière. All unpleasant incidents of that kind had to take place behind the scenes! You will doubtless remember that neither Racine nor Corneille ever killed a character *en scène;* and when 'Thermidor' was mounted at the Théâtre Français the tumbril was not allowed on to the stage. I think I can truly claim," he continued, after a short pause, "to have been the first to abolish many of the least desirable stage conventions. It was I who first put real furniture on the stage, and my actors first smoked real tobacco and real cigars. I assure you a great deal of nonsense is talked about realism nowadays."



From a] SARDOU AT REHEARSAL. *[Photograph.*

"I need hardly ask you if you attach much importance to costumes and scenery?"

"Certainly. These accessories are all important. I always supervise the costuming of all my characters, and pay quite as much attention to the frocks worn in a modern play as to those in an historical drama. I wonder if you have heard the old story of Augier's misadventure? On the first night of one of his plays every actress in the case appeared in a bright red gown! Stage costumes should harmonize, not only with one another, but with the scenery. I often draw designs of the furniture I wish to see on the stage, and, indeed, when writing a play, I see each scene as it should be, even to the placing of every chair and sofa. I need hardly tell you that when mounting an historical piece the trouble is infinitely greater; but then the result is often proportionately finer."

M. Sardou was admittedly the best stage-manager in the world, and his theories on the mounting of plays are worthy of note.

"Yes, it is quite true that when my plays are in rehearsal I live at the theatre, and give my whole mind to the staging of the piece. But I repeat what I said just now; as I write I see each scene, and so if those I have to deal with are intelligent the play acts itself, as it were, for every movement, every intonation of voice is settled by me beforehand, and I myself show each actor and actress, be they stars or supers, exactly what they are to say and exactly how they are to say it. If the author inspires the cast with confidence, they will work for and with him as they will never do for anyone else. But it is a mistake to suppose that authors are born stage-managers. Many a great dramatist does not know how to mount his own plays, and the playwright lacking this stage instinct had better give over the work to somebody else. My friends tell me I am a born actor, and I am never afraid to show an actor, or for the matter of that an actress, how a scene should be played, how a phrase should be delivered, and so on."

"I suppose you never allow the comedians to play your *rôles* in their own way?"

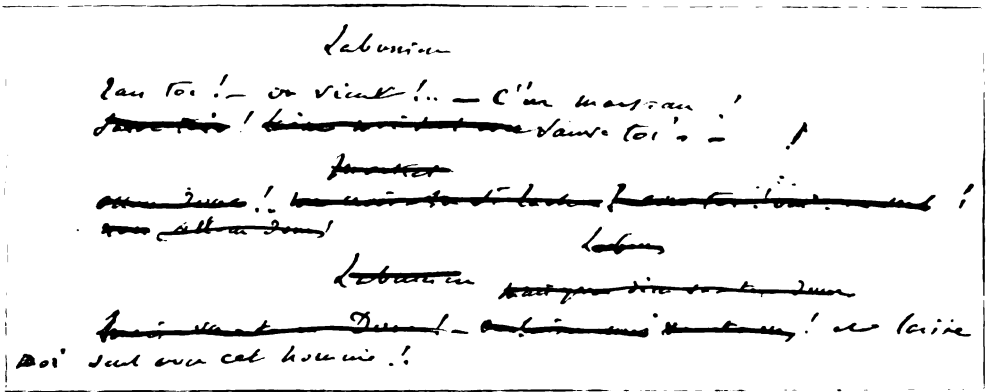
"That depends entirely on the actor with whom I am dealing. Of course, I disapprove of gag, and I never allow tricks to be played with my text. But such an actress as Mme. Réjane or Sarah Bernhardt adds greatly to the value of a part by her interpretation, and by the 'business' she introduces into the *rôle*. I doubt," he added, thoughtfully, "whether keen intelligence is not of more value to a comedian than is the possession of genius."

"Do you, when writing a new play, compose your characters with a view to any special cast? For instance, was Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in your mind when you wrote 'La Tosca'?"

"No. The contrary has often been asserted about me; but I can assure you that I have never written round any special actor or actress, though I have not infrequently waited for some years before I found a suitable interpreter. But though I admit that a star can do much to make or mar a play, I attach almost as much importance to the least prominent member in the cast. The dramatic more than any other art owes everything to the perfection of the *tout ensemble*; and that is why I consider no trouble too great where the stage-management of a new piece is in question. By the way, I may add that not only was 'La Tosca' but also 'Fédora' written without any thought of the great actress who has made the characters her own. To me 'the play's the thing,' and much as I have owed, both actresses. Alas! many of those associated with my earlier successes have now left us for ever; indeed, with one exception all those who acted in my first successful play, 'Les Premières Armes de Figaro,' are now dead."

"I suppose you approve of that essentially French institution, the Conservatoire?"

"I hate and abominate it," he answered, quickly. "I consider that to the Conservatoire system of training actors and actresses we owe the lack of stage lovers. I much prefer the old stock companies as a training ground for comedians. Why, some of the very best players in France have never been to the Conservatoire at all. I admit that there a young person may acquire certain elementary details of the dramatic art, but as a rule the intelligent novice finds that he or she has much to unlearn. On the stage



A SPECIMEN OF SARDOU'S MS.—FROM "THERMIDOR."

in the past and present, to my interpreters, I would not care to compose a drama with a view to the characters and idiosyncrasies of those who were going to act it."

"By the way, monsieur, which do you consider make the best comedians, men or women?"

"Women undoubtedly; and in connection with this matter," my host observed, meditatively, "I have the highest opinion of the fair sex. I consider women superior to men in almost everything; they possess the intuitive faculty to an extraordinary degree, and may almost always be trusted to do the right thing in the right place. They are full of noble instincts, and, though heavily handicapped by Fate, come well out of every ordeal. You have but to turn to history to realize the truth of what I say."

"And do you find it is always easy to manage your feminine interpreters?"

"Yes; I have been very fortunate in my alone can acting be learnt; if, indeed, acting can be learnt. I have always believed that comedians were born, not made."

"You spoke, monsieur, of your admiration for Balzac. Have you yourself never tried to write a story?"

"No; but I may do so some day," he answered, smiling somewhat mysteriously. "By the way, I once wrote a short *nouvelle*. But the difference between the art of the dramatist and that of the novelist is stupendous; it is the business of the dramatist to concentrate, that of the novelist to dilute. Each of my plays is written round a central situation—thrilling, touching, comic, or terrible. I delight in reconstituting a world that has faded away. I always try to obtain portraits of the historical personages mentioned in my dramas. By the way, every character in 'Fédora' once lived. Ah, believe me, play-writing is by no means such light labour as some seem to imagine!"

A Dead Letter.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

WHEN the last of the mail-bags had been opened; when, on the chock-a-block tables, the sorted letters stood in serried, marshalled rows, young Fraser and I carried them across to the swing-seated postmen's benches and dumped them down in handfuls, cards and cakes and children's toys alike. Then, and then only, did we pull chairs to the frosty fire, set feet on the iron over-part of the stove, and sip our parboiled, milkless tea from the long jugs that served at once as teapot and as cup.

Presently young Fraser swung round and pointed over his shoulder at the sorting-tables we had cleared. For all that it was Christmas Eve never a letter lumbered them; it might have been a mere commonplace week-day, so well had things got through. No wonder he was in ecstasies with himself. We were level with, even ahead of, our work. And before us, till up the town hill and through the drifted snow the motor-mail should grunt and puff, there lay an hour—a whole sixty minutes of unexpected rest, the gorgeous fruit of what young Fraser called "wiring in." He was a splendid boy to work with—the best I ever knew. Post Office blood was in him to the heart's core—three generations of it, as he loved to boast.

"By Gad, Morell," he cried, "it's magnificent! We've never managed so well before. I wish to goodness the chief were here. He wouldn't talk so much about the inferiority of the present generation if he could see *them!*" And, tilting back his chair, he waved a hand vaingloriously at the vacant tables. "Never a letter on them—and an hour to spare!"

Then, because I answered nothing, because he felt me wanting in enthusiasm, he leaned quickly forward, so that the front legs of his chair met the floor again; and as with its passage his body came once more level with mine, his left hand clumped me heavily on the back and he triumphed into my ear: "Not a single letter on the tables!"

Crash—crackle and crash—on to the stone hearth went the jug that I was carrying to my lips; a brown stream trickled out on to the carpetless boards beyond. I started to my feet with a cry that came quicker than the thought of repression, and leaned against the mantelpiece, nervous and a-shake.

Young Fraser stared at me in amazement. Wonder and regret chased across his face, going and coming, again and yet again, like stage armies with their recurring exits and entrances. But when he proffered me his own jug and began to blurt out apologies for what he called thoughtlessness, I waved the brew away and cut his explanations short.

"It's not your fault at all!" I said, still leaning against the mantelpiece and trying to pull myself together a bit. "It's the fault of my beastly nerves, and too much night duty—and much too much strong tea. I've been in an awful state just lately!"

Young Fraser nodded his sympathy.

"I've noticed it," he said. "So have the other chaps. And we've been talking about it—and how bad you've looked this last week. Before that you were as fit as a fiddle. But now——" And he waved expressive hands at me, as though to say, "If ever there was a wreck it's you!"

I nodded—and got back into my chair

"I LEANED AGAINST THE MANTELPIECE, NERVOUS AND A-SHAKE."

"Win pots as I do, you mean?"

"Exactly," he acquiesced. "That's just what I was going to say."

"Thank you," I answered. Then I blurted out quickly: "Jack, old man, I've seen a ghost."

Again the boy whistled, and this time he faced me fair and square. His eyes narrowed a little in a way they had when he looked at things hard or was at all in doubt, and I felt that he was wondering what to do with me. Then his eyes widened again, and he leaned back in his chair and said:—

"Suppose you tell me all about it. For there's nothing like getting things off your chest."

So, staring into the fire, resolutely avoiding his face, I began, because I knew it was the only way to make him believe and understand.

"It was last week, on night duty, about this time, in the office here. The sorting tables were clear, just as they are now. I had taken the letters round to the postmen's benches, and was going to have a sit down and a rest and a cup of tea. But before I did so I had another look at the sorting tables, just to see that I hadn't left anything on them, though I knew I hadn't. You know how one does that?"

"I know," said the boy at my side. "Just as a painter looks at a picture when he's finished it—as any man who's done a job looks when he's glad the job's done."

"Exactly. Well, just because I knew I'd left nothing on the tables I looked at them again. Fraser put some coal on the fire, and, before beginning to smoke, offered me a cigarette. I shook my head.

"I'm off my smoke," I explained. "I'm off my food. I'm off everything."

Fraser whistled, with averted face. But his silence seemed to me to invite confidence, and I took heart of grace to tell him all.

"Don't think I'm mad, or that I've been drinking or taking drugs," I began.

"As if I should," he interrupted; "as if I should. You're the very last chap to do anything of that sort. We all know that. And, besides, if you were you couldn't——"

then. And on the top rack, standing against the criss-cross wire netting, I saw a letter. But it wasn't one of those I'd sorted. I knew that at once. Someone had put it there afterwards! Someone I couldn't see!"

Young Fraser laughed, and put a hand affectionately on my arm.

"What rubbish!" he said. "You'd overlooked it. There's nothing in that. And how on earth could you tell it wasn't one of the hundreds you'd just sorted? Your nerves were on edge and you're run down. It's enough to make a fellow jumpy, this old house and the dark corners and passages—and doors that make noises every time the wind blows, even though they're shut! You fancy things, that's what it is!"

"I wish I did," said I. "But this wasn't fancy, or anything like it. And what I saw wasn't an ordinary letter at all!"

Then, because the boy beside me made no answer, and I knew he was growing nervous—nervous of me and of what I might say or do—I broke sharply off and asked him a question.

"Jack," I said, "do you know what a Mulready envelope is?"

Before he could answer me—almost before the words were out of my mouth—a sound, such a sound as a human being might utter in the extremity of mental anguish, came to us across the room. It was a faint, moaning noise, a manner of hopeless wail; more than anything else a sob, but a sob of inexpressible distress.

Then it was that young Fraser ceased to listen to me with a cold, judicial air, and all his critical aloofness went, metamorphosed into a fear that his eyes mirrored and made plain.

"Good God! What's that?" he cried, and glanced nervously over his shoulder—half glanced only, as if he feared to see the thing for which he looked.

I drew my chair closer to young Fraser's. I knew the thing would pass, as it had passed a week ago that night. And I was glad to have by me a fellow-creature whose fear matched my own.

Fraser caught at the poker and stabbed the reddening coal to a blaze. Then he whispered fearfully in my ear: "What's a Mulready envelope?"

Only half conscious of what I said, my brain eager and my ears intent to catch the slightest sound, I whispered back my answer to the boy.

"When first the penny post came, and before stamps, as we know them, were used, the Government sold an envelope for carrying letters in. The charge for the envelope included cost of carriage as well—just like the plain embossed penny envelopes we sell to-day—and the envelope itself was designed by a great artist, with all sorts of figures on its address side. I saw one once in a collection; they're awfully valuable now. Well, it was one of those that I found on the sorting-table a week ago."

Young Fraser shivered. Then, caught by a sudden idea, he threw out: "Perhaps someone sent it through the post by mistake—some poor person, or some schoolboy with an album, who didn't know its value?"

I shook my head, caught the boy's wrist, and held it as I said, slowly:—

"That might have been possible, if—if——"

"Well—well?" young Fraser helped me out.

"If the envelope had been there."

"But you saw it—just now you said you did. What do you mean?"

"It *was* there," I answered; "but not to touch. It was intangible. I tried to take it in my hand, and I couldn't. And then——"

"And then?"

"I took my eyes off it for a second, and when I looked it was gone!"

Again young Fraser tried to find the natural cause.

"Perhaps your eyes were tired?" he hazarded. "Perhaps you'd been reading about a Mulready envelope and were out of sorts and fancied you saw one?"

I paused—to give my coming answer weight.

"I hadn't been reading about the sobbing—the sobbing such as we've heard to-night. And I hadn't been reading about the other things I saw afterwards."

"What other things?"

I looked at Fraser hard and long in my doubt. Somehow, for a reason that I couldn't fix or place, I could not bring myself to tell him. It wasn't fair to *him*—to him of all people. He, too, might see what I had seen—and know the thing for what it was. Then, as I stood there, doubtful and divided in mind, casting about for a decision that should best serve us both, a sudden cry tore through the silence, and young Fraser stood before the middle sorting-table and pointed.

There, on the top rack, resting against the criss-cross wires, was a letter! And we had left none. This time it was not my word alone, but the boy's to back it and to prove.

I stared at Fraser. Fraser, white as a

sheet of paper, stared back at me. The same thoughts assailed us both. Was it an ordinary envelope—or was it—was it the Mulready?

And then young Fraser, leaning forward, peering into the corner of the table's topmost rack—where, against the criss-cross wires, the letter stood—called wildly: "My God, it is—it *is* the Mulready. I can see the drawings quite plain and clear."

Though I had no doubt, though in my heart of hearts I felt that it was the self-same envelope that I had seen, yet, lest my tired eyes had tricked me, I, too, leaned forward and looked. I saw Britannia on her throne—Britannia, with circumvolent angels, and the elephant, and the flying deer, and the tall ships, and all the detail of the well-known design; and then, knowing that it was vain, I put out my hand and tried to grasp the letter. But before my hand could come at it, it seemed suddenly to fall — to fall through the unyielding wood of the sorting-table, so that, passing through the boarding of the floor, it disappeared wholly from our view. But I had had time to read the address—written in a flowing Victorian hand.

I crooked my arm in young Fraser's, and clutched at the table's side and whispered quickly to him:—

"Hold up for a minute—it's coming—but it will pass. For God's sake don't give way!"

I saw him set his teeth and brace himself to bear; then with his free hand he pointed to the corner whence the sob had come.

"Look!" he whispered. "Over there! It's in the office now!"

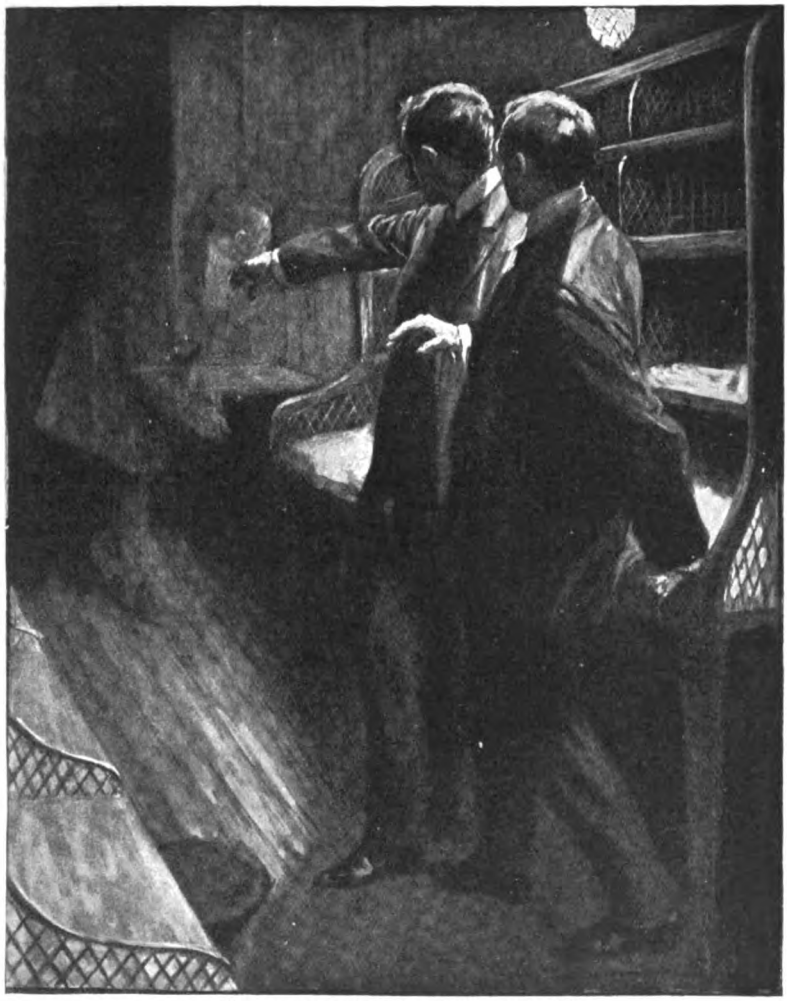
Slowly, out of the darkness of the far corner, silently, without sound of footfall or of breath, there came into the light the figure of a man—a man clad in such garments as one sees in prints and portraits of the late Queen's early reign. It wore a long blue-bottle coat of some dark stuff, while out of the canary-coloured vest a frilled shirt peeped; the trousers were tight and strapped beneath the boot; a high stock touched and almost covered the chin; on the coat itself a row of buttons sparkled and shone.

The figure went stooping—stooping always—and we could not see its face. But it seemed to be searching—searching unceasingly—till it came level with the locked letter-box that opened, cupboard-fashion, into

A FACSIMILE OF THE MULREADY ENVELOPE.

And from the far corner of the room there came to us once more the faint moaning noise, a manner of hopeless wail; more than anything else a sob, but a sob of inexpressible distress.

Because I knew what was going to happen the room, but whose key was on the ring I kept that week. It seemed to fumble vainly with the lock, to pull fruitlessly at the meeting of the double doors, to want to see within, as if something lay hidden that it could not find.



"'LOOK!' HE WHISPERED. 'OVER THERE!'"

Then, suddenly, it tried no longer, but turned and faced us as we stood by the tables. Above its head it raised deploring hands; once more the helpless wail divided the silence that surrounded us; again we heard the faint moaning noise, more than anything else a sob—a sob of inexpressible distress. And then young Fraser tore himself from my side and threw out his hands, as if between him and the pitiable figure there existed some inexplicable understanding—some strange sympathy that I could not share. And the Thing's face was the face of young Fraser himself.

"Yes! Yes!" and "Yes!" again he cried, and his voice, though firm and sure, was full of tears. It was as if he answered some question asked, but unspoken.

And it seemed that the answer was understood. For the features that were young Fraser's own lost their sadness and grew glad; the eyes, that had been heavy with weeping, seemed to smile, while the hands pointed to the floor beneath the tables. And as the boy's face flushed with understanding and his eyes grew glad too it slowly vanished and was gone — gone as that night a week back, when I had seen it in my solitude and fear. But then it had not smiled or done anything else but search and sob.

Young Fraser set his arms on the table nearest him, and on his arms he set his face, and I saw him shake like a man with ague. I stood, trying not to watch him, and presently he looked up, his hand on a steadying chair-back, and spoke.

"It was my great-grandfather!" he said, simply, and I knew that what he said was true. "He was once postmaster here, but they dismissed him on suspicion of stealing a letter—a letter with money in it that could never be traced. It's a skeleton in the family cupboard, and that's why I've always made out that I'm the third Fraser in the office. But I'm not—I'm the fourth. And we've a miniature of my great-grandfather at home. I'm as like him as two peas, and they say I'm like him in character as well. So"—he faced me confident and sure—"so he came to me to help him, to clear him of the shame that won't let him rest. And I'm going to do it!"

Bold as the boy's assurance was, somehow I had no doubt that he would make it good.

And when I asked him how, he laughed, with the same glad eyes that were in the face of the Thing, and pointed to the floor as the Thing had pointed, and answered me :—

"The letter is there—underneath the tables ; it slipped off them and fell through a chink in the boards!"

"But there's no chink there!" I cried.

"There was then," said young Fraser, calmly. "And when the office was refitted and altered, it got filled up. But we shall find the letter underneath!"

I looked at him, amazed at his confidence.

"Why are you so sure?" I wonderingly asked.

"Because He told me," said young Fraser, smiling still. "We understood each other, He and I!"

So straightway, for all that it was Christmas Eve and work was yet to be done, we got the boards loosened and moved them, and looked for what young Fraser knew was there. Soon, groping with tongs beneath the spot where the letter had seemed to stand that night, he came on a dirty, grey thing in a crevice under the floor. He tugged a little over-forcefully, and I heard the noise that paper makes in tearing. Then he drew the dirty, grey thing up, still nipped by the delving tongs, and as it came clear of the crevice I heard the rattle of coins upon the floor. Following their sound, I found them. They were two guineas of late Georgian date. I gave them to young Fraser without saying a word.

"There were two guineas in the lost letter!" he triumphed. "That was why my great-grandfather was suspected." And he handed me the dirty grey paper to see.

There, looking at it beneath the gas, I knew it for what it was. Beneath the drab and dirt of seventy years I saw Britannia on her throne—Britannia, with circumvolent angels, and the elephant, and the flying deer, and the tall ships, and all the details of the design.

Then, standing at my side, looking over my shoulder, young Fraser said :—

"Read the address, if it is legible still."

I did as he asked.

"To
Mr. Thomas
Allen,
"24, Irongate
Street,
"Bradford."

It was the second time that I had read those words that night.

"YOUNG FRASER SAID: 'READ THE ADDRESS, IF IT IS LEGIBLE STILL.'"

The Experiences of a Conjurer.

How I Puzzled Royalty.

By HORACE GOLDIN.

From Photographs by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

I.
I roll the duck in a newspaper.

II.
To my horror it has fallen to the ground.

III.
But, taking it up, I immediately make it into two ducks.

THE DUCK TRICK.

AN incident occurred at my first professional engagement of importance which I thought would prove most disastrous to me, but which, as a matter of fact, resulted greatly to my benefit. This was when I was performing at Washington several years ago. I was very nervous; it was my first big engagement, and I was extremely anxious to please the audience. I had not then, of course, at all as big an assortment of tricks as I have now, but I had just completed one after six months' practice which I felt very sure would go well. This consisted of making ducks disappear by placing them in a newspaper and rolling the paper up into a very small ball, or tearing it to pieces, which convinced the audience that no duck was there. It was a great piece of dexterity, but it required to be done very quickly, for the slightest hitch would spoil the effect.

Well, to cut a long story short or a short story long, I bungled the trick and dropped a duck on the stage as I was about to roll up the paper. Of course, I did not know that, and the audience broke into prolonged roars of laughter. On discovering the accident I felt that my professional reputation had sustained a blow which it might not survive. Quickly a thought passed through my mind. I must act without hesitation. I raised my right hand, silenced the audience, and when the laughter had subsided remarked as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I always drop one duck to show you the ducks are real and alive. The trick is to make two ducks out of this one bird. Watch me. By taking this duck

in my left hand, placing the right hand on the wing, I give a quick pull, and here we have the two."

More laughter followed and tremendous cheering, and I felt that I had escaped successfully from one of the most critical moments I had ever experienced.

I was called into the manager's office directly I went off the stage. "Now," I said to myself, "I am going to 'get it' for dropping that duck"; but, on the contrary, I was received by the manager in the most cordial and friendly manner.

"I heard the audience laughing," he said, "and that is what I like to hear. Now, look here, I'll book you for another month if you like." I shook my head. "Not at my present salary," I remarked, thinking I might as well make the most of the situation. I got an extra twenty-five dollars a week on the spot.

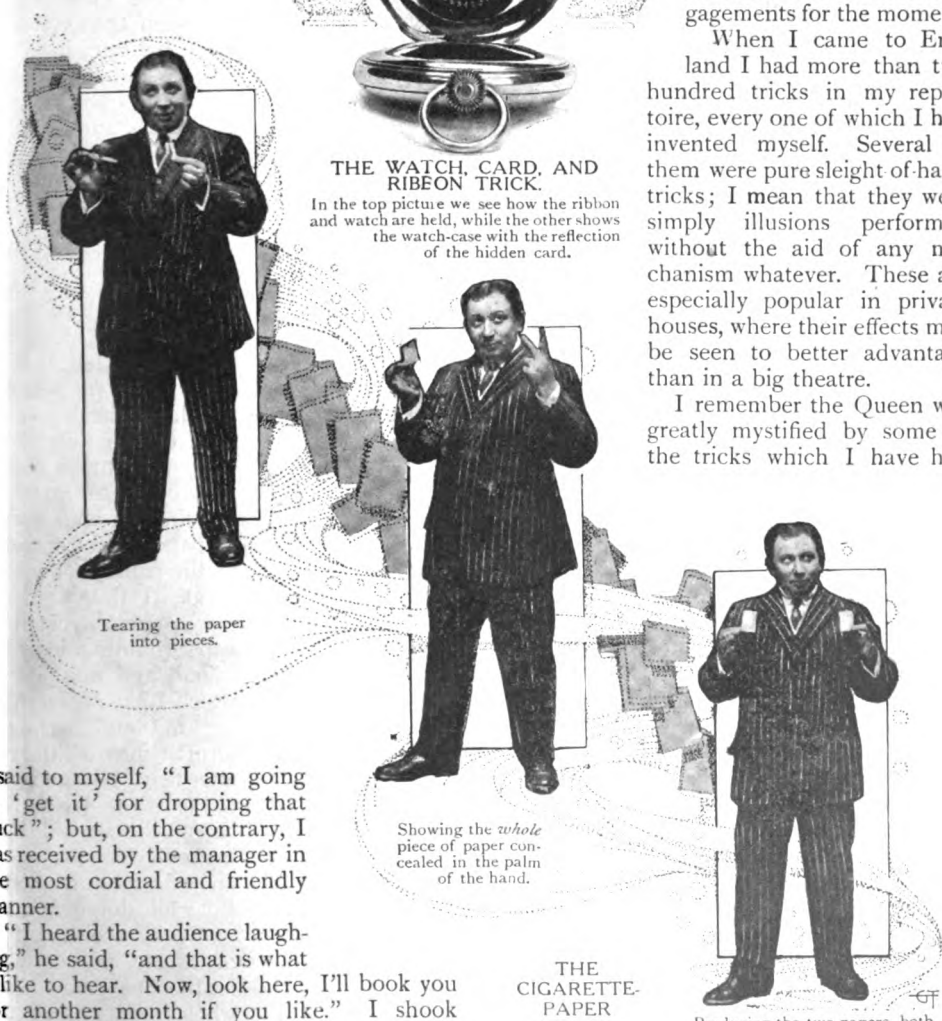
When I left Washington I could have booked enough engagements to keep me going for several years, but I had a lot of tricks in view which I wanted time to develop and practise, and therefore refused all engagements for the moment.

When I came to England I had more than two hundred tricks in my repertoire, every one of which I had invented myself. Several of them were pure sleight-of-hand tricks; I mean that they were simply illusions performed without the aid of any mechanism whatever. These are especially popular in private houses, where their effects may be seen to better advantage than in a big theatre.

I remember the Queen was greatly mystified by some of the tricks which I have had

THE WATCH, CARD, AND RIBBON TRICK.

In the top picture we see how the ribbon and watch are held, while the other shows the watch-case with the reflection of the hidden card.



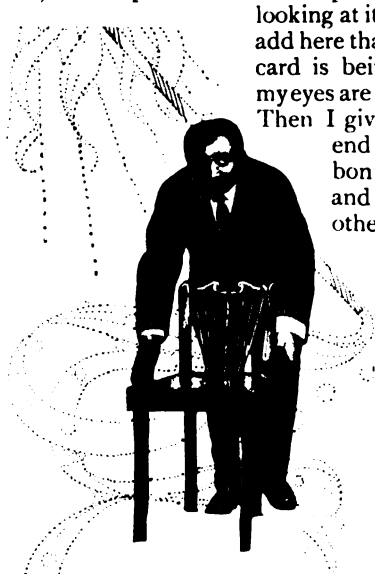
Tearing the paper into pieces.

Showing the *whole* piece of paper concealed in the palm of the hand.

THE CIGARETTE-PAPER TRICK.

Producing the two papers, both being whole.

the honour of performing before Her Majesty on various occasions. When I was giving a performance at which both the King and Queen were present, much interest was aroused by a trick which is one of the most difficult feats in my repertoire. It is performed with a piece of ribbon, a pack of cards, and a double-cased gold watch. Here is the trick. I ask one of the audience to select a card from the pack (which is a new one) and to put the card in his pocket without looking at it. I should add here that while the card is being chosen my eyes are bandaged. Then I give him one end of the ribbon to hold, and hand the other to somebody in the audience, whom I also ask to hold the gold watch. I ask the person in whose pocket is the unknown card to concentrate all his attention on the card, and then I turn to the person holding the other end of the ribbon and ask him to open and look at the polished case of the gold watch, in which he at first sees a reflection of his own image; but this gradually fades away, and he sees instead the reflection of a playing-card. I then ask the person who has the card in his pocket to produce it, when it is seen to be the same as the one reflected in the case of the gold watch.



I lift the chair gently from the floor—

THE COLLAPSIBLE CHAIR.

And it immediately becomes a travelling-bag.

When I performed this trick at Marlborough House the Queen held one end of the ribbon and the gold watch, whilst the Prince of Wales held the other end of the ribbon and selected the card, which on that occasion was the three of clubs. The Prince of Wales was immensely pleased and, I think, very puzzled at this trick, which he was good enough to say was one of the cleverest things he had ever seen. He subsequently presented me with a splendid diamond scarf-pin.

Her Majesty was also immensely puzzled by the trick in which I tear up a piece of cigarette-paper, roll the pieces into a ball, and hand them to a member of the audience to unroll, who discovers it to be a whole cigarette-paper, undamaged in any way. I did this trick, I think, half-a-dozen times for the Queen, who stood quite close to me while I was doing it. Such tricks are the purest sleight of hand; by certain movements the eye is deceived, but these movements are of such a delicate character and have to be gone through with such rapidity that it is only possible to do them after long and careful practice. It took me, for example, a considerable time and much hard practice to do this cigarette-paper trick.

But the most interesting part of the trick to me is that, after telling my audience how to perform it, they are always more mystified than at first. The photographs on the preceding page and explanation, however, will make things quite clear. I form a little ball from a whole piece of paper and conceal it in the palm of my right hand. I then tear into pieces another cigarette-paper (holding it by the thumb and first finger), which I have been showing my audience, and form it into a little ball after tearing it, and with the fourth finger try and change the two little balls by replacing the whole one with the torn pieces. But while doing so, apparently by accident, but, of course, purposely, I let the one palmed (the whole one) fall to the floor. Seeing the pre-

dicament I am in, there is always someone good enough to offer to pick up the one dropped; but I say, "No, no, thank you, it does not matter," and to the astonishment of the audience I perform the trick successfully by opening up the supposed torn pieces held in thumb and finger, when it is found to be whole. Someone then insists upon picking up the paper that fell, and finds that both of the pieces are whole and of the original size.

In another of the tricks I performed the Queen drew a card from the pack, which proved to be the jack of clubs. An ordinary carpet tack was now placed in the pack in a different part from where the selected card had been placed. I then threw the entire pack at a board held by an attendant. The jack of clubs was found nailed to the board with the tack through the centre, while the remainder of the pack fell to the floor. I recollect His Majesty remarking, "Extraordinary!"

I think one of the most amusing experiences I ever had in my life was on an occasion when I was performing a trick at the Palace Theatre in London, which consisted apparently of tearing a live duck into three parts, putting them into a basin, and turning them in a moment into three live ducks. Of course, I never thought for a moment that anyone would really believe that I actually did tear up a live duck, but to my surprise an officer representing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals called on me one evening, and informed me that his society intended to prosecute me unless I instantly stopped what he called my brutal and cruel performance of tearing a live duck to pieces.

MAKING ONE CHAIR INTO TWO.

"My dear sir," I replied, "I certainly shall not stop performing that trick until my audiences are tired of it—but don't you understand that it is a trick, or an illusion, and that I do not do anything so horribly cruel as to tear up a live duck, though I may appear to do so?" I offered to show the officer how the trick was done if he liked, but he took my word and went away, satisfied that my trick was not performed at the expense of a duck's feelings.

Many of my tricks have taken a very long time to perfect, and the work and expense involved in their preparation are often very considerable.

To take one example, I have in my repertoire a trick which consists of throwing a cover of a light flimsy material over a table, and in an instant the table, a solid piece of heavy furniture, crumbles up and disappears.

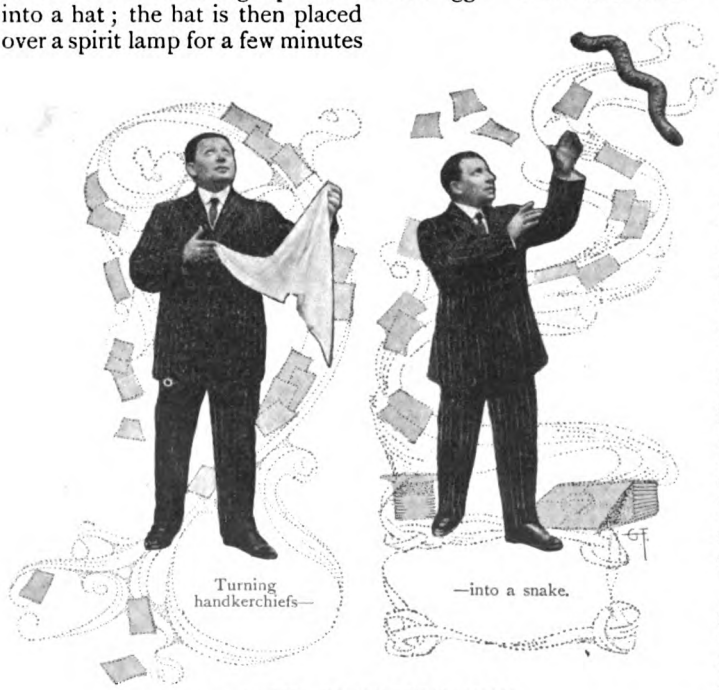
The table is made in something like eighty different pieces. I had each piece made by a different model-maker, to avoid the slightest chance of anyone discovering its mechanism. It took me a year to design it, and, one way and another, cost me over four hundred pounds before it was finished.

When I was performing at a country house a little while ago a gentleman offered to buy the table from me for five hundred pounds, but I declined the offer, as the trick is worth to me a good deal more than the sum named, especially as I introduce it in many different ways into my performances.

Two of my tricks with chairs, which are

illustrated in this article, have always been very popular. One of them consists in lifting a chair from the stage and immediately producing a similar chair from it. In the other, a particularly solid-looking chair is grasped and instantly converted into a travelling-bag. Those who have been mystified by these tricks may now be able to discover for themselves, from the illustrations given, how they are done.

I have many simple tricks in my repertoire which I have often shown people how to do, but, simple as they are, they, of course, require a good deal of practice. For example, here is a trick which used to puzzle people a great deal, and yet it is quite a simple one. It consists of breaking up half-a-dozen eggs into a hat; the hat is then placed over a spirit lamp for a few minutes



A RAPID TRANSFORMATION.

and turned upside down over a plate, when an omelette drops out. Now, the secret of the trick consists in the fact that the hat contains a cooked omelette; the eggs are all "dummies"—that is, they have been sucked dry with the exception of one, which the performer manages to break over the table. This is done for effect and to strengthen the illusion. I have done this trick with people standing quite close to my elbow, and yet they could not understand how it was done until I showed them.

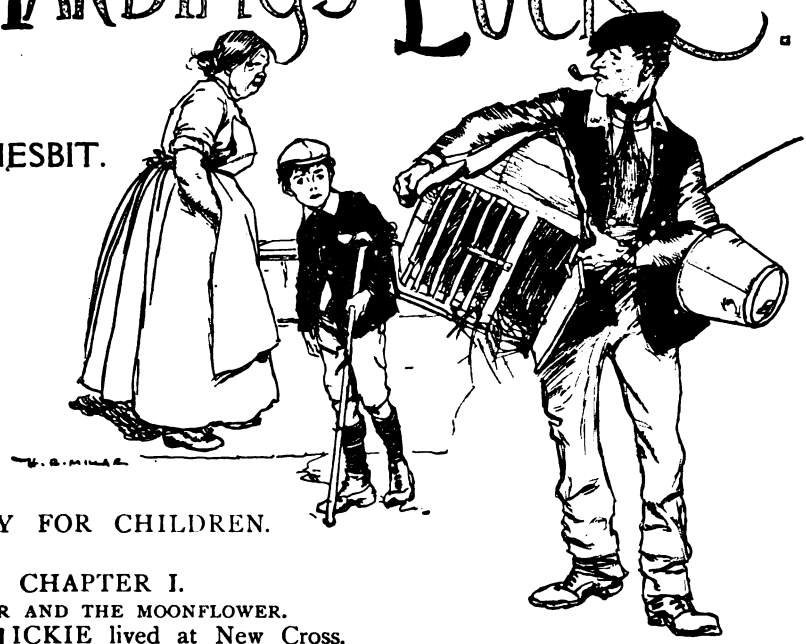
One of my prettiest and most effective tricks, and yet one not difficult to perform, is the following. I show two or three handkerchiefs, throw them in the air about five feet, and before they return to me again they have become transformed into a snake about five or six feet long. The way in which I happened to invent this trick is very curious. While in the United States I visited my friends Mr. and Mrs. Martinka. At the time, in their Magical Palace, I noticed various articles, among which were imitation snakes, and the position in which the snakes lay amongst some handkerchiefs suggested the trick to me. I immediately requested Mrs. Martinka to use needle and thread and to follow my instructions, which she did, and the trick was performed for the first time there and then. Perhaps these two photographs will enable my readers to see how it is done.

I had rather a funny experience when performing at a private house some time ago. I was working on a little stage at one end of the room, and during the performance someone handed me a tiny box and asked me if I could do a trick with it. There were several I could have done, and as I was considering which would be the most effective the lights in the room went out suddenly, and I thought I would have a little joke with the audience.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," I exclaimed, "you saw the little box which has just been given to me—it is a small one, but I am going to take a live elephant out of it." As I spoke there was a heavy, dull thud on the stage (caused by two of my assistants jumping on it), and then followed a shuffling noise like the moving of heavy feet. "Ah!" I exclaimed, as the room was suddenly lighted up again, "you heard the elephant, ladies and gentlemen; I am sorry you could not see him." Most of the audience understood I was joking, but one of them, a lady, told me afterwards that she considered it was the most wonderful of all my tricks, and asked me quite seriously if I could let her see the elephant!

HARDINGS' LUCK

By E. NESBIT.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

TINKLER AND THE MOONFLOWER.

DICKIE lived at New Cross. At least, the address was New Cross; but really the house where he lived was one of a row of horrid little houses built on the slope where once green fields ran down to the river.

But there were no green things growing in the garden at the back of the house where Dickie lived with his aunt. There were stones and bones and bits of brick, dirty old dish-cloths matted together with grease and mud, worn-out broom-heads and broken shovels, a bottomless pail, and the mouldy remains of a hutch where once rabbits had lived.

And when his aunt sold the poor remains of the hutch to a man with a barrow, Dickie was almost as unhappy as though the hutch had really held a furry friend.

It is really with the going of that rabbit-hutch that this story begins. Because it was then that Dickie, having called his aunt a "beast," and hit at her with his little dirty fist, was well slapped and put out into the bereaved yard to "come to himself," as his aunt said. He threw himself down on the ground and cried, and wriggled with misery and pain, and wished—ah! many things.

"Wot's the blooming row now?" the man next door suddenly asked.

"They've took away the 'utch," said Dickie.

"Leaves more room," said the man next door, leaning on his spade. "Say, matey, just you chuck it. Chuck it, I say. How in thunder can I get on with my digging with you 'owlin' yer 'ead off? You get up and peg along in an' arst yer aunt if she be agreeable for me to do up her garden a bit. I could do it odd times. You'd like that?"

"Not 'arf," said Dickie, who got up and went in.

"Come to yourself, eh?" sneered the aunt.

Dickie said what it was necessary to say, and got back to the "garden."

"She says *she* ain't got no time to waste, and if you 'ave she don't care what you does with it."

"There's a dirty mug you've got on you," said the man next door—leaning over to give Dickie's face a rub with a handkerchief hardly cleaner. "Now I'll come over and make a start." He threw his leg over the fence. "You just peg about and be busy pickin' up all them fancy articles, and nex' time yer aunt goes to Buckin'ham Palace for the day we'll have a bonfire."

"Fifth o' November?" said Dickie.

"Fifth o' anything you like, so long as *she*

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ain't about," said he, driving in the spade. "'Ard as any old doorstep, it is. Never mind, we'll turn it over, and we'll get some little seedses and some little plantses, and we sha'n't know oursel's."

"I got a 'a'penny," said Dickie.

"Well, I'll put one to it, and you peg 'long and buy seedses. That's wot you do."

Dickie went. He went slowly, because he was lame. With his little crutch, made out of a worn-out broom cut down to his little height, he could manage quite well.

He found the corn-chandler's—a really charming shop, that smelt like stables and had deep, dusty bins, where he would have liked to play.

"Gimme," said Dickie, leaning against the counter and pointing a grimy thumb at Perrokeet's Artistic Bird Seed—"gimme a penn'orth o' that there!"

"Got the penny?" the shopman asked.

Dickie displayed it, parted with it, and came home nursing a paper bag full of rustling promises.

"Why," said the man next door, "that ain't seeds. It's parrot food, that is."

"It said Ar-something bird-seed," said Dickie, downcast. "I thought it 'ud come into flowers like birds—same colours as wot the poll parrot was, don't-cherknow?"

"And so it will, like as not," said the man next door, comfortably. "I'll set it along this end soon's I've got it turned over. I lay it'll come up something pretty."

So the seed was sown. And the man next door promised two more pennies, later, for *real* seed. Also he transplanted two primroses whose faces wanted washing.

It was a grand day for Dickie. He told the whole story of it that night, when he went to bed, to his only confidant, from whom he hid nothing. The confidant was a blackened stick, about five inches long, with little blackened bells to it, like the bells on dogs' collars. Dickie had no idea what it was. His father had given it to him in the hospital where Dickie was taken to say good-bye to him. Good-bye had to be said because of father having fallen off the scaffolding where he was at work, and not getting better. "You stick to that," father had said, looking dreadfully clean in the strange bed among all those other clean beds. "It's yourn—your very own. My dad give it to me, and it belonged to his dad. Don't you let anyone take it away. Some old lady told the old man it 'ud bring us luck. So long, old chap."

Dickie remembered every word of that speech, and he kept the treasure. There had been another thing with it, tied on with string. But Aunt Maud had found that, and taken it away, "to take care of," and he had never seen it again. It was brassy, with a white stone and some sort of pattern on it. It was a baby's rattle.

"'GIMME,' SAID DICKIE—'GIMME A PENN'ORTH O' THAT THERE.'"

"And we shall 'ave the fairest flowers of hill and dale," said Dickie, whispering comfortably in his dirty sheets, "and green sward. Oh, Tinkler, dear, 'twill indeed be a fair scene. The gayest colours of the rainbow amid the Agree Able green of fresh leaves. I do love the man next door! He has, indeed, a 'art of gold."

That was how Dickie talked to his friend Tinkler. You know how he talked to his aunt and the man next door.

Dickie, however, had learned his second language from books. The teacher at his school had given him six—

"The Children of the New Forest," "Quentin Durward," "Hereward the Wake," and three others, all paper-backed. They made a new world for Dickie; and since the people in books talked in this nice, if odd, way—he saw no reason why he should not—to a friend whom he could trust.

Dickie woke, gay as the spring sun that was trying to look in at him through his grimy windows.

He got up in the dirty, comfortless room and dressed himself. But in the evening he was undressed by kind, clean hands, and washed in a big bath half full of hot silvery water, with soap that smelt like the timber-yard at the end of the street. Because, going along the street, with his silly little head full of Artistic bird-seed and flowers rainbow-coloured, he had let his crutch slip on a banana-skin, and had tumbled down, and a butcher's cart had gone over his poor lame foot. So they took the hurt foot to the hospital, and of course he had to go with it.

He noticed that the nurses and the doctors spoke in the kind of words that he had found in his books, and in a voice that he had not found anywhere, so when on the second day a round-faced, smiling lady in a white cap said, "Well, Tommy, and how are we to-day?" he replied:—

"My name is far from being Tommy, and I am in Lux Ury and Af Fluence. I thank you, gracious lady."

At which the lady laughed and pinched his cheek.

When she grew to know him better, and found out where he had learned to talk like that, she produced more books, and from them he learned more new words. They were very nice to him at the hospital, but when they sent him home they put his lame foot into a thick boot with a horrid clumpy sole and iron things that went up his leg. And on that first night of his return he found that he had been robbed. They had taken his Tinkler from the safe corner in his bed where the ticking was broken, and there was a soft flock nest for a boy's best friend. He knew better than to ask what had become of it. Instead, he searched and searched the house in all its five rooms. But he never found Tinkler.

"'IT IS A MOONFLOWER, OF COURSE,' HE SAID."

Instead, he found next day, when his aunt had gone out shopping, a little square of cardboard at the back of the dresser drawer, among the dirty dusters and clothes-pegs and string and corks and novelettes.

It was a pawn-ticket—"Rattle. One shilling."

There was a tangle of green growth at the end of the garden—and the next garden was full of weeds, for the man next door had gone off to look for work.

A few poor little pink and yellow flowers showed stunted among the green where he had sowed the Artistic bird-seed. And, hovering high above everything else and three times as high as Dickie himself, there was a flower—a great flower, like a sunflower, only white. "Why," said Dickie, "it's as big as a dinner-plate."

It stood up, beautiful and stately, and turned its cream-white face towards the sun.

"The stalk's like a little tree," said Dickie.

It had great, drooping leaves, and a dozen smaller white flowers stood out below it on long stalks, thinner than that needed to support the moonflower itself.

"It *is* a moonflower, of course," he said; "if the other kind's sunflowers. I love it. I love it. I love it."

He did not allow himself much time for loving it, however, for he had business in hand. He had, somehow or other, to get a shilling. Because without a shilling he could

not exchange that square of cardboard with "Rattle" on it for his one friend, Tinkler. And with the shilling he could.

He looked round the yard—dirtier and nastier than ever now, in the parts that the man next door had not had time to dig. There was certainly nothing there that anyone would want to buy—especially now the rabbit-hutch was gone. Except . . . why, of course—the moonflowers!

He got the old, worn-down knife out of the bowl on the back kitchen sink, where it nestled among potato-peelings like a blossom among foliage, and carefully cut half-a-dozen of the smaller flowers. Then he limped up to New Cross Station, and stood outside, leaning on his crutch, and holding out the flowers to the people who came crowding out of the station after the arrival of each train. Everybody glanced at them, for they were wonderful flowers, as white as water-lilies, only flat, the real sunflower shape, and their centres were of the purest yellow-gold colour.

It was no good. Dickie was tired, and the flowers were beginning to droop. He turned to go home, when a sudden thought brought the blood to his face. He turned again quickly, and went straight to the pawnbroker's. You may be quite sure he had learned the address on the card by heart.

He went boldly into the shop, which had three handsome gold balls hanging out above its door, and in its window all sorts of pretty things—rings and chains, and brooches and watches, and china and silk handkerchiefs, and concertinas.

"Well, young man," said the stout gentleman behind the counter, "what can we do for you?"

"I want to pawn my moonflowers," said Dickie.

The stout gentleman roared with laughter, and slapped a stout leg with a stout hand.

"Well, that's a good 'un!" he said; "as good a one as ever I heard. Why, you little duffer, they'd be dead long before you came back to redeem them, that's certain."

"You'd have them while they were alive, you know," said Dickie, gently.

"What are they? Don't seem up to much, though I don't know that I ever saw a flower just like them, come to think of it," said the pawnbroker, who lived in a neat villa at Brockley, and went in for gardening in a gentlemanly sort of way.

"They're moonflowers," said Dickie; "and I want to pawn them and then get something else out with the money."

"Got the ticket?" said the gentleman, cleverly seeing that he meant "get out of pawn."

"Yes," said Dickie; "and it's my own Tinkler that my daddy gave me before he died, and my aunt Missa Propagated it when I was in hospital."

The man looked carefully at the card.

"All right," he said, at last; "hand over the flowers. They are not so bad," he added, more willing to praise them now that they were his. (Things do look different when they are your own, don't they?) "Here, Humphreys, put these in a jug of water till I go home. And get this out."

A pale young man in spectacles appeared from a sort of dark cave at the back of the shop, took flowers and ticket, and was swallowed up again in the darkness of the cave.

"Oh, thank you," said Dickie, fervently.

"HERE, HUMPHREYS, PUT THESE IN A JUG OF WATER TILL I GO HOME."

"I shall live but to repay your Bount Eous generosity."

"None of your cheek," said the pawnbroker, reddening, and there was an awkward pause.

"It's not cheek. I mean it," said Dickie, at last, speaking very earnestly. "You'll see, some of these days. I read an interesting Nar Rative about a lion, the king of beasts, and a mouse, that small and Ty Morous animal, which, if you have not heard it, I will now Pur Seed to relite."

"You're a rum little kid, I don't think," said the stout gentleman. "Where do you learn such talk?"

"It's the wye they talks in books," said Dickie, suddenly returning to the language of his aunt. "You bein' a toff, I thought you'd unnerstand. My mistike. No 'fence."

"Mean to say you can talk like a book when you like, and cut it off short like that?"

"I can Con-vers like lords and lydies," said Dickie, in the accents of the gutter, "and your noble benefacteriness made me seek to express my feelinks with the best words at me Com Mand."

"Fond of books?"

"I believe you," said Dickie, and there were no more awkward pauses.

When the pale young man came back with something wrapped in a bit of clean rag, he said a whispered word or two to the pawnbroker, who unrolled the rag and looked closely at the rattle.

"So it is," he said, "and it's a beauty too, let alone anything else."

"Isn't he?" said Dickie, touched by this praise of his treasured Tinkler.

"I have something else here that's got the same crest as your rattle. Here, Humphreys," he added, "give it a rub up, and bring that seal here."

The pale young man did something to Tinkler with some pinky powder, a brush, and a wash-leather, while his master fitted together the two halves of a broken white cornelian.

"It came out of a seal," he said, "and I don't mind making you a present of it."

"Oh," said Dickie, "you are a real right 'un"—and he rested his crutch against the counter expressly to clasp his hands in ecstasy, as boys in books did.

"My young man shall stick it together with cement," the pawnbroker went on, "and put it in a little box. Don't you take it out till to-morrow, and it'll be stuck fast. Only don't go trying to seal with it, or the sealing-wax will melt the cement. It'll bring you luck, I shouldn't wonder."

(It did; and such luck as the kind pawnbroker never dreamed of. But that comes farther on in the story.)

Dickie left the shop without his moonflowers, indeed, but with his Tinkler now whitely shining and declared to be "real silver, and mind you take care of it, my lad," his white cornelian seal carefully packed in a strong little cardboard box with metal corners. Also a broken-backed copy of "Ingoldsby Legends," and one of Mrs. Markham's English History, which had no back at all. "You must go on trying to improve your mind," said the pawnbroker, fussily. He was very pleased with himself for having been so kind. "And come back and see me—say next month."

"I will," said Dickie. "A thousand blessings from a grateful heart. I will come back. I say, you are good! Thank you—thank you. I will come back next month."

But next month found Dickie in a very different place from the pawnbroker's shop, and with a very different person from the pawnbroker, who, in his rural retirement at Brockley, gardened in such a gentlemanly way.

Dickie went home—his aunt was still out. His books told him that treasure is best hidden under loose boards, unless, of course, your house has a secure panel, which his had not. There was a loose board in his room, where the man "saw to" the gas. He got it up, and pushed his treasures as far in as he could—along the rough crumbly surface of the lath and plaster.

Not a moment too soon. For before the board was coaxed quite back into its place the voice of the aunt screamed up.

"Come along down, can't you? I can hear you pounding about up there. Come along down and fetch me a ha'porth o' wood. I can't get the kettle to boil without a fire, can I?"

When Dickie came down his aunt slightly slapped him, and he took the halfpenny and limped off obediently. It was a very long time indeed before he came back.

Because before he got to the shop with no window to it, but only shutters that were put up at night, where the wood and coal were sold, he saw a Punch and Judy show. He had never seen one before, and it interested him extremely. He longed to see it unpack itself and display its wonders, and he followed it through more streets than he knew, and when he found that it was not going to unpack at all, but was just going home to its

bed in an old coach-house, he remembered the firewood; and the halfpenny, clutched tight and close in his hand, seemed to reproach him warmly.

He looked about him, and knew that he did not at all know where he was. There was a tall, thin, ragged man lounging against a stable-door in the yard where the Punch and Judy show lived. He took his clay pipe out of his mouth to say:—

"What's up, matey? Lost your way?"

Dickie explained.

"It's Lavender Terrace where I live," he ended; "Lavender Terrace, Rosemary Street, Deptford."

"I'm going that way myself," said the man, getting away from the door. "Us'll go back by the boat if yer like. Ever been on the boat?"

"No," said Dickie.

"Like to?"

"Don't mind if I do," said Dickie.

It was very pleasant with the steamboat going along in such a hurry, pushing the water out of the way, and puffing and blowing, and something beating inside it like a giant's heart. The wind blew freshly, and the ragged man found a sheltered corner behind the funnel. It was so sheltered, and the wind had been so strong, that Dickie felt sleepy. When he said, "'Ave I bin asleep?" the steamer was stopping at a pier at a strange place with trees.

"Here we are!" said the man. "'Ave you been asleep? Not 'arf! Stir yourself, my man; we get off 'ere."

"Is this Deptford?" Dickie asked; and the people, shoving and crushing to get off the steamer, laughed when he said it.

"Not azackly," said the man; "but it's all right. This 'ere's where we get off. You ain't 'ad yer tea yet, my boy."

It was the most glorious tea Dickie had ever imagined. Fried eggs and bacon—he had one egg and the man had three; bread and butter—and if the bread was thick so was the butter; and as many cups of tea as you liked to say "Thank you" for. When it was over the man asked Dickie if he could walk a little way, and when Dickie said he could they set out in the most friendly way side by side.

"I like it very much, and thank you kindly," said Dickie, presently, "and the tea and all, and the egg. And this is the prettiest place ever I see. But I ought to be gettin' 'ome. I shall catch it a fair treat as it is. She was waitin' for the wood to boil the kettle when I come out."

"Mother?"

"Aunt. Not me real aunt. Only I calls her that."

"She any good?"

"Ain't bad when she's in a good temper."

"That ain't what she'll be in when you gets back. Seems to me you've gone and done it, mate. Why, it's hours and hours since you and me got acquainted. Look, the sun's just going."

It was, over trees more beautiful than anything Dickie had ever seen, even in Greenwich Park, for they were now in a country road, with green hedges and grass growing beside it, in which little, round-faced flowers grew. Daisies they were, even Dickie knew that.

"I got to stick it," said Dickie, sadly. "I'd best be getting home."

"I wouldn't go 'ome not if I was you," said the man. "I'd go out and see the world a bit, I would."

"What—me?" said Dickie.

"Why not? Come, I'll make you a fair offer. You come alonger me an' see life! I'm a-goin' to tramp as far as Brighton and back, all alongside the sea. Ever seed the sea?"

"No," said Dickie, "oh, no—no, I never."

"Well, you come alonger me. I ain't 'it yer, 'ave I, like what yer aunt do? I give you a ride in a pleasure boat, only you went to sleep, and I give you a tea fit for a hemperor, ain't I?"

"You 'ave that," said Dickie.

"Well, that'll show you the sort of man I am. So now I make you a fair offer. You come longer me, and be my little 'un, and I'll be your daddy, an' a better dad, I lay, nor if I'd been born so. What do you say, matey?"

The man's manner was so kind and hearty; the whole adventure was so wonderful and new. "Is it country where you're going to?" said Dickie, looking at the green hedge.

"All the way, pretty near," said the man. "We'll tramp it, taking it easy, all round the coast, where gents go for their outings. They've always got a bit to spare then. I lay you'll get some colour in them cheeks o' yours. They're like putty now. Come, now, what you say? Is it a bargain?"

"It's very kind of you," said Dickie, "but what call you got ter do it? It'll cost a lot—my victuals, I mean. What call you got to do it?"

The man scratched his head, and hesitated. Then he looked up at the sky, and then down at the road—they were resting on a heap of stones.

At last he said, "You're a sharp lad, you are—bloomin' sharp. Well, I won't deceive

you, matey. I want company. Tramping alone ain't no beano to me. An' as I gets my living by the sweat of charitable ladies an' gents, it don't do no harm to 'ave a little nipper alongside. They comes down 'andsomer if there's a nipper. An' I like nippers. Some blokes don't, but I do."

Dickie felt that this was true. But "We'll be beggars, you mean?" he said, doubtfully.

"Oh, don't call names," said the man. "We'll take the road, an' if kind people gives us a helping hand, well, so much the better for all parties, if wot they learnt me at Sunday school's any good. Well, there it is. Take it or leave it."

The sun shot long golden beams through the gaps in the hedge. A bird paused in its flight on a branch quite close, and clung there swaying—a real live bird. Dickie thought of the kitchen at home—the lamp that smoked, the dirty table, the fender full of ashes and greasy paper, the dry bread that tasted of mice, and the water out of the broken earthenware cup. That would be his breakfast, when he had gone to bed crying after his aunt had slapped him.

"I'll come," said he, "and thank you kindly."

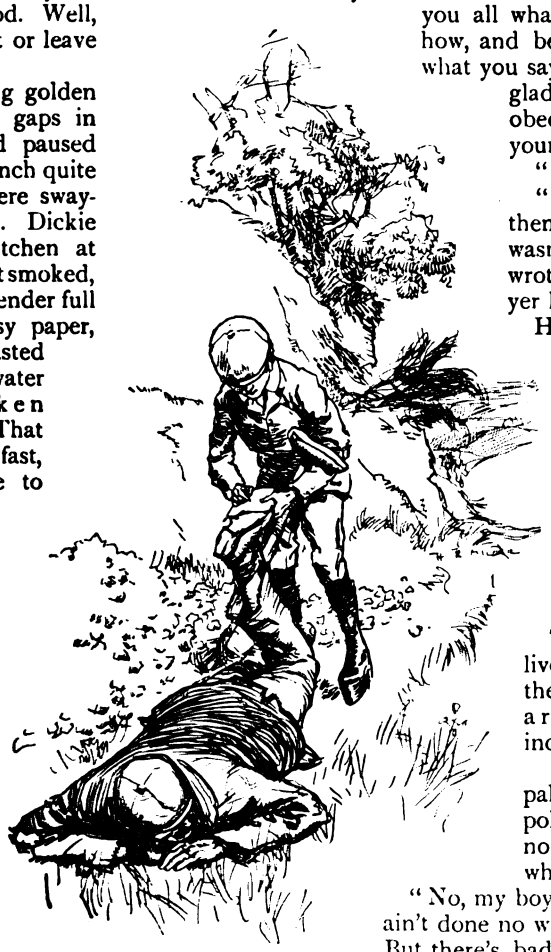
"Mind you," said the man, carefully, "this ain't no kidnapping. I ain't 'ticed you away. You come on your own free wish, eh?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can you write?"

"Yes," said Dickie, "if I got a pen."

"I got a pencil; hold on a bit." He took out of his pocket a new envelope, a new sheet of paper, and a new pencil, ready sharpened by machinery. It almost looked, Dickie thought, as though he had brought them out for some special purpose. Perhaps he had.



"HE LAY FACE DOWNWARD ON THE ROAD AND TURNED UP HIS BOOT."

"Now," said the man, "you take an' write. Make it flat agin the sole of me boot." He lay face downward on the road and turned up his boot, as though boots were the most natural writing-desks in the world.

"Now write what I say: 'Mr. Beale. Dear Sir,—Will you please take me on tramp with you? I 'ave no father nor yet mother to be uneasy' (Can you spell uneasy? That's right. You *are* a scholar!), 'an' I asks you to let me come alonger you.' (Got that? All right, I'll stop a bit till you catch up. Then you say) 'If you take me along I promise to give you all what I earns or gets anyhow, and be a good boy, and do what you say. An' I shall be very glad if you will. —Your obedient servant'—what's your name, eh?"

"Dickie Harding."

"Get it wrote down, then. Done? I'm glad I wasn't born a table to be wrote on. Don't it make yer legs stiff, neither!"

He rolled over, took the paper and read it slowly and difficultly, then he folded it and put it in his pocket.

"Now we're square," he said; "that'll stand true and legal in any police-court in England, that will. An' don't you forget it."

To the people who live in Lavender Terrace the words "police-court" are very alarming indeed.

Dickie turned a little paler, and said, "Why police? I ain't done nothing wrong writin' what you telled me?"

"No, my boy," said the man, "you ain't done no wrong. You done right. But there's bad people in the world, police and such, as might lay it up to me as I took you away against your will. They could put a man away for less than that."

"But it ain't agin my will," said Dickie. "I want to."

"That's what *I* say," said the man, cheerfully, "so now we're agreed upon it. If you'll step it we'll see about a doss for

to-night, and to-morrow we'll sleep in the bed with the green curtains."

"I see that there in a book," said Dickie, charmed. "He Reward the Wake, the last of the English, and I wunnered what it stood for."

"It stands for laying out," said the man (and so it does, though that's not at all what the author of "Hereward" meant it to mean); "laying out under a 'edge or a 'ay-stack, or such, and lookin' up at the stars till you goes by-by. An' jolly good business too, this weather. An' then you 'oofs it a bit, and resties a bit, and someone gives you something to 'elp you along the road, and in the evening you 'as a glass of ale at the Publy Kows, and finds another set o' green bed curtains. And on Saturday you gets in a extra lot of grog, and on Sunday you stays where you be and washes of your shirt."

"Do you have adventures?" asked Dickie, recognising in this description a rough sketch of the life of a modern knight-errant.

"Ventures? I believe you," said the man. "Why, only last month a brute of a dog bit me on the leg at a back door down Sutton way. And once I see a elephant."

"Wild?" asked Dickie, thrilling.

"Not azackly wild—with a circus 'e was. But big! Wild ones ain't 'arf the size, I lay. And you meets soldiers and parties in red coats ridin' on horses with spotty dawgs—and motors as run you down and take your 'ead off afore you know you're dead if you don't look alive. Ventures? I should think so."

"Ah!" said Dickie, and a full silence fell between them.

"Tired?" said Mr. Beale, presently

"Just a tiddy bit, perhaps," said Dickie, bravely, "but I can stick it."

"We'll get summat with wheels for you to-morrow," said the man, "if it's only a sugar-box; an' I can tie that leg o' yours up to make it look like as if it was cut off."

"It's this 'ere nasty boot as makes me tired," said Dickie.

"Hoff with it," said the man, obligingly. "Down you sets on them stones and hoff with it. T'other too, if you like. You can keep to the grass."

The dewy grass felt pleasantly cool and clean to Dickie's tired little foot, and when they crossed the road where a water-cart had dripped it was delicious to feel the cool mud squeeze up between your toes. That was charming—but it was pleasant, too, to wash the mud off on the wet grass. Dickie always remembered that moment. It was the first time in his life that he really enjoyed being clean. In the hospital you were almost too clean, and you didn't do it yourself. That made all the difference. Yet it was the memory of the hospital that made him say, "I wish I could 'ave a bath."

"So you shall," said Mr. Beale, "a reg'lar wash all over—this very night. I always like a wash meself. Some blokes think it pays to be dirty; but it don't. If you're clean they say 'Honest poverty,' an' if you're dirty they say 'Serve you right.' We'll get a pail or something this very night."

"You *are* good," said Dickie. "I do like you."

Mr. Beale looked at him through the deepening twilight—rather queerly, Dickie thought. Also he sighed heavily.

"Oh, well, all's well as has no turning; and things don't always . . . What I mean to say—you be a good boy and I'll do the right thing by you."

"I know you will," said Dickie, with enthusiasm. "*I* know 'ow good you are!"

"Bless me!" said Mr. Beale, uncomfortably. "Well—there! Step out, sonny, or we'll never get there this side Christmas."

Now you see that Mr. Beale may be a cruel, wicked man, who only wants to get hold of Dickie so as to make money out of him, and he may be going to be very unkind indeed to Dickie when once he gets him away into the country and is all alone with him. His having that paper and envelope and pencil all ready looks odd, doesn't it? Or he may be a really benevolent person. Well, you'll know all about it presently.

"And here we are," said Mr. Beale, stopping in a side street at an open door, from which yellow light streamed welcomingly. "Now mind you don't conterdict anything wot I say to people. And don't you forget you're my nipper, and you got to call me 'daddy.'"

"I'll call you 'father,'" said Dickie. "I got a daddy of my own, you know."

"Why," said Mr. Beale, stopping suddenly, "you said he was dead."

"So he is," said Dickie, "but 'e's my daddy all the same."

"Oh—come on," said Mr. Beale, impatiently. And they went in.

(To be continued.)

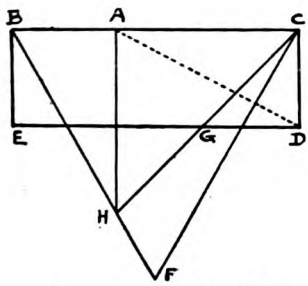
THE WORLD'S BEST PUZZLES—SOLUTIONS.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY,

Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles: and Other Curious Problems," etc.

IN the article that appeared in this magazine last month, the first puzzle that readers were invited to solve was admittedly of a very elementary character. The interest in the puzzle of Ahmes, the Egyptian priest of 1700 B.C., lies wholly in its great antiquity. The answer to it is obviously 16⅝.

The very simple solution to "Papa's Puzzle" is this:—



How to solve "Papa's Puzzle."

Fix your card on a piece of paper and draw the equilateral triangle B C F, B F and C F being equal to B C. Also mark off the point G, so that D G shall equal D C. Draw the line C G and continue it until it cuts the line B F at H. If we now make H A parallel to B E, then A is the point from which our cut must be made to the corner D, as indicated by the dotted line. Now the position of the point A is quite independent of the length of the side C D. This is the curious fact to which I alluded last month. It will be found that the two cards in the illustration were of the same length, so all that the child had to do in such a case was to mark off the point A at precisely the same distance from the top left-hand corner on the second card. It was thus quite an infantile problem.

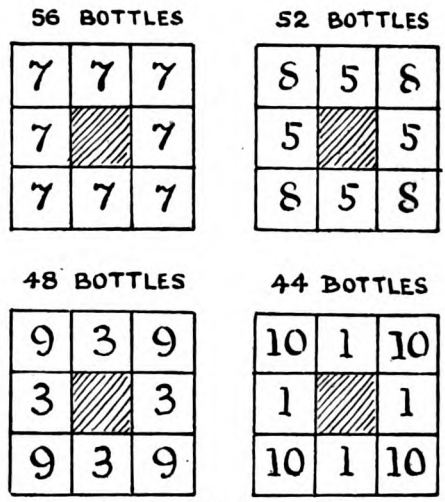
The six solutions to "Alcuin's Puzzle" are as follows, where the three numbers in each group represent the respective numbers of men, women, and children: 17, 5, 78; 14, 10, 76; 11, 15, 74; 8, 20, 72; 5, 25, 70; 2, 30, 68.

Here is one way of solving "Tartaglia's Measuring Puzzle." Fill the 11 and the 5 and pour the remaining 8 into the 13. Empty the 11 and 5 into the 24. Transfer the 8 from the 13 to the 11. Fill the 13 from the 24. Fill the 5 from the 13. Empty the 5 into the 24. Now the three largest vessels contain each 8oz. of balsam.

To solve a seven-ring "Tiring Irons" takes 85 moves (taking off or putting on a ring being a move), or 64 moves if we drop or put on the first two rings in one move.

The four weights in "Bachet's Puzzle" that will enable one to weigh any number of pounds from 1lb. up to 40lb. are 1lb., 3lb., 9lb., and 27lb. There is no other solution with so few as four weights.

The following diagrams will show how the dishonest servant arranged the bottles in Bachet's "Wine-Bins Puzzle" so as to steal four bottles on each of four occasions.



How the wine bottles were stolen.

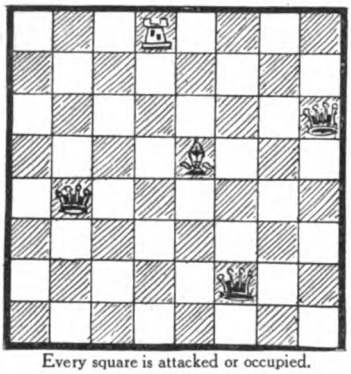
If you give the "Fifteen Schoolgirls" the numbers 1 to 15 they can be grouped in the following manner for the seven days:—

1st day	15	1	2	11	10	14	7	4	12	13	8	6	3	5	9
2nd day	15	3	4	13	12	2	9	6	14	1	10	8	5	7	11
3rd day	15	5	6	1	14	4	11	8	2	3	12	10	7	9	13
4th day	15	7	8	3	2	6	13	10	4	5	14	12	9	11	1
5th day	15	9	10	5	4	8	1	12	6	7	2	14	11	13	3
6th day	15	11	12	7	6	10	3	14	8	9	4	2	13	1	5
7th day	15	13	14	9	8	12	5	2	10	11	6	4	1	3	7

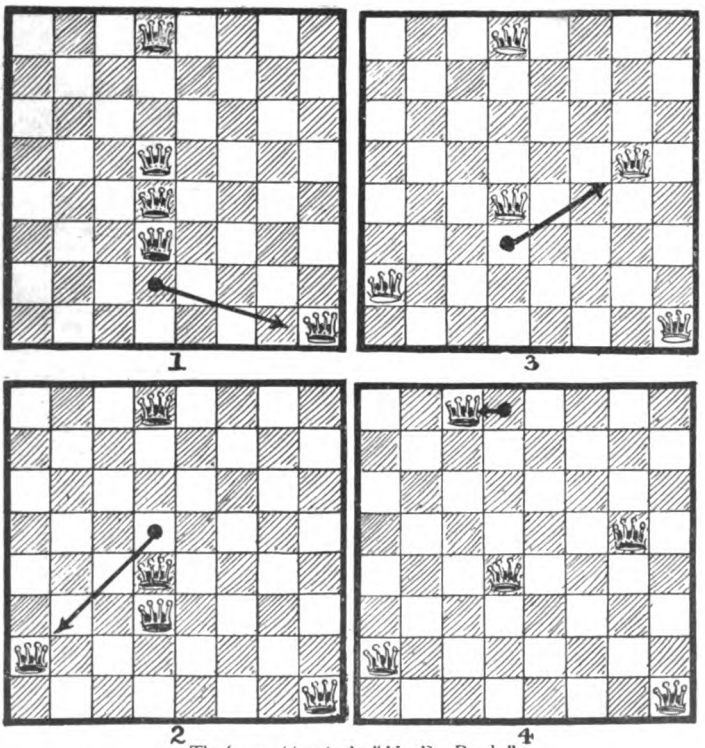
Note the way that the odd numbers and the even numbers descend cyclically.

It will be seen in the following diagram how I place the three queens, rook, and bishop, so that every square of the chessboard shall be either attacked or occupied.

The moves in the "Hat-Peg Puzzle" will also be made quite clear by a reference to the diagrams, which show the position on the board after each of the four moves. The darts indicate the successive removals that have been made. It will be seen that at every stage all the squares are either attacked or occupied, and that after the fourth move no queen attacks any other. In the case of the last move the queen in the top row might also have been moved one square farther to the left. This is, I believe, the only solution to the puzzle.



Every square is attacked or occupied.



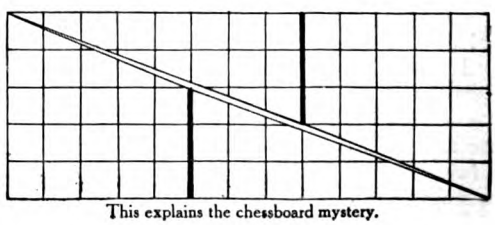
The four positions in the "Hat-Peg Puzzle."

I think it will suffice in the case of the "Three Sheep" if I state that there are forty-seven different ways of placing the sheep. If the reader should think he has discovered more he will find that he has fallen into the error of including reflections or reversals.

To solve the "Railway Puzzle" we will call the car on the left L and the one on the right R. Push R up to A. Then bring the engine round, push L down to R, couple all up, return to main line, and leave R where the engine originally stood. Now take L back to the siding and push it down to A, leaving it there. Next fetch R and leave it on the left siding. Finally go round to the right siding, pull L into its place, and return engine to its original position.

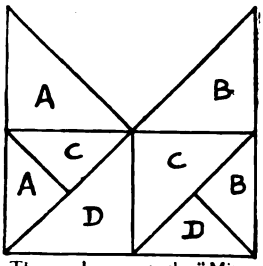
The secret of the "Dissected Chessboard" paradox lies in the simple fact that the edges produced by the cuts do not exactly coincide in direction. In other words, the pieces in the oblong "do not fit." If you put them carefully together (as in the first example given) you will find that when the sides of the figure are at right angles there lies along the diagonal an uncovered space like an attenuated diamond. This space is exactly equal in area to the supposed extra square. Therefore from the apparent sixty-five squares you have to deduct one, leaving the correct sixty-four. In the case of the second example the conditions are, of course, reversed. Here the pieces, if properly put together, overlap, the overlapping parts being again exactly equal to one square.

I give the solution to the "Mitre Puzzle" that is generally accepted as satisfactory. We are asked to assume that the two portions containing the same letter—AA, BB, CC, DD—are joined by "a mere hair," and are, therefore, only one piece.



This explains the chessboard mystery.

But to the geometrician this is absurd, and the four shares are not equal in area unless they consist of two pieces each. If you make them equal in area they will not be exactly alike in shape.



The usual answer to the "Mitre Puzzle."

In the "Match Puzzle," hold your fourth match between the pair that are joined together and the single one that acts as a prop. If you now carefully press against the pair until the single one falls on the match you are holding, you can then so raise it that it gets caught in the fork of the pair, and all three may be lifted together.

The annexed diagram will make the solution to "Tait's Counter Puzzle" quite clear. First, remove the two counters from 2, 3 to positions 9, 10. Second, remove from 5, 6 to 2, 3. Third, remove from 8, 9 to 5, 6. Fourth, remove from positions 1, 2 to

Solution to "Tait's Puzzle."

positions 8, 9. All the whites and all the blacks are now together.

The "Leap-Frog Puzzle" is, of course, solved as follows: 4-5, 6-4, 7-6, 5-7, 3-5, 2-3, 4-2, 6-4, 8-6, 7-8, 5-7, 3-5, 1-3, 2-1, 4-2, 6-4, 5-6, 3-5, 4-3. The numbers indicate throughout the squares, not the draughts. We thus

Solution to "Leap-Frog Puzzle."

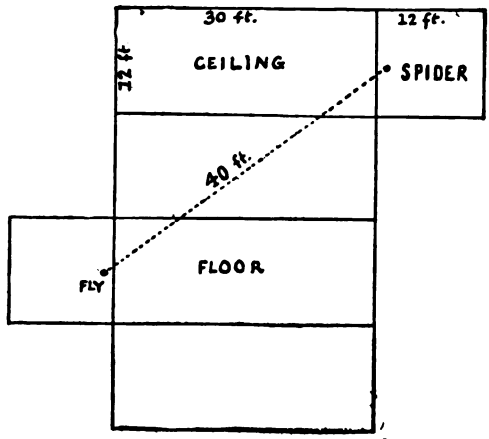
require nineteen moves, if the last move is considered necessary under the conditions.

To solve the little "Heart Puzzle," pass the loop down the upper central hole, up the lower central hole, and over the bead. The string can then be pulled out.

The mystery of the Dovetailed Block is made clear by the illustration. It will be seen at once how the two pieces slide together in a diagonal direction.

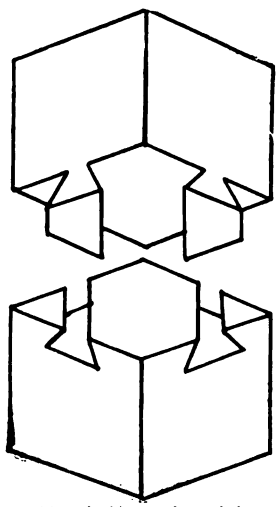
If there are only eight discs in the "Tower of Hanoï," then the puzzle may be solved in 255 moves; but if there are sixty-four discs, as in M. de Parville's legend, then it is a more serious matter, for the Brahmins will require no fewer than 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 moves. I will leave the reader the task of computing how many thousands of millions of years the business would take, assuming no mistakes were made.

In the case of "The Spider and Fly," if you imagine a cardboard box to be the room,



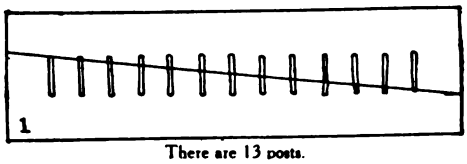
The route in "Spider and Fly Puzzle."

and you cut the sides and lay them out flat on the table, as shown in the illustration, the shortest route will be the direct one indicated by the dotted line. This is exactly 40ft. in length, and passes over five of the six sides of the room. Now fold the box up, removing first the side that the spider does not traverse, and you will see the somewhat remarkable course that the spider takes. Of course, it will be obvious to every reader that, since the spider never leaves the sides of the room, the spreading of those sides out flat makes no difference whatever to the conditions of the problem.

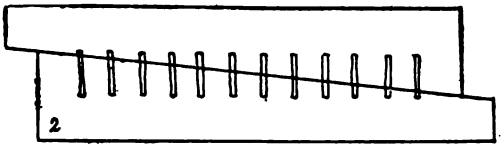

How the block is dovetailed.

Mr. Loyd has never, I believe, published his solution to the "Get Off the Earth Mystery." I have seen various accounts of what humorously purported to be solutions from his pen, but they were clearly devised to leave the innocent reader more perplexed than ever. I will therefore

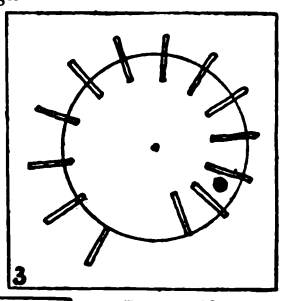
give my own account of the underlying principle. If the reader will look at Diagram 1 he will see 13 posts on a card. If we cut the card, as indicated by the diagonal line, and slide the two pieces into the position in Diagram 2, it will be seen that there are fewer posts by one, though we cannot correctly state that any particular post has disappeared. It is true there are now only 12 posts, but each post has gained a twelfth part of a post in length. Now look at Diagram 3, which represents a revolving disc on a square card, with the 13 posts arranged spirally round the edge of the disc. If the button is moved up, as in Diagram 4, there are fewer posts by one. But, as before, every post is now a twelfth of a post longer. This is the principle on which the puzzle is built, and the reader will now be better able to appreciate the remarkable cleverness of the original drawing, in which the inventor had to deal with the complexities of heads, legs, and arms.



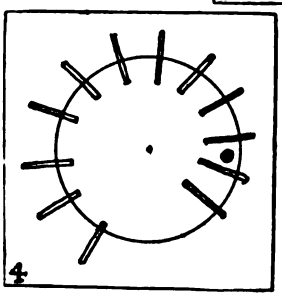
There are 13 posts.



There are now only 12.



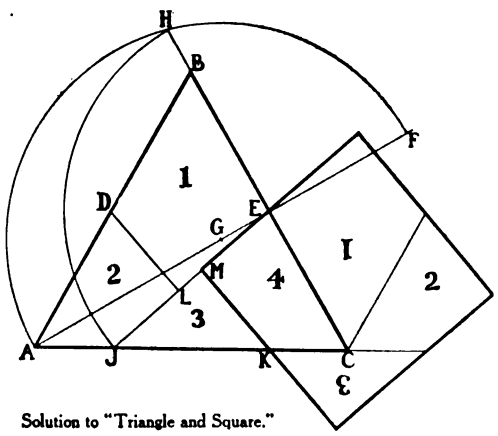
There are 13 posts



There are now only 12.

Mr. Loyd's "Chain Puzzle" I simplified in order to show a pretty little principle that I think he was first to point out. There were 13 pieces of chain, containing respectively 12, 8, 8, 6, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 5, 7, 9 and 7 links, making 100 in all. Now, the uninstructed smith would, beyond a doubt, open 13 links in order to join the pieces into one endless chain. It would never occur to him that by opening every link in the 12-link piece, he could use these 12 links to join up the 12 remaining pieces, thus saving a penny. But we can do better than that. If we break up the 2 pieces containing 5 and 6 links, we can use these 11 links to join up the remaining 11 pieces. Thus the correct charge should be 11 pence and not 13 pence. If there were 3 pieces out of 13 containing together 10 links, the charge should be 10 pence; if 4 pieces containing together 9 links, the charge should be 9 pence; and so on.

In presenting the "Triangle and Square" I showed the actual shapes of the four pieces and how they fitted together. But many readers will doubtless want to know how to find the directions of the cuts. I will show that it is quite easy "when you know how," though it was extremely difficult to discover in the first place. Divide two of the sides of the triangle in the middle at D and E; draw the line A to F through E, making E F equal to E B; half-way between A and F—that is, G—place the point of your compasses and draw the arc A H F; continue the line E B to H and from E describe the arc H J; finally, draw the line E J and drop the perpendiculars D L and K M on the line E J. If you have done this accurately the puzzle is solved.



Solution to "Triangle and Square."

In "Catching the Mice," the smallest number that the cat can count round and round the circle, starting at the white mouse and making that one the third eaten, is 100. The number 1,000 would also do, and there are just seventy-two other numbers between these that the cat might employ with equal success; but she would select the smallest.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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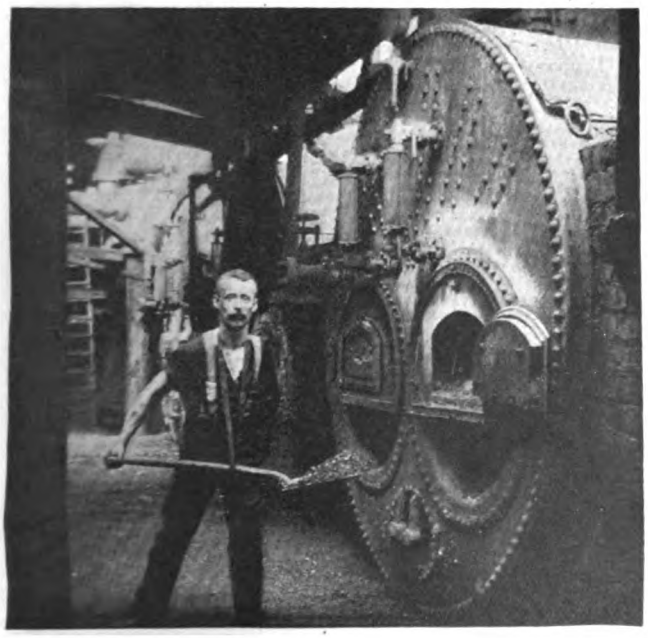
CHEQUE DRAWN ON A STONE.

A CHEQUE drawn on a piece of ordinary slate stone is surely something of a novelty. The example here shown, being stamped and correctly drawn, when presented at the bank was duly paid. The only complaint was that the bank officials would have some difficulty in filing the document! Photograph by H. Exton, Pietersburg, Transvaal.—Mr. J. A. Biccard, P.O. Box 28, Pietersburg, Transvaal.

A ONE-ARMED STOKER.

I AM sending you a photograph, which I should think is unique, of a one-armed man who may be seen stoking at the Michael Pit of the Wemyss Coal Company, Limited. He is quite a small man, but has been leading fireman for several years. He had the misfortune to lose his arm in some machinery.—Mr. P. Sandford, East Wemyss, Fife.



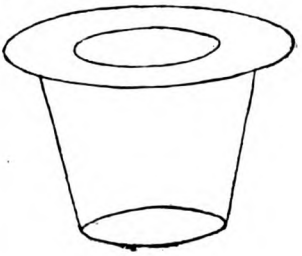
HAS THIS BEEN BEATEN?

IS this a record in card towers? It comprises no fewer than forty storeys and stood over eight feet six inches in height, being built with two hundred and forty-two ordinary playing cards. As will be seen,

it was built in the open, but, of course, on a day when there was not a breath of wind moving.—Mr. W. B. Gardner, 139, Lee Road, Blackheath, S.E.

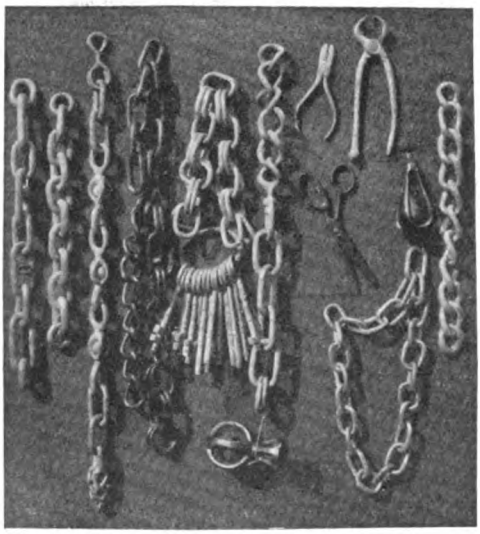
HOW OUR EYES DECEIVE US.

HAVING seen several optical illusions in recent numbers of THE STRAND, it occurred to me to send you this one. Which is the larger of the two small ellipses? I think almost everyone at first would say that the bottom one is larger than the one inside the big ellipse, though when they are measured they will be found to be the same size.—Mr. C. Clay, 40, Alberta Street, Florence, Longton, Staffs.



SOME MARVELLOUS WOOD-CARVINGS.

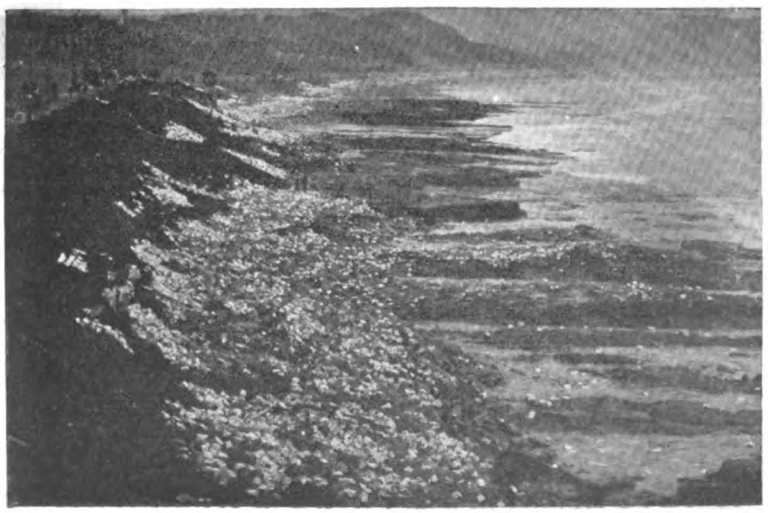
IN this photograph may be seen a set of various kinds of chains, all of which have been cut out of solid pieces of wood. Each chain, as you see it in the photograph, is one piece of wood, and has been carved with an old cobbler's knife. If you look at the left-hand one closely you will see that it has two small balls inside the links, and each ball has a little wooden marble carved in the centre. Looking again, you will see a bunch of keys; there are thirteen of them on a ring, and no two keys are alike. These also have been cut out of a solid piece of wood. At the bottom of the photograph you will see a ball on a stand, with another ball carved inside, and inside that



again a wooden marble. All this has been done from one piece of wood. The three specimens at the top right-hand corner—scissors, pliers, and pincers—are of four pieces to allow for the joining. This work was the favourite hobby of my father, who died last year.—Miss R. H. Sutcliffe, 75, Hebble Terrace, Bradford Road, Huddersfield.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL AMUSEMENT.

THE "Mengeleusha," or "slippery place," near Kuala Kangsar, Perak, Federated Malay States, is a solid piece of granite, about seventy or eighty feet long, standing in a stream of water and forming a sort of waterfall. The water flowing down this rock makes it as slippery as glass, and the amusement is to slide down the rock and splash into the pool beneath. There are a great number of leeches about, which cling to one like anything! This snapshot shows an Englishman half-way down the slide.—Miss W. Sanderson, Maison Dieu, Richmond, Yorks.



STRANGE SCENE AFTER A WRECK.

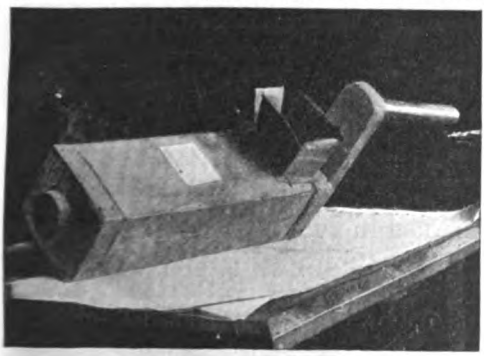
HERE is a view of part of the beach at East London, Cape Colony, showing the result of the wreck of the *Valdivia*, which came ashore here and broke up. She had a cargo of paraffin oil, and as far as the eye could see the beach was strewn with oil tins, and presented a curious and wonderful sight. It is interesting to know that some of the tins of oil were picked up as far down the coast as Fish River, near Port Elizabeth. — Mr. Cecil A. Falconer, Fire Station, East London, Cape Colony.

MERRIMENT IN A MONASTERY.

THE photograph here reproduced should interest a large number of amateur photographers, who may like to try their skill in composing other groups in this style. The monks in my picture are made of china and, as may be seen, are very good models, while the various accessories are home-made. The arrangement of the group naturally took some time, but the final result was some compensation for the trouble expended.—Mr. Sydney H. Carr, Arkleby, St. Ives, Cornwall.

A SAILOR'S INGENUITY.

THE primitive grinding machine here shown, the work of a Norwegian sailor, has a most interesting history. Some years ago a large sailing vessel with a cargo of wheat ran short of provisions and the crew found themselves face to face with starvation. But this crisis was the means of bringing into play the ingenuity of one of the crew. Remembering the wheat with which the vessel was loaded, he set to work and constructed this primitive though effective grinding machine. With it he was enabled to grind enough of the grain to keep the twenty-six sailors alive for forty days. The case of the machine is made from a piece of solid wood hollowed out in the centre. This hollow is lined with pieces of tin made rough by means of a number of holes hammered in it. The roughed tin is crossed at regular intervals with bands of wire to correspond with the roller running through the machine, which also is covered with roughed metal and bands of wire. The little machine only measures about eighteen inches long by four inches high, and may be seen on application at the Sailors' Institute, Falmouth. — Miss Catherine M. Fox, 41, Market Street, Falmouth.



TEACHING VEGETABLES TO WRITE.

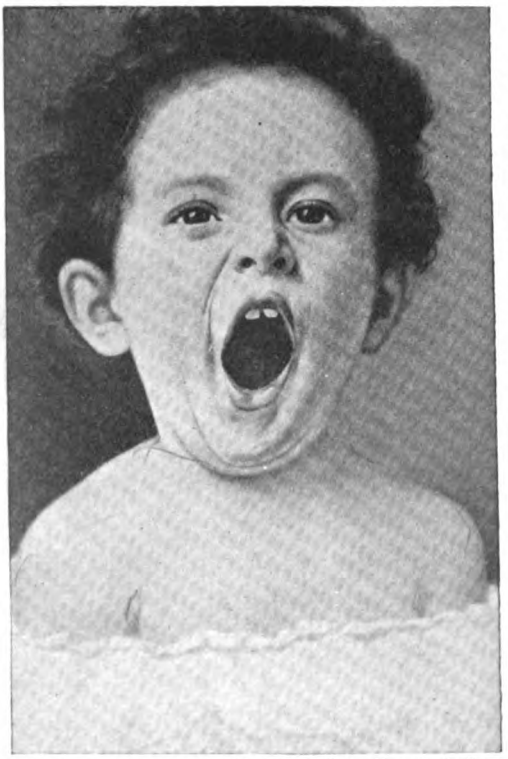
NO doubt most of our readers have seen vegetable marrows bearing some inscription like the following, though few know how the lettering is produced. Yet it is a comparatively easy matter to teach these vegetables to write. With an awl or any other sharp-pointed instrument trace the desired inscription in a fine flowing hand, one-sixteenth of an inch deep, in the skin of a young marrow, taking care in the up-strokes to keep the awl upright, thus ensuring that the skin is not disturbed beyond the outline of the writing. The marrow does the rest. With infinite patience it will embroider the traced words with a raised thread of white tissue, which stands out very distinctly. The marrow here shown, which was twenty-three inches long and twenty-two pounds in weight, was grown by Mr. J. C. Green, of Sutton Coldfield.

A JEWELLED PIN-HEAD.

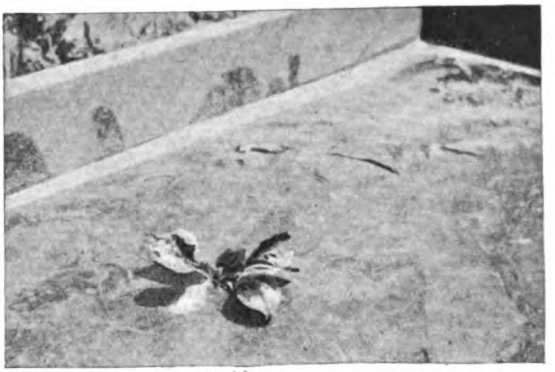
IT will probably puzzle readers of THE STRAND to say what this picture represents. Though it looks more like a broccoli than anything else, it is really the head of a pin (many times magnified) in which seven diamonds have been set. This difficult piece of work was done without the aid of a magnifying-glass.—Mr. A. Parker, 271, Rookery Road, Handsworth.

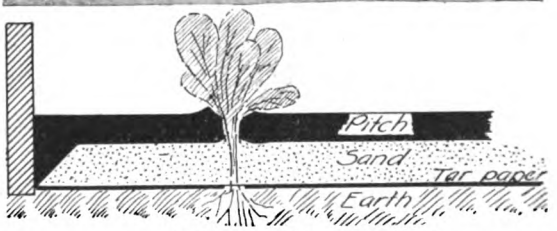
A PICTURE THAT MAKES ONE YAWN.

THIS charming and interesting picture possesses a very peculiar power. A lady had a large framed copy hung in her sitting-room. Soon after hanging the picture she began to notice a peculiar thing about it; every time she looked at it she would experience a strong desire to gape. Unconsciously she would proceed to



imitate it; then she would catch herself and desist. This lady had a great many callers, and she watched to see what effect the picture would have on her friends. Almost every one who looked at the picture was affected in the same way, and would straightway proceed to yawn and gape. Look at the picture yourself for a minute or two and see if you are not susceptible to its strange power.—Mr. C. A. Swingle, 1,311, E. Broadway Street, Lincoln, Ill., U.S.A.





THE POWER OF PLANT LIFE.

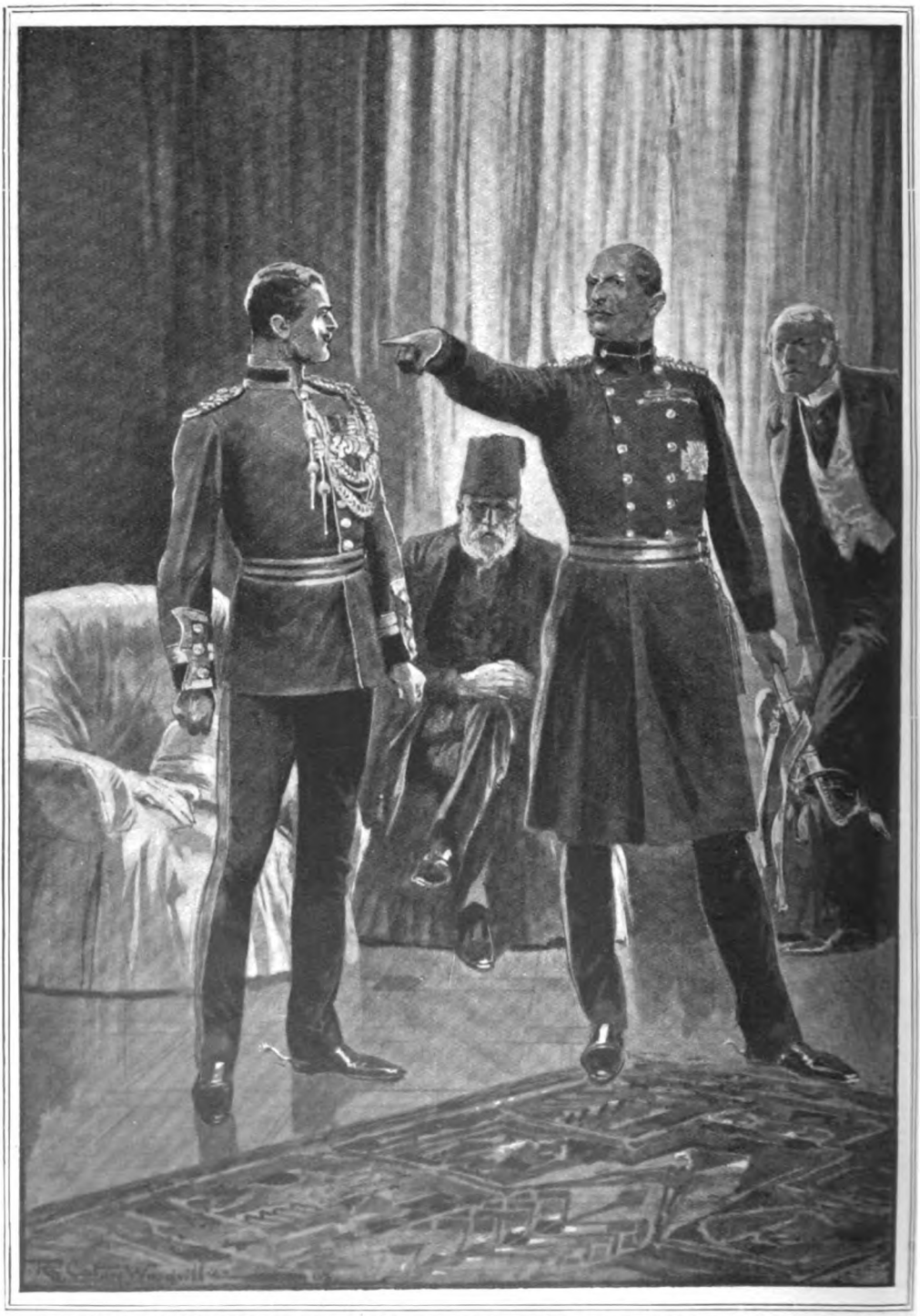
LAST summer we noticed an extraordinary instance of plant growth, illustrating the great strength and hardiness of the ordinary plantain leaf. During the course of some experiments we constructed a pitch floor as follows. The ground was scraped, and then a three-inch layer of sand was spread over it, and on this sand a two-inch layer of soft roofing pitch was placed. This had been down for several weeks when we noticed one part of the pitch breaking open like a miniature volcano. On examination we found some green shoots coming through the pitch. The shoots continued to grow in spite of the great heat caused by the sun shining on the black surface of the pitch. They finally assumed the flourishing condition shown in the above photograph. It should be added that before laying the sand a sheet of heavy tar paper covered the ground, as will be seen from the sectional plan here reproduced.—Mr. A. G. Worrall, 6,933, Hegerman Street, Tacony, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

SOLUTION TO THE TRANSPOSITION PROBLEM
BY J. WALLIS.

THIS solution, although not the only one, is selected for its order and symmetry. It is in five sections, and the study of the play in these is interesting. The numbers of the moves in the sections are 8, 7, 11, 7, and 22, total 55 moves. Sections 2 and 4 are identical.

9 to 10	8 to 10	8 to 10	8 to 10	7 to 10	15 to 10
11 „ 9	6 „ 8	3 „ 8	6 „ 8	4 „ 7	19 „ 15
13 „ 11	9 „ 6	6 „ 3	9 „ 6	9 „ 4	12 „ 19
10 „ 13	11 „ 9	2 „ 6	11 „ 9	11 „ 9	8 „ 12
12 „ 10	14 „ 11	9 „ 2	14 „ 11	16 „ 11	1 „ 8
8 „ 12	12 „ 14	11 „ 9	12 „ 14	13 „ 16	5 „ 1
5 „ 8	10 „ 12	18 „ 11	10 „ 12	10 „ 13	10 „ 5
10 „ 5		14 „ 18		7 „ 10	15 „ 10
		17 „ 14		9 „ 7	12 „ 15
		12 „ 17		11 „ 9	8 „ 12
		10 „ 12		10 „ 11	10 „ 8

These moves can be played in reverse order, and many transpositions are possible.



"YOU HAVE HUMILIATED YOUR FATHER, OUTRAGED THE LOVE OF YOUR INTENDED WIFE, AND INSULTED ENGLAND. THEREFORE YOU ARE A TRAITOR!"

(*See page* 127.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following most thrilling and dramatic chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the Egyptian Army of Occupation, has been ordered to arrest the "White Prophet," and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands.]

FIRST BOOK :—The Crescent and the Cross.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GENERAL, the Consul-General, and the Egyptian pasha in his tarboosh were sitting in a half-circle; the General's military secretary, Captain Graham, was writing at the desk, and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Robson, was standing beside it. Nobody was speaking as Gordon entered, and the air of the room had the dumb emptiness which goes before a storm. The General signalled to Gordon to sit, requested his A.D.C. to step out but wait in his own office, and then said, speaking in a jerky, nervous way :—

"Gordon, I have an order of the utmost importance to give you, but before I do so your father has something to say."

With that he took a seat by the side of the desk, while the Consul-General, without changing the direction of his eyes, said, slowly and deliberately :—

"I need hardly tell you, Gordon, that the explanation I am about to make would be quite unnecessary in the case of an ordinary officer receiving an ordinary command, but I have decided to make it to you out of regard to the fact of who you are and what your relation to the General is to be."

Gordon bowed without speaking. He was struggling to compose himself, and something was whispering to him, "Above all things be calm!"

"I regret to say the Ulema have ignored the order which His Excellency sent to them," said the Consul-General, indicating the pasha.

"Ignored?"

"That's what it comes to, though it's true they asked me to receive the man Ishmael Ameer and to consider a suggestion."

"You did, sir?"

"I did. The man came, I saw him, and heard what he had to say—and now I am more than ever convinced that he is a public peril."

"A peril?"

"First, because he advises officers and men to abstain from military service on the ground that war is incompatible with religion. That is opposed to the existing order of society, and therefore harmful to good government."

"I agree," said the General, swinging restlessly in his revolving chair.

"Next, because he tells the Egyptian people that where the authority of the law is opposed to what he is pleased to consider the commandments of God they are to obey God and not the Government. That is to make every man a law to himself and to cause the rule of the Government to be defied."

The pasha smiled and bowed his thin face over his hands, which were clasped at his breast.

"Finally, because he says openly that in the time to come Egypt will be a separate State with a peculiar mission, and that means Nationalism and the end of the rule of England in the Valley of the Nile."

Gordon made an effort to speak, but his father waved him aside.

"I am not here to argue with you about the man's teaching, but merely to define it. He is one of the mischievous people who, taking no account of the religious principles which lie at the root of civilization, would use religion to turn the world back to barbarism. What is true in his doctrines is not new, and what is new is not true. As for his reforms of polygamy, divorce, seclusion of women, and so forth, I have no use for the people who, in Cairo or in London, are for ever correcting the proof-sheets of the Almighty by reading their holy book as they

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please, whether it is the Koran or the Bible. And as for his prophecies, there are such things as mental strong drinks, and a man like this is providing them."

"You spoke of a suggestion, sir," said Gordon, who was still struggling to keep calm.

"His suggestion," said the Consul-General, with icy composure—"his suggestion was an aggravation of his offence. He proposed that we should leave El Azhar unmolested on condition that the Ulema opened it to the public. That meant that the Government must either countenance his sedition or suppress it by the stupid means of discussing his principles in courts of law."

The pasha smiled and the General laughed, and then in a last word the Consul-General said, quietly:—

"General Graves will now tell you what we require you to do."

The General, still jerky and nervous, then said:—

"All the necessary preparations have been made, Gordon. The—the Governor of the city will call you up at your quarters, and on—on receiving his message you will take a regiment of cavalry, which is ready here in the Citadel, and—and a battalion of infantry, which is under arms at Kasr-en-Nil, and accompany him to El Azhar. There—as—as commander of the troops, you—at the request of the Governor—you will take such military steps as in your opinion may be required to enter the University—and—and clear out its students and professors. You will cause ten rounds of ammunition to be issued to the men, and you will have absolute discretion as to the way you go to work and as to the amount of force necessary to be used; but you—of course, you will be responsible for everything that is done—or not done—in carrying out your order. I—I ask you to attend to this matter at once, and to report to me to-night if possible."

When the General's flurried words were spoken there was silence for a moment, and then Gordon, trying in vain to control his voice, said, haltingly:—

"You know I don't want to do this work, General, and if it *must* be done I beg of you to order someone else to do it."

"That is impossible," replied the General. "You are the proper person for this duty, and to give it to another officer would be to—to strengthen the party of rebellion by saying in so many words that there is disaffection in our own ranks."

"Then permit me to resign my appointment on your staff, sir. I don't want to do so—God knows I don't. My rank as a soldier is the one thing in the world I'm proudest of, but I would rather resign it——"

"Resign it if you please—if you are so foolish. Send in your papers; but until they are accepted you are my officer, and I must ask you to obey my order."

Gordon struggled hard with himself, and then said, boldly:—

"General, you must pardon me if I tell you that you don't know what you are asking me to do."

The three old men looked sharply round at him, but he was now keyed up and did not care.

"No, sir—none of you! You think you are merely asking me to drive out of El Azhar a number of rebellious students and their teachers. But you are really asking me to kill hundreds, perhaps thousands, of them."

"Fudge! Fiddlesticks!" cried the General, and then, forgetting the presence of the pasha, he said, "These people are Egyptians—miserable, pigeon-livered Egyptians! Before you fire a shot they'll fly away to a man. But even if they stay the responsibility will be their own—so what the dev——"

"That's just where we join issue, General," said Gordon. "There isn't a worm that hasn't a right to resent a wrong, and this will be a wrong, and the people will be justified in resenting it."

The General, who was breathing hard, turned to the Consul-General and said, "I'm sorry, my lord, very sorry, but you see——"

There was a short silence, and then the Consul-General, still calm on the outside as a frozen lake, said, "Gordon, I presume you know what you will be doing if you refuse to obey your General's order?"

Gordon did not answer, and his father, in a biting note, continued:—

"I dare say you suppose you are following the dictates of conscience, and I don't question your sincerity. I'm beginning to see that this Empire of ours is destined to be destroyed in the end by its humanitarians, its philanthropists, its foolish people who are bewitched by good intentions."

The sarcasm was cutting Gordon to the bone, but he did not reply, and presently the old man's voice softened.

"I presume you know that if you refuse to obey your General's order you will be dealing a blow at your father—dishonouring him, accusing him. Your refusal will go far. There will be no hushing it up. England as well as Egypt will hear of it."

A deep flush overspread the Proconsul's face.

"For forty years I've been doing the work of civilization in this country. I think progress has received a certain impetus. And now, when I am old and my strength is not what it was once, my son—my only son—is pulling the lever that is to bring my house down over my head."

The old man's voice trembled and almost broke.

"You've not thought of that, I suppose?"

Gordon's emotions almost mastered him. "Yes, sir," he said, "I have thought of it, and it's a great grief to me to oppose you. But it would be a still greater grief to help you—to help you to undo all the great work you have ever done in Egypt. Father, believe me, I know what I'm saying. There will be bloodshed, and as sure as that happens there will be an outcry all over the Mohammedan world. The prestige of England will suffer—in India—in Europe—America—everywhere. And you, father, you alone will be blamed."

At that the General rose in great wrath, but the Consul-General interposed.

"One moment, please! I am anxious to make allowances for fanaticism, and at a moment of tension I could wish to avoid any act that might create a conflagration. Therefore," he said, turning to Gordon, "if you are so sure that there will be bloodshed, I am willing to hold my hand, on one condition—that the man Ishmael, the mouthpiece of the sedition we wish to suppress, should leave Egypt without delay."

Gordon did not reply immediately, and his father continued: "Why not? It is surely better that one man should go than that the whole nation should suffer. Send him out, drive him out, walk him over the frontier, and for the present I am satisfied."

"Father," said Gordon, "what you ask me to do is impossible. The Egyptians believe Ishmael to be one of the prophets who are sent into the world to keep the souls of men alive. He is like the Mahdi to them, and—who knows?—they may come to think of him as the Redeemer, the Christ, who is to pacify the world. Right or wrong, they think of him already as a living protest against that part of Western civilization which is the result of force and fraud. Therefore, to drive him out of the country would be the same thing to them as to drive out religion. In their view it would be a sin against humanity—a sin against God."

But the General could bear no more. Rising from the desk, he said, contemptuously:—

"All that's very fine, very exalted, I dare say, but we are plain soldiers, you and I, and we cannot follow the flights of great minds like these Mohammedan sheikhs. So without further argument I ask you if you are willing to carry out the order I have given you."

"It would be a crime, sir."

"Crime or no crime, it would be no concern of yours. Do you refuse to obey my order?"

"Recall your order, sir, and I shall have no reason to refuse to obey it."

"Do you refuse to obey my order?"

"It would be against my conscience, General."

"Your conscience is not in question. Your only duty is to carry out the will of your superior."

"When I accepted my commission in the Army did I lose my rights as a human being, sir?"

"Don't talk to me about losing your rights. In the face of duty an officer loses father, mother, wife, and child. According to the King's regulations, you are a soldier first, remember."

"No, sir; according to the King's regulations I am first of all a man."

The General bridled his gathering anger and answered: "Of course, you can ask for a written order—if you wish to avoid the danger of blame."

"I wish to avoid the danger of doing wrong, sir," said Gordon, and then, glancing towards his father, he added, "Let me feel that I'm fighting for the right. An English soldier cannot fight without that."

"Then I ask you as an English soldier if you refuse to obey my order?" repeated the General. But Gordon, still with his face towards his father, said:—

"Wherever the English flag flies men say, 'Here is justice.' That's something to be proud of. Don't let us lose it, sir."

"I ask you again," said the General, "if you refuse to obey my order?"

"I have done wrong things without knowing them," said Gordon, "but when you ask me to——"

"England asks you to obey your General—will you do it?" said General Graves; and then Gordon faced back to him, and in a voice that rang through the room he said:—

"No; not for England will I do what I *know* to be wrong."

At that the Consul-General waved his hand and said, "Let us have done"; whereupon General Graves, who was now violently agitated, touched a hand-bell on the desk, and when his servant appeared he said:—

"Tell my daughter to come to me."

Not a word more was spoken until light footsteps were heard approaching, and Helena came into the room with a handkerchief in her hand, pale as if she had been crying, and breathless as if she had been running hard. The three old gentlemen rose and bowed to her as she entered, but Gordon, whose face had frowned when he heard the General's command, both rose and sat without turning in her direction.

"Sit down, Helena," said the General; and Helena sat.

"Helena, you will remember that I asked you if you could marry an officer who, for disobedience to his General—and that General your father — had been court-martialled and perhaps degraded?"

In a scarcely audible voice Helena answered, "Yes."

"Then tell Colonel Lord what course you will take if, by his own deliberate act, that misfortune should befall him."

A hot blush mounted to Helena's cheeks, and, looking at the hem of her handkerchief, she said:—

"Gordon knows already what I would say, father. There is no need to tell him."

Then the General turned back to Gordon. "You hear?" he said. "I presume you understand Helena's answer. For the sake of our mutual peace and happiness I wished to give you one more chance. The issue is now plain. Either you obey your General's order or you renounce all hope of his daughter—which is it to be?"

The young man swallowed his anger, and answered, "Is it fair, sir—fair to Helena, I mean—to put her to a test like that—either violent separation from her father or from me? But as you have spoken to Helena, I ask you to allow me to do so also."

"No; I forbid it," said the General.

"Don't be afraid, sir. I'm not going to appeal over your head to any love for me in Helena's heart. That must speak for itself now—if it's to speak at all. But"—his voice was so soft and low that it could hardly be heard—"I wish to ask her a question. Helena——"

"I forbid it," said the General, hotly.

There was a moment of tense silence, and then Gordon, who had suddenly become hoarse, said, "You spoke about a written order, General. Give it to me."

"With pleasure!" said the General, and turning to his military secretary at the desk he requested him to make out an order in the Order Book according to the terms of his verbal command.

Nothing was heard in the silence of the next moment but the spasmodic scratching of Captain Graham's quill pen. The Consul-General sat motionless, and the pasha merely smoothed one white hand over the other. Gordon tried to glance into Helena's face, but she looked fixedly before her out of her large, wide-open, swollen eyes.

Only one idea shaped itself clearly through the storm that raged in Gordon's brain: to secure his happiness with Helena he must make himself unhappy in every other relation of life—to save himself from degradation as a soldier he must degrade himself as a man.

Presently, through the whirling mist of his half-consciousness, he was aware that the military secretary had ceased writing and that the General was offering him a paper.

"Here it is," the General was saying, with a certain bitterness. "Now you may set your mind at ease. If there are any bad consequences you can preserve your reputation as an officer. And if there are any complaints from the War Office, or anywhere else, you can lay the blame on me. You can go on with your duty without fear for your honour, and when——"

But Gordon, whose gorge had risen at every word, suddenly lost control of himself, and, getting up with the paper in his hand, he said:—

"No, I will not go on. Do you suppose I have been thinking of myself? Take back your order. There is no obedience due to a sinful command, and this command is sinful. It is wicked, it is mad, it is abominable. You are asking me to commit murder—that's it—murder—and I will not commit it. There's your order—take it back, and damn it!"

So saying, he crushed the paper in his hands and flung it on the desk.

At the next instant everybody in the room had risen. There was consternation on every face, and the General, who was choking with anger, was saying, in a half-stifled voice:—

"You are no fool—you know what you have done now. You have not only refused to obey orders—you have insulted your General and been guilty of deliberate insubordination. Therefore you are unworthy of bearing arms. Give me your sword."

Gordon hesitated for a moment, and the General said:—

"Give it me—give it me!"

Then with a rapid gesture Gordon unbuckled his sword from the belt and handed it to the General.

The General held it in both his hands, which were vibrating like the parts of an engine

There! . . . He has gone, I suppose? Has he gone? Yes? Good thing, too. Hope I'll never see him again. I never will—never. . . . How my head aches! No wonder, either."

"You're ill, father; let me fetch the doctor."

"Certainly not. I'm all right. Sit down, girl—sit down and don't worry. . . . You mustn't mind me. I'm a bit put out—naturally. It's hard for you, I know, but don't cry, Helena."

"I'm not crying, father—you see I'm not."

"That's right! That's right, dear! It's hard for you, I say, but then it isn't easy for me, either. I liked him; I did—I confess it. I really liked him, and to . . . to do that was like cutting off one's own son. But . . . give me another drink of water, Helena . . . or, perhaps, if you think you ought to run . . . no, give me the medicine and I'll be better presently."

She poured out a dose and he drank it off.

"Now I'll lie down and close my eyes. I soon get better when I lie down and close my eyes, you know. And don't fret, dear. Think what an escape you've had! Merciful heavens! A traitor! Think if you had married a traitor! A man who had sold himself to the enemies of England! I was proud of you when you showed him that, come what would, you must stand by your country. Splendid! Just what I expected of you, Helena. Splendid!"

After a while his excited speech and gusty breathing softened down to silence and to something like sleep, and then Helena sat on a stool beside the sofa and covered her face with her hands. A hot flush mounted to her pale cheeks when she remembered that it had not been for England that she had acted as she had, but first for her father and next for herself.

Perhaps she ought to have told Gordon why she could not leave her father. If she had done so he might have acted otherwise. But the real author of the whole trouble had been the Egyptian. How she hated that man! With all the bitterness of her tortured heart she hated him.

As for Gordon, traitor or no traitor, he had been above them all! Far, far above everybody! Even the Consul-General, now she came to think of it, had been a little man compared with his son.

With her face buried in both hands and the tears at last trickling through her fingers, she saw everything over again, and one thing above all—Gordon standing in silence while her father insulted and degraded him.

The General opened his eyes, and seeing Helena at his feet he tried to comfort her, but every word he spoke went like iron into her soul.

"I'm sorry for you, Helena—very sorry! We must bear this trouble together, dear. Only ourselves again now, you know, just as it was five years ago at home. Your dark hour this time, darling; but I'll make it up to you. Come, kiss me, Helena," and, drying her weary eyes, she kissed him.

The afternoon sun was then reddening the alabaster walls of the mosque outside, and they heard a surging sound as of a crowd approaching. A moment later the little black Mosie ran in to say that the new Mahdi was coming, and almost before the General and Helena could rise to their feet a tall man in white Oriental costume entered the room. He came in slowly, solemnly, and with head bent, saying:—

"Excuse me, sir, if I come without ceremony——"

"Ishmael Ameer?" asked the General.

"My name is Ishmael—you are the Commander of the British forces. May I speak with you alone?"

The General stood still for a moment, measuring his man from head to foot, and then said:—

"Leave us, Helena."

Helena hesitated, and the General said, "I'm better now—leave us."

With that she went out reluctantly, turning at the door to look at her enemy, who stood in his great height in the middle of the floor and never so much as glanced in her direction.

CHAPTER XXV.

BOTH men stood during the interview that followed—the one in his white robes by the end of the sofa, resting two tapering fingers upon it; the other in his General's uniform by the side of the desk, except when, in the heat of his anger, he strode with heavy step and the jingling of spurs across the space between.

"Now, sir, now," said the General. "I have urgent work to do, and not much time to give you. What is it?"

"I come," said Ishmael, who was outwardly very calm, though his large black eyes were full of fire and light—"I come to speak to you about the order to close El Azhar."

"Then you come to the wrong place," said the General, sharply. "You should go to the Agency—the British Agency."

"I have seen the English lord already. He refuses to withdraw his order. Therefore I

am here to ask you—forgive me—I am here to ask you not to obey it."

The General tried to laugh. "Wonderful!" he said. "Your Eastern ideas of discipline are wonderful! Please understand, sir, *I* am here as the instrument of authority—that, and that only."

"An instrument has its responsibility," said Ishmael. "If there were no instruments to do evil deeds, would evil deeds be done? It is not your fault, sir, that the order has been issued, but it *will* be your fault if it is carried into effect."

"Really!" said the General, again trying to laugh. "Permit me to tell you, sir, that in this case there will be no fault in question, either of mine or anybody else's. El Azhar is a hotbed of sedition, and it is high time the Government cleared it out."

"El Azhar," said Ishmael, "is the heart of the Moslem faith. Take their religion away from them and the Moslems have nothing left. You are a Christian, and when your great Master was on earth He fed the souls of the people first."

"Yes, and he whipped the rascals out of the temple, and that's what the Government is going to do now—to drive out the pretentious impostors who are putting a lying spirit into the mouth of the people and making it impossible to govern them."

The Egyptian showed no anger. "I am here only to plead for the people, sir. Do not harden your heart against them. Do not send armed men among an unarmed populace. It will be slaughter."

"Tell them to submit to the Government and there will be no harm done to anyone. It's their duty, isn't it? Whatever the Government may be, isn't it their duty to submit to it?"

"Yes," said Ishmael. "We who are Moslems are taught by the Prophet—blessed be his name—that even if a negro slave is appointed to rule over us we ought to obey him."

"Deuce take it, sir, what do you mean by that?" said the General.

"But government is a trust from God," said the Egyptian, "and at the day of Resurrection the Most High will ask you what you have done to His children."

"Damn it, sir, have you come here to preach me a sermon?"

"I have come to plead with you for justice — the justice you look for from your Saviour. 'Be merciful to the weak,' He said, and it is for the weak I appeal to you. He was meek and lowly—will you forget His precepts? 'Love one another'—will you make strife between man and man? He is dead—shall it be said that His spirit has died out among those who call Him their Redeemer?"

The General brought his fist heavily down on the desk as if to command silence.

"Listen here, sir," he said. "If you imagine for one moment that this tall talk will have any effect upon me, let me advise you to drop it. Being a plain soldier who has received a plain command, I shall take whatever military steps are necessary to see it faithfully carried out, and if the precious leaders of the people, playing on their credulity and fanaticism, should instigate rebellion, I shall have the honour — understand me plainly — I shall have the honour to lodge them in a safe quarter, whosoever they are and whatsoever their pretensions may be."

The Egyptian's eyes showed at that moment that he was a man capable of wild frenzy, but he controlled himself and answered:—

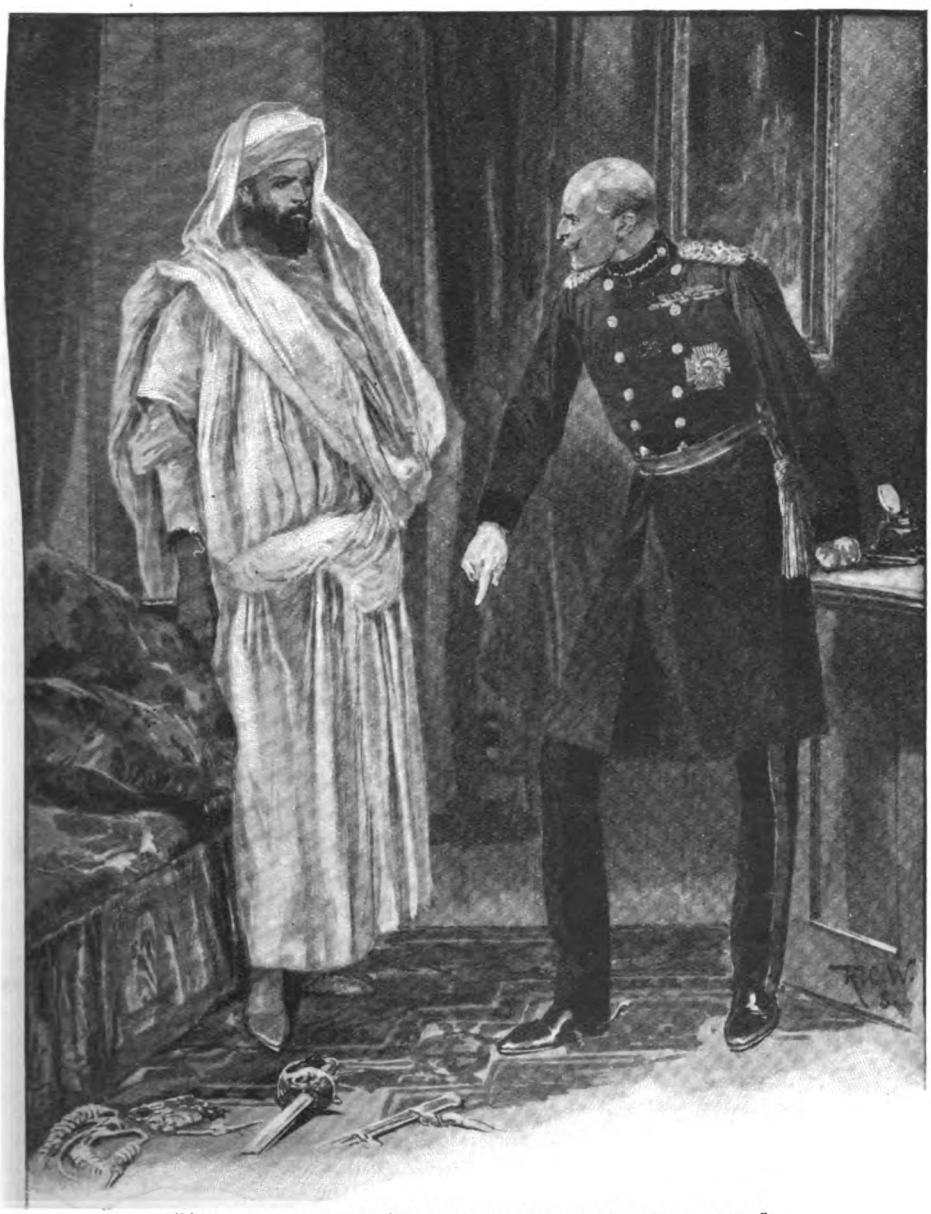
"I am not here to defend myself, sir. You can take me now if you choose to do so. But if I cannot plead with you for the people, let me plead with you for yourself—your family."

The General, who had turned away from Ishmael, swung round on him.

"My family?"

"'He that troubleth his own house,' saith the Koran, 'shall inherit the wind.' Will you, my brother, allow your daughter to be separated from the brave man who loves her? A woman is tender and sweet; all she wants is love; and love is a sacred thing, sir. Your daughter is your flesh and blood—will you make her unhappy? I see a day when you are dead—will it comfort you in the grave that two who should be together are apart?"

"They're apart already, so that's over and done with," said the General. "But listen to me again, sir. My girl needs none of your pity. She has done her duty as a soldier's daughter, and cut off the traitor whom you, and men like you, appear to have corrupted. Look here—and here," he cried, pointing to the broken sword and the medals, which were still lying where he had flung them on the floor. "The man has gone—gone in disgrace and shame. That's what you've done for him, if it's any satisfaction to you to know it. As for my daughter," he said, raising his voice in his gathering wrath and striding up to Ishmael with heavy steps and the jingling of his spurs—"as for my daughter, Helena—I will ask you to be so good as to keep her name out of it. Do you hear? Keep her name out of it, or else——"



"'LOOK HERE—AND HERE,' HE CRIED, POINTING TO THE BROKEN SWORD."

At that moment the men heard the door open and a woman's light footsteps behind them. It was Helena coming into the room.

"Did you call me, father?" she asked.

"No. Go back immediately"

She looked doubtfully at the two men, who were now face to face as if in the act of personal quarrel, hesitated, seemed about to speak, and then went out slowly.

There was silence for a moment after she was gone, and then Ishmael said:—

"Do I understand you to say, sir, that Colonel Lord has gone in disgrace?"

"Yes; for consorting with the enemies of his country and refusing to obey the order of his General."

"Lost his place and rank as a soldier?"

"Soon will, and then he will be alone and have you to thank for it."

The Egyptian drew himself up to his full height and answered, "You are wrong, sir. He who has no one has God, and if that

brave man has suffered rather than do an evil act, will God forget him? No!"

"God will do as He thinks best without considering either you or me, sir," said the General. "But I have something to do and I will ask you to leave me. . . . Or wait one moment! Lest you should carry away the impression that because Colonel Lord has refused to obey his General's order the order will not be obeyed, wait and see."

He touched the bell and called for his aide-de-camp.

"Tell Colonel Macfarlane to come to me immediately," said the General, and when his aide-de-camp had gone he turned to his desk for papers.

The Egyptian, who had never moved from his place by the sofa, now took one step forward and said in a low, quivering voice, "General, I have appealed to you on behalf of my people and on your own behalf, but there is one thing more."

"What is it?"

"Your country."

The General made an impatient gesture, and the Egyptian said, "Hear me, I beg, I pray. Real as life, real as death, real as wells of water in a desert place, is their religion to the Mussulmans, and if you lay so much as your finger upon it your Government will die."

He raised his hand and with one trembling finger pointed upwards. "Do you think your swords will govern them? What can your swords do to their souls? By the Most High God, I swear to you that I have only to speak the word and the rule of England in Egypt will end."

At that moment Colonel Macfarlane, a large man in khaki, a Highlander, with a ruddy face and a glass in his left eye, opened the door and stood by it, while the General, whose own face was scarlet with anger, said:—

"So! So that's how you talked to Colonel Lord, I presume—how you darkened the poor devil's understanding! Now see—see what effect your threats have upon me. Step forward, Colonel Macfarlane."

The Colonel saluted and stepped up to the General, who repeated to him word for word the order he had given to Gordon, and then said:—

"You will arrest all who resist you, and if any resist with violence you will *compel* obedience—you understand?"

"Perfectly," said the Colonel, and saluting again he left the room.

"Now, sir, you can go," said the General to Ishmael, whereupon the Egyptian, whose face had taken on an extreme pallor, replied:—

"Very well. I have warned you and you will not hear me. But I tell you that at this moment Israfil has the trumpet to his mouth, and is only waiting for God's order to blow it! I tell you, too, that I see you—you—on the Day of Judgment, and there are black marks on your face."

"Silence, sir!" said the General, bringing his clenched fist heavily down on the desk. Then he struck the bell and in a choking voice called first for his servant and then for his aide-de-camp. "Robson! See this man out of the Citadel! This damnable, presumptuous braggart! Robson! Where are you?" But the servant did not appear and the aide-de-camp did not answer.

"No matter," said the Egyptian. "I will go of myself. I will try to forget the hard words you have said of me. I will not retort them upon you. You are a Christian, and it was a Christian who said, 'Resist not evil.' That is a commandment as binding upon us as upon you. God's will be done!"

With that Ishmael went out as he had entered, slowly, solemnly, with head bent and eyes on the ground.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GENERAL was now utterly exhausted. Being left alone he leaned against the desk, intending to wait until his breathing had become more regular and he could reach the sofa. Standing there he heard the surging noise of the crowd that had been waiting outside for their Arab prophet, and were now going away with him. He wanted to call Helena, but restrained himself, remembering how often she had warned him.

"Robson!" he called again, but again the aide-de-camp did not answer—he must have gone off on some errand for Colonel Macfarlane.

The General took up his medicine and gulped down a large dose, drinking from the neck of the bottle, then sank on to the sofa.

Some minutes passed and he began to feel better. The sunset was deflected into his face from the alabaster walls of the mosque outside, but he could not get up to pull down the blind of his window. So he closed his eyes and thought of what had happened.

It seemed to him that Gordon had been to blame for everything. But for Gordon's monstrous conduct they would have been spared this trouble—Lord Nuneham's crushing blow, his own humiliating action, so wickedly forced upon him, and, above all, Helena's sorrow.

In the delirium of his anger against Gordon he felt as if he would choke. Thinking of Helena and her ruined happiness, he wondered why he had let Gordon off so lightly, and he wanted to follow and punish him.

Then he heard the door open, and, thinking Helena was coming into the room, he rose to his feet and faced around, when before him, in the doorway, with a haggard face, stood Gordon himself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Gordon Lord, after parting with Helena, had left the Citadel, his mental anguish had been so intense as to deaden all his faculties. His reason was clogged, his ideas were obscure, he could not see or hear properly. Passing the sentry in his box by the gate, he did not notice the man's bewildered stare or acknowledge his abbreviated salute. The whole event of the last hour had overwhelmed him as with a terrible darkness, and in this darkness he plodded on until he came into the streets, dense with people and clamorous with all the noises of an Eastern city—the bell of the water-carrier, the cries of the sherbet-sellers, the braying of donkeys, and the vicious grunting of the camels.

"Where am I going?" he asked himself at one moment, and when he remembered that he was going back to his quarters, for that was what he had been ordered to do, that he might be under arrest, and in due course tried by court-martial, he told himself that he had been tried and condemned and punished already. At that thought, though clouded and obscure, he bit his lip until it bled, and muttered, "No, I cannot go back to quarters—I will not!"

At the next moment a certain helplessness came over him, and up from the deep place where the strongest man is as a child, by the pathetic instinct that keeps the boy alive in him to the last dark day of his life and in the hour of death, came a desire to go home—to his mother. But when he thought of his mother's pleading voice as she begged him to keep peace with his father, and then, by some juggling twist of torturing memory, of the first evening after his return to Egypt, when he wore his medals and she fingered them on his breast with a pride that no Queen ever had in the jewels in her crown, he said to himself, "No, I can never go home again."

His mind was oscillating among these agonizing thoughts when he became aware that he was walking in the Esbekiah district, the European quarter of Cairo, where the ooze of the gutter of the city is flung up under the public eye; and there under the open piazza, containing a line of drinking-places, in an atmosphere that was thick with tobacco smoke, the reek of alcohol, the babel of many tongues, the striking of matches, and the popping of corks, he sat down at a table and called for a glass of brandy.

The brandy seemed to clear his faculties for a moment, and his aimless and wandering thoughts began to concentrate themselves. Then the scene in the General's office came back to him—the drawing of his sword from its scabbard, the breaking of it across the knee, the throwing of the wretched fragments at his feet, the ripping away of his medals, and the trampling of them underfoot. The hideous memory of it all made his blood boil, and when his beaten brain swung back to the scenes in which he won his honours at the risk of his life—Omdurman, Ladysmith, Pretoria—the rank injustice he had suffered almost stifled him with rage, and he swore and struck the table.

All his anger was against the General, not against his father, of whom he had hardly thought at all; but the cruellest agony he passed through came at the moment when his wrath rose against Helena. As he thought of her he became dizzy; his brain reeled with a dance of ideas in which no picture lasted longer than an instant, and no emotion would stay. At one moment he was seeing her as he saw her first, with her big eyes, black as a sloe, the joyous smile that was one of her greatest charms, the arched brow, the silken lashes, the gleam of celestial fire, the "Don't go yet" that came in her look, and then the quickening pulse, the thrill that passed through him, and the mysterious voice that whispered, "It is She!"

Without knowing it he groaned aloud as he thought of the ruin which all this had come to; and at the next moment he was in the midst of another memory—a memory of the future as he had imagined it would be. They were to be married soon, and then, realizing one of the dreams of his life, they were to visit America, for his mother's blood called to him to go there, to see the great new world—yes, but above all to stand, with Helena's quivering hand in his, on that rock at Plymouth where a handful of fearless men and women had landed on a bleak and hungry coast, afraid of no fate, for God was with them, and in two short centuries had peopled a vast continent and created one of the mightiest empires of the earth. Remem-

bering this as a vanished dream, his wretched soul was on the edge of a vortex of madness, and he laughed outright with a laugh that shivered the air around him.

Then he was conscious that somebody was speaking to him. It was a young girl in a gaudy silk dress, with a pasty face, lips painted very red, eyebrows darkened, a flower in her full bosom, which was covered with transparent lace, and a little satchel swinging on her wrist.

"Overdoing it a bit, haven't you, dear?" she said in French, and she smiled at him, a poor sidelong smile, out of her crushed and crumpled soul.

At the same moment he became aware that three men at a table behind him were winking at the girl and joking at his expense. One of them, a little, fat American Jew with puffy cheeks, chewing the end of a cigar, was saying:—

"Guess a man don't have no use for a hat in a climate like this—sun so soft, and only ninety-nine in the shade."

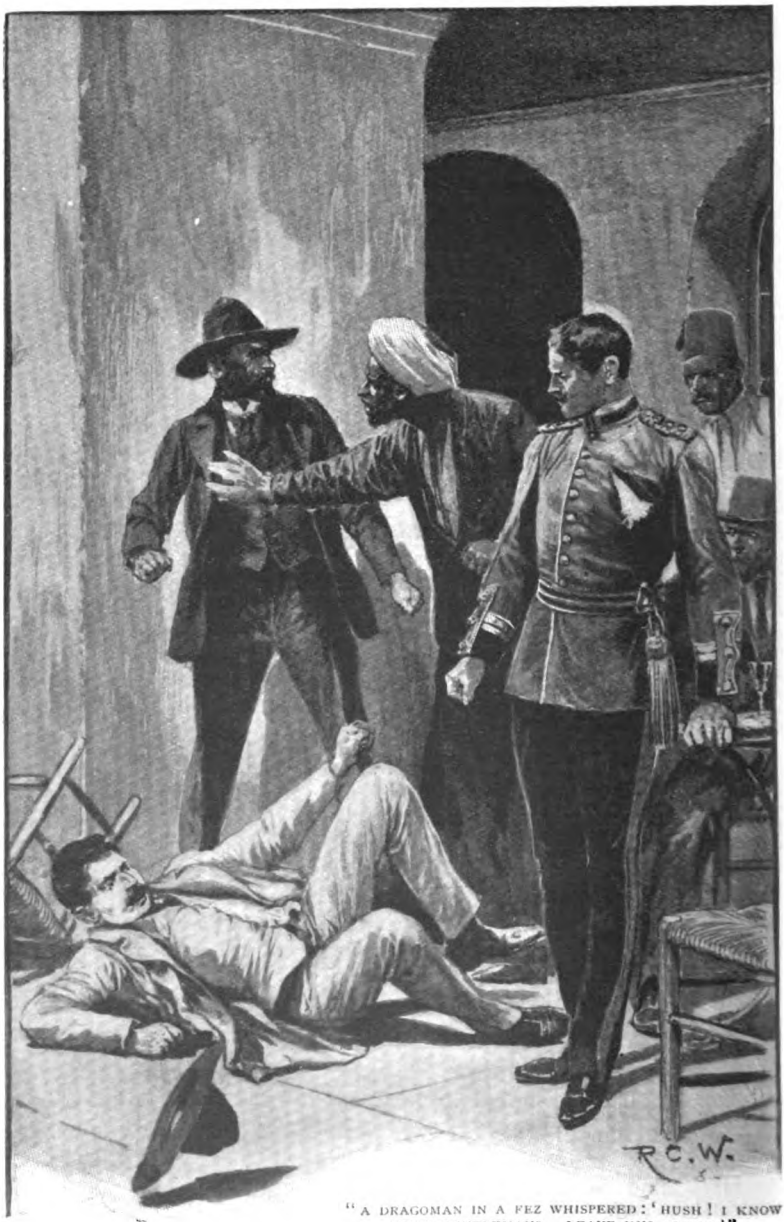
Whereupon an Englishman, with a ripped and ragged mouth and a miscellaneous nose, half pug and half Roman, answered:—

"Been hanging himself up on a nail by the breast of his coat, too, you bet."

Then, putting his hand to his hair and looking down at the torn cloth of his tunic, Gordon realized for the first time that he was bareheaded, having left his helmet at the Citadel, and that to the unclean consciousness of the people about him he was drunk.

At that moment he started up suddenly, and coming into collision with the American, who was swinging on the back legs of his chair, he sent him sprawling on the ground, where he yelled:—

"Here, I say, you blazing——"



"A DRAGOMAN IN A FEZ WHISPERED: 'HUSH! I KNOW THAT GENTLEMANS. LEAVE HIM ALONE.'"

But the third man at the table, a dragoman in a fez, whispered :—

"Hush! I know that gentlemans. Leave him alone, sirs, please. Let him go."

With heart and soul aflame, Gordon walked away, intending to take the first cab that came along and then forgetting to do so. One wild thought now took possession of him and expelled all other thoughts. He must go back to the Citadel and accuse the General of his gross injustice. He must say what he meant to say when he stood by the door as he was going out. The General should hear it—he should, and, by ——, he must!

The brandy was working in his brain by this time, and in the blind leading of passion everything that happened on the way seemed to fortify his resolve. The streets of the native city were now surging with people, as a submerged mine surges with the water that runs through it. He knew where they were going to—they were going to El Azhar—and when he came near to the great mosque he had to fight his way through a crowd that was coming from the opposite direction, with the turbaned head of a very tall man in the midst of the multitude, who were chanting verses from the Koran and crying in chorus, "La ilah illa-lah!"

At sight of this procession, knowing what it meant, that the Moslems were going to the doomed place to defend it or to die, a thousand confused forms danced before Gordon's eyes. His impatience to reach the Citadel became feverish and he began to run, but again at the foot of the hill on which the fortress stands he was kept back. This time it was by a troop of cavalry, who were trotting hard towards El Azhar. He saw his deputy, Macfarlane, with his blotchy face and his monocle, but he was himself seen by no one, and in the crush he was almost ridden down.

The Citadel, when he reached it, seemed to be deserted, even the sentry standing with his back to him in the sentry-box as he hurried through. There was nobody in the square of the mosque or yet at the gate to the General's garden, which was open, and the door of the house, when he came to it, was open, too. With the hot blood in his head, his teeth compressed and his nostrils quivering, he burst into the General's office and came face to face with the old soldier as he was rising from the sofa. Thus in the blind swirl of circumstance the two men met at the moment when the heart of each was full of hatred for the other.

They were brave men both of them, and never for one instant had either of them known what it was to feel afraid. They were not afraid now, but they had loved each other once, and up from what deep place in their souls God alone can say there came a wave of feeling that fought with their hate. The General no longer wanted to punish Gordon, but only that Gordon should go away, while Gordon's rage, which was to have thundered at the General, broke into an agonizing cry.

"What are you doing here? Didn't I order you to your quarters? Do you wish me to put you under close arrest? Get off!"

"Not yet. You and I have to settle accounts first. You have behaved like a tyrant. A tyrant—that's the only word for it! If I was guilty of insubordination, you were guilty of outrage. You had a right to arrest me and to order that I should be court-martialled. But what right had you to condemn me before I was tried and punish me before I was sentenced? Before or after, what right had you to break my sword and tear off my medals? Degradation is obsolete in the British Army. What right had you to degrade me? Before my father, too, and before Helena! What *right* had you?"

"Leave my house instantly! Leave it! Leave it!" said the General, his voice coming thick and hoarse.

"Not till you hear what I've come to tell you," said Gordon, and then—who knows on what inherited cell of his brain imprinted?—he repeated the threat his father had made forty years before :—

"I've come to tell you that I'll go back to my quarters and you shall court-martial me to-morrow *if you dare*. Before that England may know, by what is done to-night, that I refused to obey your order because I'm a soldier—not a murderer. But if she never knows," he cried, in his breaking voice, "and you try me and condemn me and degrade me to the ranks itself, I'll get up again—do you hear me?—I'll get up again and win back all I've lost and more — until I'm your own master and you'll have to obey *me!*"

The General's face became scarlet, and, lifting his hand as if to strike Gordon, he cried, in a choking voice :—

"Go, before I do something . . ."

But Gordon, in the delirium of his rage, heard nothing except the sound of his own quivering voice.

"More than that," he said, "I'll win back Helena. She was mine, and you have separated her from me, and broken her heart as well as my own. Was that the act of a

father, or of a robber and a tyrant? But she will come back to me, and when you are dead and in your grave we shall be together, because . . . Stop that! Stop it, I say!"

The General, unable to command himself any longer, had snatched up the broken sword from the floor, and was making for Gordon as if to smite him.

"Stand away! You are an old man and I am not a coward. Drop that, or, by God, you——"

But the General, losing himself utterly, flung himself on Gordon with the broken sword, his voice gone in a husky growl and his breath coming in hoarse gusts.

The struggle was short but terrible. Gordon, in the strength of his young manhood, first laid hold of the General by the upper part of the breast to keep him off, and then, feeling that his hand was wounded, he gripped at the old man's throat with fingers that clung like claws. At the next moment he snatched the sword from the General, and at the same instant, with a delirious laugh, he flung the man himself away.

The General fell heavily with a deep groan and a gurgling cry. Gordon, with a contemptuous gesture, threw the broken sword on to the floor, and then, with the growl of a wild creature, he turned to go.

"Fight me—would you, eh? Kill me, perhaps! We've settled accounts at last—haven't we?"

But hearing no answer he turned at the door to look back and saw the General lying where he had fallen, outstretched and still. At that sight the breath seemed to go out of his body at one gasp. His head turned giddy and the red gleams of the sunset, which were deflected into the room, appeared to his half-blind eyes to cover everything with blood.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GORDON stood with his mouth open, the brute sense struck out of him by the dead silence. Then he said, "Get up! Why don't you get up?" hardly knowing what he was saying.

He got no answer, and a horrible idea began to take shape in his mind. Though so hot a moment ago, he shivered and his teeth began to chatter. He looked around him for a moment in the dazed way of a man awakening from a nightmare, and then stepped up on tiptoe to where the General lay.

Raising his head, he looked at him and found it hard to believe that what he vaguely feared had happened. There was no sign of injury anywhere. The eyes were open and they looked fixedly at him with so fierce a stare that they seemed to jump out of their sockets.

"Stunned—that's all—stunned by the fall," he thought, and, seeing a bottle of brandy on the shelf of the desk, he got up and poured a little into the medicine-glass, and then, kneeling and lifting the General's head again, he forced the liquor through the tightly-compressed lips.

It ran out as it went in, and then, with gathering fear and fumbling fingers, Gordon unbuttoned the General's frock-coat and laid a trembling hand over his heart. At one moment he thought he felt a beat, but at the next he knew it was only the throb of his own pulses.

At that the world seemed for a moment to be blotted out, and when he came to himself again he was holding the General in his arms and calling to him.

"General! General! Speak to me! For God's sake, speak to me!"

"GENERAL! GENERAL! SPEAK TO ME!"

In the torrent of his remorse he was kissing the General's forehead and crying over his face, but there was no response.

Then a great trembling shook his whole body, and dropping the head gently back to the floor he rose to his feet. The General was dead, and he knew it.

He had seen death a hundred times before, but only on the battlefield, amid the boom of cannon, the wail of shell, the snap of rifles, and the oaths of men, but now it filled him with terror.

The silence was awful. A minute ago the General had been a living man, face to face with him, and the room had been ringing with the clash of their voices; but now this breathless hush, this paralyzing stillness, in which the very air seemed to be dead, for something was gone as by the stroke of an almighty hand, and there was nothing left but the motionless figure at his feet.

"What have I done?" he asked, and when he told himself that in his headstrong wrath he had killed a man his head spun round and round. He who had refused to obey orders because he would not commit murder was guilty of murder himself! What devil out of hell had ordered things so that, as the very consequence of refusing to commit a crime, he had become a criminal?

"God have pity upon me and tell me it is not true," he thought.

But he knew it was true, and when he told himself that the man he had killed was his General his pain increased tenfold. The General had loved him and favoured him, been proud of him and upheld him, and never, down to the coming of this trouble, had their friendship been darkened by a cloud.

"Oh, forgive me! God forgive me!" he thought.

In his blind misery, which hardly saw itself yet for what it was, the impulse came to him to carry the burden of his sin, too heavy for himself, to Helena, that she might help him to bear it; and he had taken some steps towards the door leading to her room when it struck him as a blow on the brain that she was the daughter of the dead man, and he was going to her for comfort after killing her father.

At that thought he stopped and laid hold of the desk for support, being so weak that he could scarce keep on his legs. He remembered Helena's love for the General, how much of her young life she had given to him, and how the quarrel that had divided himself from her had come of her determination not to leave her father as long as he lived. And now he had killed him—he! he! he!

Beads of sweat started from his forehead, but after a moment he told himself that, if he could not expect comfort from Helena, it was his duty to comfort her—to break the news to her. He saw himself doing so. "Helena, listen, dear; be brave." "What is it?" "Your father—is—is dead." "Dead?" "Worse—a thousandfold worse—he is murdered." "Murdered?" "It was all in the heat of blood—the man didn't know what he was doing." "Who was it? Who was it?" "Don't you see, Helena? It was I."

He had turned again to the door leading to Helena's room when another blow from an invisible hand seemed to fall upon him. He saw Helena's eyes fixed on his face in the intensity of her hate, and he heard her voice driving him away. "Go; let me never see you again." That was more than he could bear, and staggering to the sofa he sat down.

Some minutes passed. The red glow in the room deepened to a dull brown, and at one moment there was a groan in the gathering gloom. He heard it and looked up, but there was nobody there, and then he realized that it was he who had groaned. At another moment his mind occupied itself with lesser things. He saw that one finger of his left hand was badly wounded, and he bound it up in his handkerchief. Then he looked at himself in a mirror that hung on the wall in front of the sofa, but he could not see his face distinctly—eyes, nose, and mouth being blurred. He did not attempt to escape. Never for an instant did it occur to him to run away.

The sun went down behind the black pyramids across the Nile, and after a while the dead silence of the evening of the Eastern day was broken by the multitudinous cries of the muezzins, which came up from the city below like a deep ground-swell on a rugged coast.

After that Gordon knelt again by the General's body, trying to believe it was not dead. The eyes were still open, but all the light was gone out of them, and seeing their stony stare the thought came to him that the General's soul was with him in the room. The stupor of his senses had suddenly given way to a supernatural acuteness, and at one moment he imagined he felt the touch of a hand on his shoulder.

At the next instant he was plainly conscious of a door opening and closing in the inner part of the house, and of light and rapid footsteps approaching. He knew what had occurred—Helena had been out on the terrace or in the parade-ground and had just come back.

She was now in the next room, breathing hard as if she had been running. He could hear the rustling of her silk underskirt and her soft step as she walked towards the door of the General's office.

At the next moment there came a knock, but Gordon held his breath and made no answer.

Then "Father!" in a tremulous voice, full of fear, as if Helena knew what had happened.

Still Gordon made no reply, and the frightened voice came again.

"Are you alone now? May I come in?"

Then Gordon felt an impulse to throw the door open and confess everything, saying: "I did it, Helena, but I didn't intend to do it. He threw himself upon me, and I flung him off and he fell, and that is the truth, as God is my witness."

But he could not do this, because he was afraid. He who had never before known fear, he who had stood in the firing line when hordes of savage men had galloped down with fanatical cries—he was trembling now at the thought of meeting a woman's face.

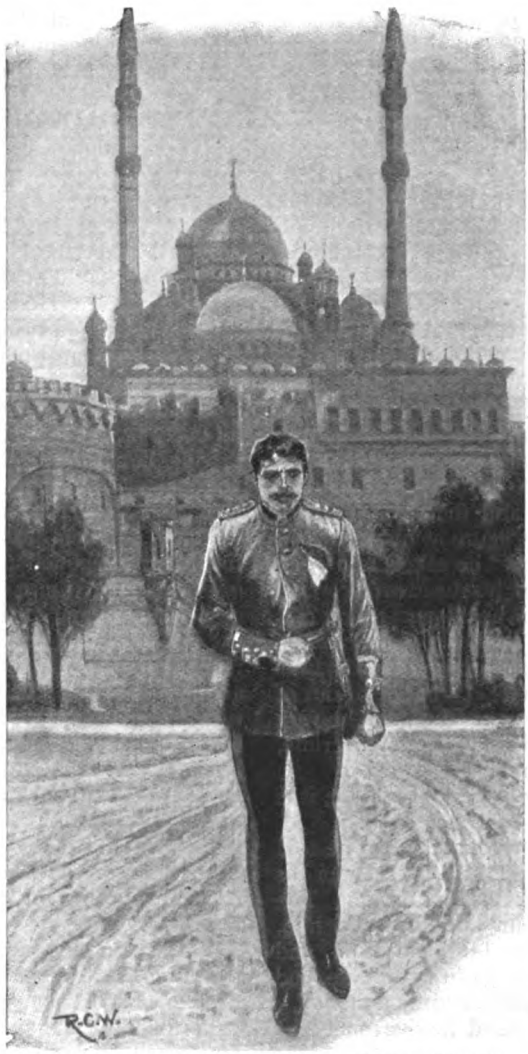
So, treading softly, he stole out of the room by the outer door, the door leading to the gate, and as he closed it behind him he felt that the door of hope also was now for ever closed between Helena and him.

But going through the garden he had to pass the arbour, and at sight of that a wave of tender memories swept over him, and in pity of Helena's position he wanted to return. She would be in her father's room by this time, standing over his dead body and alone in her great grief.

"I will go back," he thought. "She has no one else. She may curse me, but I cannot leave her alone. I will go back — I will — I must!"

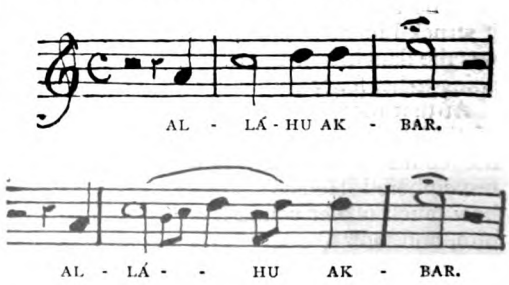
That was what his soul was saying to itself, but at the same time his body was carrying him away—through the open gate and across the deserted square, swiftly, stealthily, like a criminal leaving the scene of his crime.

The day was now gone, the twilight was deep, and as he passed under the outer port of the Citadel in the dead silence of the unquickened air, a voice like that of an accusing angel, telling of judgment to come, fell upon his ear. It was the voice of the last of the muezzins on the minaret of the Mohammedan mosque calling to evening prayer:—



"A VOICE LIKE THAT OF AN ACCUSING ANGEL, TELLING OF JUDGMENT TO COME, FELL UPON HIS EAR."

"God is Great! God is Great!"



(To be continued.)

SIR W. S. GILBERT AS AN ARTIST.

Illustrated by Early Sketches of Character and from Originals in the Artist's Possession.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

"I NEVER had any idea of becoming an artist by profession, not even in my briefless barrister days. Yet I made hundreds of sketches for publication, most of which

"LOST MR. BLAKE." DRAWN ON WOOD, AT THE AGE OF 30.

are, no doubt properly, buried in oblivion. I never drew from models, but odd characters in the London streets attracted me, and I felt an irresistible desire to sketch them for my own amusement or the amusement of my friends."

Thus did Sir W. S. Gilbert speak in his brusque, downright fashion of his own work as an artist in the pre-"Bab Ballad" days, as we sat together in the sumptuous library at Grims Dyke. As to the illustrations to the "Bab Ballads," the world has long since pronounced its opinion concerning them. In their humour, their quaintness, their individual quality, they are inimitable. It is safe to say that no set of drawings—so slight in technique—ever published have given such universal pleasure. I once saw some of them on a set of china plates made at Canton. They are as immortal as the Ballads themselves. Can one say more in their praise?

How, therefore, I revelled in gazing upon scores of original pen-and-ink sketches done

SIR W. S. GILBERT'S VERSION OF SAME PICTURE, AT THE AGE OF 60.

by Gilbert's own hand, recognising old friends—friends of a lifetime—yet with a difference, a change of expression in the face of the Bishop of Rum-ti-foo, "Lost Mr. Blake" who had lost his severity, and a decided alteration in the costume of the famous crew of the *Hot Cross Bun*.

A GAY OLD BACHELOR.

But even more interesting to me were a series of sketches of similar character, unknown to fame, which I myself had resurrected years before in the purlieus of Holywell Street — sketches full of the same quality as those of the Ballads, and much more carefully executed — "carried a little farther," as the technical expression is. I understood that these had been drawn for a book entitled "London Characters," by Henry Mayhew.

"Nothing of the sort," said the author of "Pinafore." "I called them 'Thumbnail Studies,' and

A BILL-DISCOUNTER.

wrote the letterpress myself. I never illustrated for anybody but myself. Here is what I wrote :—

"'Who are these people who pass to and fro? What lives are theirs? . . . Hardly a man passes by who has not some more or less strongly-marked characteristic which may serve to distinguish him from his fellows and give a clue to his previous history. Of course, the clue may be an erroneous one; but if it should prove to be so, that is the fault of the sagacious soul who follows it up too closely'; and so on, giving sketches of company-promoters, artists, officers from Aldershot, theatrical managers, cabmen, comedians, and journalists. This is not the first time I've heard of assertions of authorship in things I wrote myself. Only the other day I picked up a volume of autobiography and found the writer laying claim to an article I wrote for the *Cornhill* forty odd years ago."

AN ARTISTIC CHARLATAN.

A DETECTIVE.

To a student of Gilbert's plays and an appreciator of the humour called Gilbertian it is most diverting to come across in these self-same "Thumbnail Studies" the first "lead" in the mine which was to prove so rich in fun-bearing ore. Here are young Gilbert's first paradoxes, his chains of amusing sophistries, his topsy-turvy syllogisms. He draws the picture of "a wicked old character" (page 139) whom he sees in St. James's Street, and proceeds to describe him. "He is a gay old bachelor, of disgraceful habits and pursuits—a coarse old villain without a trace of gentlemanly or even manly feeling about him. He stands at his club window by day. At dinner he drinks himself into a condition of drivelling imbecility, from which he only arouses himself in time to stagger round to the nearest stage-door. His income is probably derived from the contributions of disgusted connections who pay him to keep out of their sight."

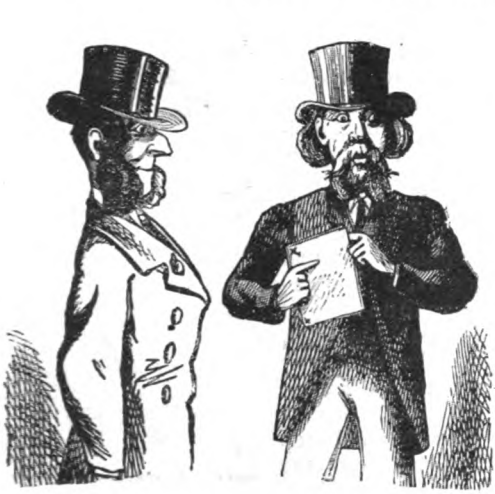
But, of course, this reading of character may be all wrong. "As a rule it is better to think, but not to think too deeply. If we don't think at all our mind is but a blank; if we just glance below the surface we may, without difficulty, conjure up a host of pleasant paradoxes, the contemplation of which is enough to keep the mind amused and to give play to a healthy and fanciful reflection. But if we think too deeply we come to the reason of things—we destroy our visionary castles, we brush away our quaint theories, and we reduce everything to the absolute dead-level from which we started."

When Gilbert drew the first illustration on this page he made up his mind that he was representing a thriving bill-discounter. "He is an old gentleman who has, at various epochs in his career, been a wine-merchant, a cigar-dealer, a Boulogne billiard-player, a trafficker in Army commissions, a picture-dealer, a horse-dealer, a theatrical manager, and a bill-discounter."

A CURIOUS OLD BACHELOR.

If you want to know what certain artists could look like in mid-Victorian times, direct your glance to the above Gilbertian sketch of "an artistic charlatan." We are told that "his get-up is astoundingly

A MISERABLE GHOST.



A PROMOTER OF PUBLIC COMPANIES.

A PLAYWRIGHT.

FOURTH-RATE FAMILY DOCTOR.

AN ANTICIPATION OF MR. BIRRELL.

professional, and his talk is studio slang. He never paints anything, but haunts studios and bothers hard-working craftsmen by the hour together. He has been all over the world, and knows every picture in every gallery of Europe. To hear him talk you would think he was the acknowledged head of his profession. Certainly, as far as his exterior goes, there never was so artistic an artist (out of a comedy) as he."

Gilbert presents us with a whole gallery of characters, in many of whom we may detect both the germ and prototype of the *personnel* of his operas.

Of the next sketch we are told that "he is awake to most things, and his only delusion is that, being a policeman in plain clothes, he looks like a prosperous shopkeeper, a confidential clerk, a nobleman of easy manners, or a country yokel in town for a 'spree,' according to the characters which the peculiarities of his several cases require him to assume. The more he disguises himself," the author adds, "the more he looks the policeman in plain clothes" (page 140). The type is a familiar one to-day.

A type not so familiar is that of the "curious old bachelor of eccentric habits" to whom the famous playwright next introduces us. "Nobody knows much about him except a confidential manservant, who effectually defeats any attempt to pump him on the subject of his master's eccentricities. All that is known of him is that he lives in a lodging-house in Duke Street, St. James's.

A THEATRICAL CRITIC.

LADY IN THE DRESS-CIRCLE.

SOME PITTITES.

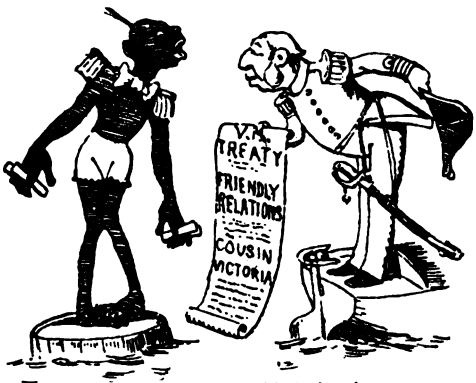
A THEATRICAL MANAGER.

A FOUR-WHEEL CABMAN, 1865.

He has a horror of children and tobacco and a nervous dread of hansom cabs; he takes a walk between two and three every afternoon, up St. James's Street, stopping regularly at Sams's to look at the profile pictures of distinguished sporting and other noblemen, and finishing up with a Bath bun and a glass of cherry-brandy at the corner of Bond Street. He is supposed by some to be a fraudulent banker, by others a disgraced clergyman, by others an escaped convict of desperate character, and by the more rational portion of his observers as a harmless monomaniac. . . . There is a rumour afloat that he is a Royal descendant of Hannah Lightfoot, and that he is only waiting for an opportunity to declare his rights and step at once into the throne of England" (page 140).

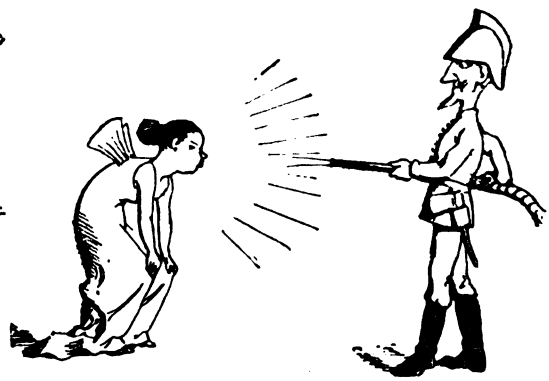
ROBERT L. STEVENSON AS "THE DISCONCERTED TENOR."

A different note is struck here: "One of those miserable ghosts that start up from time to time in the London streets, to sicken the rich man of his wealth and to disgust the happy man with his happiness. . . . He is, of course, a thief; who, in his situation, would not be? He is a liar; but his lies are told for bread. He is a blasphemer; God help him, what has he to be thankful for?" (page 140).



"I come, if you please, with the best intents
And Queen Victoria's compliments."

THE LATE LORD GOSCHEN AS A NAVAL REPRESENTATIVE.



SIR EYRE MASSEY SHAW AS A FIREMAN.

He skipped for joy like little muttons;
He danced like Esmeralda's kid.

A DELINEATION OF MISS FORTESCUE.

Next is "a gentleman about whom there can be no mistake. He is a promoter of public companies. . . . He is a specious, showy, flashily-dressed, knowing-looking gentleman, with a general knowledge of most things and an especial and particular acquaintance with the manners and customs of fools in general" (p. 141).

Gilbert's sketch of a theatrical manager might almost serve as a portrait of the artist himself in his

The sergeant-major tatted,
The others nursed their dolls.

later years, although the possibility of this would probably have surprised him when he made the drawing nearly a half-century ago. Speaking of such likenesses, might not the sketch on page 141 serve as a caricature of Mr. Birrell, minus his spectacles?

On the same page is also given a specimen of "that bland, gentlemanly, useful humbug, the fourth-rate family doctor. Although undoubtedly a humbug, he is not a quack. He has satisfied the College of Surgeons and has

A PANTOMIME SUPER.

passed the Hall with decency; he has even, perhaps, graduated as M.B. at London, and is consequently styled 'doctor' by courtesy. But he is a humbug for all that."

Then follow two or three drawings by Sir William, made in the theatre as a young man, one a theatrical critic, another a lady representative "of that extensive element in most dress-circles which finds its way into theatres by means of free admissions. It is a curious feature in theatrical management—and a feature which doesn't seem to exist in any other form of commercial enterprise—that, if you can't get people to pay for admission, you must admit them for nothing. Nobody ever heard of a butcher scattering steaks broadcast among the multitude because his customers fall off; neither is there any instance on record of a banker volunteering to oblige penniless strangers with an agreeable balance. Railway companies do not send free passes for general distribution to eel-pie shops, nor does a baker place his friends on the free list."

A DERBY BARD.

If the characters in the front row of the pit have changed in these days, it is not so with the four-wheel cabman depicted on page 142. He might be drawn from life, Anno Domini 1909, in many a Metropolitan quarter.

In the case of the "Bab Ballads" drawings Sir William told me that he made a preliminary sketch in pencil, the outlines of which he afterwards transferred to a small wood-block. Here he continued the sketch, always in pencil. As time wore on and the block wore out he set about making a new set of drawings. These he executed in ink on Bristol board, working on the same minute scale as if he had been drawing on the block.

He by no means adhered to his original conception always, as was to be seen in the case of several drawings. In some I preferred the first idea as well as the first execution. But in other instances the second drawing was the better or the funnier.

The late Lord Goschen, who was a great admirer of the "Bab Ballads," was much astonished to find himself figuring in one of them — an amended one —as Queen Victoria's naval representative (page 142). This was at a time when he had not yet decided to accept the post of First Lord of the Admiralty. The waggish picture perhaps influenced his decision, but his only comment was, "Now I know why Gilbert looked at me so hard at the Academy dinner the other evening!"

In the same way, Robert Louis Stevenson can hardly have failed to recognise his own lineaments in the gentleman who figures as "The Disconcerted Tenor" (page 142). But Gilbert often has amused himself in this way. In one of his drawings Miss Fortescue appears seated at a piano, while as for his caricature of the late Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, as a fireman with the hose in his grasp, it has been pronounced a "wicked likeness" (p. 142).

TWO BRAW SCOTSMEN.

In some of his designs the influence of Sir John Tenniel is manifest, and this without their ceasing to be characteristically Gilbertian. In glancing at some, one would say that *Punch* lost a great cartoonist when it first discouraged Sir W. S. Gilbert. What a fund of observation is denoted in the picture of the two braw Scotsmen listening to Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan Corby Torbay attempting to discourse the sweet strains of "In My Cottage":—

> He blew at his "cottage," and blew with a will,
> For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until
> (You'll hardly believe it) M'Clan, I declare,
> Elicited something resembling an air.

There is quite the professional cartoonist touch in the gentleman in Roman garb sipping his Falernian reproduced from the original drawing herewith.

"They wore little underclothing—scarcely anything or nothing,
And their dress of Coan silk was quite transparent in design."

THE PIT: A Tale of North Australia.

By FRANK SAVILE.

"NOW that I've taken it and the matter's settled," said I, looking at Griscom, "I don't mind telling you that it's exactly what I want." He nodded a sort of surly assent and turned to look, as I was looking, at the picture which the sunset was lighting with glories of crimson and gold. It shone upon the home paddock, enclosed on three sides by Horseshoe Lake. It shone, too, on mile after mile of pasture stretching beyond the lake to Chamberlain Hills and their bold outline of crags stark against the sky. Far to the left was the illimitable blue of the sea. Far to the right another blue—the shimmering azure of the heat haze over the paper barks and banyans of the jungle. My heart swelled as I looked at it and knew it was mine. Is there a finer property in all Australia? Maybe—but I've never seen it.

"There's only one thing I should like to know," I added. "Why are all your men leaving with you? You aren't taking up another run."

It seemed to me that his face paled a shade or two nearer chalky white.

"They're restless," he said. "They're not bred to this country."

"You'd think one or two of them would have settled to it by now," I said. "I'm willing to pay good money, too, for good men."

He shook his head. He made an inarticulate sound of dissent.

"It's the foreman, Charlton, that I should particularly like to keep," I went on. "He tells me he's going to be married. His wife would be a help—when *my* wife comes up."

At that he cried out suddenly. He whirled round and stared into my face. A sort of palsy seemed to have fallen on him—he beat the air with hands which he could not command.

"Your *wife!*" he panted, thickly. "You're going to bring a wife—*here?*"

I stared back at him in stupefaction. His face was scarcely human under its cloak of passion and—as it seemed—fear.

"It's for her sake I'm coming North," I answered. "It's for her I want the dryness and the sun."

He tottered, staggered nearer to me, and then stood, swaying.

"Not a wife!" he gasped. "You didn't tell me—I didn't know——"

He pitched forward suddenly, and lay upon the planking at my feet.

So Fate laid her hand upon Ernest Griscom—and upon me. When a week later his foreman and I left him in the hospital at Port Darwin he had spoken no other word—made no other sign. He went down-country unconscious, and unconscious we left him in his cot. I went home—thinking. Of course, I asked questions. Of Charlton first of all. I offered him a rise of five-and-twenty pounds a year to stay.

He smiled grimly.

"No, thanks, boss," he said. "I've a billet on offer in Queensland."

I looked at him keenly.

"Is that your true reason for leaving?" I asked.

"No," he said, bluntly. "You could make it a hundred and I wouldn't stay!"

"You'll give *no* reason?"

He hesitated. Then his words came with a rush.

"Fright's my reason," he snapped, defiantly. "I've stood it as a single man. You can't pay me anything to stand it as a married one."

"Fright?" I repeated the word in amazement. "Fright of what?"

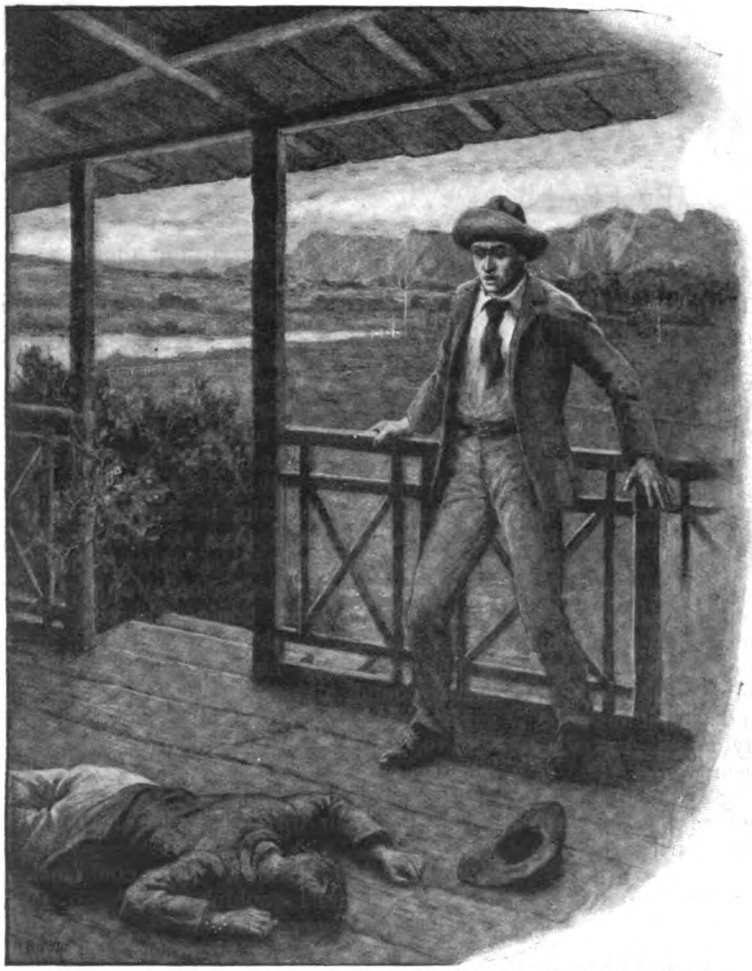
He made a gesture which spoke of helplessness.

"God knows," he said, "and I can't explain. But I'll tell you why Griscom's lying insensible in that hospital there. He thought that you were a man—alone. He thought that you might be fairly let in to face—it. But when he heard of *your* wife I reckon he remembered *his*."

A cold chill cramped my heart. Did that mean that half my scanty capital was gone—that I had been robbed of it—by fraud?

"What's wrong?" I almost shouted. "What am I up against?"

"Is it bare facts you want?" he asked, stolidly. "Well, then, things *go* from this



"HE PITCHED FORWARD SUDDENLY AND LAY UPON THE PLANKING AT MY FEET."

run—sheep, calves, colts. *Two months ago Mrs. Griscom went with her child.*"

In my relief and in my incredulity I nearly laughed.

"Went!" I repeated. "Went where?"

"How can I tell?" he snarled, fiercely, his passion flaming out in the face of my evident disbelief. "I tell you they went—passed away—disappeared!"

I leaned forward till I nearly touched him. He drew back with a curse.

"No!" he said, though I had put no question into words. "No, there's no reek of spirits about *me*—I'm dreaming no dreams out of a bottle. I tell you it's *so*, and God help you if you wait to prove it!"

I stared at him again. The force of his pent passion was overwhelming, but how could a sane man take such a statement in seriousness?

"The niggers?" I suggested. "The Myalls?"

"So we all thought, at first. Sheep or calves? Why, naturally they go where there's no police within a hundred miles and the lubras and piccaninnies want feeding. You find a colt or a steer speared. You curse—and write 'em off a dead loss. But these went and left no trace." He turned and pointed to the line of hills which bounded the green emptiness of the plain. "There's where they went—into those ravines. They say they are old volcanoes there—that may be or not. All I know is that half a hundred bullocks have been lost where there isn't a boulder big enough to hide a dingo. There are chasms there—bottomless ones, but why should they jump down them, unless——"

"Unless?" I repeated, as he hesitated. "Unless——"

"Unless the devil himself came out and lured them in!"

I smiled a little contemptuously.

"They got bushed," I said. "Why shouldn't they?"

"Bushed!" His scorn was withering. "How can stock and human beings—aye, there was a Chinese cook went before Mrs. Griscom—get bushed on bare rocks where there's nothing to hide a dog except a few wild figs the size of a currant bush or lumps of grass the width of your hand? They didn't go South—towards the jungle! They went North—North—North—they went into the hills, and they went—for ever!"

"And his wife?" I asked. "She went—when?"

"Not two months back. He *saw* her go!"

I started. I stared at him blankly.

"Saw her?" I cried. "Saw her?"

He nodded sullenly.

"She went, as Tom Cash, the cook, went, to find wild chicory for salad. She took the child with her. The boss saw her running—after the child, we suppose, but he was half a mile away—too far to be certain. Anyway, he galloped up, left his horse, and ran among the boulders to find her. He found—nothing!"

"Not a sign?"

"Not the speck of one. He spent hours there. He galloped back at sundown and roused us up with lanterns. We spent every day of the next six there, though we had been over it, and twice over it, in two. I tell you those chasms are the highway to the pit itself, and—and something comes out and draws man and beast to leap in after him!"

My face hardened.

"Thank you, Charlton," I said, dryly, "but you can hardly expect me to agree with you as far as that. I've sunk capital here, and I shall see this thing out. No doubt the poor lady and child fell into the chasm you speak of. That's the explanation on the face of it."

He laughed bitterly.

"They just naturally would," he sneered. "And those sheep and calves, of course, couldn't help doing it, they'd be so tickled with the notion of jumping down a hole after nothing at all. And the colts—and Tom Cash?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I shall tell my wife not to go near the place till I've investigated," I said. "As for the stock, if the run is anything like as good as it looks it will pay to wire that end—if I must."

He flung up his hands hopelessly.

"Wire! There's no wire made to corral stock in and keep that thing out. Haven't I seen—what I've seen?" He shrugged his shoulders again. "But go your way, and thank God if it takes only a few head of cattle to prove you wrong. You've had your warning—you won't be able to throw that up against me—*now!*"

I may be obstinate. For five-and-thirty years, at any rate, beginning with my old nurse and my mother, people have been telling me that I am; but there was more than obstinacy behind me then. It meant my whole career. And, perhaps, if you could have seen the Bulla-Bulla run you would have understood me even better. No; I hardened my heart. I looked at the well-watered acres, I looked at the lagoon. Come what might I was not going to give that up without a struggle, and I knew Nell would say I was right.

So I didn't argue with Charlton. I saw him and his men go without further persuasion, and I merely wired my old foreman, George Bean, who was coming up with a mob of seaborne cattle from Perth, to bring half-a-dozen likely hands with him. I was offering a pound a month over current prices—I could afford to do that, seeing how cheaply I had got my run—and I knew I could trust him to bring good men.

He did. Within three weeks they were all with me, and Nell arrived the same day. She was charmed with the place, but George Bean's raptures over the pasture were good to hear. He simply chuckled over Charlton's yarn when I told it him—in fact, so absorbed was he in staring at the steers, and seeing them positively swell with fatness under our very eyes, that I doubt if he gave it serious attention at all.

Then the first blow fell.

Jim Morgan, the leading stockman, had a hut built for him and another man out on the far side of the run. They lived there pretty well all the time, but cantered over to get supplies or swap news once or twice a week. One morning we saw him coming across the plain like a cyclone. He didn't stop to lift any rails—he cleared them with about a yard to spare—or it looked like it.

"There's two young steers gone, boss!" he cried, as he jumped off. "Two yearling steers and my dog Tip!"

"Gone!" I echoed, sharply. "Gone where?"

"Nowhere!" he said. "Just gone. Caught up to the sky, or swallowed up by the earth. But gone, anyway!"

"You've been listening to that silly yarn about the place," I said, sternly. "What do I pay you wages for? To find steers that have gone, not to come whining to me to help you."

"I tell you, boss," he answered, sullenly, "that they've gone, and they went as good as under my very eyes. I saw them loping quietly into the hills. I cantered after them, and sent Tip on to round them back. They and the dog turned a corner of the rocks. They didn't show again, but I thought—I won't be certain—that I heard Tip snarl once. When *I* reached the corner there was—nothing! You know that long canyon that reaches right back into the heart of the hill? Well, that was the place, and it was as empty as a broken bucket!"

I knew the canyon and I looked at George Bean. We neither of us said anything, but with one consent we turned into the paddock, caught our horses, and saddled up. He was just as well aware as I was that nothing could *climb* out of that ravine. What went into it stayed there or—— I didn't go to the trouble of meditating on an alternative. The pits of which Charlton had spoken were in that defile, that was all.

We found Parsons, Morgan's pal, waiting for us at the edge of the plain, and, to make a long story short, we four examined the canyon from end to end. There were sheer precipices on either side of it, and it was naturally strewn with boulders, but there wasn't one big enough to conceal a dingo, much less two nearly full-grown steers. At the entrance there was a deep black pool, and beside it were hoof marks, but they had passed. The cattle, if they were ours, had not stopped to drink.

I halted on the edge of the biggest pit and looked down.

"It might go clean through and come out in Yorkshire," said George Bean, as he stood beside me. "*I* can't see a bottom."

No more could I. In the shadow of the cliffs the hole narrowed away into the darkness, smooth and straight as a lift well. I shuddered as I looked down. Fancy falling into that—falling, falling, falling, into the very bowels of the earth, as it might be, considering where volcanoes start from and that this was the pipe of one.

"All the same," I objected, "steers and dogs and human beings don't leap down a thing like that without very strong persuasion. But I think we may as well wire the entrance of the valley in."

I cantered home, feeling sobered, and wrote to Port Darwin for five thousand yards of wire. Then I told Nell all about it. Because, believe the yarn or not as I might, I was not going to take any risks of her sharing Mrs. Griscom's fate.

She took it quite differently from what I had expected.

"But it's a splendid mystery—it's wonderful!" she cried. "I never heard anything more exciting. Let's write to the Psychical Research Society and ask them to send an investigator. What fun we'll have!"

"For the present you'll find your fun at this end of the run," I said, severely, "and after the wire's up I must have your promise not to cross it."

She argued. We both of us got very near to losing our tempers over it, but I got her promise. She said, of course, that Mrs. Griscom and her child had fallen into the hole—that that was the only explanation possible. When I asked why half a hundred beasts had followed their example she owned that it was queer, but vastly interesting. We compromised in the end. She gave her word, but I promised to take and show her the place some day. I meant to put that day off—a bit. Well, it's no use telling you in detail how each head of cattle disappeared from that time on. They *went*—just as Charlton had described. Generally calves—sometimes sheep—once a colt.

It began to tell on the nerves of everybody. Morgan and Parsons hardly dared to take their proper sleep. For a short interval all would go right, then as sure as fate a calf would be missing. The bald fact began to stare me in the face that a discount of at least a hundred beasts per annum would have to be written off the profits of the run.

Then we got the wire.

We railed off the entrance of the ravine with four strands, and for a week nothing happened. Bean and I began to grin and congratulate ourselves. There was only one queer thing about it. The cattle huddled themselves up against the fence at times, and stretched their necks towards the hills and lowed by the hour. When the herders rode them off into the run they grazed peaceably enough, but, as sure as anything, after a time they'd begin to edge back, and the whole performance had to be gone over again.

Then one night the wire was broken.

Parsons swore that he had patrolled it only an hour before, but he returned to find a gap in it, half the cattle inside and half out, and three steers missing. No traces on those rocks, of course, and the cattle might have broken out by their own weight. We could tell nothing for certain.

Then I determined to take a hand myself. I turned the whole of the hands on to patrol the fence night and day for a week. It was never left unobserved for a single second. On the eighth night I took off the guard, but I myself, with a revolver in my belt, was hidden behind a stone which commanded a view not only of the fence but of the ravine itself. I was about a furlong from the black pool at the foot of the cliff. There had been weather out at sea, and a scud of light clouds was blowing in, but the moonlight shone fitfully between them.

Through the night I stared and stared and stared. Now and again a cow lowed to her calf out on the plain. Once I heard that

rare sound, the bark of a dingo. But, with the exception of the ceaseless swish of the wind in the grass and the wild fig bushes, there was silence. And the hours went by, creepily and crampily. I began to yearn for morning—and a pipe.

It was within a short hour of dawn, and I had begun to feel half sleepily for a match, when a tiny noise, like the clatter of a pebble dropping from the cliff, roused me. I thought, too, that I heard a tiny splash.

I wheeled round softly and looked keenly towards the pool. A moment later there was another splash—a bigger one this time. The moonlight fell upon a circle of white ripples widening towards the shore. A black dot moved in the middle of them and a black figure crawled out of the water and up the stones. With incredible swiftness it rose and ran down the slope towards the plain.

I had on tennis shoes, and as I rose and followed I made no noise. I didn't understand the thing—how anything human, and this was a human being my eyes assured me, could rise from that pool; but I was well satisfied. After all the fright and the mystery and Charlton's solemn warnings it was niggers after all—Myalls, beef-hunting as usual. And then I suddenly found that I had lost my man. Whether he had sunk into the grass and was wriggling, whether he had heard or seen me and fled, whether he had simply outdistanced me, I could not tell. I had lost him—that was enough.

It did not take me long to decide what to do. I wheeled round and crept back. The entrance to the ravine was no more than a couple of hundred yards wide—or a little more. If I took my station in the middle of it, it would be queer if anything could pass me unseen.

I waited—minute after minute. Then faint, but distinct, came the sound of hoofs among the herbage—the blowing and snorting of a mob of steers as they came eagerly and swiftly up the slope. They seemed to halt about a hundred yards below me, where the rocks began.

But some—or perhaps one only—continued towards me. I sank lower and lower among the stones, for the first grey light of dawn was showing over the crags. Then something blew at the little stones near me. The pebbles clicked, and I saw a likely young bullock stride quickly past.

I was on the point of rising, when another dark figure came into view, keeping a watchful thirty yards behind. Once it darted forward, as the steer turned, and flung a stone at it. The startled animal cantered on up the ravine.

I felt I had got him now, whoever he was. The light was increasing. The crag walls gave him no way of escape. I leapt to my feet. I had covered ten yards before I was heard. If I had not unsettled a boulder I might almost have reached him. But it clattered as it rolled over, and was answered by a faint and very shrill cry of fear. The dark shadow darted forward.

I steadied my revolver and fired. I missed. I heard the bullet flatten itself upon one of the farther crags as I started in pursuit. Still running, I lifted my revolver again.

I still ran steadily. I began to dwell upon my aim. I covered him, drew a very careful bead, half halted, began to press the trigger delicately. The thing was gone!

And I? I gave a gasp, I flung myself back, I gripped frantically at the loose stones which my fall had set flying. I slipped, rolled, slid on a pace, and then, very slowly, very grudgingly, came to a halt.

I was on the brink of the pit. Another yard and I should have been in!

And the fugitive? He had escaped indeed. With outflung arms, desperately but very deliberately, he had leaped into the blackness of the abyss.

I panted as, slowly and with infinite care, I drew myself back. My heart was going in great throbs. I shivered as I realized what I had escaped. But with every step I took as I stumbled off down the slope into the growing light of morning I began to feel more and more triumphant. For I had solved the mystery—and, what was more, had written "Finis" to it. No man who had leaped into that pit could return to trouble me again!

An hour later every soul on the run had heard my story and all had come to the same conclusion. Some crazy Myall, outcast from his tribe, had made his lair among the rocks and had found a malignant pleasure in driving my cattle to their death. Probably Mrs. Griscom and the Chinaman had caught him at his tricks and had fallen—as I had nearly done—into the chasm, while the fugitive had escaped. And the next morning another mystery was solved. At the entrance to the ravine Parsons found a "rock-salt lick." No wonder the beasts had found an attraction at that end of the run—no wonder they had stampeded for the hills when they got a chance. A bullock will travel miles for salt, as you all know, and the miscreant had found his task of driving them to destruction easy enough. The tension of our nerves

"STILL RUNNING, I LIFTED MY REVOLVER AGAIN."

relaxed. Morgan was the only one who still looked doubtful. "Why didn't the beggar ever kill one for food?" he asked, "instead of luring them down a pit where the beef could be good for nobody?" But we didn't trouble to supply an answer; we were quite satisfied. I even promised Nell that we would picnic on the spot before the week was out, for her to have a look at the "shrine of mystery," as she called it.

And so—yes, I'm hoarse, for my lips always parch when I get to this part of the story—next evening but one she and I cantered up to Morgan's hut with our little satchel of provisions, borrowed a billy to boil water, left our horses, and with Frantic, our fox-terrier, strolled up to the mouth of the ravine.

We stood together on the brink of the pit and looked down. Nell clutched my arm, and I felt a tremor run through her.

"Do you think *she*—Mrs. Griscom—saw her child fall into that—down, down, down?" she asked, shakily.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"If they fell, let us hope they fell together," I said, quietly. "We'd better not look down any more, dear. It's not a subject that will bear much thinking about."

Yet in spite of her fear she turned away almost unwillingly. It seemed as if the place had a sort of fascination for her.

"One can't help fancying—them—lying there — unburied — in the blackness," she murmured. "Is there no way — to make certain, Jack?"

I shook my head.

"We can do them no good, poor things," said I, "so, for your own sake, forget about it. I don't want to have you dreaming to-night. I'm a little sorry I brought you. Where are we going to build our fire? We'd better go back to the slope; there are some stunted pines at the entrance of the ravine which will do famously for fuel."

She saw that I wanted to turn the trend of her thoughts and, like the dear girl she is,

met me half-way at once. She began to look about her and point out various spots where we could build our fire, but I found objections to most of them till I had edged her away out of sight of the pit and the rocks which overhung it.

Down below we found some good stones to balance the billy on. Then I began to strip the branches from one pine and Nell from another. Frantic began sniffing for imaginary dingoes among the boulders.

Suddenly she gave a snarl, followed by half-a-dozen fierce barks.

I guessed what had happened. She had come upon a snake. I whistled to her to leave it. She has a good idea of taking care of herself, but snakes are snakes—I have lost nearly a dozen dogs by them.

She didn't come—she went on barking. By the sound of it she was running back towards the ravine. The tree was between me and the direction she had taken, so I called out to Nell.

"What is she up to?" I cried. "Make her come to heel."

There was no answer.

I stepped from behind the tree. My wife was not where she had been a moment before. She was running, too—after Frantic. A queer, choking sensation took me by the throat. I began to run myself in pursuit of *her*.

I heard her whistle once or twice faintly, but she was evidently out of breath and Frantic paid no attention. As I passed round the corner of the rocks the whole of the ravine came into view. And then my heart seemed to stand still.

Two dark figures had risen on the edge of the pool. They both carried mitpurdingos—the native club—and they flung them at the little dog.

Poor Frantic was taken fair and square. With a squeal she rolled over, and the thrower, with an exultant cry, leaped forward and snatched her up. My wife cried out, too, in anger.

I doubt if she had been seen till then, for the black figures whirled round with a startled air. For a moment they fled several paces backwards. Then they hesitated, halted, exchanged some words, and finally flung the dog on the ground. Then they swept down upon my wife.

I shouted—my voice leaped shrilly into the fierceness of despair. And I ran—God knows I ran as I had never run before. I plucked my revolver from my waist. I hesitated a hundred times to use it—and forebore. A bullet among those three struggling forms—which of them might it not reach?

They closed in on her. I saw her struggles, heard her cries, leaped towards her with the strength which is born of frenzy alone.

Too late! She was in their grip; their arms enfolded her, lifted her, bore her shoulder-high. They ran, incredibly fast, towards the pit—the pit!

They were but fifty yards from it—and from me. They did not halt—they did not hesitate—no merciful stumble stayed them. They ran, relentlessly, unswervingly, scattered the loose pebbles on the brink, poised themselves, and leaped—far out into the void! The white of my wife's dress shone dark against the stone as it disappeared—*down*.

And I?

Could I, or any man in like case, see that eternal night close upon life's sunshine and be left standing, alone?

No! With every nerve in my body aflame, I leaped as they had leaped, out into the dark!

Something crashed and rustled behind me. I struck it and rebounded. I was tossed off again into space, again hit an obstacle which yielded—shot out into the air—for the third time met a softly brittle mass which broke before the shock, burst through it, repeated the experience half-a-dozen times, on each occasion fell a short and yet shorter space, felt my fall degenerate finally into a slide, and brought up an instant later on my back upon a heap of pungent-smelling rubble.

Dust rose about me in clouds. I was dazed, bruised, and shaken, but, as far as I could tell, unharmed. Something had hit me violently across the knees as I fell. I clutched at it and found—the butt of my revolver.

There was a screaming—shrill yells of terror. A red light flashed before my eyes. Stupidly, half-consciously I stared before me.

Huddled against the walls of rock were a dozen black forms, struggling, fighting, striving, each one of them, to find shelter among companions from the wavering menace of my pistol. The whites of many savage eyes flashed fearfully in the light of a couple of torches which had been flung upon the floor.

With incredulous wonder I recognised that the struggling forms were all lubras—native women!

And then—I saw something else. A couple of yards away were other figures—

"I LEAPED AS THEY HAD LEAPED, OUT INTO THE DARK!"

white ones, these. And one—God be thanked!—was Nell, my wife, alive, tottering, but unharmed even as myself.

I gave a cry—I sprang towards her—I took her in my arms.

And then, with a sudden rush, the mob of women separated and fled. Shrieking, they dashed by and plunged like phantoms into the darkness behind me. Unknowingly I had been guarding the gate of their escape! We were left alone, we five. The other three? Surely I need hardly tell you who they were? Mrs. Griscom, her daughter, and the Chinaman, Tom Cash.

Yes; like all mysteries it was simple enough when you came to probe it. First, how did we get out, you say? Naturally, by the pool! No; there was no secret cave leading into it below the surface. It was far simpler than that. A hole, screened by a ledge, opened out into the cliff above it. When the women wanted to come out for their beef raids, they simply dropped into the pool and swam ashore. No wonder I thought they had risen out of it! No wonder, indeed; but the other mystery—the mystery of the pit—was nearly as simple, too. The whole thing arose out of a sort of nigger. "Votes for Women" movement!

A lubra, knocked about by her buck, had fled to the hills. By accident, when peering down, she had fallen into the pit. And she had reached the bottom alive, as we had reached it, and unhurt. This was the secret of it.

Near the bottom, four-fifths of the way down, there was an outcropping of wood—a sort of stratum of buried and ancient forest. Ledge below ledge it ran, in rings, covered—as was natural—by huge growths of fungi. They were fed by the percolations of water from the stone, and the rings narrowed more and more towards the bottom, till each object, dropped from above, was relaxed from tier to tier till finally it reached the accumulated *débris* of broken growths on the pit floor. It was as if one fell into the grip of waiting arms, which tossed one from hand to hand, to let one fall at last upon a feather bed. It was a very complete artifice of Nature's, and practically an indestructible one, for the broken fungus renewed itself sometimes in a night.

Well, the pioneer of the Myall Woman's Movement had gathered herself up, found the way—after many attempts—which led up to the passage above the pool, returned to her tribe, and found a dozen lubras and gins willing to take sanctuary with her. There they had lived for two years or more, existing comfortably enough on Griscom's beef.

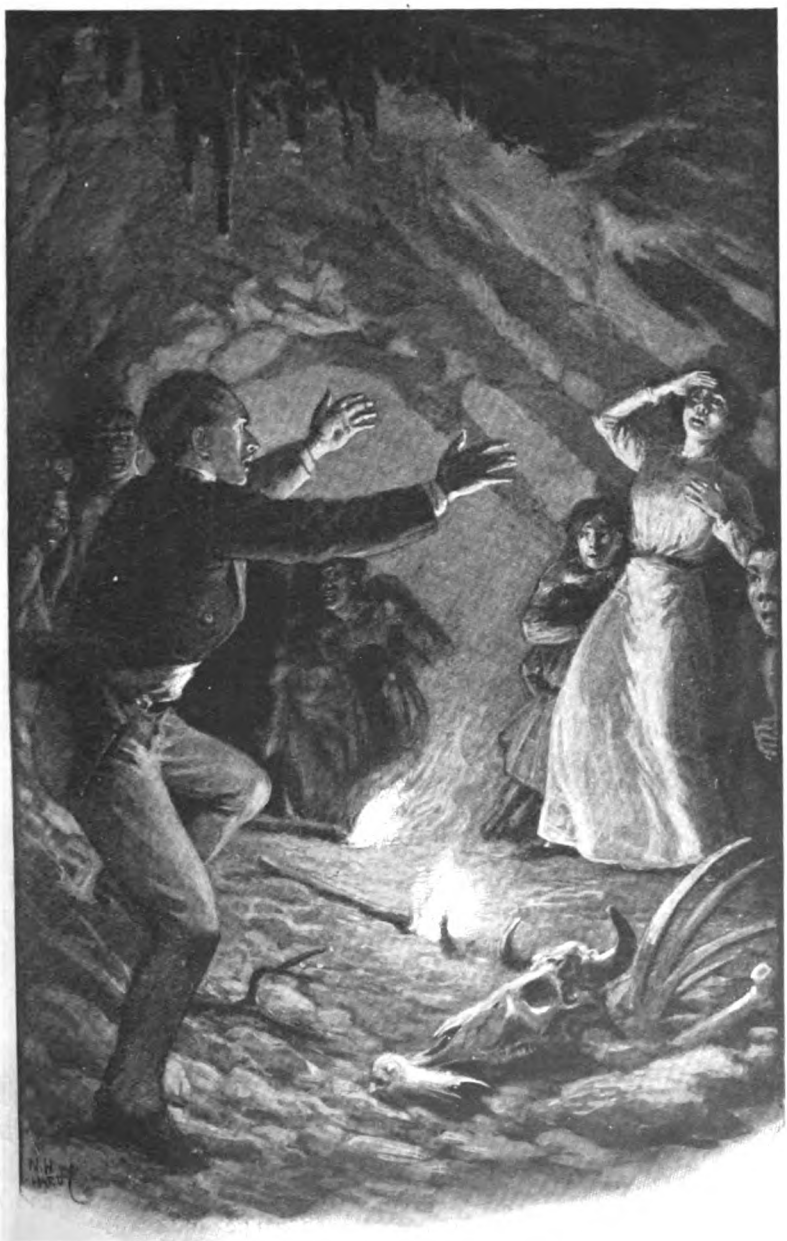
The child they had kidnapped in mere wantonness; Mrs. Griscom because they could not afford to let her go. Tom Cash fell in by accident. All three told what they knew with a queer sort of unwillingness. None of them seemed inclined to grow discursive on the subject. As far as one could gather they weren't actively ill-treated. But down there, with those women for warders — sometimes in darkness for hours together—well, one can imagine things.

Griscom?

Poor chap, he had a relapse when he was discharged from hospital and saw his wife. Of course, he thought she was a ghost, but it was only a matter of time to put that right. And he came back to Bulla-Bulla. Yes, as my partner. The run, as I expected, carried twice as much capital as I could supply. We're not poor men now, either of us.

But he stays this end of the run—he has never been known to cross that wire fence which I put up—and there is just one thing which his wife and Nell and I never mention to him.

That is, the Pit.



"I GAVE A CRY—I SPRANG TOWARDS HER."

A rush of the London Hospital pack led by H. G. Monteith, the Scottish International.

The Revival in Rugby Football.

By E. H. D. SEWELL.

THERE is no doubt that the New Zealanders revived the game of Rugby football. Deny it who may, the Rugby game in England had been steadily going downhill in popularity and in the effectiveness of its representatives on the International field until the famous tours of the New Zealand and South African teams of 1905-'06-'07 not only reawakened public interest, but served simultaneously, though gradually, to improve the play in English Rugby circles. The revival dates from the Devon and New Zealand match of September, 1905, when, meteor-like, the "All Blacks," as they are best known, "arrived" in the football firmament with an astounding score of 9 goals (one penalty) 4 tries, or 55 points, to 1 dropped goal—4 points.

For some little time experts had been pointing out how moderate the standard of play in England was. They were regarded merely as croakers. The International matches were entered upon rather in a spirit of "How few points shall we be beaten by?" rather than "How many points shall we win by?" The annual defeats of England's fifteen had a most disheartening effect upon the game, not only in England but in the other three countries as well. It seemed impossible to get out of the ruck of failure into which English Rugby had fallen. Starts of club matches, while never famous for punctuality, became later and later. Players, with rare exceptions, did not always play right through the game from start to finish. Many in every match seemed only too pleased when the game was over. The standard of play was very low, and at times most depressing to old Rugby men and lovers of the game. The failure of the predominant partner was plainly reflected in the attendance at the big matches. Then arrived the meteor above

alluded to. At once it was understood that a new force had arisen in the Rugby world.

Right on top of the New Zealand tour came the next season hot-foot — the even more successful tour, in some ways, of the South African team. The New Zealanders were beaten once, the South Africans twice. The latter had rather tougher opponents to meet than their predecessors had had, the record of the New Zealanders having revived some of the fire latent in the breasts of many of our players. It was patent to any close observer who happened also to possess a respectable knowledge of the game that our fellows were beginning to play better football long before the South African tour was over. So obvious was this to me so far as England was concerned that, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* at the end of the 1906–'07 season, when the South African tour was over, I was able to foretell, with an accuracy which, I am willing to admit, astonished me afterwards, the great advance made by England's representatives in the International season of 1907–'08.

Now, among all who attend the fortunes of our leading teams in football or cricket, it is common knowledge how popularity follows the winning side, just as trade follows the Flag. To the impartial observer it does not matter in the least which side wins a match, but given one such impartial observer on a Saturday afternoon, watching A and B struggle for supremacy, it is a guinea to a gooseberry that on the following Saturday he will go to see play again whichever of the two was the winner on the occasion of his first visit.

I have made a very close study of the game in the four countries for some time, and I have no hesitation in saying that the standard of play was last year a good deal higher in England than it had been for five years previously. This quite apart from the results. The advent of accomplished athletes in the shape of Rhodes scholars to Oxford has not been without its effect on the general advance. The honour of a Rugby Blue is coveted almost as much as a rowing or a cricket Blue by the youngsters from our public schools, so it follows that, to keep pace with the Rhodes scholar invasion, our home-grown talent has, in sporting parlance, to "buck up" to be in the hunt at all. So it comes about that the Oxford University fifteen of 1907–'08 was an exceptionally good one, and has proved to be an even better one this season.

The Rugby game at the Universities enjoys double the amount of popularity meted out to Association football, an ordinary college Rugby match attracting a bigger crowd than in pre-A.F.A. days a match between the University "Soccer" team and a leading League club's eleven.

It is appropriate to notice a few of the players who have done not a little—and many of whom will yet do a great deal more—towards this general revival.

The news comes as I am writing this article that that great forward and leader of forwards, I. C. Geddes, has retired. Last

I. C. GEDDES.

DR. E. T. MORGAN.

season, during the Wales and Scotland match at Swansea, he fell on his head, being rather severely injured, and was obliged to give up the game for a time. He reappeared before the season ended, and as I have seen him practising assiduously at Richmond this season I can only hope the report of his retirement is to be falsified. While he was in the London Scottish pack it was one of the best in town. No forward fairly on the move took more stopping than Geddes, who, like so many other "Rugger" men, is "something in the City."

I have sometimes wondered, while watching "Teddy" Morgan, whether, for his inches, the game has ever seen his like. He could get into his stride quicker than any wing I ever saw, and then manœuvre in much less space than is necessary wherein to swing the proverbial cat. Now a flourishing doctor at Sketty, near Swansea, Dr. E. T. Morgan will always be remembered as one of the great men of the Rugby game. Like many another he retired too soon.

It is worth remarking that the will of the late Cecil Rhodes and other causes have combined to aid the revival of Rugby football. We have now within our gates an annual crop of ready-made Colonials; most go up to Oxford, but many to the hospitals. Among the latter is a clipping good outside-half—A. S. Heale, of London Hospital. Fielding is his strongest point; he handles beautifully, going at full speed and taking the ball at any angle. An English "cap" is his due, and one day he will get it. The sooner the better for England's third line.

Whatever the present Australian team have or have not given us, they have shown us a great full back. It is usual to leave the full backs of the day to the last, I suppose. However, it is certain that Lyon and Carmichael are the two best playing. The Australian has no equal in the art of getting length in touch when standing close to the touch-line. His only weakness is that he

A. S. HEALE

P. CARMICHAEL.

cannot kick left-footed. A fine tackler, he has speed, a very safe pair of hands, and a very unsightly-looking cap—which he wore in every match until the return London game at Blackheath.

The New Zealand-England fixture at the Crystal Palace, when McGregor scored four of New Zealand's five tries for the Colonials, was the occasion of a hopeless mess made by the English selectors. They nominated J. E. Raphael to play as "rover" among the English backs. A good—and very nearly a great—centre three-quarter on his day, Raphael's abilities were lost to England on that occasion. The rest of the English team appeared to be obsessed with the idea that Raphael was to do everything for England. Meanwhile the astute New Zealanders nursed the touch-line and played the blind side game, scoring tries which our rover could scarcely have prevented even if wearing seven-league boots, for the simple reason that he was in quite another part of the field, occupied in countering the "bluffing" division, and being of no use to his side at the point where real danger threatened. Raphael always gave of his best up at Oxford. He still plays, and, a stanch supporter of woman's suffrage, contemplates standing for Parliament for Croydon.

No article on the revival in the Rugby game is complete without reference to the naval lieutenant, G. H. D'O. Lyon, about the means of part of whose transit in order to be in time to play in a county match this season questions were asked in Parliament. Lyon's methods as a last line of defence—I speak of his game, not of his profession—are like those of his calling—absolutely British. His play is characterized by a bulldog tenacity of purpose and a straight-

J. E. RAPHAEL.

G. H. D'O. LYON.

forward-bang-straight-ahead style which will, when the day comes for him to give orders from the bridge, stand him in good stead. One of the delights of modern Rugby football is to see the sturdy way this full back gets out of difficulties born of fine work by the opposition or the poor play of his own three-quarters. As England's full-back, he has, too, the right name for the job. Long may it be before this player goes on foreign service.

In October, 1906, A. O. Jones, the English cricket captain and ex-Leicester and Midland Counties "Rugger" three-quarter and full back, refereed the match at Headingley between the South Africans and Yorkshire. It was, I believe, his first big game, and he was an immediate success. It is perfectly true that a referee can absolutely mar a game of Rugby football, though he cannot make one. Since Jones's arrival another set of referees has sprung up—men who dress for the part and who are "up" with the ball. Last season Jones was in Australia, and last season much of the refereeing in International matches was very bad. Facts, and a coincidence! This year he is with us, and has refereed more important games than anyone. For which relief, say the spectators, a thousand thanks. He referees the game in its truest spirit, and is not one of those arbitrators who suffer from the notion that the game is made for the referee, and not the referee for the game.

A. O. JONES.

THE CLIMBER.

By SIDNEY LOW.

I.

"MY poor father died insane," said the young man; "Sir Stephen Drake, the judge, you know."

"Ah, yes!" replied the eminent specialist, "I remember. A sad case, a very sad case."

"And my uncle Arthur—Professor Drake of Liverpool—broke down with brain trouble some years before the end of his life."

"A distressing family history, no doubt. And you are not unnaturally anxious on your own account, Mr. Drake?"

"Yes," replied Wallace Drake, "I seem to detect certain premonitory symptoms—a giddiness in the morning, an inability to concentrate my attention, unaccountable slight lapses of memory, and frequent headaches. It may be nothing at all, but I thought I should like to have the benefit of your advice, and to know the worst, if there is a worst."

"Certainly. I am no great believer in hereditary mental disease. Nine-tenths of it, I fancy, is due to suggestion, or auto-suggestion. Still, with the warnings you have had you do well to seek an expert opinion, so far as any of us can be called experts in these obscure matters. Your general health is fair?" And the doctor glanced at his visitor's tall, well-balanced figure which did not look like that of a sick man.

"Excellent, Sir William. I eat well and sleep well, and can do a day with the hounds or on the moors as easily as most fellows. I am pretty hard. I won the medal for gymnastics at Oxford, and had quite a reputation for pulling myself up poles and ropes in quick time; they used to call me 'Climber Drake' at school. It is only that kind of feeling——"

"Quite so—quite so. Well, let me pass my tape-measure over you and put you through your cross-examination."

A quarter of an hour of steady, quiet question and answer, of close inspection of eye and head, of cautious tests with optical mirror and sphygmograph and other delicate instruments. In the end the great man pronounced sentence.

"There is no occasion for you to alarm yourself, Mr. Drake. I find no sign of brain disorder, still less of specific mental disease. But——" He paused.

"Yes?" said Drake, rather breathlessly. "There *is* something, then?"

"Oh, nothing, as I have said, to cause immediate anxiety. There is just this: a somewhat ill-regulated circulation of the nervous fluid, which, as we know now, has its periodical course through the system like the blood itself. There is a tendency for this to become congested, so to speak, at the base of the brain. That may account for your headaches, which clearly are not due to any organic or functional derangement; heart, liver, lungs are all splendidly sound."

"Could something of that kind have been the cause of my father's and my uncle's disasters?"

"It may have been; I cannot, of course, say it was not. But you must not let the thought weigh upon you. I repeat, you are a very healthy young man, with only a certain tendency which may not, and should not, develop."

"But the tendency is there; it may, I suppose, take a dangerous form under certain conditions. Can you tell me what these are?"

"You should avoid excitement and excess of every description. Alcohol"—the young man shook his head—"ah, that is good; well, then, excess of—other kinds. You should adopt, I think, a rather quiet mode of life; a little hunting and shooting if you please, but not too much of it. Moderation in all things; and, as I say, keep clear so far as you can of violent excitement."

"That, I suppose, Sir William, is the main thing. What would happen if I *did* excite myself?"

"Very likely nothing at all would happen. But there is the possibility—I don't know that it is more—of a cerebral clot, as I may call it, and in that case——"

"I should go mad?"

"We need hardly contemplate that; but there might be serious mental trouble of some kind."

"Thank you, Sir William. I am obliged to you for speaking at once so plainly and so kindly. Tell me one thing more. If—if I had children should I transmit this taint to them?"

"'Taint' is too strong a word, and, as I have said, I think we all talk too much of hereditary disease. Still——"

"Still, the liability, or the tendency, as you put it, which seems to be innate in me, might also exhibit itself in my children. You would hardly say I ought to get married?"

"Ah, there you put a question for the moralist and the sociologist rather than the physician. It is a point on which I cannot possibly advise. A man must decide it for himself, and there are many things to be taken into consideration besides those that come under the doctor's eye. If I were you——"

Sir William broke off and glanced at the young man's well-cut features, and let his own keen grey eyes rest for a moment on the wide brown ones, with their slightly uncertain light. He said no more, and the patient, with another word of thanks, took his departure.

II.

A MAN sometimes receives his death sentence with very little emotion. The prisoner, you will read in the newspapers, on being conducted back to the condemned cells, partook heartily of a beefsteak. Wallace Drake walked calmly down Harley Street, strolled across the Park, entered his rooms, lit a cigarette, and sat down to think. There was no occasion, he felt, to get himself into the tragic mood. It was disagreeable, no doubt, to have suspended over one this awkward "tendency" to—well, to go the way of the father, over whose closing years he still shuddered; but then, on the other hand, there was a good chance that nothing might come of it. He must live a quiet life. There were plenty of unexciting pursuits for a man of cultivated tastes. Hunting might have to be given up, but there was no reason why he should not stick to the fencing-school and the tennis-court for some years longer. Then there were his clubs, the theatres, concerts, the select little dinner-parties he enjoyed. There would be quite as many doors as he cared to enter ready to open for one who was rich, well-born, cultivated, and a bachelor.

A bachelor! Wallace Drake's hand shook a little as he lighted another cigarette at this point. Of course, he must not marry: that was clear. A man with his "tendency" could not ask a woman to link her fate with his. Did it matter very much? He could scarcely regard himself as a marrying man, quite apart from that verdict in Harley Street. Still, there was Mary Milton; he had got into the way of seeing a good deal of Mary lately, and he was quite aware that Mary liked to see him. There had been a vague idea in his mind that some day he might ask Mary to be his wife. But had he really meant it? He was very fond of her; but matrimony would undoubtedly interfere with that leisurely self-culture which he had felt to be his true vocation, even before he had been urgently warned to avoid excitement. And, then, Mary, with all her charm, was not the woman who would help one to shut out the noises of a jarring world: Mary, with her sensitive conscience and her religious mysticism, who had chosen to give up all the associations of her own class to live in a back street in Westminster and teach the children of the poor at a great Catholic school. He sometimes had the feeling that Mary could never quite come down to his plane of comfortable egotism, even though he made it an *égoisme à deux*, that she dwelt on luminous heights above his reach. Would they have suited one another—he, the hedonist, and she, the saint and mystic?

At any rate, the question was no longer worth considering; he could not marry her now. But it was a little awkward. Mary might be a saint, but she was also a human being, essentially feminine. He had given her to understand that he cared for her, and he could not well break off the pleasant intimacy into which they had drifted without some sort of explanation. Perhaps it would be as well to explain at once.

"I will call on her this afternoon," said Wallace Drake; "I think she rather expects me to come to tea to-day."

III.

SHE lived in one of the great blocks of flats that lie anchored off the eddying inlets of shabbiness and squalor between Victoria Street and the river. To Drake, coming in from the grey dullness of the Westminster streets, the little sitting room gave more than its customary impression of cheerful serenity. The gloom of London was shut out behind the close-drawn curtains; the small, square, lamp lit space within was a temple of ordered femininity, alive with the breathing calm of Mary's own delicate personality. Mary herself sat sewing at the small round table on which stood the electric lamp, and the red shade warmed the light gold of her hair to a rich auburn and her pale cheeks to the shy pink of an opening rose. The faint flush deepened for a moment as she looked up and held out her hand to Wallace with a smile.

"I thought perhaps you might come," she said. "You do not forget my half-holidays. I love my work, but it is nice to get away from it for a time. What have you been

doing with yourself this week? Tell me something about the great world."

Wallace told her, as was his custom, of his visits and his dinner-parties, of the Oxford and Cambridge sports, of new pieces at the theatres. But he talked absently and with an effort, and Mary glanced up once or twice from her needle. She was one of those quiet women who can make their meaning felt without speech, and pierce through the delusive veil of words from others. Presently she allowed her busy hands to rest in her lap, and her clear grey eyes questioned Wallace in silence. He too fell silent for a few moments, and then he answered her as if she had spoken.

"I am afraid I am dull this afternoon, and I do not interest you with my gossip. It does not interest me either. The fact is, Mary, I came to—to tell you something else."

"Yes?" said Mary; and again the light flush grew on the smooth cheeks, and the rare smile curved the virginal lips to a tremulous sweetness. Wallace noticed the blush and the smile, and they did not add to his self-possession. He went on awkwardly, seeking the right words to convey his meaning and choosing the wrong ones.

"Something," he added, hesitating, "something that concerns me very nearly, and that, perhaps, I think, may interest you."

The hesitation, the embarrassment, were delicious to Mary. What woman, saint or sinner, does not enjoy that moment of conscious power when her lover, disarmed and helpless, is at her feet, too anxious to surrender even to stipulate for the honours of war? He was surely about to ask her to marry him; and she—wise and careful maiden that she was, who thought things out beforehand and did not like to be taken unawares—she was not doubtful what her answer would be.

"My whole future is involved," continued Wallace.

"Yes?" said Mary again, softly and shyly. He was certainly rather slow in coming to the point and needed a little encouragement, poor, nervous fellow. No woman can help pitying a man who is obviously suffering from too much love for herself. Mary's white hand stole from her lap and was laid on the table, under the red lamp. Half mechanically Wallace closed his own hand upon it.

"Have you ever thought about marriage?" went on this maladroit person.

"HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT MARRIAGE?"

The crisis must be pretty near now, thought Mary; and her heart knocked so loudly against her bodice that her disengaged hand went up to her bosom to stay its beating. Wallace caught the gesture and it gave him a kind of desperation. "I have been thinking about it," he said, "but I shall never marry."

"Never marry!" The shock was too sudden for Mary not to show that she felt it. She drew her hand quickly from under Wallace's palm, and stared at him with parted lips and cheeks grown suddenly white.

"Mary," said Wallace, "I—I know you didn't expect—I mean you thought that I——"

But Miss Milton had recovered herself, and sat stiff and cold and dignified. "I don't think we have been discussing any thoughts or expectations of mine, have we, Mr. Drake? You were going to oblige me with some information about yourself, and perhaps you would not mind confining yourself to that subject."

"Mary," said poor Wallace, "I saw a great physician to-day, and he told me I had a tendency to—to go the same way as my father and uncle."

"I am very sorry," answered Mary. But there was no sympathy in her tone. She was in the egotistic obsession of young people when they are in love for the first time, and she was too absorbed to consider how this news affected Wallace; she was quivering, under her armour, to learn how it would affect herself.

"He said it was a tendency that might develop into insanity under excitement."

"Then, of course," said Mary, icily, "you will take care not to excite yourself."

The tone pricked Wallace, and he tried to work himself up to set forth his case.

"It is cursed hard luck—an infernal trick that your God or the Fates, or whatever Power we are ruled by, has played upon me. But that is how the thing stands. Here am I with this sword suspended over me, and told that it might drop on me at any moment if I—if I—excite myself."

The repetition of the phrase chilled Mary and drove back the wave of pity that might have surged into her heart. It was something more akin to anger and contempt that she felt as she glanced at this good-looking, well-dressed, comfortable young gentleman, too cautious to commit himself to the disturbing emotion of love. If he had really cared, she thought, he might have taken the risk—*she* would have been willing to take it with all that it involved for herself. A woman who has been ready to lower her colours and then found her surrender waved aside, no matter for what cause, is scarcely in the mood to reason fairly.

"I am sure your friends must congratulate you on your prudence," she said. "I gather that you have resolved to devote your life to taking care of your health and avoiding anything—like marriage, for instance—that might interfere with this occupation. That is so sensible of you, and it is extremely fortunate, is it not, that there is nothing to prevent you from carrying out your intentions?"

Wallace felt the contempt in her voice. "What else can I do?" he asked, feebly.

"Oh, nothing, I suppose," replied Miss Milton. "I have said I think you are behaving with the utmost prudence. You have to take care of yourself, and it would never do for you to complicate matters by trying to take care of somebody else as well, would it?"

That was really very much what Wallace had been thinking, but he did not like to hear it from Mary's lips, and he felt sore and wounded under the calm cruelty of her glance.

"You are not very sympathetic," he said; "I think you might understand that a man could not well ask a woman to share such possibilities as lie before me, if he loved her, and thought that perhaps she might love him."

But Mary's proud and hungry young heart ignored the hypothetical appeal. If he loved her! Why did he not tell her that he *did* love her? Why deny her the satisfaction of knowing that the passion which had been growing in her all these months had some justification?

"Some men would take the risk and perhaps find some women who would not fear it. But you are quite—prudent," and again she gave him a glance which said "coward" so plainly that Wallace winced under it. She was certainly very unjust, he thought, and very hard—harder than he had expected. He made another attempt. "I'm afraid you think I am not acting quite rightly. I know you thought—I mean, I believe you had an idea——"

But Mary's patience was giving way. His selfishness was making him unmanly. Was he actually trying to force an avowal from her at the very moment when he was throwing her over? In the effort to preserve her self-command she spoke more coldly than ever. She rose from her chair and Wallace rose, too.

"Ah, you know I do not think very much about it at all! Why should I? You will do what you consider right, and it is not for me to criticise your conduct. I have my own affairs to attend to, and, by the way, one of the Sisters is coming to see me presently, so I am afraid I must ask you to go."

Wallace looked at her as she stood before him, tall and slim, with her coronal of golden hair, like one of Giotto's saints. And, as he looked, it seemed to him again as if Mary spoke down to him from inaccessible heights above his reach. But he said, quietly:—

"You think me a coward?"

"I have not said so."

"But you think it?"

"I don't know what I think. Go, please, and leave me now."

"May I come to morrow?"

"No."

"On Tuesday, then? Or when?"

But Mary shook her head as she held out her hand. "Good bye, Wallace Drake," was all she said. And Wallace understood. He touched a very chilly hand for a moment, and left the room without another word.

"It is all over," he said to himself, as he got into the street. "I suppose this is the last time I have seen Mary Milton alone. It had to be done, of course, and it's as well it's over. But I wish she hadn't looked at me like that."

IV.

He spent the next four weeks endeavouring to avoid excitement. Dancing, perhaps, had better be put on the forbidden list, and music, too, except of the severer kind—Bach and Beethoven, and even Mozart, but not Chopin or Wagner. There was a lively Bohemian club to which he belonged, where men were apt to grow very cheerful over late suppers; he kept away from it, for at that long table in the small hours, amidst the cigars and the scent of spirits, one easily grew too animated. His other club, the serious one with the solid furniture and ample quiet rooms, he frequented a good deal. He pondered over his idea of turning collector, and made a few experimental purchases of china; and he spent some time at Christie's looking at mezzotints. The fencing-school he did not visit, but he played a game of billiards after dinner at the club, smoked a cigarette or two, and generally contrived to be in bed by eleven. He intended to cultivate early hours and plenty of sleep for the future.

His peaceful self-absorption was, however, much interrupted by thoughts of Mary Milton. He told himself that he had done with her and she with him, and, as things stood, it was by far the best thing for both of them that he should make a mental effort to forget her beauty and her charm. But he found it hard to do that, and harder to dismiss the recollection of their final interview. Mary's glance of scorn—undeserved as he felt it to be—had an awkward way of flashing itself before him in those many quiet moments when he was alone and doing nothing in particular; it came to his mind too often that this girl thought him a coward and a weakling. Of course, love for Mary or for any woman was out of the question; still, he felt that he had a right to vindicate himself in her eyes, and make her see that his attitude admitted of a more valid defence than the lame and halting apology he had offered in his first confusion. He really must see Mary again; and though he knew it was a little undignified, after her curt dismissal, he determined to call upon her once more.

He chose her "off" afternoon, the one on which, as he was aware, she did not go to the schools, and was generally to be found in her rooms.

"Miss Milton in?" he said to the porter at the door of the mansions.

"Miss Milton? Don't you know, Mr. Drake, that Miss Milton has gone away?"

"Gone away!" echoed Wallace.

"Yes, sir; to her father's place in Northamptonshire. She hasn't been well, sir, not for some weeks, and then she had a bad cold and influenza, and was very poorly indeed. The doctor said it looked like turning to pneumonia, and on Saturday her sister came and took her home. They was going to let me know how she was, but I haven't heard nothing yet. Any message I can send on, sir?" added the porter, who knew the young man pretty well and had wondered at the recent cessation of his visits.

"No, thank you, Martin," said Wallace. "I shall be writing to Colonel Milton myself to inquire. Good afternoon."

Mary gone away—ill! They might have told him, he thought; but then, after all, nobody but herself knew how intimate they had become, and how much he had seen of her in the last few months. And she, it appeared, had not needed his sympathy or interest. Well, what else could he expect? Had he not himself rejected her love, when she was deliciously ready to yield it for the asking? He was right, of course; it had been the proper and prudent thing to do.

Nevertheless, as he thought of her lying on a sick bed in pain, perhaps in danger, he felt a sudden contempt for his own prudence and foresight, an impatience with the calculating self-consciousness he had been carefully fencing round his heart of late. "She thinks me a timorous egotist, a selfish shirker," he said to himself, bitterly. He would like to do something reckless, some act of wild self-sacrifice or generous folly, if only to show this exasperating young woman that she had misjudged him.

He walked to a telegraph-office in Victoria Street to send a message to Mary's father expressing regret at her illness and asking for news of her condition. Then he thought he would go back to his rooms and await the reply. But he felt a curious reluctance to leave the places associated with Mary, and half unconsciously he drifted down again past her lodgings towards the Westminster depths.

A man jostled him roughly as he pushed past, and Wallace, awakened from his reverie, looked about him. There seemed to be some unusual excitement in the streets; more than the normal groups were assembled in the black doorways of the grimy little shops, and many people were hurrying along. Then came the clang of warning gongs and the thunder of trampling hoofs; and a fire-engine dashed by with its superb and magnificent rush, itself as it seemed a thing all compact of life and fire and conquering energy. Fire struck from the feet of the horses, it danced on the crested helmets of the men straining from their seats, it glowed in the martial red of the car, and throbbed and hissed in the sputtering furnace that tossed out sparks and burning cinders as the whole machine charged fiercely forward, like a field-battery galloping into action.

"Where is the fire?" said Wallace Drake to a policeman, as the engine swung in a reckless curve round a corner and roared out of view.

"At the Catholic schools, sir — St. Ildegonde's," was the reply. "I believe it broke out——" But Wallace did not stop to hear more.

V.

THERE was a great crowd outside the schools, and the police were busy keeping the people back, so as to allow free play for the work of the firemen, who were, for the moment, badly overtaxed. The London County Council Fire Brigade is not at its best with a fire in the daytime. At night it is mobilized and ready for action with all its resources available; in the day serious cases are less common, and the emergency is grasped more slowly. There had been some delay in bringing the engines to St. Ildegonde's. It was only a matter of minutes; but that had been long enough to enable the flames to get well hold of the lower floors, where the conflagration had broken out suddenly through the overheating of a furnace-flue. The dry timbers of the building burnt like matchwood, and before all the six hundred children could be got out of the upper rooms the staircases were blazing. Access by the stairs being cut off, the Sisters had brought their charges to the windows of the second and third floor rooms, from which the firemen were sending them down by the escapes. There was no time to spare; for though more engines dashed up every minute, unlimbered in haste, and poured streams of water upon the burning fabric, the fire gained ground and mounted steadily higher. But the work of rescue went on swiftly and successfully, though in some cases with the narrowest possible margin; for the rescuers were making a desperate race with the smoke and flames, that invaded one floor after another, and sometimes belched from a window a few moments after it had been cleared of its refugees.

At length all the rooms were emptied of their occupants except one. In the bewilderment of panic a dozen little girls had found their way into an empty store-room on the fifth storey—the topmost floor of all—and appeared shrieking at a window, a dizzy height above the heads of the rescuing parties. The deadly light was gleaming crimson through the openings below them; behind them the staircase was a shaft of flame, and sparks were beginning to crackle through the roof above their heads. The firemen made frantic efforts to reach them, but in vain; the escapes were too short by many feet, and though the great extension ladders, sent away the night before to an asylum fire in a distant suburb, were hurrying through the streets as fast as horses could drag them, it was gravely seen by those in charge that they might arrive too late. Firemen and constables endeavoured to force their way up the burning staircase, and were brought back by their comrades scorched and unconscious. One man tried to climb a metal water-pipe that crossed the bare brick façade of the building; he lost his hold, and crashed upon the pavement with a broken leg and arm. As a last resource, the firemen had brought two ladders beneath the

window, and holding a tarpaulin from one to the other they called to the children to jump into it ; but the little things huddled together in terror, and seemed unable to respond to the appeal.

The crowd rocked with excitement; women wept and men shouted incoherent exhortations. Wallace Drake found himself near a knot of the St. Ildegonde Sisters gazing helplessly at the doomed little group in their inaccessible refuge. One of the girls, with her hands before her eyes, cried aloud in her anguish : "The poor darlings ! Save them ! Save them ! Will no one save them ?"

Drake looked down on her as she stood beside him ; her hair was a little like Mary's—that was his first thought. And then another thought shot into his mind, swiftly and suddenly, like the reaction of some powerful physical agent—an intuition that sent a quiver through his frame and a light into his eye. He knew what he had to do. His hand rested on the girl's bowed head for one instant ; the next his tall figure, with the science learnt in many a Rugby scrum, was winding its way through the swaying throng. The police, themselves absorbed in that fatal window, allowed him to slip through their cordon, and he ran to the foot of a ladder.

"Keep back, sir !" said a fireman. Wallace pushed past his outstretched arm. "Keep back, man!" sternly said the silver-helmeted superintendent ; "you have no right to be here."

Wallace had some acquaintance with the officer. "Captain Morgan," he said, "you know me—Wallace Drake. I was champion gymnast at Oxford ; I believe I can climb to those children. For God's sake let me try ! "

The captain measured the young man for the fraction of a second with his understanding sailor's eye and shrugged his square shoulders. "It means another broken leg, I expect ; but you may try if you like. Let this gentleman pass you," he called to the men at work on the higher rungs of the ladder.

"I BELIEVE I CAN CLIMB TO THOSE CHILDREN. FOR GOD'S SAKE LET ME TRY!"

Wallace had made his plans as he came along. The ladder was leaning against the wall close by the great rain-water pipe which led down from the roof gutters. It was fastened to the wall by metal collars, which caused it to stand an inch or two clear of the brickwork, and these collars and sockets themselves gave some foothold every few feet. The pipe passed through a cornice which ran along the front of the building just above the window at which the children stood. To climb the iron column and walk along the narrow ledge to this window was very difficult, but not absolutely impossible. So had thought the fireman who was now being borne groaning to the hospital; but he had been encumbered by his heavy uniform and the huge leather boots reaching nearly to his thighs. Drake, in his thin walking shoes and light serge clothes, had a better chance; a tube, he said to himself, was no worse to climb than a pole, and he had climbed poles often enough. But as he stepped from the ladder and began to drag himself up he found that the task tried his powers to the utmost. The space between the pipe and the wall was just sufficient to allow him to get a firm hold with his fingers; but he could not pass his legs round, and was only able to cling with the inside of his knees, so as to prevent himself from slipping back as he hauled himself upwards by his hands. Only a trained gymnast, accustomed to support the whole weight of his body on his bent arms, could have accomplished the feat; and Wallace blessed his years of practice on the parallel bars and the hanging rope as he found himself slowly rising past the third and fourth floor windows.

Under the tense gaze of the spectators he drew level with the cornice, and when he reached it there was a cheer, instantly choked into a breathless silence. He thought of some knife-like snow-ledges in the Alps, known to him in his mountaineering days, as he moved along sideways, holding by the leaden channel at the edge of the roof. After all, it was wider than many paths he had trodden safely with a *sérac* above and depths illimitable below. There was no reason why he should slip, in spite of the acrid smoke that welled up all round him and the flying sparks that scorched his face and hands; and he did not slip. In a few seconds, which seemed hours to some of those watching him, he was over the window, and the children drew back in amazement as he lowered himself from the cornice and swung in.

He gave a hasty glance about him, and saw that there was indeed no time to lose. The room was still free from smoke and fire, but he could hear the flames hissing up the staircase outside; the stout teak door was already beginning to crackle ominously, and he knew that the rafters of the roof were burning over their heads. The children must be got out of the window without a moment's delay. He regretted now that he had not taken a rope up with him—a stupid omission, which surely one of Morgan's men might have had the sense to supply when they saw what he intended to do. He looked round the room, remembering how often he had read of people being lowered from burning houses by improvised ropes of bed-sheets and curtains. But there were no such things in this bare garret, and no time for any such expedients if the materials had been available.

The firemen, at their ladders fifteen feet below him, were holding out their spread of tarpaulin. He leaned over and called to them to be ready. Then he took a little maiden in his arms and held her far out from the wide stone sill. She screamed and clung convulsively to him; but he spoke soothing words and gradually got her to understand his purpose, showing her the bearded rescuers waiting to catch her. So at length she released his wrists and permitted herself to be slung into space, and was caught in the black cradle. After that the children were eager to go. One after another they mounted the open casement, and allowed Wallace to lift them out and drop them down. The hazardous operation was completed without misadventure. All the children were safely landed in the tarpaulin and brought carefully down the ladders; though not before the panels of the door behind Wallace had cracked, and a smother of brown smoke volleyed past him and out from the open window.

He had been quite calm and self-possessed through it all. He talked pleasantly and quietly to the frightened children; he even joked with the firemen as he discharged his living missiles upon them. "Well fielded!" he cried, as the last child was neatly taken. The last child had said, "Kiss me, teacher," and would not relax her hold till this ceremony had been performed. So Wallace had raised her again and kissed her, and then let her go, while the crowd yelled itself hoarse with frantic applause, and Wallace looked down with a smile.

The smile was still on his lips as he drew

"HE TOOK A LITTLE MAIDEN IN HIS ARMS AND HELD HER FAR OUT FROM THE WIDE STONE SILL."

himself up and stretched his arms, and for the first time felt how tired they were from the long strain on the muscles.

"Your turn now, sir," the friendly fireman called from below; "the extension ladder must be here in a few minutes; but I wouldn't risk waiting. Lower yourself down, sir, and we will catch you all right."

But Wallace made no reply. Something seemed to snap within his head; and then the shouting crowd, the brass helmets, the paint and gleaming metal of the engines, faded into a jumble of meaningless sound and noise. He had forgotten the fire, the firemen, the children he had saved, his own imminent danger. Where was he? What was that red glare all about him, that yellow glow over his head? And suddenly there came before his whirling brain that old fantasy of Mary Milton as he used to picture her, standing far above him in a haze of luminous ether. Of course, she was always above him, out of his reach, with a nimbus of light around her. But he knew where she was now. She must be up there in that great incandescent cloud; yes, surely he could see her in the golden gleam, beckoning to him, calling him. She was above his reach, as ever, but he must go to her—climb to her.

He laughed softly and whispered to himself. "If I can do nothing else I can climb; and I shall climb—climb—climb till I come to you, my sweet, scornful, saintly lady!" Then he turned and placed his foot on the casement of the now burning room, to the horror and amazement of the beholders. "Come down, sir!" called the firemen. "Come

down! come down!" shrieked the people. But Wallace did not hear the voices; he did not feel the smoke shooting into his face, or the searing jets of flame. In the intense concentration of insanity his senses were dead to all impressions but that vision of a woman far above him bathed in shimmering light. "Follow the gleam," he murmured. "Yes, I must follow the gleam." He stood on the window-ledge, reached out for the overhanging cornice, got his hands upon it, and then swung himself up, a thing he could never have done, with all his strength and agility, but for that strange power which abnormal mental states give to the limbs and muscles.

From the cornice he climbed to the rain-water channel, and then prepared to mount the blazing slope of roof.

"Mary!" he cried. "Wait for me; I am coming to you."

They saw him for a moment, with outstretched hands, erect, with the smoke and sparks blowing all round and over him. Then a great tongue of fire spouted high into the air; and with a crash that drowned all other noises the roof fell in and Wallace Drake was gone.

The newspapers the next morning were full of his heroism, and full also of wondering comment on the unaccountable impulse which had led him to destruction, when the way of safety lay clear before him.

"'MARY!' HE CRIED. 'WAIT FOR ME; I AM COMING TO YOU.'"

"Unaccountable!" said Sir William in Harley Street, as he turned over his *Times*. "Humph! I don't know. Perhaps I could account for it; perhaps I couldn't. There are so few things one can really account for in this queer world. The poor, brave lad! Well, maybe it was the best way, after all. But *was* there a young woman, I wonder, and what did she say to him?"

Only Mary Milton could have answered the question; and Mary Milton could not tell him, or anyone. For, some thirty hours earlier, her pneumonia had taken a rapidly fatal turn, and she had passed away at a quarter to six on the previous afternoon; which was, as it happened, just about the time that Wallace Drake met his death seeking for her amid the smoke and flames. Perhaps he found her.

Crime and the Crystal.

Has Crystal-Gazing a Scientific Basis?

By F. A. H. EYLES.

"I BELIEVE," says Mr. Andrew Lang, in his introduction to Mr. Northcote W. Thomas's "History and Practice of Crystal-Gazing," "that some crystal-gazers are, somehow, enabled to 'see' things which are actual, but of which—crystal-gazing apart—they have, and can have, no knowledge. I have no conjecture as to 'how it is done,' but, if it *is* done, it upsets some extant popular philosophies."

All lands and all ages have their stories of crystal-gazing, though the majority seem to be concerned more with personal visions of the past, the present, and the future than with the detection of crime, with which it is chiefly the purpose of this article to deal.

Of the usual class of crystal vision there are few more interesting examples than that recorded by the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers in his series of papers on the subliminal consciousness. In this case Sir Joseph Barnby was the chief witness. He was attending a wedding at Longford Castle, having left Lady Barnby at Eastbourne. Whilst he was there a lady known as Miss A—— looked in her crystal and described what she saw—a bedroom, and a lady in the room drying her hands on a towel.

The lady who was seen in this vision was tall, dark, slightly foreign in appearance, with rather "an air" about her.

"This described with such astonishing accuracy my wife and the room she was then occupying," Sir Joseph wrote in his account of the case, "that I was impelled to ask for particulars of the dress she was wearing."

Looking again into the crystal, Miss A—— saw that the dress was of serge, with a good deal of braid on the bodice and a strip of braid down one side of the skirt.

This description threw Sir Joseph off the scent, as his wife expressed regret, before he left for Longford, that she had not a serge dress with her. His astonishment, therefore, was great, on returning to Eastbourne, to find her wearing a serge dress exactly answering to the description, and to learn that, as a surprise, having received it very much earlier than she expected from the costumer, she had arranged to meet him in it. His wife also recalled the incident that was seen in the crystal, of washing her hands. "Thinking I was late for meeting the train," she said, "I opened the door to call the maid to tell me the time as I washed my hands, standing at the washstand in a line with the door. I do not suppose I have ever done such a thing at an hotel before."

Sixteen months later Sir Joseph and Lady Barnby were at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, when Lady Radnor and Miss A—— entered the room. During the greetings that followed Miss A—— called Sir Joseph's attention to a standing figure, saying, "You will remember my seeing a lady in her bedroom while I was looking in my crystal? That is the lady I saw." Sir Joseph adds that this lady was his wife, and that Miss A—— had never seen her before.

There are many similar cases equally well attested. An experience nearly related to the purpose of the present article is given in Lane's "Modern Egyptians." A few days after the author's first arrival in Egypt his curiosity was excited on the subject of magic by a circumstance related to him by Mr. Salt, at that time our Consul-General in that country.

Having had reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, Mr. Salt sent for a celebrated Maghrabee magician, with the view, if possible, of making the thief confess his crime. The magician, calling a boy and pouring into the palm of his right hand a little ink, said he would cause to appear the exact image of the person who had committed the theft.

The boy was commanded to look steadfastly into the ink. The magician then burned some incense and several bits of paper inscribed with charms, and called for various objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw all these objects, and, last of all, the image of the guilty person, whose stature, countenance, and dress he minutely described. The description that was given was that of one of the labourers, who was thereupon arrested on suspicion. This man confessed that he was the thief.

Interesting as are these cases and others

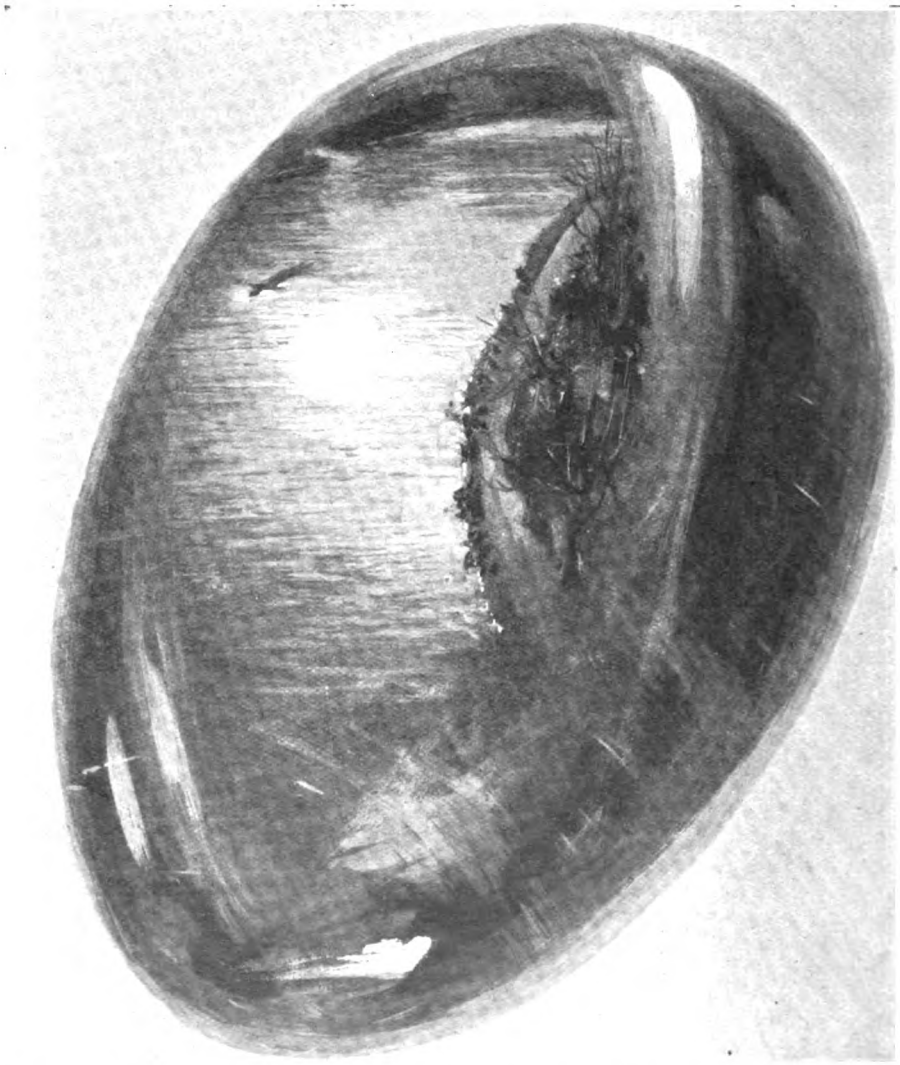
recorded by Mr. Myers, Miss Goodrich-Freer, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Andrew Lang, and authorities of equally high repute, they are less remarkable than the experiences of Mr. Von Bourg, whose name is perhaps best known to the public in connection with the famous Foxwell case.

Early in December of the year 1900, Mr. Foxwell, a London stockbroker, left his home at Thames Ditton to go to his business in the City, and never returned. The aid of the police was sought; they made inquiries, and came to the conclusion that he had gone to America. As there was no reason whatever why he should have left the country in a manner so mysterious this conclusion failed to satisfy his friends. For weeks the mystery remained unsolved.

One afternoon late in the month of Mr. Foxwell's disappearance a lady called on Mr. Von Bourg. "She was quite a stranger," he tells me, as I sit in his séance room discussing his experiences, "and she was anxious that I should look into the crystal for her. I remember the first thing I saw was the body of a man floating in the river."

"Do tell me more about it," his visitor entreated.

The medium continued to gaze into the



How Mr. Von Bourg saw in the crystal the body of Mr. Foxwell, the missing stockbroker, floating down the Thames. A subsequent vision showed the exact spot where the body was afterwards found.

crystal, and described minutely the man's appearance.

"Look!" he said; and his visitor looked and saw the vision, too.

"That is my husband," she exclaimed.

The lady, now disclosing her identity, was Mrs. Foxwell, the missing stockbroker's wife.

Rapidly now other pictures formed in the crystal—the house in which the Foxwells lived; a scene at Thames Ditton; the river and its grassy banks on each side; and the spot where the body was to be found.

"That spot," said the medium, speaking then under clairvoyant impression, "is a mile from your house. But not yet will the body be found. It will be recovered on January 31st, about five o'clock in the evening, and I 'see' another picture, which looks as though the man was struck on the head."

For a month the investigation was conducted on the lines indicated in the crystal. Various séances were held subsequently, at which Dr. Abraham Wallace, of Harley Street, and Mrs. Effie Bathe, a lady well known for her work in psychical research, were present. "But it all came," says Mr. Von Bourg, "to practically the same thing. The whole solution of the mystery was made perfectly plain at the first sitting, to which Mrs. Foxwell came to me an entire stranger.

"And everything," he adds, "came about as I saw in the crystal and said it would. The body was found at the spot that was indicated about half-past four on January 31st; the distance from the house was measured and found to be exactly a mile; and when the body was examined by the doctor there was a bruise on the head, just as I had seen.

"Indeed," he added, "from the first moment that I looked into the crystal for Mrs. Foxwell the mystery was solved."

The fame of the Foxwell case soon spread. There were many inquiries for the services of the medium in other directions. One, which was made through Dr. Abraham Wallace, took him to an interesting case at Brighton.

A lady, well known as a hostess, wrote to the doctor, Mr. Von Bourg tells me, begging him to take him down with the view of assisting her in a matter that was causing great distress.

"The doctor and I went down," he relates, "and we had a sitting." Through the visions that came in the crystal he ascertained the cause of the lady's distress, and was able at the same time to offer an assurance that all would be well.

In the crystal came the vision of jewels, and with it the medium received the impression of loss, but not of complete loss, for with them, to quote his words again, was "the atmosphere of the house." The picture in the crystal indicated the carpet as a direction of search.

How far was the medium correct? It was a fact that the loss of jewels was the cause of distress, for a guest in the house had left on her dressing table, on going down to dinner, a pair of magnificent diamond ear-rings, the stones being of exceptional size. Would their recovery also become a fact?

"The next morning," says Mr. Von Bourg, carrying the story to its conclusion, "we had all the servants together and told them that no doubt if they looked under the carpets they would find the missing ear-rings." Both, however, were not found immediately. But as the carpet was turned back there one of the splendid diamonds lay, but, ominously enough, without its setting.

"I suggested a certain course," the medium adds, "which, if followed, I was sure would result in the recovery of the other. This course, however, the lady did not care at the time to take. Months afterwards, however, the remaining diamond was found, and in the house, as I said it would be."

Swifter and even surer in action and more dramatic in conclusion was a case to which the medium was called some time afterwards into the country. A lady telegraphed to him in urgent terms one morning, begging him to be sure to take a train from town by which he could arrive at her house before dinner.

"I went down and took my crystals," he says, "and as soon as I arrived my hostess asked me to see what vision I could get. I looked into the crystal and saw a beautiful bracelet studded with emeralds and diamonds. Such a bracelet, my hostess told me, she had lost.

"'Can it be found?' she asked. I assured her that it could, and that it was in the house, for I saw in the crystal a long and narrow room, and in this room a trunk, and in the trunk a little parcel which, I was impressed, contained the missing bracelet. I also described a person whom I saw in the crystal. The description was that of a guest who, I was then told, was staying in the house."

What could be done without an open accusation, a charge that could not, on crystal evidence alone, be held to be legally proved, and might be, and probably would be, indignantly denied? There was only one thing, if the hostess was satisfied the suspicion had foundation, that could be done, and that was a daring thing to do.

When the friend came downstairs for dinner the hostess found an excuse for leaving her for a few minutes and went to her room—the "long and narrow room" that was seen in the crystal. There, in this room, the medium, accompanying the hostess, saw also the trunk he had described.

"Open it!" he commanded. "There you will find your bracelet locked up."

The trunk was opened and in it was found the little parcel that was seen in the vision, and that parcel contained the emerald and diamond bracelet. Having moved it to a place of safety, the hostess joined her friend at dinner.

Nothing was said that evening. The next morning the friend herself made an excuse for leaving hurriedly. She had looked into her trunk and found that that which had been there was gone. After she left her hostess wrote to her, saying as kindly as she could, but firmly, that she could never receive her any more.

"And she was a lady in society," Mr. Von Bourg added.

The story of one more experiment, the most vivid and astonishing of all, the vision of the Merstham tunnel murder, which was seen and described by two relatives of the victim, Miss Mary Money, remains to be added.

On this occasion I myself accompanied the medium to the house of the relatives, and was present at the séance, a record of which, written by me, appeared the same evening, the 30th of September, 1905, in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The medium took with him the identical crystal in which he had seen, five years before, the body of Mr. Foxwell, the missing stock-broker. He held it, as he sat in a corner of the room in an arm-chair, in both hands, half bending over it, and looking into its milky depths.

After a moment or two I asked him if he could see anything.

"Yes, I can," he replied; "but before I say what it is I want to see if the friends can see it, too."

There were in the room a young man and a young woman, close relatives of Miss Money. Neither had ever looked into a crystal, nor had they any experience of the subject. To the man I said, "Look over Mr. Von Bourg's shoulder and tell me what, if anything, you can see." He stepped up to the medium and, for a moment, gazed over his shoulder into the crystal steadily.

The Merstham Tunnel Mystery—The relatives of the murdered girl see her fate in the crystal.

This picture gives on an enlarged scale an exact impression of the struggle in the Merstham Tunnel as seen in the crystal by three persons at the same time.

"I can see nothing," he declared.

"You must give yourself a little time," I suggested; "please look again."

He looked again. Of a sudden he exclaimed, in tones of swift and certain conviction, "Yes, I do see something. I see a train moving through a tunnel, and in one of the carriages a man and a woman."

I beckoned to the lady, the other relative in the room. "You look, too," I said, "and see if you can see anything." The lady bent over the medium's shoulder. The vision was as clear to her as to the other.

And all the time the train, they told me, was moving. Like two persons looking at a picture-book and describing each picture as they turned its leaves, so these two relatives of the murdered girl gave me, without pause or hesitation, a vivid narrative of the vision they saw—the struggle in the train, the man's hand on the woman's shoulder, the carriage door flung open, and the woman thrust out,

All this was sufficiently remarkable, for scarcely a week had elapsed since the murder, and the police were on the false track of suicide, and medical evidence had not then been given, as it afterwards was given, to show that some of the marks of injury on Miss Money's body must have been caused before she left the carriage.

But this was not the end of the vision.

Still from the depths of the crystal picture after picture rose and faded—pictures, as the relatives described them, of the train at last emerging from the tunnel; of a great light streaming upon it from a signal-box; of the man, now alone in the carriage, alighting at a station; of his riding off on a bicycle; and, finally, of his return to the tunnel and peering into it with eyes that appeared to be haunted by the scene of this terrible crime.

"What," I asked the medium, "was the interpretation to be placed on the vision of the bright light streaming upon the train from the signal-box?"

"The clairvoyant impression I get from that," he replied, "is that great light will be thrown upon the tragedy by someone connected with a signal-box."

At that time no one had heard of the signalman at Purley Oaks. Nor was it until some weeks afterwards that this man was called to give evidence of seeing a man and woman struggling in the carriage as the train in which the tragedy occurred passed his box. The police pooh-poohed this evidence, saying it was impossible for a struggle at night in a lighted train to be witnessed from a signal-box. Professor Churton Collins, who, as a criminologist, never had the smallest faith in the suicide theory, obtained the permission of the railway company to visit the Purley Oaks signal-box at night in order to test the value of the police criticism. Two trains passed the box whilst he was in it, travelling between twenty and thirty miles an hour, and he had no difficulty, he told me, in seeing everything in them, even to distinctive colours in the dresses the travellers were wearing.

That there was a struggle, as Miss Money's relatives saw it re enacted in Mr. Von Bourg's crystal, was confirmed, therefore, by the signalman's story and supported by the doctor's evidence, and, in so far as it concerned one aspect of the mystery, it afforded an important clue and indicated a motive for the murder.

There are two cases recorded in Mr. F. W. H. Myers's papers on the subliminal consciousness which form a striking parallel to the experiences of Mr. Von Bourg. The witnesses in these cases were Colonel Wickham and his wife, Princess di Cristoforo, and the medium was one of their Indian servants, a half-caste, named Ruth, who was their children's nurse, and was known to Mr. Myers.

The experiences occurred when Colonel Wickham was stationed with his regiment, the Royal Artillery, at Colaba. The Princess, interested in the girl's powers, used frequently to get her to look into a tumbler of water in order that she might learn what her friends at a distance were doing. Many things, she recounts, which the girl told her, she was able to verify.

One day, the morning Lord Reay was expected to arrive at Bombay, and the troops were ordered to line the approach to the landing-place at the Apollo Bunder, Colonel Wickham's orderly, who had been instructed to get out his full uniform and have it in readiness for him to put on, reported that the dress pouch-belt was missing.

"Don't talk nonsense," exclaimed the Colonel, impatiently; "you must be as blind as a bat." But the man was right; the pouch-belt could nowhere be found. In no good humour apparently, the Colonel, who had been looking in every conceivable place, returned to the room in which his wife was having breakfast and said, "Now, then, here is a brilliant opportunity of testing the verity of Ruth's clairvoyance. Get her up here and ask her to find my pouch-belt."

At first the girl begged to be excused, declaring that her fellow-servants would never forgive her should the thief be discovered through her instrumentality. The Princess, however, quieted her fears by promising her that, should she see the face of the thief in the tumbler, she need only reveal the fact to her. The girl looked into the tumbler, but to no purpose.

Suddenly an idea struck the Princess. Instead of continuing to command her, as she had been doing, to look for the thief, she told her to "look for the sahib the day he last wore the dress pouch-belt."

The girl looked again. "I see sahib," she said, dreamily, after a moment or two. "He is dressing; he puts on his uniform, now the pouch-belt. Ah! he has left the room."

"Follow him," the Princess commanded.

"Sahib is getting on his horse; he is riding away," the girl continued, still gazing deeply into the tumbler.

"Don't leave him a moment," the Princess cried.

"Ah! but he goes so fast. I am tired," gasped the girl, breathlessly.

"Go on," the Princess said.

"Sahib is with other sahibs, and there are many soldiers and people. It is a grand tomasha; some great person is going away. They all stand near the water."

"Then rest," said the Princess, "but don't take your eyes off sahib."

For a brief space the girl was silent. Then she went on: "Sahib has gone into a big house by the water. He goes into a dressing room. He changes his clothes. All his regimentals are put in his tin case, but the pouch-belt is left out. It is hanging on a peg in the dressing-room of the house by the sea."

"The Yacht Club!" exclaimed the Colonel, who had been following the story. "Patilla," he said to his orderly, "send someone at once to see if the belt has been left there."

"I wonder," he mused, "if I really left it at the Yacht Club after all? The last day I wore it was when Lord Ripon left for England."

In a short time the messenger returned. He ran panting up the stairs, the belt held high above his head. He had found it as Ruth had seen it—in the house by the sea, hanging on a peg in a dressing-room of the Yacht Club.

The Princess, commenting on this satisfactory solution of the mystery of the missing belt, remarks that Ruth could have had no idea where it was left, for she had then been with her only a short time, and had entered her service long after Lord Ripon's departure from Bombay.

Soon after this incident the cantonment magistrate at Assigurgh, who was a friend of Colonel Wickham's, called, and was told about Ruth and her strange powers. Saying he was an utter sceptic and that it would require strong proof to convince him, he asked to be allowed to test the girl, as he himself had lost some valuable property.

The girl was brought in, a tumbler of water was placed before her, and the magistrate, through the Princess, questioned her.

"Go to Assigurgh," he began, "and describe my bedroom."

This the girl did, and correctly too, as he at once acknowledged.

"Now tell me what I have lost."

"I see a box; not a large box," the girl said, looking into the water. "It is a tin box, and contains money and a roll of papers."

"Right you are!" exclaimed the astonished magistrate. "But tell me where the box is now."

"It is in a small room."

"Tell me what is in it."

The girl paused a little. "Only papers, sahib; the money is gone," she said.

"Describe the man who took it."

"He is not there; the room is empty."

"Look for him."

"He is in sahib's room. He is a little dark man, with a pleasant face. His dress is white; he has a scarlet cummerbund, and a scarlet and gold turban. On his left hand is a scar."

"My butler, by Jove," cried the magistrate, "and the very man I suspected."

After his return to Assigurgh he wrote to say he had found the box as described in the servants' quarters, but that no papers remained in it; the box was empty. That was the only thing that was not correct in the girl's statement. The Princess concluded that she must have seen the box in the vision before the papers were removed from it.

"I often found," she writes, "that she did not seem to have much control over time, as regarded past events, though she would describe the actual occurrence rightly enough."

What, it will be asked, is the scientific explanation of all these puzzling phenomena of crystal vision? May not a conversation I recall with Yoga, another well-known medium practising in the West-end, suggest, in some cases, an answer that brings not only crystal-gazing, but also many phases of clairvoyance, prophecy, and prevision, into perfect harmony with natural law?

"How," I asked, "do you account for visions seen, or stated to be seen, in the crystal?"

"The results obtained by this means and others are due, I consider," he answered readily, "to thought-transference, not necessarily from the person consulting the crystal-gazer, but through him from others.

"It is possible, I maintain, for the crystal-gazer to get information you are not aware of, through you, about your friend Brown, and that it is all thought-transference, the gazer getting it, not from the spirit, as some persons may suppose, but from Brown. In other words, your subconscious self in the first place gets the impression that has to be conveyed to the conscious self, and the vision is hallucination. The use of the crystal is its aid to concentration and visualization."

As a striking illustration of this line of reasoning, Yoga reminded me of the well-

attested case of a mother in England whose son, then serving in India, was shot through the heart. At the moment of the tragedy she had, not in a crystal, it is true, but apparently before her very eyes, a vision of him standing by her bedside. "The explanation," Yoga continued, "is this. At the moment of death a person whose brain is not injured by disease has a special power of concentration – in one swift moment, for example, a person who is drowning will recall the experiences of a lifetime – and of whom would a person in the last moments of a life cut short by unforeseen tragedy be likely to think most? The person he most cared for – in this case his mother. Transference of thought does not seem to be limited by distance any more than the transference of messages by wireless telegraphy. It affects, either near at hand or afar off, the subconscious self, and that in turn hallucinates the conscious self.

"If the spirit of the son had been in the room he would probably not have been visible to the mother's material eyes. Rather is it to be supposed that it was his thought that influenced her and produced the hallucination."

"All this," I said, "may account for visions of things past or immediately passing; but what of the future that is frequently foretold—how do you account for the vision of things to come?"

"On precisely those same lines of thought-transference. You may not know, for example, that your friend Brown is ill; you are surprised when I tell you that he is or that he will be. Yet you find it to be true. It is simply the case that Brown's thoughts at the time of his illness, or of his feeling that he is going to be ill, have reached the crystal-gazer through you, and he is able to tell you something of which you are not aware.

"Similarly a clairvoyant may tell a lady that there is a man, now in India, who will come home next year and marry her. The lady may think it wonderful, but, after all, it is only the transference of the man's thoughts, always supposing he has made up his mind what he intends to do in a year's time.

"In the same way you may get impressions about a will, supposing a person has either made his will or intends to make it, and to leave his property in a certain way. It is all thought-transference, in my opinion. My theory is that the future is certain to be calculated upon. One's thoughts are as much about the future as they are of the present. They think of the oak who see the acorn; and thus is the future founded on the present, taking shape out of it.

"One more illustration to conclude. The Servian massacre was foretold in the crystal and by clairvoyance some time in advance of the great tragedy itself. The prediction was not, after all, so remarkable as it may seem if you follow the lines of thought-transference, for the tragedy had long been contemplated and had long been planned. Many persons knew about it, and the concentration and projection of their thoughts produced the vision of the massacre."

This theory is at least interesting, if not final. It certainly fits many of the cases recorded in these few pages, but not all. In the cases that are quoted of the recovery of stolen jewels it is just possible, on this theory, that the thought of the persons who took them, and, of course, knew precisely what had been done with them, were transferred to the medium through their owner, who sat with him.

The incidents of the murder in the train were also in the thoughts, at the time of the sitting, of at least one person then living, if the murder theory is the true one. Even Mrs. Foxwell may have thought, if not consciously, yet in her subconscious self, that her husband was drowned. But in the Foxwell case thought-transference will hardly fit the prevision of the actual hour and day, six weeks in advance, of the recovery of the body. Someone may say, "It was a happy shot."

The universal experience of those who have investigated the occult is that there are far too many of these "happy shots," as they are apt to be called, to be all merely coincidence. Nor will thought-transference account for Miss A—— seeing Lady Barnby drying her hands and wearing her serge dress a day or two in advance of the actual occurrence of these incidents. Thought-transference is a very good solution so far as it goes, but it does not meet every case. No doubt, if scientists were sufficiently sympathetic to be persuaded to examine the phenomena patiently and carefully, an explanation would be found. As it is, the detection of crime in the crystal, as well as much of the whole art of crystal-gazing, must retain within it something of mystery.

THE PEACE-CHILD.

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

"WHY don't *I* have these golden opportunities?" I thought, sadly, as I gazed into the wet and mournful square, where the trees drip-dripped over the iron railings, and you could almost hear the water squishing in people's boots.

I'd been reading "Evangeline Lily; or, Like a Little Dove," and I was full of beautiful thoughts suitable to the season. If I could only make peace in the beautiful way Evangeline Lily did! But, there, whom could I do it with? I'd tried it with cook and Ada, but they had quite misunderstood me, and cook had actually gone upstairs and given notice, and told mother exactly what she thought of the way she and father had brought me up, and if she was to have the children come messing about the kitchen all hours and upsetting everybody she'd leave in a month.

She's a very good cook, and father says she has the lightest hand at pastry he ever knew, so mother just smiled in her pretty way and said: "Oh, cook, you're too good to the children! You mustn't make the kitchen so attractive to them. What has Miss Rosalie been doing now? I must speak to her seriously about it."

And then cook's anger all melted, and she said she'd spoken 'asty, and let bygones be bygones, and perhaps miss had only meant it kindly, and she'd stay on if mother liked; and mother said, "All right, cook; and the master said the *vol-au-vent* at lunch was a perfect dream." And there the matter ended, except that mother forbade me to go downstairs at all.

It was no use trying to make peace between mother and father, because they never quarrel. Once, when mother lightly told him he was an old crosspatch, I said, reproachfully: "Oh, mother, I'm sure father didn't mean to be unkind. Do unsay that cruel speech." And mother was quite angry with me, and she and father began to talk about boarding-schools at once, so I left the room.

My path of peace was not made easy for me. I thought and thought until all of a sudden I remembered Uncle Boardman, and the awful break there was between him and our family. It was all because father had advised him to spend his ill-gotten gains while he was alive, and have some fun for his money, instead of hoarding it up for his greedy relations; and Uncle Boardman had been furious with father, and said there was one greedy relation by marriage who should never see an ill-gotten penny, and perhaps he could guess who that was.

I don't think it was at all nice of father to say the gains were ill-gotten. Mother said it was a joke, but perhaps Uncle Boardman doesn't always understand father's jokes. I know I don't.

Anyhow, we never visit him and he never visits us, and never sends birthday presents to Willie and me, or takes me to the Zoo as he used to when I was seven. It came to me all at once that perhaps I might be a humble instrument, as Evangeline Lily was, and peace should be brought by the hands of a little child. I felt regretfully that I was too old myself. I am twelve and tall for my age, and I heard Ada tell cook that I got plainer every day. Not that I wish to be beautiful. Far from it. My only wish is that I may become a blessing to my parents, and make the world a better and a happier place.

And then I thought of Willie, and it came to me in a flash. Willie is indeed an angel child. He is three, and Uncle Boardman has never seen him. He is always dressed in spotless white, and his head is a mass of rippling golden curls. His eyes are blue and his mouth a rosebud, and he can say fourteen pieces of poetry without a mistake. On mother's At-Home days he comes in and says, "Do you ask what the birds say?" till everyone is on the verge of tears. Father says they may well cry. He doesn't like recitations. He says they make him want to go home. There is something about father I don't understand I heard him once—and it is one of the darkest secrets of my life—I heard him say to mother: "For Heaven's sake, Madge, give the boy a chance to grow up a man. I wish to goodness I could see a little more devil in him!"

Wasn't it dreadful of poor father? And

"ON MOTHER'S AT-HOME DAYS HE COMES IN AND SAYS, 'DO YOU ASK WHAT THE BIRDS SAY?'"

mother only laughed, and stroked darling Willie's gold head. She very often only laughs at father when she ought to reprove him.

It was just four days before Christmas that the inspiration came to me. In stories it is always Christmas Eve when the erring one comes home, and the little child runs in and softens the heart of the aged and iron-willed relative who has disinherited his parent. With a wild cry of "My Madeline's child," or "My own darling's blue eyes," the little messenger of love is clasped to the heart—now no longer of iron.

I knew father and mother were going to dine at grandfather's on Christmas Eve, and I persuaded mother to let nurse go and spend the day with her relations—a thing she is generally only too ready to do, and I said to mother: "Dearest, it will be only kind to let others share our happiness now, won't it?" And mother said, nonsense, nurse would have the whole of Boxing Day, and if she wanted more holidays she was never afraid to ask for them. And nurse said Miss Rosalie was up to some mischief, she'd be bound, and you wouldn't catch her being sent out of the way so soft as that.

That showed me how difficult the path of the peacemaker is, but I was in the kind of mood when difficulties only spurred me on, and I thought of the detective story I'd read before "Evangeline Lily," where the brave young hero draws the villain on to a false scent by a wily telegram. So on Christmas Eve morning I went down to town by bus and sent off a telegram to nurse, with these simple, truthful words:—

"Come at once ere it be too late. Peter needs you."

Now, Peter is nurse's young man, and they are to be married as soon as he has saved enough to pay the first instalment of the furniture; and nurse was always telling me how far from industrious he was, and how much he needed her to keep him at it. *I* couldn't help her thinking that he'd fallen off some scaffolding and become mortally injured, could I?

She went at once, and mother gave her a sovereign for emergencies. Mother is very indiscriminate in her charities; I heard the vicar's wife tell her so once.

"Dearest," I said to mother, "you and father shall not be deprived of your pleasure. You mustn't stay at home, and I will give up my day to taking care of little Willie."

Mother said that she'd no intention of staying at home and cook would look after Willie as usual.

You wouldn't believe how my path was beset with difficulties that day. Willie was crosser than I have ever known him, and cook was very rude to me and said I'd got on her nerves, and she didn't wonder the poor pet couldn't bear it, and wouldn't I go and sit in the drawing-room for a bit with a nice book?

I went away in dignified silence, and later on I heard cook carry him up to mother's room and put him on the bed. He must have fallen asleep.

Now is my time, I thought. I took my box of chocolates from the drawer where I keep them, and crept up like a mouse. I woke him up gently and popped one in his mouth before he had time to yell, and then I dressed him in his new white serge kilt and his white fur coat and little three-cornered hat, and buttoned up his white gaiters, and gave him his new woolly bear—which he oughtn't to have had till to-morrow—to hug. He was as happy as a king, and I carried him softly downstairs. Cook and Ada were giggling in the kitchen and making hot buttered toast, as I could smell; and Willie sniffed and said he was hungry, so I gave him a part of my best chocolates.

"HE WAS AS HAPPY AS A KING, AND I CARRIED HIM SOFTLY DOWNSTAIRS."

At the corner of the street I took a taxi, and we got to Uncle Boardman's in no time. I had a sweet picture post-card of a dove, that Ada had sent me from Margate last summer, and on the address side of it I wrote, "Let there be peace between you and us.—Your repentant Madge." And I tied it to Willie's pearl button. Mother's name is Madge.

When I found myself standing on Uncle Boardman's doorstep with Willie clinging to my hand I trembled from head to foot. I whispered to Willie what he was to do. He was to say he was little Willie, and that he had a message for dear uncle, and then he was to run up to uncle and fling his baby arms round his withered old neck and say, "Love me, dearest uncle, for my mother's sake!"

Willie said he would if I'd give him all the chocolates, so in despair I pushed the box into his hands and pressed the electric button, and as the door began to open I fled to my taxi. Just as we grunted round the corner I caught a glimpse of a hansom driving up, with what looked like Uncle Rupert inside it, but I didn't wait to make sure, because I thought it best not to meet Uncle Rupert just then.

He's Uncle Boardman's other nephew, and the one father had meant when he talked about greedy relations. I heard mother say once that poor Rupert never *had* been fond of work. This seems to me very wrong of him.

The taxi-man said a lot of unkind things because I read the registered fare, and told

him I couldn't give him anything extra because he might only spend it in beer if I did. He said I needn't worry over the beer, as gin and bitters was *his* fancy, but I passed him in dignified displeasure, and he said no more.

I happened to arrive home at the unhappy moment when cook and Ada first missed Willie, and I found them both scurrying up and down stairs like rabbits; and cook was very red in the face, and said she felt like spasms, and would Ada run to the corner and fetch her sixpenn'orth. And Ada caught me by the sleeve and said, "Thank goodness, Miss Rosalie—and whatever has gone with that there child?"

"Be calm," I said. "He is safe."

"Safe where?" cook asked, suspiciously.

"In good hands," said I.

"I don't believe it," said cook. "You tell me at once, Miss Rosalie, what's gone with that child, or I'll let your mar know."

"In good time," said I, "mother will know all."

Cook sat down suddenly on the tall chair and said she could feel it coming on again, and what in Mercy's name had I done with my little brother.

"Willie," said I, gravely "is conducting a mission of great importance."

"Mission!" cried Ada. "You've never been and took him into them nasty slums?"

"Young as he is," I pursued, warmly, "the happiness of many is lying in his little hands."

"There'll be un'appiness for *one* if he's been and gone and got 'is little feet wet," cried cook, fiercely, but I passed upstairs and locked my door. "Let them bang and ask questions," I told myself. "They'll be sorry some day."

When the end came, however, they weren't half as sorry as I was, but that is part of the bitterness of life.

I didn't come down until the pangs of hunger drove me to it, and then, sitting over the kitchen fire with a raspberry puff, which cook said she had put in on purpose for me, I thought how cruel to keep them in this agony of suspense, and all at once I told all. Besides, cook said she wouldn't give me another puff if I didn't—not that that would have made any difference if I had not felt it to be right.

I thought cook would have choked when I told her. She sat in the rocking-chair and laughed and laughed till the tears ran down her face, and Ada said, "Lor', cook, do stop and listen at 'er!" And they quite saw it in a proper light, only Ada said that from glimmerings she'd picked up while waiting at table she didn't fancy as father was all that eager for a reconcile.

"Nor me neither," said cook. "I hope they won't give that precious child anything that will upset him. Christmas Eve, too. You remember the to-do we had with him after them last mince-pies, Ada?"

Ada said was she likely to forget it, and when did I suppose they'd send him home?

"I THOUGHT COOK WOULD HAVE CHOKED WHEN I TOLD HER."

"I never thought of that," said I.

"When your mar comes home," said Ada, sharply, "she'll go upstairs to the night nursery as usual to see that he's all right. Nurse away, too! What will meet her there? Empty cot. Nice, won't it be? You had ought to think of them things, Miss Rosalie, aforehand. Peace messenger, indeed! Who's going to give the message to your pore mar? *I'm not*, I tell you straight."

My slight feeling of uncomfortableness grew and grew. It was twelve before the cab drove up with father and mother, and I shivered under my bedclothes, and when I heard cook's heavy steps outside my door I feigned a sleep I did not feel.

"None o' that," said cook, brutally. "Up you get and put on your red flannel dressing-gownd, and down you come and confess the whole truth to yer mar."

"I am afraid it will make my toothache worse," said I, pressing my handkerchief to my cheek.

"Not it," said cook. "I'll give you a clove to put in your mouth when we get down."

I will draw a veil over my parents' cruel misunderstanding of my motives, and only say that, after they had exhausted their wrath, mother suddenly began to laugh in a silly way and then burst into tears; and father said, "Oh, all right," and rushed off in a cab to find out if Willie was still alive. "Does my Uncle Boardman eat helpless children?" I asked, sardonically.

Father wasn't very long, and when he came back he brought no Willie.

"The child?" mother said, faintly.

Father laughed.

"Why, that's all right," he said. "He's asleep in bed, and James says the old man was quite taken with him. He told the servants he'd never seen such a spirited child."

"Spirited?" said mother, in surprise. "Willie?"

I was surprised, too.

"He seems to have turned out quite a little Tartar," said father. "Kicked James's shins like mad when he took him off to bed, and bit uncle's hand."

"Willie?" cried mother, in amazed disbelief. "Kicked?"

I couldn't believe it either.

"So I told them to give him porridge for breakfast, and to be sparing with the Christmas fare; and James smiled, and said he was a young gentleman as didn't wait to be asked, but they'd do their best."

Then he and mother sent me off to bed, and I heard father ask mother, as they shut the door, what in Heaven's name was to be done with that awful little prig. And mother said: "Yes, isn't she? But, really, dear, it may be for the best, after all."

All Christmas Day we waited for Willie in anxious suspense, and at last mother said that he must have won uncle's heart by his angel ways. And then on Boxing Day a letter came from Uncle Boardman which made father and mother nearly jump with surprise.

"DEAR NIECE MADGE," he said, "I am still at a loss to understand how you two came to have such a delightful and original child, but he has quite conquered me. What his nurse can be like, or in what stable he has been brought up, I cannot imagine. Has he been put out to nurse in Whitechapel? However, I want to see you both at once in affectionate remembrance of your husband's last well-meant and unasked-for advice, so come in to luncheon to-morrow, if you can. —Your admiring uncle,

"EZRA BOARDMAN."

Father shook his head.

"Poor old chap's breaking up," said he. "We must go and see him, of course. It's the most extraordinary thing I ever knew."

I tried to slip out of the room unnoticed, but mother forestalled me.

"You shall come with us, Rosalie," said she. "It's only right that you should enjoy the results of your mission. Put your new red coat on, and get nurse to do your hair again."

I was obliged to disobey her in this, for I did not wish to meet nurse just yet. She'd had words with her Peter, it seems, about that telegram, and he refused to forgive her for calling him the kind of story-teller she did call him. It was Ada who advised me to keep out of her way, and I brushed my own hair, because it is only kind to spare your inferiors whenever you can.

In the cab, going, father said to mother that he was very much annoyed. "Why should we make friends with the old sinner?" he said. "I'm not interested in Uncle Boardman's money. Why, Madge, we have enough of our own. Don't be a greedy little puss."

"Oh, father, I'm sure mother didn't mean to be greedy," I remarked, gently; and father said, "Shut up!" and told me not to speak until I was spoken to. He sounded quite cross.

"No," said mother. "Only it's nice to feel at peace with the whole world at Christmas-time."

"Yes, isn't it, mother, dear?" I cried; and father groaned and began to tell mother about a new boarding-school he'd heard of in Yorkshire.

James let us in, and then Mrs. Furrows appeared and seemed so pleased to see mother, and said, "It's good to see your pretty face again, Miss Madge," and then she laughed and said she supposed we'd come for the boy. And mother said, "Yes. And how is he, Furrows?" and Furrows laughed and showed mother where Willie had bitten her hand. "Lor', Miss Madge, what a little tinker he is!" she said.

We all felt deeply surprised to hear this of our angel Willie. Mother simply stared at Furrows, and James, too. James said he was a rare one for his own way, and talk about kicking! He said he'd like to show us his shins, but mother and father gave him no encouragement. And then a door was suddenly opened in the basement, and a shrill voice burst upon the Christmas air, singing: "Put me amongst the girls!"

"Hark at him, Miss Madge," said Furrows, respectfully. "The maids are all there listening to him in the kitchen. The songs he sings! Every word of 'em, too!"

Speechless and silent we followed James into the library, and there sat Uncle Boardman in a reclining-chair. He rose with difficulty and said we were earlier than he had expected, but he could forgive a good deal to the father and mother of that wonderful child.

"Where's he got it from?" he cried, delightedly. "Where's he picked it up?"

Mother looked bewildered and said, "Picked what up?"

"His—well, his accent, his songs, his unparalleled repertoire of songs. His—well, his expletives."

"Dear uncle," said mother, sadly, "I cannot pretend to understand you. Willie has no songs. He has no ear for music, but he recites charmingly. Has he said, 'Do you ask what the birds say?' yet?"

Uncle Boardman chuckled.

"No, but he's told me what his young companions say; and that's enough for one evening. How *you* come to have a child of such spirit—well, it passes me."

"Has Willie been naughty, then?" I asked, in grieved tones.

"Naughty!" Uncle grinned. "Depends upon what you call good. But he's taken my fancy. I'm going to adopt him. It occurred to me that he might add interest and excitement to my old age. I've had a dull life."

Father said at once that we didn't intend to part with Willie, but uncle ignored him.

"I meant to leave my money equally divided between Rupert and you, Madge," he said; "but Rupert's grown sheep-like, and you don't need it. Besides, I want someone to have it who will know how to spend it and make the most of his life. I've wasted mine."

And then uncle rang the bell and told James to fetch Master William. We heard all sorts of strange noises outside while we were waiting, and then shrieks and scufflings in the hall outside the door, and suddenly it banged open and James came in, carrying in his arms a fighting bundle of boy, but not our boy—not Willie.

"Why, who is this?" father cried. Mother sat down suddenly.

Uncle said, "Don't you know your own child?"

And I said all at once in firm tones, "This is not my brother."

It was a dark, fierce-eyed, scowling little creature, fighting and struggling in James's masculine arms, and although dressed in what had once been Willie's beautiful white kilt (now a greyish drab colour) he was as unlike our golden-haired darling as possible—more so, in fact.

Father asked firmly what the meaning of this tomfoolery was, and mother began to go white. Uncle said, "Nonsense, it *must* be your child. Your message was pinned to his coat." And then James put the changeling down suddenly, and sucked his finger warmly.

Then mother rose, and asked in a shaky voice where her child was, and uncle began to look surprised and asked what the dickens we meant by it.

"Rosalie!" said father, sternly, "tell the truth."

I began to cry. "I left Willie on the doorstep," said I, "and pulled the bell, and ran. I saw the door open. I saw Uncle Rupert driving up in a cab, too——"

Glances were exchanged rapidly.

"James!" said uncle. "Who took the child in?"

"I did, sir," said James.

"What time was it?"

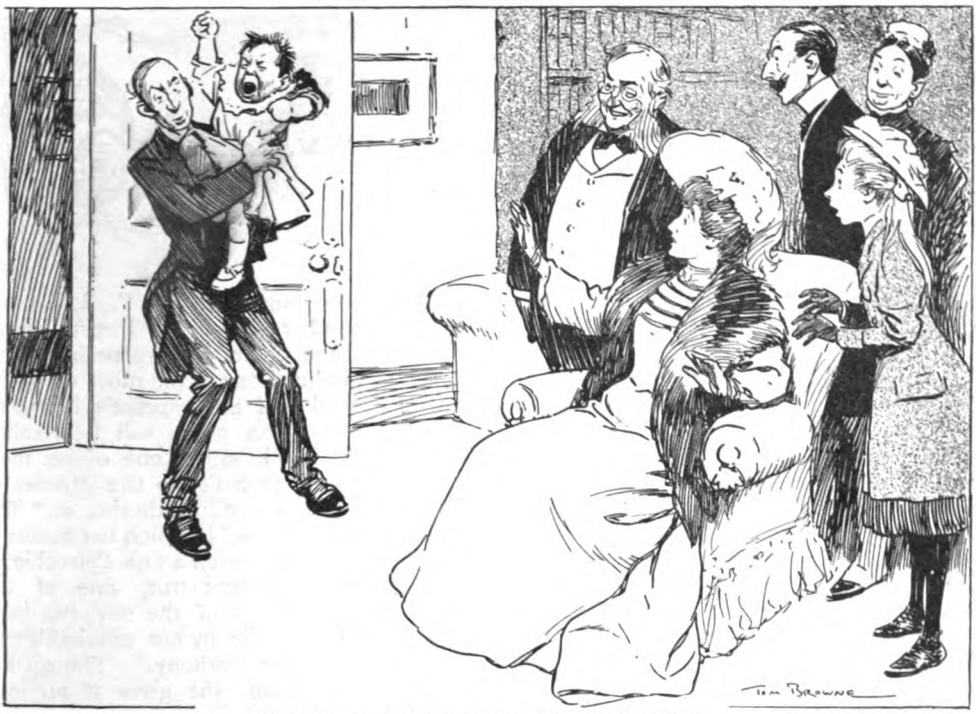
"Half-past five, sir, or maybe six o'clock."

I opened my eyes.

"Why, it wasn't four," I cried. "Oh, James, how can you?"

"Did you attend to the door all the afternoon?" asked uncle, sharply.

James looked confused and said "Yes,"



"UNCLE SAID, 'DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR OWN CHILD?'"

unless Rose had happened to go once when he was looking at the paper.

"Send for Rose," said uncle. Mother was holding on to the table, all white and trembling, and father was pale, too. I wished I hadn't come.

Rose was the parlourmaid, and very pretty. She said at first that she'd seen nobody nor nothing, and then all at once she burst into tears and told us it wasn't fair, and that they ought to ask Mr. Rupert, not her.

And then it all came out. My wicked uncle had found Willie waiting there, all in white, a Christmas peace-child, to heal the wounds of years, and had laughed like anything, Rose said. And then he said he'd be even with father for that, and he told Rose not to say a word, and picked up Willie and carried him off to Aunt Jane's! Then he'd gone off to the Seven Dials in a cab and borrowed the dirtiest, roughest, noisiest little scoundrel he could find, and got Aunt Jane to wash him and dress him up in Willie's clothes, and left him at uncle's with the peace message pinned to his coat. He thought uncle would never forgive father and mother for this trick. To do him justice, he had meant to return our own Willie intact the next day with a sardonic message of defiance from uncle. But, as father said afterwards, the biter was bit. No one could have guessed that uncle would take to that savage little boy as he had. He said he could listen to his language for hours with the greatest joy.

When he heard who he really was, he said he should adopt him all the more.

We didn't stay to lunch, because mother was wild to get Willie back, and we drove off in the cab together to Aunt Jane's.

"Rupert," said uncle, pleasantly, as we parted, "shall never see a penny of my ill-gotten gains. Neither shall you, Madge. I might have known he wasn't one of your priggish children. You and your peace-child! Bah!"

In the cab I sat in sad silence. Father laughed and comforted mother, and they both ignored me. I hadn't expected gratitude, but I didn't think they would have settled then and there about that boarding school in Yorkshire. How like life!

THE STAGE.

MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY, now playing the fascinating Lady Sybil Lazenby in "What Every Woman Knows," has of late years become identified with the heroines of certain of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays, especially with the part of Anne Whitefield in "Man and Superman." Yet she has probably had as wide an experience as any leading actress of the day, ranging from Shakespeare to melodrama—from Lady Macbeth and Juliet to Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross."

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS, one of the greatest theatrical favourites of the day, has been described as "all sunshine and simple sweetness," and it must be acknowledged that the phrase is a very felicitous description of her personality. In plays so diverse in character as "Quality Street," "Alice in Wonderland," and "The Gay Gordons," she has been equally successful—indeed, whatever she touches seems to turn to gold. The forthcoming production of a new musical version of "A Court Scandal," in which she is to appear as the Duc de Richelieu, formerly played by her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, will be awaited with great interest.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD during the last few years has been sharing in the great success with which Mr. H. B. Irving's revivals of some of his father's famous productions have been received. That she has done so well is no small tribute to her skill and versatility, seeing that in some of the parts she was following in the steps of Miss Ellen Terry.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH'S return to the Garrick Theatre, after an unusually prolonged absence, is very welcome to London playgoers. During their long tour Miss Vanbrugh and her husband, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, have been delighting provincial audiences with "The Walls of Jericho," "John Glayde's Honour," and "The Arm of the Law," three virile plays which afford ample scope for the display of Miss Vanbrugh's gift for emotional acting.

MISS LILY BRAYTON, perhaps the finest tragedienne among our younger actresses, received her training in that best of all schools, the company of Mr. F. R. Benson. Who that saw her as Viola in "Twelfth Night" can forget the charm and naturalness with which she imbued one of the most delightful—and difficult—of Shakespeare's heroines? Other performances which will be recalled with delight are Rosalind, one of her most effective parts; Ophelia, to the Hamlet of Mr. H. B. Irving; and Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," in which her husband, Mr. Oscar Asche, is such a fine Petruchio.

MISS NINA BOUCICAULT, one of the most gifted actresses of the day, has been delighting the public by her admirable performance in "Sir Anthony." Though her part is a small one she gives it an individuality which makes a lasting impression. There is, indeed, a wistfulness, a tenderness, in her acting which gives most of her impersonations a character all their own. If for no other reason, the fact that she "created" Peter Pan would of itself assure her of an abiding place in the affections of all discriminating playgoers.

MISS MAY DE SOUSA is a delightful actress and singer of whom we have seen far too little recently in London. It is true she made a welcome appearance during the last few weeks of the run of "Havana" at the Gaiety, but much of her time has been spent in Paris, where she achieved a great success. When she came to London for the Drury Lane pantomime three years ago she brought from her native America a reputation which was endorsed by her London audiences.

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE is now appearing at The Playhouse in that great success "The Flag Lieutenant." She plays Lady Hermione Wynne, who so bravely stands by Flag-Lieutenant Lascelles in his time of trial, and, though the part does not give her too many opportunities, it is a very sympathetic one, exactly suited to her personality. Many of her best-known successes have been gained with Mr. George Alexander, with whom she appeared in "If I Were King," "Old Heidelberg," "Lady Windermere's Fan," and other plays.

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY.

From a Photograph by The London Stereoscopic Company.

MISS
ELLALINE TERRISS.

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD.

From a Photograph by The London Stereoscopic Company.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

From a Photograph by The Dover Street Studios.

MISS LILY BRAYTON.

From a Photograph by Rita Martin.

MISS NINA
BOUCICAULT.

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

MISS MAY DE SOUSA.

From a Photograph by Bassano, Ltd.

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

From a Photograph by The Dover Street Studios.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

IV.—COMPROMISE.

SHE touched her companion on the arm as he examined, with the frown of criticism, a bookcase which bore a card, "Guaranteed Second-hand." Turning with obedience, he found that the lady had already set her head at an angle of confident appeal; the shopman, in close attendance since the moment they entered the establishment, gave a swift, brief recitation. "This"—glibly—"is what we call our oak-fumed hall fitment, comprising hall seat, umberella rack, hat and coat pegs, etcet'ra, original price sixteen guineas, we are clearing out at six seven six, sold a large quantity this season, only one left."

"Somewhat bulky," remarked the young man.

"Now," the girl protested, "I do consider that unkind of you." She peered over his shoulder. "How far have we got?"

"Pretty close to the limit."

"Let me see for myself." Snatching the list from his hand, she essayed the task of compound addition. "You write your twos just like your sevens."

"Make 'em as I always have made 'em, Lily."

"That's no excuse!"

He sighed as she went up the columns again, using her fingers to assist reckoning, and he gave his attention again to the bookcase, testing the working of the key, trying the strength of shelves. The shopman, with the air of one anxious not to take sides, but to keep on good terms with both parties, and to keep them on good terms, pointed out, as a fortunate circumstance, that the hall fitment and the bookcase might be said to match; she asked abruptly what that had to do with it, and the shopman gave an outward gesture with both hands as substitute for a verbal reply.

"Unless I'm wrong," she called to her companion (the tone of her voice giving no room for doubt concerning her own opinion in this regard), "unless I'm very much mistaken there's still a margin left. Leave off fiddling about over there, Charles, and come and look at this. That is," satirically, "if you can spare the time."

He came over at once.

"Don't think I want everything my own way," she implored. "You know me well enough by this time to be aware that I'm always open to argument. If this piece of furniture isn't suitable, I'm the last person to insist on you buying it. But imagine it to yourself! Fancy you're a visitor, and you come to make a call; the front door is opened to you, and in you walk. What's the first thing you do?"

"Wipe me boots."

"Never mind about your boots," impatiently. "Think of the other end."

"Take off me hat."

"Exactly! You take off your hat. What next? Why"—answering the question herself—"you look around for somewhere to hang it. You say, 'Where's the hat-stand?'"

"Couldn't we have some pegs fixed in a row, as it were, not too high and not too——"

The girl sat down in a convenient easy-chair and fanned herself with the list, moving one brown shoe restlessly. The shopman remarked that the chair formed, really and actually, part of a suite, but if she cared he would see the manager and endeavour to persuade him to allow it to be detached.

"Then, again," went on her companion, "supposing you bought this, and supposing I came as a visitor, chances are ten to one I should fall over it in the passage. Look here!" He illustrated the ease by which such an accident could occur.

"I was assuming," she remarked, coldly, "that our callers had eyes in their heads. Come on!"—with an effort. "Let's see about going; I'm sure it's getting late."

The attendant declared the hour was not so far advanced as she assumed; his own watch had been synchronized that very day with Greenwich time. He called their attention once more to the fact that of their stock of oak-fumed hall fitments this specimen alone remained, and hinted that any delay in making a decision might have results that he could only describe as fatal. Disastrous incidents of the kind had, in his experience, occurred over and over again.

Young couples had come in, looked at some attractive article of furniture, hesitated, announced that they would call again, and, when they did call again, found, to their intense disappointment, that it had been snapped up by a party of similar tastes but greater powers of decision.

"Look here, Lily," said the young man, resolutely, "we've got to settle this. I want to put it to you fairly and squarely: if we buy the hat-stand, where are all my books to go?"

"Where are they now?"

"At mother's; in the case that's been in the family for years."

"Why not ask her to lend it to you?"

"If she'd been ready to do that, she would have offered."

The girl pinched her under-lip and gave a few moments to silent thought. A voice from another department called "Mr. Turner!" and the shopman—with a word of apology and an assurance that he would return speedily—left them.

"Well?"

"I've—I've come out without a handkerchief," she faltered.

He produced one from the sleeve of his coat.

"I want you, Charles," she said, brokenly, "I want you to—to do just as you think fit. I'm young, and I'm foolish, and I'm wrong-headed."

"'I WANT YOU, CHARLES,' SHE SAID, BROKENLY, 'I WANT YOU TO—TO DO JUST AS YOU THINK FIT.'"

"No, no!"

"I defy anyone to stand up and say that I'm over twenty-four," she declared, with spirit. He explained that his contradiction was intended to refer to the other statements. "You know a great deal more about the world than I do, Charles," resuming her former tone, "and it's only right that you should have the last word. It isn't for me to dictate. If I was finding the money it'd be different; I'm not! The money's yours, and you've got to lay it out to what you consider the best advantage."

"Don't quite see how we're to do without a bookcase."

"You're perfectly right, Charles. A couple of six-inch nails driven into the wall will do well enough for the present." She presented a brave smile. "People must make allowances. And I don't want you to think, dear, that I'm selfish."

"You're far from it," he asserted. "Never met a girl who was less so."

"Handsome piece of furniture," she said, returning to look at the case. "You can put all your Dickenses on that row and all your Encyclopædia books on this."

"Just what I was thinking."

"It'll be a pleasure to me to take them out and dust them every day."

"Not every day."

"Every day!" she said, firmly. "It doesn't do to let work accumulate. And I'll see that every one is kept in its proper place. That shall be one of my special duties. Directly you've given me a kiss and left for office in the morning I shall clear the breakfast-table, and I shall say to myself, 'Now let me see about my dear, dear husband's books!'"

The shopman returned, pulling down his cuffs, and asking cheerfully to what address the hall fitment would have the pleasure of being sent. The girl explained.

"Pardon me!" interrupted Charles. His head gave the shiver that betokens a man's resolution. "You've behaved very nicely over this affair, Lily, and I admire you for it. This is the address," he said to the attendant. Taking the book he wrote the particulars. "Don't make a muddle, please. It's the hat-stand we're taking; the hat-stand, not the bookcase."

Outside, the girl asked permission to take his arm, a favour readily granted. As they danced their way towards the tramway terminus she remarked that her mother's words had again come true. Mother always said that when two people had a disagreement both should give a little and take a little.

V.—COMMON SCENTS.

THE lad, whistling a cheerful march as he turned the corner, nodded to one or two folk, and observed with satisfaction that children, on catching sight of him, ran indoors to announce his return. At one gate he stopped and gave a word of compliment and one of criticism regarding hollyhocks; the woman remarked that if he grew as straight and as upright he would do. Softening, she asked what he was doing in this part of London; did he intend to return? He answered with a knowing shake of the head, and explained that he had only strolled round to see the old girl and to cheer her up a bit; four minutes was about all he could spare, owing to the imminence of other engagements.

"Seem to fancy yourself now that you're on your own."

"Yes," he admitted, frankly, "I do."

"And to think that I can remember you when you hadn't——"

He hurried on to escape reminiscences of his babyhood. Here was one of the drawbacks of Stoke Newington; always a risk of encountering someone who had known you in early years, and in consequence refused to admit your maturity. He did not allow himself to be again drawn into conversation, but went steadily along to No. 48. His elaborate knock at the front door was not at once answered, and he rattled his stick against the window. Finally, pressed back the tongue of the letter-box and called "Mother!"

"And I've kept you waiting!" she cried, self-reproachfully. "How are you, Lorry? I was in the kitchen, busy, and thinks I to myself, 'It's only the party with the *Church Magazine*. Let her knock.' And all the time it was you. Come along inside; I am pleased to see you, and that's a fact."

"Thought I'd just look round and see how you were getting on."

"You step in the front room," begged his mother, "whilst I just go and pop something in the oven."

"Don't you trouble about supper for me. I can't stay more than——"

"It isn't for you," she said.

The lad took the easy-chair because its use had always been forbidden to him; found his box of cigarettes, but, after a moment's consideration, decided not to push triumph too far. There was something very satisfactory in returning to find himself an honoured guest where he had formerly been treated as a child not above the age of the rocking-horse portrait on the mantelpiece. That reminded him; he must have his photograph taken again, and send a copy home. Turning, he examined the contents of the glass-covered bookcase.

"Whilst I think of it, mother," he remarked, as she entered the room, "this is a book of mine I forgot to take when I cleared out a fortnight ago."

"It's got your father's name in it."

"Always understood it belonged to me," he declared.

"Take the book, Lorry, if you think you ought to have it."

"Right's right," he said, doggedly.

"Have you got a nice room, my dear?" she asked, after a pause.

He had to rise from the easy-chair in order to give full information, to furnish the length, breadth, and height; the carpet, he asserted, was so much better than the one on which he was standing that no comparison could be made. The furniture one could only describe as high-class; the window looked right across almost to the market gardens—in fact, you might, with a little imagination, fancy yourself miles and miles away from anywhere. Landlady a motherly person; daughter musical. People next door sang every evening in the Welsh language. An amateur orchestra met opposite twice a week.

"You're in your element," she remarked, pleasantly. He motioned to her to occupy the easy-chair, and was going on with details when his mother put a question.

Cook? He would rather think his landlady could cook. Why, she herself had told him over and over again of the congratulations paid to her in regard to this on various occasions by folk accustomed to nothing less than the best.

"That's half the battle," admitted the mother. "Just open the door, and keep it open."

Of course, he had not much personal experience of his landlady's cooking, because the arrangement was that he should get a snack of something in Aldersgate Street at midday, and come home to something like supper at night. No, not a hot supper; generally cold ham or cold mutton, and the only fault he had to find was that she cut it rather thin; he would have preferred to see the joint on the table. Not a very good hand, perhaps, at a salad; indeed, she rather prided herself on the fact that she never had been able to mix one to her own satisfaction.

"Sorry to find, mother," he remarked, dismissing consideration of his own affairs, "that you haven't managed to let."

"Coming in this evening. In fact, I'm expecting them now, at any moment."

"Them?"

"Two very well-mannered lads," she explained, "of about your own age. I'm to give them breakfast—just bacon and eggs—in the morning, and—— By the by, how do you get on in the mornings, Lorry?"

"Don't much like her coffee and can't quite stand her tea."

"Pity!"

"So I tell you what I do, mother. If there's time—and once or twice she's forgot to give me a knock—I look in at a place near the Barbican and have a mug and a roll and butter. Oh," lightly, "I manage all right."

"Of an evening," she went on, glancing at the clock, "I'm to get just about what I used to have ready for you. You know—something warm and tasty. Only," with determination, "I tell them as I told you—they must be in by eleven. I explained to 'em that that was the trouble between you and me, and my opinion was that eleven ought to be late enough for any young man."

"My landlady's very sensible in that way," he remarked. "She gives me a latch-key."

"Excuse me one moment," said his mother, leaving. "I don't want it to get burnt."

A very agreeable scent came in from the kitchen; the lad sniffed appreciatively. He went to the open door to obtain further gratification, and returned with a suspicion of moistness about his lips. Again he took out the box of cigarettes; again replaced it in his pocket. Began to exhibit signs of restlessness and walked about the room, setting things straight that were crooked; setting things crooked that were straight.

"Smells good, mother."

"I'd ask you to have some," she said, "only that it would look rather bad for them to see it had been cut into. You'll find a knife and fork laid, I expect, when you get back to your new place."

She went to the bookcase and took down the volume ; inquired whether he would like it to be packed in brown paper. If so, he knew where to find some—in the drawer of the kitchen dresser, where he would also discover pieces of string. The lad came back after a while with the string, but without the paper, and had to make a second journey.

"Now we can manage," she remarked, cheerfully. "Do you mind putting your finger just there whilst I tie the knot? That's right." The boy did not speak, and she chattered on. "Shouldn't depend on the string if I was you ; carry it like this." A knock at the front door ; the two glancing at each other. "Will you answer it," she asked, looking at his eyes, "or—or shall I go?"

He went smartly to the front door. His mother was sorry, he explained to the two callers, but there had occurred some misunderstanding ; the room had been already engaged. The two lads grumbled, spoke bitterly of the business qualities of women, and left.

"Had an idea," she said to herself, putting a handkerchief away, "that the hot veal pie would do the trick!"

"My Reminiscences."

III.

FREDERICK COURTENEY SELOUS.

[There is probably no European traveller or big-game hunter of greater celebrity than Mr. Selous, the recital of whose South African experiences has thrilled many thousands of readers. Besides being a veteran sportsman, he is also a pioneer of British civilization in Africa, and the author of many books, including "A Hunter's Wanderings in South Africa," "Travel and Adventure," "Sport and Travel East and West," etc. Mr. Selous has collected in London the camp and other equipment for Mr. Roosevelt's hunting expedition, and will go with him as far as Mombasa.]

AS a very small boy I confess to a strong partiality for tales of adventure, such as those of Ballantyne and Mayne Reid, but in this respect I do not suppose I differed from most other schoolboys. In my case, however, I soon turned from works of fiction to true tales of travel, and the works of Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, and other African hunters and travellers, which I read when a boy at Rugby, determined me to seek my fortune in the Dark Continent, amidst wild beasts and savages, at the earliest opportunity.

MR. F. C. SELOUS.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

I was born, I think, with a very sound constitution, and was, too, naturally strong and active. My father taught me to swim when I was a mere child, and when only fourteen, in my first year at Rugby, I took the second prize for swimming, and would have taken first prize the following year but for a slight accident on the very eve of the race. The proficiency I thus early acquired in swimming proved of the utmost service to me in after-life. Indeed, had I not been an exceptionally good swimmer I should have lost my own life on several occasions, and failed to save the lives of at least three other men whom I rescued from drowning in Africa. As a schoolboy I was an inveterate poacher and an enthusiastic egg-collector. I remember once taking an owl's nest from a tree just outside the study window of Dr. Temple, the head master of Rugby in my time, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. To do this I had to get out of my dormitory at night, reaching the ground with the help of a rain-pipe and a creeper which covered the side of my house.

When I climbed the tree just outside Dr. Temple's study window his light was still burning, and he must have heard me climbing the tree, as he opened the window and called out, "Who's there?" I gave no answer, but remained motionless until he again shut the window, and then got safely back to the dormitory with the owl's eggs.

I left Rugby when only sixteen, and after two years spent in Switzerland and Germany, in order to learn French and German, at last set out for the land of my dreams—South Africa—landing at Cape Town in September, 1871, when I was still only nineteen years of age. I had four hundred pounds in my pockets and a sound constitution, and with these assets my life of real adventure, of hunting wild beasts and leading the free life of the veld, began. When I look back over the past forty years of my life, I see a succession of pictures, of odd and moving experiences, of dangers, of hunger and

thirst, fever and ague, of heat and cold and fatigue, and yet I am bound to say they have left me sound in wind and limb and as keen for the life of the traveller and hunter as when I packed up my books and left Rugby for ever.

When I first started out, rifle in hand, into the Matabele country, my ambition aimed at nothing less than the shooting of large game —in fact, the very largest game in the world. You can imagine my feelings, therefore, when, upon presenting myself to Lo Bengula, the famous King of the Matabele, for permission to hunt elephants in his territories, His Majesty refused point-blank. "*You* hunt elephants!" he said; "you are only a boy; you had better hunt antelopes." But I was not to be daunted so easily; I stuck pertinaciously (and literally) to my guns, and at last obtained the King's good-humoured consent to shoot anywhere, unfettered by the restrictions commonly imposed upon the adult Nimrod.

A great portion of my early hunting career was devoted to the pursuit of elephants, but this was because it was only by shooting elephants that I was able to make my living. Although I have been a successful hunter, I have always taken at least as great an interest in studying the habits and life history of wild animals as in killing them. And had I been possessed of private means I should undoubtedly have devoted myself to exploration and scientific work generally, rather than to the hunting of elephants. Circumstances, however, forced me to become a professional elephant-hunter, and after all it was a glorious life, taking me continually into the wildest regions of the interior of South Africa, where, besides elephants, all other kinds of wild animals indigenous to the country were extraordinarily plentiful. It was a hard life, and in the days of muzzle-loading guns as dangerous and exciting a pursuit as could be found the world over. For years, until the elephants grew scarcer and wilder, I found no difficulty in paying my expenses by the sale of the ivory I secured.

I always hunted bare-legged when on foot, only wearing a cotton shirt, light shoes—which I made myself—and a broad-brimmed felt halt. Often when chased by wounded elephants through thick thorn bush I had the greater part of my shirt torn off me, and there was scarcely a square inch on the fore part of my body free from the scratches made by the wait-a-bit thorns. The hard life I led, however, walking and running after elephants all day long, kept every muscle in my body in splendid training, and my blood was always in such perfect condition that whatever wounds I received never failed to heal without the slightest inflammation. I hunted elephants almost entirely on foot, because these animals were in my time chiefly confined to the districts infested by the tsetse fly, which kills horses and all other domestic animals.

The narrowest escape I ever had from death by an elephant occurred in 1878, when I, with three other English hunters, encountered a herd of elephants close to the Umbila River. This herd numbered some seventy or eighty animals, of which we killed twenty-two of the largest tuskers. We had had a long day before we came up with the elephants, and the subsequent galloping about after a time completely exhausted my horse. The fourth elephant I shot, a big bull, chased and very nearly overtook my tired horse, his terrific trumpeting sounding like an advancing locomotive. However, he just failed to catch me, and I subsequently killed him.

A little later I attacked an old cow with fine tusks. I first gave her a bullet behind the shoulder, and a second in the chest just as she was on the point of charging. On receiving this shot she first backed a few paces, flapping her great ears against her sides, but then, recovering herself, charged, trumpeting loudly. My horse, now exhausted, made only a feeble effort to get clear, and the next moment was dashed to the ground. I myself was completely stunned by the violence with which I was thrown to the ground, and do not know exactly what happened, but in some way I got under the elephant's chest between her fore legs. Probably she went down on her knees when trying to stick her tusk through my body. Wrenching myself loose while she knelt, I succeeded in regaining my feet, and escaped into the bush. I found that I was absolutely covered with blood, which had poured on to me from the wound in the elephant's chest. Otherwise, except for bruises and abrasions, I was none the worse for this adventure. This was no doubt a very lucky escape, but poor Quabeet, one of our Kaffirs, was not so fortunate on another occasion. He was pursuing a tuskless bull, which suddenly charged and, overtaking him, knelt on his stomach and literally wrenched him into three fragments. The head, chest, and arms were first pitched to one side, then a leg and a thigh, and thus having appeased his wrath the animal vanished.

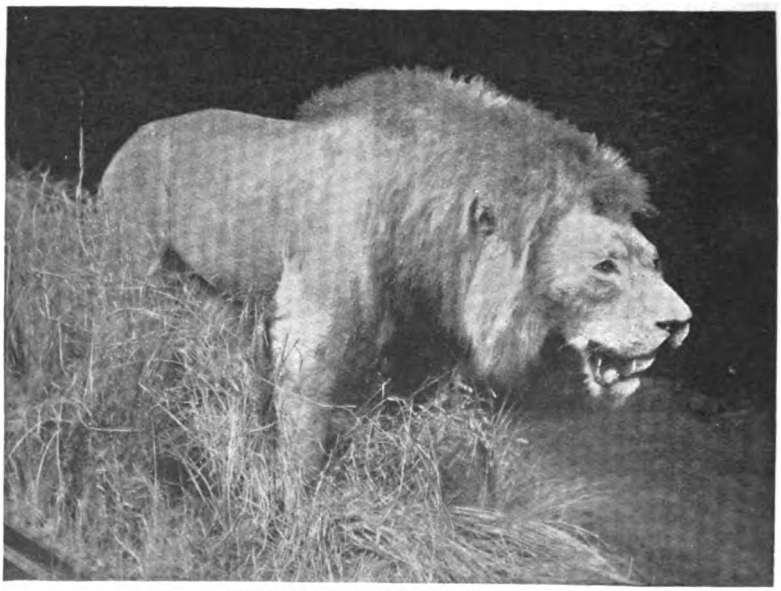
I have had many narrow escapes when

hunting elephants on foot, but never, I think, did I have a harder run for life than once in the dense bush in the valley of Dett in 1873. I was following a big bull I had wounded, when I ran almost into a vicious old cow. I just saw her trunk whirling in the air as she turned and chased me with short, sharp screams of rage. I don't know how I got away, but I plunged headlong through thorn bushes with the elephant close behind me. At last I leapt through the forks of a thorn tree, and here my hat and my leathern belt were torn from me. It was at this point that the elephant gave up the chase, probably halting to smell and examine my hat. When at last I shook off this pursuit there was nothing on me in the way of clothing but my shoes and the tattered remnants of a cotton shirt.

This day was fated to be one of misadventure, for on again following the wounded bull from which the old cow had driven me away I encountered another, and on firing at him with one of my heavy muzzle-loading elephant guns, which had previously missed fire, found that the Kaffir gun-carrier, not realizing this, had loaded it again. This time, evidently badly wounded, I presently fired at him again. He then went forward, and on my pursuing him turned and charged savagely. Shaken as I was, I managed to pull myself together, and fortunately stopped him with a four-ounce bullet in the front of the head. The want of success I met with on this most disastrous day was entirely due to the faultiness of the obsolete old muzzle-loading guns, which were the only weapons I could obtain at that time.

I have had a good deal of experience with lions and a certain number of adventures. I certainly look upon these great carnivores as the most dangerous animals in Africa, though I do not think they are so tenacious of life as elephants, buffaloes, or the larger antelopes. I once tasted the flesh of a young lioness and found it most palatable. The meat was very white and quite free from any disagreeable taste. One of the most striking points about a lion is the intense brilliancy of its yellow eyes, which seem to turn soft and brown when in captivity.

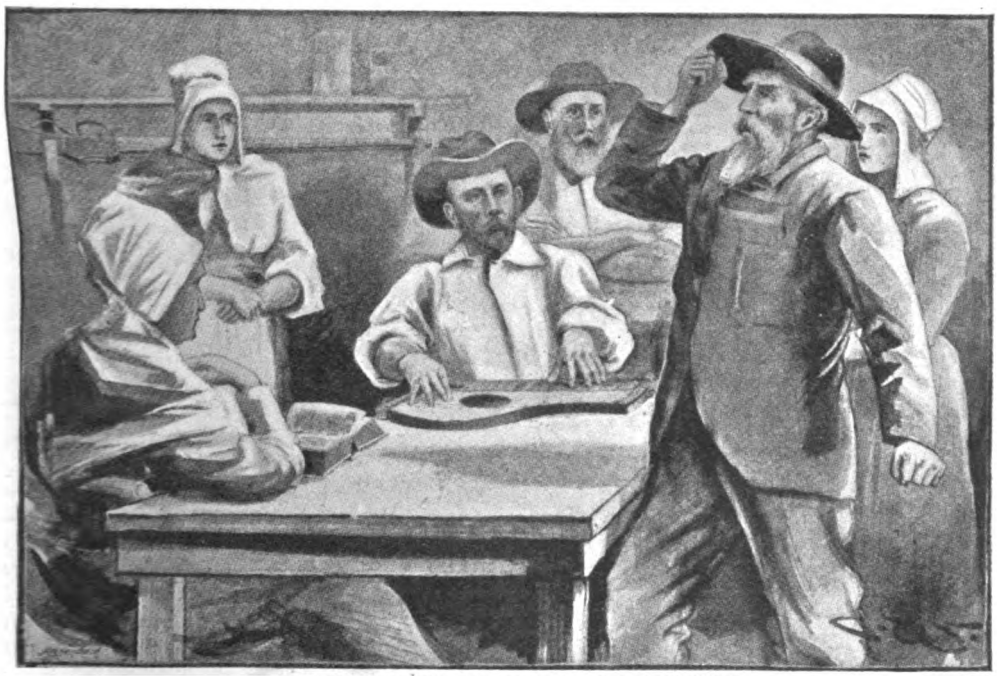
When I first went to South Africa I was a fairly good performer on that very sweet little instrument the zither, which I had



ONE OF THE LIONS SHOT BY MR. SELOUS.

unfortunately, it went off, and spun me round so that I fell face downwards, the gun flying yards away behind me. A deep cut in my cheek, two inches long, bled profusely, and my shoulder at first seemed paralyzed; but not wishing to lose the elephant, which was now standing near me in the thick bush, learned to play during my residence in Bavaria, and frequently I found this accomplishment of mine of distinct service to me. When travelling through the Transvaal, for instance, my musical talents used to keep me in butter, milk, and eggs. When we outspanned near a Boer farm my companion

would go ahead and ask the Boer housewife if she was fond of music, because, if so, he had a friend who had an instrument he could play. On her signifying her pleasure at the announcement, I went forward and produced for the family's benefit my repertoire of Bavarian melodies. My zither attracted great attention, and the old family Bible would usually be brought down and the drawing



THE AUTHOR PLAYING HIS ZITHER IN A BOER FARMHOUSE.

of David's harp compared with it. Of course, my reward consisted of butter, milk, eggs, and fresh bread—if it was baking day. The older Boers are generally very scrupulous about keeping the Sabbath, and once we came to a farm on Sunday morning. My friend at once tried to open negotiations for an impromptu musical performance in exchange for provisions. But it was only when my companion urged the identity of my zither with Israel's harp that the head of the family would consent to have it brought up to the house. When I had tuned it up he insisted that nothing should be played upon it but hymns. So I played for him the "Blue Danube" waltz. I allayed his surprise by describing it as a French hymn. He was a good deal puzzled, muttering that it might well be, but that it didn't sound like a hymn. I followed this up with "Il Bacio," whereupon the old gentleman sprang up, struck his hand on the table with a mighty crash, and cried, "Nay, verdommt, dats geen Psaum, dats een yedelpijp!" (No, d—n it, that's no hymn, that's a hornpipe!') This time, assisted by the ladies of the household, I persuaded him that it was an Italian hymn. After that he subsided, and we eventually came away well provided with butter, milk, and eggs.

I have a vivid recollection of a curious snake stone which I first saw in 1875. I was then travelling with an interior trader, who carried me to the farm of an old Boer named De Lange. He was the possessor of the marvellous stone, which he kept carefully packed away in cotton-wool in a small box which was in an old desk, always under lock and key. He attributed to it wondrous virtues, and would not part with it for any consideration. My companion offered him fifty pounds, but in vain. It appears that it had saved the lives of so many people and horses; amongst others, the daughter of an elephant-hunter named Anthony Fortman, who had been bitten by a cobra when a child. I heard a great deal about this stone, and had its powers attested very fully.

Almost at the beginning of my hunting career a companion untowardly ignited some powder, which exploded, and I was badly burned all over the neck and face. In particular, my eyes, lips, and nostrils suffered so

severely that I did not recover for some time. But this was not the worst of my early experiences, for, after having been thrown from my horse in the course of my first giraffe hunt, I was lost in the veld, and spent four days and three nights without either food or water. Nothing but an exceptionally strong constitution could have seen me through this very trying ordeal. On a later occasion, when again chasing a herd of giraffes, my horse fell and rolled on me, cracking the tibia of my right leg in such a way that some of the serum must have exuded from the bone, on which it formed a permanent lump. This accident lamed me for some time.

One of my earliest adventures—it was as far back as 1874—was with a buffalo. I had twice attempted to fire at an old buffalo bull which I was pursuing on horseback, and twice my old muzzle-loading gun had missed fire. I had just pulled in my horse for a third shot when the bull suddenly charged, with his nose stretched straight out and his horns laid back, uttering short, angry grunts. He was upon me in a moment; I fired full in his face, but my bullet must have passed over his back, and in another moment, lowering his head and striking upwards, he threw both horse and rider into the air. He then stopped dead, and I fell in a sitting position on the ground just in front of him. After eyeing me for a moment he came at me. I threw myself as flat as possible along the ground, and fortunately only received a severe blow with the round part of the old bull's horn and a kick on the leg from one of his feet. Except that my shoulder was badly bruised, I was not otherwise hurt. After turning to look at me again my assailant galloped off. As for my poor horse, he was so terribly injured that I was obliged to put him out of his misery.

GIANT BUFFALO SHOT BY THE AUTHOR AFTER AN EXCITING CHASE.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes Ltd.

Up to the year 1888 my narrow escapes were entirely from wild animals, but in that year I had a very uncomfortable experience at the hands of the Mashukulumbwi, a tribe of natives living along the course of the Kafukwi River. I was then on an expedition to the Garanganze country, where I hoped to find plenty of elephants. I had no white man with me, but was accompanied by a Natal Zulu named Paul and a boy named Charley, who could speak Dutch. Besides these two men I had some two dozen raw Zambesi boys as porters and sixteen pack donkeys. In due course I reached the country inhabited by the Mashukulumbwi, at that time a very wild and savage race of people. The men wore no clothing whatever, but every one of them carried from four to eight horribly-barbed assegais. On the evening of the day after my arrival at Minenga's our fires were lighted, and we lay down to sleep beside our donkeys and our baggage. About nine o'clock, as I was lying under my blanket, I observed a man come cautiously around the end of our scherm and pass quickly down the line of smouldering fires. As he passed me I recognised him as one of our guides from Monzi's. He knelt down close beside me on Paul's blankets, and I heard him whispering to him excitedly. Paul then said to Charley, "Tell our master what this man says; wake him up."

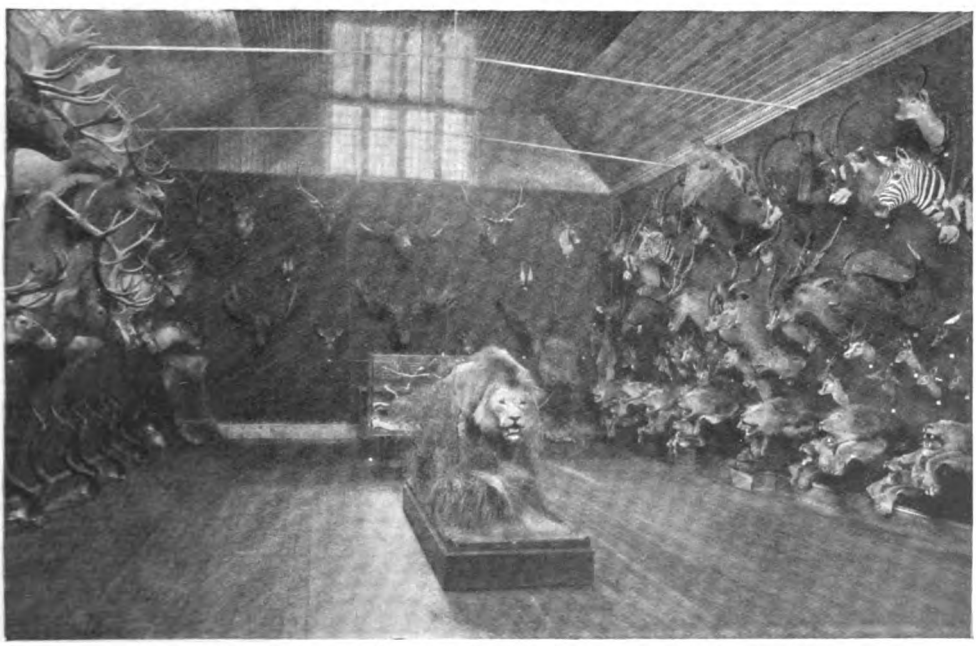
I at once said, "What is it, Charley? I am awake." He answered that our guide had told them that all the women and children had left the village, and that he thought something was wrong. Quickly pulling on my shoes and a very thin coat, and buckling my cartridge-belt—in which, however, there were only four cartridges—round my waist, I at once ordered my boys to extinguish all the fires. This was immediately done by throwing sand on the embers, and I was just leaning across my blankets to get some more cartridges when three guns went off almost in my face, and several more at different points around the scherm. The muzzles of all these guns were within our scherm when they were discharged, so that our

assailants must have crawled right up to the back of our camp and fired through the interstices between the maize-stalks, of which the fence behind us was formed. The three shots that were let off just in front of me were doubtless intended for Paul, Charley, and myself, but luckily none of us were hit. "Into the grass!" I called out to them in Dutch, and reached for my rifle. As I did so a perfect shower of barbed javelins came pattering thickly on the large leather bags in which my belongings were packed. At the same time a band of Mashukulumbwi rushed through the camp, no doubt stabbing some of my boys as they did so.

It was in vain I tried to get a shot into one of our treacherous assailants, for in the darkness it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Three times I had my rifle to my shoulder to fire at a Mashukulumbwi, and as often someone whom I thought was one of my own boys came between. I was within ten yards of the long grass, but with my back to it, when, with a yell, another detachment of Mashukulumbwi rushed out of it to cut off our retreat.

At this juncture I tripped and fell over backwards, upsetting two of our assailants, one of whom kicked me in the ribs and fell over my body, whilst the other fell over my legs. I was on my feet again in an instant, and then made a rush for the long grass, which I reached without mishap, and in which I felt comparatively safe. I presently crept forward for about twenty yards, and then sat still, listening. Standing up again, I saw that the Mashukulumbwi were moving about in our camp. It was, however, impossible to see anyone with sufficient distinctness to get a shot, for whenever one of the partially-extinguished fires commenced to burn up again it was at once put out by having more sand thrown over it.

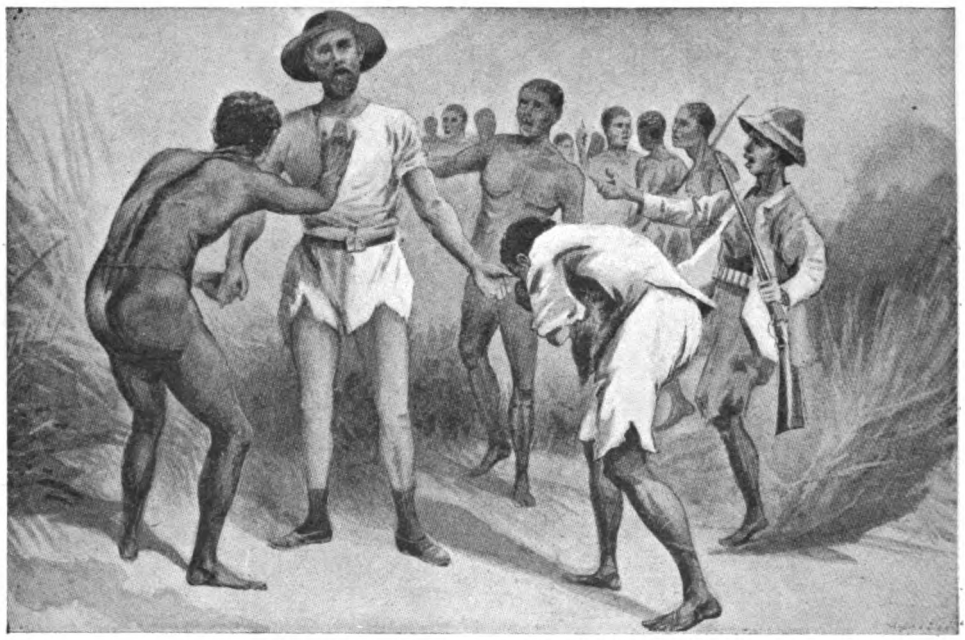
But I now thought no more of firing at them. I had had time to realize the full horror of my position. A solitary Englishman, alone in Central Africa, in the middle of a hostile country, without blankets or anything else but what he stood in, and a rifle with four cartridges. I doubt whether Mark Tapley himself would have seen anything cheerful in the situation. Presently I commenced to creep about in the long grass, now and again whistling softly in the hope of coming across one of my own boys, but I soon came to the conclusion that all of my own people who had escaped death were utilizing the hours of darkness to put as great a distance between themselves and their assailants as possible, and I resolved to do the same. I determined to first cross the little river behind Minenga's kraal and then



TROPHIES OF MR. SELOUS'S PROWESS IN HIS PRIVATE MUSEUM AT WORPLESDON.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

make south for Monzi's, but when I slowly approached the ford I found that it was being watched. Cautiously retreating, I made my way some distance down the river, where the water was deep, running between high, steep banks. Here, no doubt, there were many crocodiles, but I had to get across. I first stripped in order to keep my clothes dry, and, having tied them together with my shoes into a bundle and left it on the bank, I slipped quietly into the water, holding my rifle and cartridge-belt above my head in my left hand.

four hours, I resolved to shoot an antelope and make a meal off the meat. Having only four cartridges to keep myself in food whilst traversing the three hundred miles of country that separated me from my wagon at Pandamatenka, I hesitated to risk a shot so early in my journey, but getting an easy chance at a wildebeest, just as it was growing dusk, I killed it on the spot. After lighting a fire and roasting as much meat as I could eat, I shouldered all that I could carry and, under shelter of the darkness, again resumed my journey southwards. My adventures were,



"I AT LAST REJOINED THE REMNANT OF MY PARTY."

Being an expert swimmer I had no difficulty in carrying my rifle across the deep water without getting it wet. Pushing it among the reeds on the top of the bank, I then recrossed the river and brought back my clothes. I soon put on my scanty clothing, and then from the top of a large ant-hill saw that the Mashukulumbwi had set fire to large bundles of dry grass, by the light of which they were no doubt dividing my property among themselves. Taking the Southern Cross as my guide, I then set out upon a journey which I am never likely to forget.

There were plenty of lions in that country, but fortunately I encountered none of these animals, though hyenas howled around me the whole night through. On the evening of the next day, as I had then fasted for twenty-

however, by no means over, and it was only after having had my rifle stolen from me, and having passed through many perils and endured much hardship, that I at last rejoined the remnants of my party fourteen days after the attack upon my camp. My boys had long given me up as dead, and were mightily glad to see me again, dancing round me, patting me on the breast, and repeatedly kissing my hands. Twelve of my poor followers never got back to the Zambesi, and they were no doubt killed either on the night of the attack on my camp or on the following morning. Of the twelve who escaped six had been slightly wounded. After rejoining the remnants of my party I marched to the Zambesi, and ultimately reached Pandamatenka without further adventure. As there

was no means of recovering the sixteen donkeys and all the valuable property I had lost in the Mashukulumbwi country, I had perforce to give up all idea of getting to Garenganzeland that year, and after a visit to Lewanika, the chief of the Barotsi, I returned to the Transvaal early in 1889.

Never can a South African hunter behold elephants without experiencing intense excitement. When elephant-hunting, one seldom comes up with the animals without having followed them for several hours, and as a rule it is a pursuit which entails great hardships, fatigue, thirst, and exposure to the intense heat of the tropical sun. On one occasion, however, I had come up with elephants without having endured privation or hardship of any kind. It was a pure stroke of luck, and in many ways never before had I had such a chance of doing a good day's work with these animals. There was an immense herd of them before me—numbering, probably, nearer two hundred than one hundred—and for some miles all round the forests were fairly open. I had also a good little rifle and seventy cartridges. My bodily weakness, the result of fever, was certainly much against me, but what militated more against my success that day than anything else was the obstinacy of my horse, whose disposition I was soon to find out. Even to-day, as I think of this episode in my hunting career, I cannot but lament and rail at fate when I recall what I did and what I might have done that day had I but had my good horse Nelson between my knees.

I first picked out a big bull that towered above the surrounding cows and fired a steady shot for his lungs. Just as I did so a tuskless cow charged me, screaming loudly, and I was obliged to retreat.

In vain I spurred my horse, but it was one of his sulky days and he absolutely would not gallop. I had a very narrow escape, but dodged the old cow round a large ant-heap, the wind being luckily in my favour. I then rode back to the herd and killed the next biggest bull I could see, and soon afterwards, whilst following on the tracks of the retreating elephants, which had now broken up into many small herds, I came suddenly face to face with a large cow coming straight towards me.

The forest was very open about here, and she saw me as soon as I saw her, and, raising her head and spreading her ears, charged forthwith, screaming loudly. Turning my horse, I galloped away from her, but though quite fresh he would not put out any pace, and I could tell from the screams that the elephant was gaining rapidly upon me.

Hastily turning my head, I saw she was getting very near, and knew she would soon catch me, so I resolved to dismount and run for some rocks just ahead of me. My horse was in some respects a perfect shooting horse, and immediately I leant forward and seized his mane he stopped dead. I was off and in front of him in an instant, and running for the rocks, which were not twenty yards away. As I got round the first rock I turned, and this is what I saw! The horse was standing absolutely still, with his head up and his fore feet planted firmly in the ground, as if carved in stone, and the elephant, which had then ceased to scream, and was making a curious rumbling noise, was standing alongside of him, smelling about with her trunk. In front of my saddle was tied a leather coat with a red flannel lining—a present the preceding year from my friend Montagu Kerr—and I suppose that the elephant must have touched the horse with her trunk, as he suddenly gave a jump round, throwing the red-lined coat into the air.

He then walked slowly to the rocky ridge behind him, and again stood still about fifteen yards away from the elephant. All this time I had been afraid to fire, for fear of exasperating the elephant and causing it to kill my horse.

I now, however, determined to shoot her, and was thinking of firing for her brain, for she was very near me, when she raised her head and ears and came towards the rocks screaming like a railway engine! She must have got my wind, I fancy, suddenly. However, she could not get at me without going round some smaller rocks, and as she did this she gave me a splendid chance for a heart shot at a distance of not more than fifteen yards. I fired into the centre of her shoulder, and immediately the bullet struck her she stopped screaming and, dropping her ears, swerved off. She ran only a hundred yards or so, and then fell over dead, shot through the large blood-vessels of the upper part of the heart. Directly she fell I ran to my horse and remounted. Prudence whispered to me to give up the hunt, but I could not make up my mind to do so just yet, though I resolved to be cautious and not go too near the elephants in future, as my horse had evidently not the slightest fear of them, and had made up his mind that nothing should induce him to really gallop out this day. It was not that he could not do so; he was simply sulky, as he had a very good turn of

speed when he cared to exert himself. Had I been in good health and mounted on a better horse, I am sure I should have killed all the biggest tuskers in this large herd of elephants. As it was I only killed six of them.

In 1881 circumstances inclined me to give up hunting and go in for ostrich-farming, but after a short experience on a friend's ostrich-farm near Port Elizabeth it seemed to me that ostrich farming had passed the meridian of its prosperity, so I resolved once more to make my living by hunting. I had obtained many orders from the British and Cape museums, as well as from a London dealer, for specimens, preserved for mounting, of all the large African fauna. I therefore at once fitted out another expedition and started for Mashonaland, travelling slowly by night during the hot weather so as to save my bullocks as much as possible, and hunting and collecting specimens of natural history, from antelopes to butterflies, during the day-time. One day, whilst walking along the banks of the Crocodile River, I thought I heard a kind of moaning noise, and pushing my way through the scrub which here clothed the bank I found one of my best oxen with his fore-leg stuck fast in the mud and the rest of his body under water. A huge crocodile, that had been tearing at the poor animal and inflicting the most excruciating torture upon him, rushed away through the water at my approach and vanished. We soon got our poor ox out with the help of two other oxen, a yoke, and chain, and I then discovered that, large as he was, weighing quite a thousand pounds, he had been taken between the jaws of a monster crocodile and bitten severely in the belly and near the root of the tail. I syringed out the wounds with strong carbolic lotion, while my companion went down to watch for the reappearance of the crocodile. He presently got a shot at the ugly head of a very large one and thought he hit it, but one does not often recover a crocodile shot in deep water, as they sink to the bottom and do not rise for some days. In spite of all my efforts my poor ox swelled up to a great size and died three days later. My opinion is that his kidneys had been injured by the teeth of the crocodile.

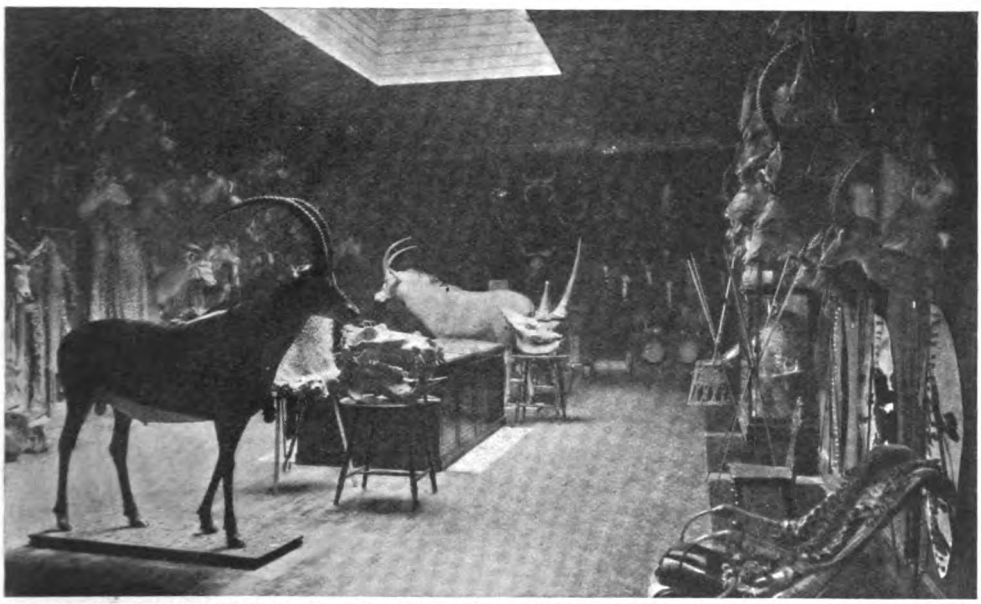
During that season, although I usually never had fewer than ten dogs with me in the hunting veld, I had only three, one of whom was a general favourite named Blucher. He was an excellent watch-dog, very plucky, and altogether one of the best of his kind I ever saw in Africa. One night, when I had set a gun for hyenas, I tied up the dogs in order that they should not get into trouble. I had scarcely finished supper when the set gun, heavily laden with a charge of slugs, went off with a loud report. We all rushed out, but could find no trace of any slaughtered hyena, so, thinking that a jackal had seized the bait and exploded the gun without receiving the charge, I did not reset it and let the dogs loose. I had just turned in to sleep when Blucher and the puppies began a furious barking in the distance, the sound drawing nearer and nearer. I asked one of my men what he thought the dogs were barking at. He replied in Dutch, "Sir, it must be a lion. Blucher would not retreat like that before a hyena." Suddenly Blucher's deep bark ceased and some heavy animals came galloping past us in the open ground between my camp and the stream below, while at the same moment the two puppies rushed in between our legs. Blucher, it was clear, had met his death, killed by a lion. As he had not even given a yelp when he was caught, I concluded he had been seized by the head and killed instantaneously. Two of my Matabele boys, who slept on the other side of the kraal, now came running in to say that some animal was crunching bones on the other side of the camp, and others came with torches, crying "Shumba, Shumba! Lion, lion! The lion has caught the big dog!" Whereupon I took my double-barrelled ten-bore rifle, which I had in the wagon, and went over to the native camp, but could see nothing, as the night was very dark.

Later on in the night one or other of the lions came inside my camp on three separate occasions, and each time carried off the skin of a large antelope. On one of these occasions one of the lions came quite close to where two of my Kaffirs were sitting by their fire and carried off the skin of a sable antelope I had shot that day. I had several shots at them in the dark, and went after them immediately it got light, but they eluded me. Of my wet sable antelope skins only a few leg bones remained, while of poor Blucher not a fragment could be found. That day I spent setting guns, and about sundown I heard one of the Kaffirs call out, "Here's the big dog," and, running out, saw, to my intense astonishment, poor Blucher, whom I had mourned as dead, coming up slowly from the river. His flank was torn open and he had several wounds in the neck; nevertheless, he wagged his tail

feebly. My idea is the lion had seized him by the neck, but the loose skin slipping up, he had only made four holes through his hide, and perhaps, when the lion opened his mouth to get a better hold, Blucher managed to make his escape, getting gashed by a claw as he did so. I immediately syringed out his wounds and sewed him up. But although he lived for some time he was never himself again, growing thinner and thinner, refusing his food, and at last dying a mere bag of bones.

In March, 1895, I went to South Africa for the last time to assist in the management of a land and gold-mining company in Matabeleland. In the following year, on the outbreak of the epidemic of rinderpest, I was appointed cattle inspector for the district between the Umzingwani and Insiza rivers. Shortly afterwards, in March, 1896, the Matabele rebellion broke out, and many of the Colonists—men, women, and children—were murdered. During the progress of the operations for the suppression of the rebellion I had some narrow escapes. On one occasion, having somewhat incautiously galloped far ahead of the contingent of Cape boys that I was leading, my horse was grazed by a bullet just after I had dismounted for a shot, and galloped off, leaving me alone with only two cartridges in my belt, and a large number of Kaffirs on three sides of me. Had it not been for the bravery of a Mr. Windley, who came to my assistance, I should never have got away on that occasion. The bullets struck up the ground all around us, one knocking the heel of my companion's boot off. Had the Matabele only managed to shoot a little better, or had they had the luck to hit the horse, they would have got both of us.

At first I had no time to mount, but ran alongside my friend's horse, holding on to the thong round its neck. After getting a little way ahead of the pursuing and yelling natives I tried to mount him, whereupon the animal started to buck and refused to go forward, and the Kaffirs, seeing our predicament, came on with renewed ardour. I quickly threw myself from the back of the bucking horse, landing on my own back, but without hurting myself or losing my grip of my rifle. I was on my legs again very quickly, and, once more grasping the thong round the horse's neck, he soon carried, or, rather, pulled, me out of danger. I look upon this episode in the Matabele rebellion as one of my narrowest escapes, and, at any rate, it gave me the hardest run I have ever had since my elephant-hunting days.



VIEW OF MR. SELOUS'S MUSEUM OF BIG GAME AT WORPLESDON (CONTAINING MANY RELICS OF THE ANIMALS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE).
From a Photo. by] *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

[We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Rowland Ward, Limited, for permission to reproduce two of the illustrations which accompany Mr. Selous's article.]

THE NIGGER.

An Episode in the Life of Joan Hardacre, as related by Her Friend and Confidant, Roderick Kirlew.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

YES, Joan Hardacre possesses the finest collection of portraits in all London, but there is none which pleases me so much as her caricature of the nigger.

You would find it in the little boudoir overlooking the garden of her doll's house by Regent's Park. There are, I suppose, at least a thousand others upon the walls of that sanctum in miniature, but none which amuses me so much as that of the truly ferocious black man who leers at you from a gilt-edged frame. And she prizes it, even as she prizes the poorest and meanest of her photographs—even that of the baby-faced boy of eleven who burgled a house in Essex and carried hence a silver teapot.

We were having tea together on a hot July afternoon when the portrait of the nigger came home.

Joan herself, her flaxen hair banded in the American fashion—such a *petite*, methodical, laughing little body—lay engulfed in a monstrous armchair.

"Who sent you the original?" I asked her.

She answered with the teapot in her hand. "Martin of St. Louis."

"Of course, the American police knew him?"

"Of course they did. He's called 'Happy Sam of Sardis.'"

"And you let him slip through your fingers, Joan?"

I should not have said it, for Joan can be very angry when she chooses. More than once have I seen her put a roomful of men to shame, and with but a single word spoken.

"Talk sense, Rody," she said; "if you don't want to talk it, go away."

"JOAN."

"I am not going away, Joan; I intend to remain and talk about the nigger. Why did you draw him in profile?"

"Because it is the only position which is worth anything at all—when I wish to know him again."

"Do the photographers agree with you?"

"I don't care whether they do or not. I am not working to please the photographers."

"Come, don't be angry. The drawing is a triumph. You should send a copy to Leslie Waters."

"He would be afraid of it. Do you remember what a state he was in when we went down there?"

"Of course I do—and the dog he had hired. It bit him to begin with, and half the village afterwards."

We laughed together and then fell to silence a little while. The nigger's story—for I always call it his story—ran through my head like a flash as I watched her. How clever she had been! No criminal lawyer in London could have done better; but, then, was not Joan the daughter of the late John Hardacre, the cleverest Old Bailey advocate that his generation had known—and might she not herself have earned a living as a professional detective instead of being, as she was, an amateur who only acted for the benefit of her friends and for love of the game?

"I suppose," said I, after a pause, "that you did not wish to arrest him, Joan?"

"You suppose quite correctly, Rody."

"Meaning that his turn will come by and by?"

"Meaning a lot of things—and, firstly, that you are to cut me some more plum cake."

I cut her a giant chunk, for thus were her tastes. Joan Hardacre could eat cake and chocolate caramels all day, I believe. I remembered perfectly well that her consumption of both had been prodigious upon that July afternoon, just eleven months ago, when Leslie Waters invited me—*me*, if you please—to run over on my bicycle and see him on a matter of some urgency. And it was nothing but an accident which took Joan there at all.

I had been staying with her married sister, Lady Cunninghame, who has the little red house on the river-bank just by the finishing post at Henley. Joan came down from London on the day following my arrival, and for ten days after that we never deserted the old punt save at meal-times and midnight, and not always then. She was very tired, not a little irritable, and altogether difficult to please. Her own account of it was that she had been doing nothing, "and that, my dear Rody," she would say, "is the most difficult thing to do, unless you have the mind of a poodle-dog." I told her not to be personal, and sulked just for a quarter of an hour. It is quite impossible to sulk any longer when Joan is about.

Leslie Waters, you should know, lives just below Temple Lock, in the old cottage which was a great place when the mock monks of St. Francis were at Medmenham. Someone described his house as all "corners and creepers," and that's not a bad account of it. I suppose he saw Joan and me upon the river, and found out that I was staying with her relatives. When I showed her his letter as an excuse for an afternoon o , she insisted upon accompanying me, despite my protest.

"My dear man," she asked, "do you suppose for a minute that Mr. Waters wants you?"

"But, Joan, what do you mean? Doesn't he ask for me?"

"Of course he does, understanding perfectly well that I shall see the letter and come with you. My father knew him intimately. Now go and get the skiff out. When a man says 'urgent,' he means something unpleasant. Of course I am going."

I never said a word to this, but got the skiff out immediately. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon, and well after five when we pulled up at Leslie's house and he came down the lawn to meet us. Some men would have been huffy at his reception of Joan, for I must say that he talked to her a long time before he said a word to me; but I am always proud of the esteem she has won for herself, and very glad to play second fiddle in that band.

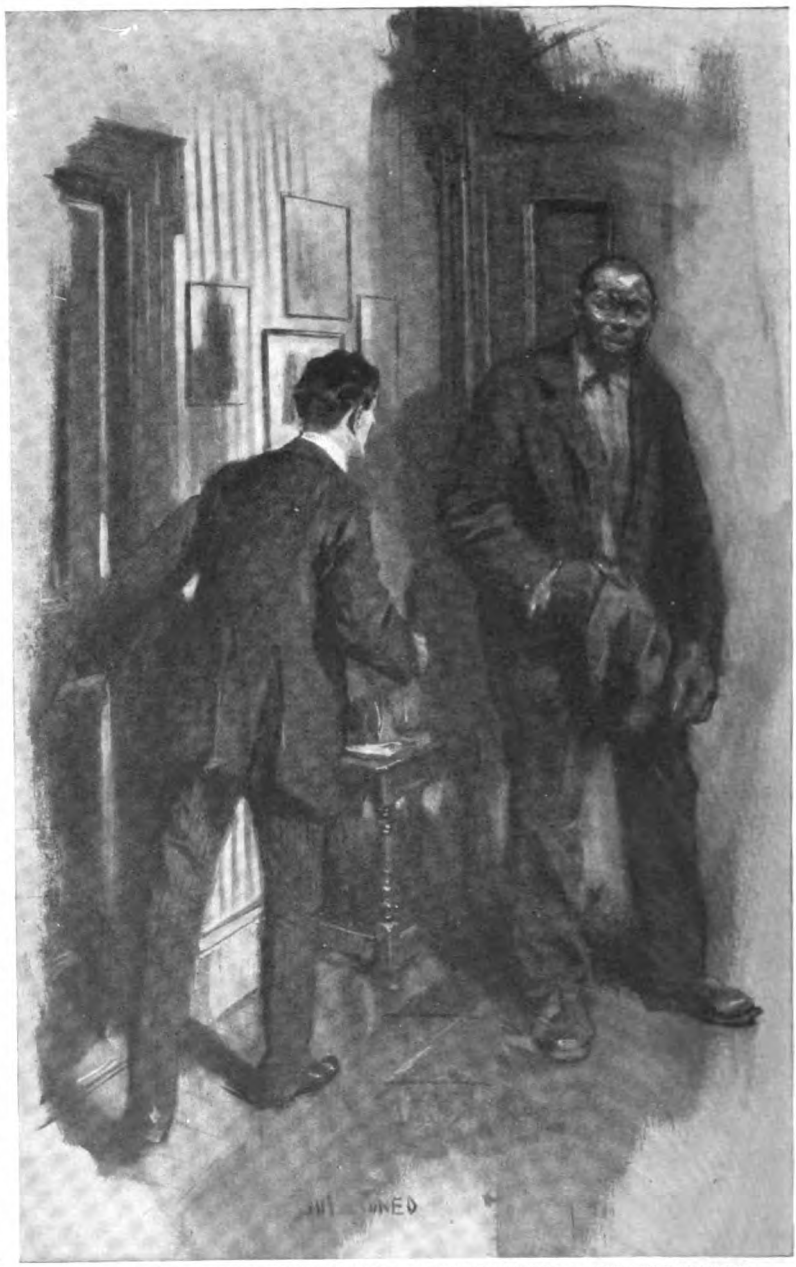
"What's up, old chap?" I asked him presently. "Has your heroine fallen into the river, or is the tenor gone over to Daly's? I suppose it's a musical row?"

"Nothing of the sort," he answered, sharply. "It's a nigger, and I wish to tell Miss Hardacre all about him."

"Then why didn't you say so straight out?"

He patted me on the back to calm me down.

"Don't be offended, Rody; I knew her father well, but she didn't know me, and I thought it the better way. You were bound to tell her, you know—you never keep anything to yourself. Now come into the arbour and we'll have some tea. I'm sure you've earned it."



"I FOUND MYSELF FACE TO FACE WITH THE BIGGEST NIGGER I HAVE EVER CLAPPED EYES UPON."

Well, we went and had tea with him, and so full was he of his story that he ate up all the maids of honour before anyone else had a chance, and had half finished the greengage jam before I started upon it.

"It began about a month ago," he said. "I was sitting in my study and just thinking about going up to dress for dinner when my secretary, Miss Benson, came running in to tell me that there was an awful man in the hall and that he would not go away. Of course, I was out in a jiffy, though I am the worst coward in Europe over tackling strange men, and I didn't like the job at all. I liked it even less when I found myself face to face with the biggest nigger I have ever clapped eyes upon, and the ugliest. I give you my word that the fellow was a monster, with a terrific head and a broken nose, which to see was never to forget. What was worse, he stood some six feet three in his stockings, and I knew that if he as much as put out his hand I should go over.

"'What do you want?' I asked him. 'Why have you come here?'

"To my astonishment he answered me in a soft, lisping voice which might have come from the lips of a woman.

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Waters,' he said; 'know you very well, sir—remember all the gentlemen at Holles Street—Sam was porter there, sir—he carry the music home to you very often sometimes.'

"I was greatly relieved at this, although I never remembered to have seen the man in Holles Street, where, by the way, my

publishers, Estelle and Company, have their offices. The nigger's manner did not suggest either the beggar's whine or the impostor's lament. He spoke with great deference and stooped while he spoke, perhaps to spare me the fearsome apparition of his full height.

"'Well,' I asked him, 'and what can I do for Sam?'

"'A very little thing, sir. Sam out of work—he came down here to sing at the regatta, sir. All the gentlemen give him nothing; the ladies, they give halfpennies. Can't live on halfpennies, sir, and Sam wants to go back to London.'

"'Oh,' said I, 'that's it, then. You want to borrow your fare?'

"He grinned all over his terrible face and said that I was the very kindest gentleman he had ever met in all his life. As you know, the third-class fare from Henley to London is a matter of a few shillings, and I gave it to him as cheerfully as ever I gave any man anything in all my life."

At this moment Leslie paused to sip his tea, and Joan, who had been listening with her eyes half closed, asked him a question which was very obvious.

"What did Estelles say, Mr. Waters?"

"Oh, my publishers? Well, you see, I never asked them until the other day. It was such a trifling matter, and the man was so civil."

She nodded her head and half closed her eyes again. Leslie, I thought, continued with some hesitation now. I could see that the episodes of which he had to speak were no pleasant reminiscence.

"I had forgotten the nigger when he came a second time. A fortnight passed, when one day, as I was cycling out from Henley, I met the fellow standing right in the middle of the road, and evidently determined to speak to me. Perhaps I should have ridden on and dodged him. I did not do so because, frankly, I was afraid of him. This time his story was but little changed. He said that he had lost the last train from Henley on the night I gave him the five shillings, and had to spend the money on drink and a bed. He never disguised his peccadilloes. He had drunk some of the money away, and knew he had done wrong.

"'Black man same as white man,' he said, quite cheerfully; 'when the rum go down, the spirit go up. Very sorry, Mr. Waters, but all the gentlemen at Holles Street very kind to me. I shall not ask for money, sir. Happy Sam of Sardis never do that, sir.'

"It ended by my giving him a shilling and being warmly thanked. The fellow's manner was so genial that I could not be suspicious of him. Perhaps my first real doubt occurred when I met him the following evening just at the entrance to the Fair Mile at Henley. I had been talking to a member of the Leander Club, and was about to mount my bicycle when Happy Sam of Sardis appeared. As usual, he began by protesting that he would perish sooner than beg; but he ended by carrying away two shillings triumphantly, and disappeared immediately in the direction of the river.

"I should tell you that this persistency annoyed me. The nigger's appearance was so alarming that his very presence in the neighbourhood of Henley made me uneasy. And this was not all. I began to suspect, from what the servants told me, that he was haunting the vicinity of my house. In the end I did what I should have done at the beginning—that is, I wrote to Estelles and asked if they had ever had a nigger in their employment. The answer came immediately. It was a point-blank negative.

"So, you see, Happy Sam was an impostor after all; and I hear you already asking how I could trouble you about so trivial a matter. Under ordinary circumstances I grant it would be trivial. The nigger never threatened me, never begged of me in the common way, and seemed altogether a harmless lout who had told a few simple lies to earn a few shillings. This I admit. What I do not like is the sequel, and it is the sequel I am now about to show to you."

He took a shabby letter from his pocket and passed it across the tea-table to Joan. Sitting at her side, she permitted me to look over her shoulder and to read the letter with her, and I observed that the document was written upon half a sheet of well-thumbed note-paper, and addressed from a public-house near Acton.

"Sir," it went, "I would like to see you immediately upon business which can't be postponed."

Well, we both read the letter twice and then I passed it back to Leslie.

If you had judged Joan by her manner you would have thought that the whole affair had ceased to interest her. I don't think she asked a single question. She told me afterwards that she knew perfectly well that I would ask the questions for her.

"What did you say, Leslie?" I inquired first.

"Oh, I said nothing—I put letters of that kind into the waste-paper basket."

"But you say that it worries you?"

"Yes, it does; I fear there is something behind it. The envelope was one of Estelles'."

Joan moved in her chair. I thought she was laughing.

"Oh, come," said I, "you are going to tell Estelles' about it, surely? Isn't it fair to them?"

"I shall mention it to Mr. Richards, the senior partner, when I see him. If I do answer the letter, the men will get it hot."

"Men! Are there many in it?"

"There must be. The nigger has been here all the time, and this letter comes from Acton."

"If you take my advice," said I, "you will answer civilly and ask the writer to come here. Why not set a trap for him?"

Well, we argued it furiously, and finally he consented. It was at this point that Joan intervened.

"I'll post the letter for you," said she. "It must get there to-morrow afternoon."

"Why afternoon?"

"Because Rody is not going to London to-night."

"Oh, but I'm not going at all, Joan."

"Yes, you are, Rody; you are going by the first train in the morning."

And so she told us that she had been listening after all. Leslie Waters was as pleased as Punch about it, and told her so; but she answered him evasively, and I still thought her uninterested. It was not until we were back in the skiff together that I discovered how greatly I had been mistaken.

"Well," I exclaimed, "are we going straight home?"

"We are going to the telegraph office as fast as we can get there."

"Do you believe it's serious?"

She looked me straight in the face.

"So serious, my dear Rody, that if Leslie Waters had the brains of a bird he would be afraid to sleep in his own house to-night."

I held my tongue at this—a man cannot row and converse at the same time, and her mood was not loquacious. To be candid, I also had been alarmed by Leslie's confession, and understood how much it might mean. She, I could see, was hard at work thinking, and when Joan thinks she hears no man, woman, or child. Indeed, she never opened her mouth again until we were inside the post-office at Henley.

"Where are Mack and Mike?" she asked me.

Now, Mack and Mike are two old soldiers who were with me in the 17th Lancers, and are still a faithful bodyguard which I employ upon many occasions. Mack is a huge man, who has had the misfortune to lose an eye; Mike is a substantial Irishman of shorter stature, but amazing wit and cunning.

"They would be at the Albany," said I, answering Joan.

"Then let them meet us at Paddington to-morrow—meet you, rather, for I am going up by a later train."

"And what are they to do when they meet me?"

"They are to go as fast as they can to the Blue Boy, near Acton railway station on the Great Western line, where they will follow the man who calls for this letter which I am about to direct and to put into a blue envelope."

The letter was the one which Leslie Waters had just written at my dictation. I saw her put it in a big blue envelope, which she bought at a little shop not far from the post-office—but she did not drop it into the letter-box, and it was posted at Paddington station early next morning. To whom she sent her telegrams I do not know, but one of them occupied her attention for a full ten minutes. When she had finished and dispatched it her mind seemed at rest, and we walked back to Lady Cunninghame's house, talking anything but music and the nigger. Such, I may say, is Joan's habit. She works in strenuous spells; but when she is not working, no child of twelve could play as prettily.

I am of a different turn, and never does one of her cases get into my head but I think of it perpetually. Candidly, I do not think I slept a couple of hours together that night, but woke up from time to time with the nightmare of a nigger's face for my companion and a morbid fear that the fellow might already have turned his attentions to us. It was a positive relief to get up at five o'clock and hurry off to catch the first train to town. My men met me at Paddington and received their instructions with some pleasure. They knew that Joan was behind the affair; they have helped her too often to be ignorant of the fact.

When I told them that their journey would carry them to a public-house in Acton, where they were to wait for someone who would call for a letter in a blue envelope and to follow him, the little man's face broadened perceptibly, while the giant Mack looked as though he had never drunk a glass of beer in his life.

"And what sort av a man are we to find?" asked Mike.

"Ye slip of a thundering fool," says Mack, "isn't that what the captain would have us to discover?"

I told them that it was, and sent them off immediately. They were to return to my rooms in the Albany should they have any news, and not to stir thence until I came back. These instructions they carried out faithfully, but it was eleven o'clock at night before I saw them again.

"Well?" I asked.

"The letter was fetched at nine o'clock, sir," says Mack.

"By a whipper-snapper of a man with a game arm and blue glasses," adds Mike.

"You followed him?"

"To a house in Chelsea—39, Grove Road—where he was met by a nigger chap with a broken nose."

"Ah! And then?"

"And then we followed each other back to this house," says Mike, with a laugh, while Mack added that those had been my instructions.

I praised the men for their diligence, telling them that I should have need of them very early in the morning, and then dismissing them to their beds. Of course, I had to carry the news to Joan. She would forgive no delay, whatever the hour, and I was grateful to the nocturnal habits of her brother Walter, who lives with her, and rarely goes to bed before three o'clock in the morning. When I arrived at her house she was in the boudoir, reading Maurice Hewlett's last novel, but I knew that she was very pleased to see me.

"Well," she cried, "the letter was fetched, then?"

"It was fetched at nine o'clock to-night."

"By a queer little man who carried one arm in a sling and wore pince-nez?"

"You were there yourself, Joan."

"Nothing of the kind; I have not left the house since dinner. Now, sit down, Rody, and be sensible. There is much for you to do."

I obeyed her like a child. It is always futile to question Joan, and she will speak in her own good time. To-night I found her both vivacious and singularly well pleased with herself. She had half filled a single sheet of note-paper with minute lines of writing, and this she now passed over to me.

"If I may judge by their pictures, and there is no other way of judging," she went on, "we are dealing with two very dangerous men. One is a bully and the other an adventurer. The bully works by day, the adventurer by night; but he is more dangerous than the other. Now, listen to me very carefully. We must all be at Henley by to-morrow night. Mack and Mike are to go there in your car to-morrow morning. You and I will go down by the afternoon train, and then take the launch from my aunt's house. If I should not be at the station when you get there, go on without me, but act as though I had come. Mr. Waters has his own instructions. If he is a wise man he will obey them; if he is not wise—well, that is his misfortune. I can tell you no more to-night, Rody, and you will not be cross. You know that I usually go to bed at ten o'clock."

I knew that she did, and I was in no mood myself to sit up with her brother Walter discussing motor-cars and the "cut approach" at golf. Indeed, I slept soundly that night, and had so much to do in town next day that, beyond sending Mack and Mike to Henley as she wished, I could take no part in the case until I arrived at Paddington at four o'clock, and found that she had left me to make the journey to Henley by myself. From this time I carried out her instructions implicitly, going on to Leslie's house and reporting faithfully to him all I had to tell. He, poor man, was in a doleful state. Joan, he declared, would tell him nothing.

"I am not to say a word to the local police," he exclaimed, pitifully; "and all the protection she gives me is the great boarhound now chained up in my old dog's kennel. What do you make of that, Kirlew? Whatever does it mean, and why should I be mixed up with it?"

Well, I couldn't tell him.

"If Joan has sent the hound here," said I, "she thinks mighty badly of it. Of course, you are to loose him at night—or I am, for he knows me. Did she say nothing more?"

"Not a word. Someone is to call upon me at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and my little motor is to be out in the road ready for me. She particularly wishes it to be out in the road, and says that she herself will give Morton, the driver, his instructions. For the rest we are not to interfere, whatever harum-scarum we may hear. Frankly, Kirlew, I don't like it at all, and I never felt less easy in my life."

I told him not to worry.

"You know Joan Hardacre," said I, "and you are not the first man by a long way she has helped out of a mess."

"But I'm not in a mess, my dear fellow."

"Which means to say that you are one of those happy men who are unaware of their own misfortunes. All the more reason why you should go to bed and sleep to-night. I will tell you more about the case to-morrow night, when Joan has told me. There is really nothing to prevent us eating a good dinner—as you will admit, Leslie."

He did not see it—no man who is harassed to death by a mystery he cannot fathom ever does. And Leslie Waters is just one of those highly-strung nervous creatures whose faculties are paralyzed even by a whisper of suspicion. Never, I suppose, did he make a more miserable dinner. He tried to play a little afterwards, but failed dismally. And all the time I was asking myself what kind of a scrape it was into which such a seemingly immaculate individual had fallen, what folly he had committed, and what price he must pay for it.

I shall tell you that we went to bed at eleven and passed an adventurous night. Frankly, I could not sleep. I was listening, not only to the distant church bells chiming the hour, but for any sound from Joan's great hound, Bismarck, loosed by me at eleven and now roaming the gardens. I would sooner face a revolver than Joan's hound any day—that is, if he were not a friend of mine; and with this thought for my consolation I lay listening to the chiming bells. Leslie had no such faith in any animal. He was in my room at a quarter to one and again at half-past.

"There are men about the place," he said, pitifully.

I told him not to be a fool.

"But I can hear footsteps—and when I looked out of my window just now I heard the bushes stirring."

"The wind, my dear Leslie—remember the hound is there; his ears and eyes are quicker than yours."

He was not convinced, and insisted upon smoking a pipe with me, while he suggested a hundred solutions to this gathering mystery. When he left me, it was to go and mix himself another whisky and soda — about the worst thing he could have taken at such a time. I think I fell asleep for a little while after that, and when I woke up the great hound was baying furiously and Leslie at my bedside again.

"Don't you hear them?" he asked me.

"Of course I do. Why should we interfere? The old dog's barking because he sees somebody. He wouldn't know you—you're much better here."

It was no good at all—I foresaw that it would not be—and nothing would satisfy him but that we must sally forth and search the grounds, he with a revolver, while I carried an ancient sword which had gone into Morocco with the Moors. This part of the business was little to my taste. Old Bismarck, the hound, knows me well enough by daylight, but I was just a little dubious whether he would know me as well at night; and, moreover, Leslie had sketched such a vivid portrait of the nigger that I had the fellow's ugly face in my mind every step we took. These were not many. We went round the lawns and out to the stable-yard. The hound was nowhere to be seen, and it was not until we were about to re-enter the house that I espied his great hulking shape near the landing-stage. Then I called to him and he came loping toward me.

"What is it, Bismarck? Where are they, old boy? Find them, lad, find them!"

For answer the brute pushed his dripping jaws into my hand, and stood there wagging his tail furiously. Going down with him to the water's edge I thought that I heard a distant splash of oars, but could not be quite sure of it. Leslie called to me from the house, but I answered him evasively, and a minute later I espied Joan herself, a dark-hooded, shrinking little figure, standing in the shadow of the boathouse.

"Go back," she said, but in so low a tone that I could hardly catch her words; "go back and keep him in the house. At once, please."

Of course, I obeyed her. Leslie himself asked me if I had seen anything, and I rejoined with a negative. This appeared to satisfy him, but he stolidly refused to go to bed and sat in the smoking-room until dawn, talking like an hysterical woman, and no more wisely. When we both came down to breakfast at nine I should imagine no whiter couple were to be seen in the county. But we said nothing about last night—he because he was too excited to think of it, and I because I was wondering all the time what Joan had been doing in the garden.

You will remember that the appointment with the unknown man was for eleven o'clock. We had carried out Joan's instructions very faithfully, and Morton, the chauffeur, waited with the car a little way from the house, on the Marlow side. I need hardly say that Mack and Mike were already indoors, and quite ready to receive either the bully of a nigger or any other who might come along. All that could be done had been done, and

"THE BRUTE PUSHED HIS DRIPPING JAWS INTO MY HAND, AND STOOD THERE WAGGING HIS TAIL FURIOUSLY."

it remained for us to control our excitement as much as possible and to let the hour speak for itself. As for Leslie, he paced the house like a caged beast. I believe that he counted every tick of the clock. A boat captain on the bank at Cambridge, crying the seconds, could not have been more impatient. It was, I think, precisely at two minutes to eleven that he first admitted the egregious folly of which I am now to speak—I hope calmly, although it is difficult to do so.

"I hope Abraham's men are out there," he said, suddenly.

It was just as though he had struck me a blow.

"Abraham's men! Who the deuce is Abraham?"

"The private detective in Cockspur Street."

"Great Jupiter! Did you send for him?"

"Of course I did. Do you suppose I am going to trust my life to a woman?"

I turned my back upon him and strode out of the house. Oh, the folly of it — the mad folly! There in the lane were two as obvious "private inquiry" agents as ever I saw in my life. And these were the wits he had pitted against a gang of adventurers who would recognise the fellows a mile away.

I could have cried for vexation. Where was Joan? What would she say? As to the appointment, it was an irony to speak of it. Who would come to a house to extort money from a man when two blundering detectives sat on his doorstep? Inconceivable folly—and irrevocable. Of course they would not appear—or, if they did appear, their advent would bring no dangers upon them.

I say that I walked down the road as mad a man as any in Bucks. Luckily, I had not gone more than a hundred yards when I met Joan herself at the wheel of a powerful Daimler car, and looking as radiant and as happy as a schoolgirl.

"Don't tell me," she said, "for I know."

"The fool's engaged private detectives—there are two of them labelled on his front doorstep. The ass! The idiot!"

"Spare him names, Rody; he is really very useful, poor man. Did you see Morton drive off?"

I looked at her, understanding nothing.

"Leslie's chauffeur! Why should he drive off?"

"He has taken your friend, the man with the game arm, to Marlow Station."

"Taken him to the station?"

"Yes; but he'll never get there. Morton is a clever boy. You must give him a sovereign for me, Rody. He is going to lose the gentleman with the spectacles on Hambledon Heath. Now jump in; we have plenty of time, for the train does not leave Twyford for nearly an hour."

She drew back a light rug to let me get up beside her. Of course, I need not dwell upon my astonishment; it is impossible to begin any work with Joan which does not end in astonishment. Whatever had been her motives for concealment last night, there were evidently none this morning. We drove straight by Leslie's gate, just in time to see a prim-looking girl, quietly dressed and apparently some eighteen years old, going up the drive.

"There is the lady of the party," she said, with a laugh. "The girl will show him some music, say that she is in great distress, and hint, perhaps, at being a distant relative. Clever, my dear Rody, and well planned. It is just as I would have it to be, and that is not always what we can say in such cases as this."

"Then you knew the men themselves would not appear?"

She swept the car deftly round a butcher's cart, and answered immediately:—

"If I had not known that Mr. Waters would employ private detectives I should never deserve your help again. Now, be a good boy and look out for the policemen. It would really be too tragical to fall into a trap."

I admitted that it would, and did my best to avert such a calamity. It was evident that she meant to catch one of the Great Western expresses at Twyford, and this we succeeded in doing with some minutes to spare. When we arrived at Paddington she called the first cab from the rank and ordered the man to drive to the King's Road, Chelsea, naming certain studios largely patronized by struggling artists. Here we met Mr. Aucheson for the first time. You will know him well, for there is no cleverer police officer in Europe.

It was very apparent to me that our distinguished ally knew nothing of the business, but was very ready to be interested in it. He and Joan worked together through the very first case she undertook after her father's death, and he knows her too well to dispute the serious nature of anything which interests her. On this occasion he took it for granted that she had real need of him, and was not disappointed.

"You asked me three months ago," she said, "what Jake Harrison was doing in England. I am going to tell you this morning—when he comes to 39, Grove Road, Chelsea."

"What, still in London? We've marked him as sailed for Amsterdam."

"Of course you did; he meant you to. How many men have you got with you, Mr. Aucheson?"

"I brought three, as you asked."

"Then for goodness' sake keep them out of sight. There is a nigger in the house, and if he is not right away from this neighbourhood in an hour nothing is any good. Understand, he is no use to us. You want Jake Harrison, and he will only go to 39, Grove Road, if the boy warns him that he may."

Aucheson looked somewhat disappointed.

"Is that the nigger they call Happy Sam of Sardis?"

"The very man—we'll catch him next time. If he shows fight to-day we must take him, but I think he'll run, and that's what I want. If your men can catch him when he's away from Grove Road they may do so, but we must keep the street quiet, whatever we do, or Jake will not return."

He nodded his head, beginning to understand.

"How are you going to get into the house?"

"I shall send a boy with a parcel, and then go myself——"

"Good heavens, the nigger would murder you!"

"I don't think so—he has seen me before. Besides, Mr. Kirlew will not be far off, and he likes niggers. Now, let us go; there is no time to lose."

We set off immediately, and reached Grove Road after ten minutes' sharp walking. The detectives themselves followed at a distance, perhaps, of a hundred yards, but were forbidden to enter the street at all. The latter, I should tell you, is a shabby row of narrow-fronted houses, four storeys high, and with no gardens in front, and but three steps apiece to the front doors. No. 39 is at the middle of the row, and even more shabby and dilapidated than the others. To this house we now sent a small boy—who accompanied us from the studios—and he carried a parcel which would have done credit to any grocer. His instructions were to knock at the door of No. 39 and ask for Mr. Wentworth. He was a sharp lad, and quickly understood.

It is easy for me to set down the details of this extraordinary morning, but not so easy to define the mingled feelings with which I awaited the issue. Joan had expressed her determination to enter the house, and I knew that nothing would turn her from it. And yet the peril was indisputable—a peril not to be wholly stated or measured, but well understood by any who have knowledge of these criminal gangs.

She was going to face the nigger who had frightened Leslie Waters, and this man might kill her. To look at her laughing face as she watched the messenger-boy go down the road was to say that she feared nothing. Even Mr. Aucheson demurred at this point, and would have dissuaded her, but the boy had reached the house before his arguments were finished, and Joan herself followed him so quickly that she was gone and had passed the door while he was still in the middle of a sentence. For my part, I did not hesitate an instant, but running after her I entered the house upon her heels, and immediately followed her upstairs. The thought that she was already alone with the nigger maddened me. I was almost afraid that he might have done his worst.

"Joan! Joan!" I cried; "where are you, Joan?"

The answer was a thundering crashing of glass, a loud cry, and then the sound of a heavy body falling. Opening the door of what should have been the drawing-room, I found myself in a bare apartment with a long window at the end of it, but the glass shivered to atoms and the furniture near by in a parlous state.

"Good heavens, Joan!" I cried; "what is it? Where is the nigger?"

"He has gone through the window," she replied. "Please don't follow him, Rody—I would much rather not."

"What? He's bolted?"

"We met last night in the wood when I had Bismarck with me. I think he imagines me to be a ghost. Now let Mr. Aucheson come up, and shut the front door. Happy Sam has a thick head. You need not be anxious about him."

I ran to the window and looked out. There were leads, perhaps ten feet below, and a pool of blood upon them. It was plain that the nigger had bolted, and would escape by climbing the garden walls at the corner. Joan must have wished him to do so, or she would never have made such a mistake.

So much I understood, nor do I think that her object was hidden from me. When Aucheson came up, she told him in a sentence what he must do.

"Jake Harrison was at Henley at eleven o'clock," she said. "He tried to get away in a motor-car, but the chauffeur had instructions to break down on the road. If the nigger does not get right away arrest him immediately, but do not make a fuss in the street if you can help it. I could have taken Harrison at Henley, but we might have lost the papers we want. They are all here, and I am going to read them. Remember he is dangerous; do not give him any opportunity to prove it when he comes—which I think will be soon if it is at all."

He nodded assent and went downstairs. Joan herself threw off her gloves deftly and began to read as though every instant were precious. I think she spoke but once during a whole hour, and that was to rebuke my folly in approaching the window.

"My dear Rody, why not shout from the house-tops?"

"Forgive me, Joan—they really can't see into a room like this."

She shrugged her shoulders and went on reading. The lottery of the thing galled upon me. Would Harrison come, or had the nigger warned him? This question I answered at three o'clock, when the sound of a key in the latch below brought me quickly to my feet. An instant later I heard two shots from a revolver, and before I could do as much as to open the door the man with the pince-nez and the game arm was on top of me, and I was fighting him for my life.

We had the fellow trapped surely enough—but what a scrummage, what oaths and fury and vain blows, before you could say as much. I was black and blue for a fortnight afterwards, and Aucheson little better off. No tiger could have scratched and clawed, wormed and twisted, as this notorious adventurer. And when others came to our assistance and we trussed him like a fowl, even then his oaths were dreadful to hear. Happily he was on his way to the police-station before a quarter of an hour had passed, and Joan and I were inside a four-wheeled cab, driving to Estelles, the publishers.

"Who is he, Joan?" I asked her. "What did he want with a musician? I shouldn't have thought that Leslie Waters would have been of any use to a gang like that?"

"My dear Rody, there are any number of things you do not think of. What he wanted was the manuscript of Mr. Waters's new opera, 'Theodora.' Have you read nothing of im-

"THE MAN WITH THE PINCE-NEZ AND THE GAME ARM WAS ON TOP OF ME."

personations as they practise them in America? These people were going to impersonate Mr. Waters in New York, to sell bogus music if they couldn't steal the real article, to get credit, swindle hotel-keepers, and do a hundred other things in the name of a respected English artiste. It is an old gang and has been at the work before. I thought of it directly I saw the letter. The nigger, Happy Sam of Sardis, is a new importation; but he is only a bully employed by cowards, and he doesn't interest me this time. When you left me the other day I visited Estelles and then went on to Henley. The nigger would have broken into the house that night but for Bismarck, but I didn't wish him to do so, for I wanted Harrison's papers. That was what took me down and kept me in the wood for a couple of hours. Oh, it was droll enough. Happy Sam met me face to face, and I think he took me for a ghost. You should have heard the yell he gave when he bolted down to the river. Mr. Harrison, I hope and believe, will get seven years, but Estelles will have to help us with evidence. Here we are, by the way. Now come in with me, and then we will go and have lunch."

I followed her into Estelles' great house in Holles Street, and imagine my astonishment when the first person I met was a man with a game arm and pince-nez—the very living double of Jake Harrison.

"You see," she said to me, "Mr. Harrison has not a game arm, but he put one on that people might say that one of Estelles' employés had stolen Mr. Waters's music. Is not that very simple, Rody? Would not a child have thought of it?"

Well, I hadn't, and that's a fact; but, of course, there is very little Joan does not think of.

STAGE PRIZES

Compared with the earnings of popular comedians forty years ago, the £800 weekly salary paid to Mr. Harry Lauder seems stupendous. Every time a single droll stanza escapes his lips he is some £30 the richer.

CLAMOROUS is the public in every clime to be entertained, and it is not ungrateful towards its entertainers. Although competition on the stage and concert platform every year grows keener, many anxious to serve for a bare pittance, yet the reward of the really brilliant performer was never so high. The profits of no profession have kept pace with the profits of the actor, vocalist, and musician. The income of a successful music-hall droll is now far superior to the salary of the Lord Chancellor of England.

Yet it is a mistake to suppose that really popular actors were ever badly paid, even three centuries ago. Poets might starve in garrets, painters might paint masterpieces for a couple of crowns or guineas, but any player of ability was always in a fair way to achieve pecuniary independence.

In 1590 Robert Greene describes in his tract, entitled "Never Too Late," a meeting with a player whom he took by his "outward habit" to be a "gentleman of great living" and a "substantial man." The player informed Greene that he had at the beginning of his career travelled on foot, bearing his theatrical properties on his back, but he prospered so rapidly that at the time of speaking "his very share in playing apparel would not be sold for £200." In the University play, "The Return from Parnassus" (1601), a poor student rails against the wealth and position which a successful actor derived from his calling.

> England affords those glorious vagabonds,
> That carried erst their fardels on their backs,
> Coursers to ride on through the gazing streets,
> Sweeping it in their glaring satin suits,
> And pages to attend their masterships;
> With mouthing words that better wits had framed,
> They purchase land, and now esquires are made.

Richard Burbage, who was considered the best as well as the most popular actor of his day, received a regular salary of £130 a year (equal in our money to £1,040), besides shares in the theatre which brought in a large sum.

The travelling actors, from whom the highwayman, Gamaliel Ratsey, extorted a free performance in 1604, were "men with the certainty of a rich competency in prospect." An efficient actor received in 1635 as large a regular salary as £180, of which sum

NIGHTLY FEES OF SOME FAMOUS ACTORS.

1. Burbage; 2. Garrick; 3. Macready; 4. Coquelin; 5. Kemble; 6. Irving.

£1,440 is the modern equivalent. The lowest known valuation set an actor's wages at 3s. a day, or in modern money about £360 a year. Shakespeare's emoluments as an actor before 1599 are not likely to have fallen below £800 in our money; while the remuneration due to performances at Court or in noblemen's houses, if the accounts of 1594 be accepted as the basis of reckoning, added some £120.

Actresses did not appear until about 1662, female parts being previously taken by boys. Amongst the very earliest were Mistress Nell Gwyn, of the King's Playhouse, and Mistress Knip. Both from having been "orange-girls," earning a precarious existence about the theatre, were raised to the affluence of 20s. a performance—about £4 in present value.

By the time we reach David Garrick the emoluments received by the successful actor had steadily increased. Garrick himself could command £50 a week before he went into management, besides a benefit which would bring in virtually all that the house was

1. Nell Gwyn (1662) received £1 nightly; 2. Miss Farren, £8 a night; 3. Sarah Bernhardt, £200 a night; 4. Mrs. Siddons, £50 a night.

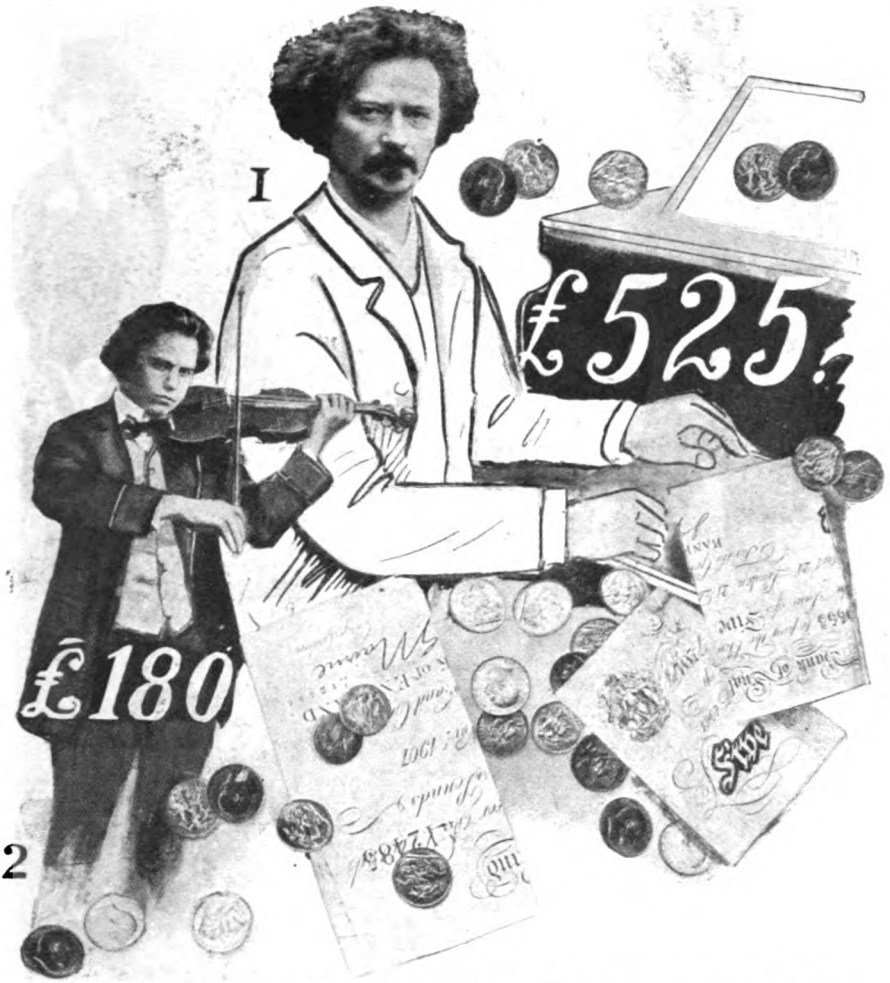
worth—from £400 to £650 for the night. After he went into management his earnings were enormous, and he died leaving, at a low computation, over £100,000. Miss Farren's engagement cost the management, at the height of her career, £50 a week, which was what Mrs. Siddons also consented to receive from Covent Garden Theatre at one period of her fame. But this was far below what she could and did demand elsewhere and in the provinces; and in her biography we read that on tour £50 nightly was the sum cheerfully paid for the great actress's services. It must be remembered that the value of money in the days of the three players just mentioned was double what it is at present, *i.e.*, £50 then corresponded to £100 now. Great as the sum then seemed, it soon became common, £50 a night being paid to Kean, Macready, and even Fechter; but it is, of course, dwarfed into insignificance by the emoluments received from the American public by such artistes as Bernhardt, Coquelin,

THE SUMS INDICATED SHOW WHAT THESE SINGERS RECEIVE FOR EVERY MINUTE THEY SING.

1. Teofani; 2. Patti; 3. Tetrazzini; 4. Caruso; 5. Melba.

and Irving. Bernhardt was paid £200 a night, which seems to have struck the Parisians dumb with astonishment. It is difficult to apportion Sir Henry Irving's receipts apart from Miss Terry's. But they undoubtedly were valued as high as £120 a night on tour.

As for the earnings of famous singers, we read in Evelyn's Diary, towards the close of the seventeenth century, that "A famous young woman, an Italian, was lured by a comedian to sing on the stage during so many plays, for which they gave her £500; which part by her voice alone at the end of three scenes she performed with such modesty and grace, and above all with such skill, that there never was any who did anything else comparable with their voices. She was to go home to the Court of the King of Prussia, and I believe carried with her out of this vain nation about £1,000, everybody covetting to hear her at their private houses." But what were the emoluments of this Mme. Teofani, even at £20 (or £80 of present value) for twenty



1. Paderewski, who receives the enormous fee of 500 guineas for twenty minutes' playing ; 2. Kubelik (£180 for two or three selections) is the best-paid living violinist.

minutes' singing, to the enormous sums received by Catalini, Malibran, Jenny Lind, and the great operatic artistes of our own day? At the head of these stands the marvellous Patti, with her douceur of £1,100 an evening, which works out at about £40 a minute. There is, of course, a great difference between such a phenomenal fee as this and the high fees of other performers. Caruso comes next with £500 each time he sings. Melba's fee is commonly £350 an evening, which is closely approached by the new star, Tetrazzini.

Amongst musicians Paderewski easily takes the lead. Compare his fee of 500 guineas to the modest £5 which easily tempted Mozart! Kubelik receives £180 for playing a couple of pieces on his violin.

But it is in the domain of vaudeville—of the music-hall — that prices and prizes have advanced so enormously. Grimaldi was the most successful droll of his day—a century ago—and he would have been quite content to have received a tithe of that paid to the successful London comedian of 1909. It seems almost incredible that any manager could venture to pay any single performer £800 a week and not go into bankruptcy. Yet such is the princely salary received by Mr. Harry Lauder. It is more than twice what the late Dan Leno ever earned, and his salary was accounted prodigious. Miss Marie Lloyd delights her audiences to the tune of £240 a week ; while Miss Loftus has for a period commanded even more. Of the popularity

WEEKLY SUMS EARNED BY SOME WELL-KNOWN PERFORMERS.
1. Grimaldi; 2. Miss Cissie Loftus; 3. Dan Leno; 4. Maud Allan; 5. Little Tich; 6. Miss Marie Lloyd.

of Little Tich his salary is eloquent; while Miss Maud Allan's success as a dancer probably made her the best-paid exponent of the Terpsichorean art since the world (at least, the world of the theatre) began.

It may be added that the figures quoted in the foregoing article have been compiled from the published statements of the artistes mentioned therein, and their managers or impresarios.

Harding's Luck

BY E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE TRAMP.

DICKIE fell asleep between clean, coarse sheets in a hard, narrow bed, for which fourpence had been paid.

"Put yer clobber under yer bolster—likewise yer boots," was the last instruction of his new friend and "father."

There had been a bath—or something equally cleansing—in a pail near a fire where ragged but agreeable people were cooking herrings, sausages, and other delicacies on little gridirons or pans which they unrolled from the strange bundles that were their luggage. One man who had no gridiron cooked a piece of steak on the kitchen tongs. Dickie thought him very clever. A very fat woman asked Dickie to roast a herring for her on a bit of wood, and when he had done it she gave him two green apples.

He lay in bed and heard jolly voices talking and singing in the kitchen below. And he thought how pleasant it was to be a tramp, and what jolly fellows the tramps were; for it seemed that all these nice people were "on the road," and this place where the kitchen was, and the good company, and the clean bed for fourpence, was a tramps' hotel—one of many that are scattered over the country, and called "common lodging-houses."

Next morning, quite early, they took the road. From some mysterious source Mr. Beale had obtained an old double perambulator which must have been made, Dickie thought, for very fat twins, it was so broad and roomy. Artfully piled on the front part was all the furniture needed by travellers who mean to sleep every night at the inn of Mr. Silver Moon. (That is the inn where they have the beds with the green curtains.)

"What's all that there?" Dickie asked, pointing to the knobbly bundles of all sorts and shapes, tied on to the perambulator's front.

"All our truck what we'll want on the road," said Beale.

"And that pillowy bundle on the seat?"

"That's our clobber. I've bought you a little jacket to put on o' nights if it's cold or wet. An' when you want a lift—why, here's

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your carriage—and you can set up 'ere and ride like the Lord Mayor, and I'll be yer horse, and the bundle'll set on yer knee like a fat babby. Tell yer what, mate—looks to me as if I'd took a fancy to yer."

"I 'ave to you; I know that," said Dickie, settling his crutch firmly and putting his hand into Mr. Beale's. Mr. Beale looked down at the touch.

"Swelp me!" he said, helplessly. Then, "Does it hurt you—walking?"

"Not like it did 'fore I went to the 'orspittle."

"Well," said Mr. Beale, "you sing out when you get tired and I'll give yer a ride."

They camped by a copse for the midday meal, sat on the grass, made a fire of sticks, and cooked herrings in a frying-pan—produced from one of the knobbly bundles.

"It's better'n Fifth o' November," said Dickie, "and I do like you. I like you nexter my own daddy an' Mr. Baxter nex' door."

"That's all right," said Mr. Beale, awkwardly.

It was in the afternoon that, half-way up a hill, they saw coming over its crest a lady and a little girl.

"Hout yer gets," said Mr. Beale, quickly; "walk as 'oppy as yer can, and if they arsts you, yer say you ain't 'ad nothing to eat since las' night, and then it was a bit o' dry bread."

"Right yer are," said Dickie, enjoying the game.

"An' mind you call me 'father.'"

"Yuss," said Dickie, exaggerating his lameness in the most spirited way. It was acting, you see—and all children love acting.

Mr. Beale went more and more slowly, and as the lady and the little girl drew near he stopped altogether and touched his cap. Dickie, quick to imitate, touched his.

"Could you spare a trifle, mum," said Beale, very gently and humbly, "to 'elp us along the road? My little chap, 'e's lame, like wot you see. It's a 'ard life for the likes of 'im, mum."

"He ought to be at home with his mother," said the lady.

Beale drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes.

"'E ain't got no mother," he said. "She was took bad sudden—a chill, it was, and struck innards. She died in the infirmary. Three months ago it is, mum. And us not able even to get a bit of black for her."

Dickie sniffed.

"Poor little man," said the lady; "you miss poor mother, don't you?"

"Yuss," said Dickie, sadly; "but father, 'e's very good to me. I couldn't get on if it wasn't for father."

"Oh, well done, little 'un," said Mr. Beale to himself.

"We lay under a 'aystack last night," he said aloud, "and where we'll lie to-night gracious only knows, without some kind soul lends us a 'elpin' 'and."

The lady fumbled in her pocket, and the little girl said to Dickie:—

"Where are all your toys?"

"I ain't got but two," said Dickie, "and they're at 'ome. One of them's silver—real silver; my grandfather 'ad it when 'e was a little boy."

"But if you've got silver you oughtn't to be begging," said the lady, shutting up her purse.

Beale frowned.

"It only pawns for a shillin'," said Dickie. "Father knows what store I sets by it."

"A shilling's a lot, I grant you that," said Beale, eagerly, "but I wouldn't go to take away the nipper's little bit o' pleasure, not for no shilling, I wouldn't," he ended nobly, with a fond look at Dickie.

"You're a kind father," said the lady.

"Yes, isn't he, mother?" said the little girl. "May I give the little boy my penny?"

The two travellers were left facing each other, the richer by a penny, and oh!—wonderful good fortune—a whole half-crown!

"You did that bit fine," said Beale. "Fine, yer did. You been there before, ain't ye?"

"No, I never," said Dickie. "'Ere's the steever."

"You stick to that," said Beale, radiant with delight. "You're a fair masterpiece, you are. You earned it honest if ever a kid done. Pats you on the napper, she does, and out with 'arf a dollar. A bit of all right, I call it!"

They went on up the hill as happy as any-one need wish to be.

They had told lies, you observe, and had by these lies managed to get half a crown and a penny out of the charitable; and, far from being ashamed of their acts, they were bubbling over with merriment and delight at their own cleverness.

By evening they had seven and tenpence.

The new game of begging and inventing stories to interest the people from whom it was worth while to beg went on gaily, day by day and week by week, and Dickie, by constant practice, grew so clever at taking his part in the acting that Mr. Beale was quite dazed with admiration.

"Blessed if I ever see such a nipper!" he

"'IT ONLY PAWNS FOR A SHILLIN',' SAID DICKIE."

said, over and over again. And when they got nearly to Hythe and met with the red-whiskered man, who got up suddenly out of the hedge and said he'd been hanging off and on, expecting them for nigh on a week, Mr. Beale sent Dickie into a field to look for mushrooms—which didn't grow there—expressly that he might have a private conversation with the red-whiskered man, a conversation which began thus:—

"Couldn't get 'ere afore. Couldn't get a nipper."

"'E's 'oppy, 'e is; 'e ain't no good."

"No good?" said Beale. "That's all you know! 'E's a wunner, and no error. Turns the ladies round 'is finger easy as kiss yer 'and. Clever as a trained dawg, 'e is—and all outer 'is own 'ed. And to 'ear the way 'e does the patter to me on the road! It's as good as a gaff any day to 'ear 'im. My word, I ain't sure as I 'adn't better stick to the road, and keep away from old 'ands like you, Jim."

"Doin' well, eh?" said Jim.

"Not so dusty," said Mr. Beale, cautiously; "we rub along some'ow. But 'e's got so red in the face and plumped out so, they'll soon say 'e doesn't want their dibs."

"Starve 'im a bit," said the red-whiskered man, cheerfully.

Mr. Beale laughed. Then he said:—

"It's rum, I likes to see the little beggar stokin' up, for all it spoils 'is market. If 'e gets a bit fat 'e makes it up in cleverness. You should 'ear 'im!" And so forth and so on, till the red-whiskered man said, quite crossly:—

"Seems to me you're a bit dotty about this 'ere extry-double nipper. I never knew you took like it afore."

"Fact is," said Beale, with an air of great candour, "it's 'is cleverness does me. It ain't as I'm silly about 'im, but 'e's that clever!"

"I 'ope 'e's clever enough to do wot 'e's told; that's all."

"He's clever enough for hanythink," said Beale. "Close as wax. 'E's got a silver toy 'idden away somewhere—it only pops for a bob—and d'you think 'e'll tell me where it's stowed? Not 'im! And us such pals as never was, and 'is jaw wagging all day long. But 'e's never let it out."

"Oh, stow it!" said the other, impatiently. "I don't want to 'ear no more about 'im. If 'e's straight 'e'll do for me, an' if 'e ain't I'll do for 'im. See? An' now you an' me'll 'ave a word or two particler and settle up about this 'ere job. I got the plan drawed out. It's a easy job as ever I see. Tip-topper! Seems to me Tuesday's as good a day as any. Sir Edward Talbot—that's 'im; 'e's in furrin parts for 'is 'ealth, 'e is. Comes 'ome end o' next week. Little surprise for 'im, eh? You'll 'ave to train it. Abrams, 'e'll be there Monday. And see 'ere——" He sank his voice to a whisper.

When Dickie came back, without mushrooms, the red-whiskered man was gone.

"See that bloke just now?" said Mr. Beale.

"Yuss," said Dickie.

"Well, yer never see 'im. If anyone arsts you if you ever see 'im, you never set eyes on 'im in all your born—not to remember 'im. Might 'a' passed 'im in a crowd, see?"

"Yuss," said Dickie again.

"Well, now we're a-goin' in the train like dooks, an' after that we're a-goin' to 'ave a rare old beano, I give you my word!"

Dickie was full of questions, but Mr. Beale had no answers for them. "You jes' wait." "Hold on a bit." "Them as lives longest sees most"—these were the sort of remarks which were all that Dickie could get out of him.

They took the train on Monday, and it landed them in a very bright town by the sea. Its pavements were of red brick and its houses of white stone, and its bow-windows and balconies were green, and Dickie thought it was the prettiest town in the world. They did not stay there, but walked out across the downs, where the sky-larks were singing; and in a dip of the downs came upon great stone walls and towers very strong and grey.

"What's that there?" said Dickie.

"It's a castle, like what the King's got at Windsor."

"Is it a King as lives 'ere, then?" Dickie asked.

"No! Nobody don't live 'ere, mate," said Mr. Beale; "it's a ruin, this is. Only howls and rats lives in ruins."

Dickie, after some reflection, said, "D'jever 'ear of Here Ward?"

"I know'd a Jake Ward wunst."

"Here Ward the Wake. He ain't a bloke you'd know—*'e's* in 'ist'ry. Tell you if you like."

The tale of Hereward the Wake lasted till the jolting perambulator came to anchor in a hollow place among thick furze-bushes. The bare thick stems of the furze held it up like a roof over their heads as they sat. It was like a little furze-house.

Next morning Mr. Beale shaved—a thing he had not done since they left London. Dickie held the mug and the soap. It was great fun, and afterwards Mr. Beale looked quite different. That was great fun, too. And he got quite a different set of clothes out of his bundle, and put them on. And that was the greatest fun of all.

"Now, then," he said, "we're a-goin' to lay low 'ere all day, we are. An' then come evening we're a-goin' to 'ave our beano. That red-'eaded chap wot you never see—'e'll lift you up to a window wot's got bars to it, and you'll creep through—you being so little—and you'll go soft's a mouse the way I'll show you, and undo the side door. There's a key and a chain, and a bottom bolt. The top bolt's cut through, and all the others is oiled. That won't frighten you, will it?"

"No," said Dickie; "what should it frighten me for?"

"Well, it's like this," said Mr. Beale, a little embarrassed. "Suppose you was to get pinched?"

"What 'ud pinch me? A dawg?"

"There won't be no dawg. A man, or a lady, or somebody in the 'ouse. Supposin' they was to nab you, what 'ud you say?"

Dickie was watching his face carefully.

"Whatever you tells me to say," he said.

The man slapped his leg gently.

"If that ain't the nipper all over! Well, if they was to nab you, you just say what I tells you to. And then, first chance you get, you slip away from 'em and go to the station. And if they comes arter you, you say you're a-goin' to your father at Dover. And first chance you get you slip off, and you come to that 'ouse where you and me slep' at Gravesend. I've got the dibs for yer ticket done up in this 'ere belt I'm a-goin' to put on you. But don't you let on to anyone it's Gravesend you're a-comin' to. See?"

"An' if I don't get pinched?"

"Then yer just opens the door and me and that red-'eaded bloke we comes in."

"What for?" asked Dickie.

"To look for some tools 'e mislaid there a year ago when 'e was on a plumbing job—and they won't let 'im 'ave them back, not by fair means, they won't. That's what for."

"Rats," said Dickie, briefly. "I ain't a baby. It's burgling, that's what it is."

"You're a jolly sight too fond of calling names," said Beale, anxiously. "Never mind what it is. You be a good boy, matey, and do what you are told. That's what you do. You know 'ow to stick it on if you're pinched. If you ain't you just lay low till we comes out with the—the plumbing tools. See?"

"And if I'm nabbed, what is it I am to say?"

"You must let on as a strange chap collared you on the road—a strange chap with a black beard and a red 'andkercher—give you a licking if you didn't go and climb in at the window. Say you lost yer father in the town, and this chap said he knew where 'e was. And if you see me you don't know me. Nor yet that red-'eaded chap wot yer

never see." He looked down at the small, earnest face turned up to his own. "You *are* a little nipper," he said, affectionately. "I don't know as I ever noticed before quite wot a little 'un you was. Think you can stick it? You sha'n't go without you wants to, matey. There!"

"It's splendid," said Dickie; "it is an adventure for a bold knight. I shall feel like Here Ward when he dressed in the potter's clothes and went to see King William."

He spoke in the book voice.

"There you go," said Mr. Beale, "but don't you go and talk to 'em like that if they pinches you; they'd never let you loose again. Think they'd got a marquis in disguise, so they would."

Dickie thought all day about this great adventure. He did not tell Mr. Beale so, but he was very proud of being so trusted. Dickie had no idea that it was wrong. It seemed to him a wholly delightful and sporting amusement.

While he was exploring the fox-runs among the thick stems of the gorse, Mr. Beale lay at full length and pondered.

"I don't more'n 'arf like it," he said to himself. "Ho, yuss. I know that's wot I got 'im for all right. But 'e's such a jolly little nipper. I wouldn't like anything to 'appen to 'im, that I wouldn't."

Dickie took his boots off and went to sleep as usual, and in the middle of the night Mr. Beale woke him up and said:—

"It's time."

There was no moon that night, and it was very, very dark. Mr. Beale carried Dickie on his shoulders for what seemed a very long way along dark roads, under dark trees, and over dark meadows. A dark bush divided itself into two parts and one part came surprisingly towards them. It turned out to be the red-whiskered man, and presently from a ditch another man came. And they all climbed a chill, damp park fence, and crept along among trees and shrubs on the inside of a high park wall. Dickie, still on Mr. Beale's shoulders, was astonished to find how quietly this big, clumsy-looking man could move.

Through openings in the trees and bushes Dickie could see the wide park, like a spread shadow, dotted with trees that were like shadows too. And on the other side of it the white face of a great house showed only a little paler than the trees about it. There were no lights in the house.

They got quite close to it before the shelter of the trees ended, for a little wood lay between the wall and the house.

Dickie's heart was beating very fast. Quite soon now his part in the adventure would begin.

"'Ere—catch 'old," Mr. Beale was saying, and the red-whiskered man took Dickie in his arms and went forward. The other two crouched in the wood.

Dickie felt himself lifted, and caught at a window-sill with his hands. It was a damp night and smelt of earth and dead leaves. The window-sill was of stone, very cold. Dickie knew exactly what to do. Mr. Beale had explained it over and over again all day. He settled himself on the broad window-ledge and held on to the iron window-bars while the red-whiskered man took out a pane of glass with treacle and a handkerchief, so that there should be no noise of breaking or falling glass. Then Dickie put his hand through and unfastened the window, which opened like a cupboard door. Then he put his feet through the narrow space between two bars and slid through. He hung inside, his hands holding the bars, till his foot found the table that he had been told to expect just below, and he got from that to the floor.

"Now I must remember exactly which way to go," he told himself. But he did not need to remember what he had been told, for quite certainly and most oddly he *knew* exactly where the door was, and when he had crept to it and got it open he found that he now knew quite well which way to turn and what passages to go along to get to that little side door that he was to open for the three men. It was exactly as though he had been there before in a dream. He went as quietly as a mouse, creeping on hands and knee—the lame foot dragging quietly behind him.

I will not pretend that he was not frightened. He was, very. But he was more brave than he was frightened—which is the essence of bravery, after all. His heart beat so loudly that he felt almost sure that if any people were awake in the house they would hear it, even upstairs in their beds. But he got to the little side door and, feeling with sensitive, quick fingers, found the well-oiled bolt and shot it back. Then the chain—holding the loose loop of it in his hands so that it should not rattle, he slipped its ball from the socket. Only the turning of the key remained, and Dickie accomplished that with both hands—for it was a big key—kneeling on his one sound knee. Then, very gently, he turned the handle and pulled,

"THEY CREPT ALONG AMONG TREES AND SHRUBS ON THE INSIDE OF A HIGH PARK WALL."

and the door opened, and he crept from behind it and felt the cool, sweet air of the night on his face.

It seemed to him that he had never known what silence was before, or darkness, for the door opened into a close box arbour, and no sky could be seen, or any shapes of things.

Dickie felt himself almost bursting with pride. What an adventure! And he had carried out his part in it perfectly. He had done exactly what he had been told to do, and he had done it well. He stood there on his one useful foot, clinging to the edge of the door, and it was not until something touched him that he knew that Mr. Beale and the other men were creeping through the door that he had opened.

And at that touch a most odd feeling came to Dickie—the last feeling he would have expected—a feeling of pride mixed with a feeling of shame; pride in his own cleverness, and another kind of pride that made that cleverness seem shameful. He had a feeling, very queer and very strong, that he, Dickie, was not the sort of person to open doors for the letting in of burglars.

He caught at the third shape that brushed by him.

"Father," he whispered, "don't do it. Go back and I'll fasten it all up again. Oh, don't, father."

"Shut your mug," whispered the red-whiskered man. Dickie knew his voice even in that velvet-black darkness. "Shut your mug, or I'll give you what for."

"Don't, father," said Dickie, and said it all the more for that threat.

"I can't go back on me pals, matey," said Mr. Beale; "you see that, don't you?"

Dickie did see. The adventure was begun; it was impossible to stop. He crouched behind the open door and heard the soft pad, pad of the three men's feet on the stones of the passage grow fainter and fainter. They had woollen socks over their boots, which made their footsteps sound no louder than those of padded pussy-feet. Then the soft pad, pad died away, and it was perfectly quiet, perfectly dark. Dickie was tired; it was long past his proper bed-time, and the exertion of being so extra clever had been very tiring. He was almost asleep when a crack like thunder brought him stark, staring awake. There was a noise of feet on the stairs, and a blundering, hurried rush. People came rushing past him. There was another sharp thunder sound, and a flash like lightning, only much smaller. Someone tripped and fell. There was a clatter like pails, and something hard and smooth hit him on the knee. Then another hurried presence dashed past him into the quiet night. Another—no—there was a woman's voice.

"THERE WAS ANOTHER SHARP THUNDER SOUND, AND A FLASH LIKE LIGHTNING, ONLY MUCH SMALLER."

"Edward, you sha'n't. Let them go! You sha'n't—no."

And suddenly there was a light that made one wink and blink. A tall lady in white carrying a lamp swept down the stairs, and caught at a man who sprang into being out of the darkness into the lamp's light.

"Take the lamp," she said, and thrust it on him. Then, with unbelievable quickness, she bolted and chained the door, locked it, and, turning, saw Dickie.

"What's this?" she said. "Oh, Edward! Quick! Here's one of them. Why—it's a child!"

Some more people were coming down the stairs, with candles and excited voices. Their clothes were oddly bright. Dickie had never seen dressing-gowns before.

The next thing that Dickie remembered was being in a room that seemed full of people and lights and wonderful furniture, with someone holding a glass to his lips—a little glass that smelt of public-houses, very nasty.

"No," said Dickie, turning away his head.

"Better?" asked a lady, and Dickie was astonished to find that he was on her lap.

"Yes, thank you," he said, and tried to sit up, but lay back again because that was so much more pleasant. He had had no idea that anyone's lap could be so comfortable.

"Now, young man," said a stern voice that was not a lady's, "just you tell us how you came here, and who put you up to it."

"I got in," said Dickie, feebly, "through the butler's pantry window," and as he said it he wondered how he had known that it was the butler's pantry. It is certain that no one had told him.

"What for?" asked the voice, which Dickie now perceived came from a gentleman in

rumpled hair and a very loose pink flannel suit, with cordy things on it such as soldiers have.

"To let——" Dickie stopped. This was the moment he had been so carefully prepared for. He must think what he was saying.

"Yes," said the lady, gently, "it's all right, poor little chap; don't be frightened—nobody wants to hurt you."

"I'm not frightened," said Dickie, "not now."

"To let——" reminded the lady, persuasively.

"To let the man in."

"What man?"

"I dunno."

"There were three or four of them," said the gentleman in pink; "four or five——"

"What man, dear?" the lady asked again.

"The man as said 'e knew where my father was," said Dickie, remembering what he had been told to say. "So I went along of 'im, an' there in the wood 'e said 'e'd give me a dressing down if I didn't get through the winder and open the door. 'E said 'e'd left some tools 'ere, and you wouldn't let 'im 'ave them."

"You see," said the lady, "the child didn't know. He's perfectly innocent."

And she kissed Dickie's hair very softly and kindly.

Dickie did not understand then why he suddenly felt as though he were going to choke. His head felt as though it were going to burst. His ears grew very hot and his hands and feet very cold.

"I know'd right enough," he said, suddenly and hoarsely. "An' I needn't 'a' gone if I 'adn't wanted to."

"He's feverish," said the lady. "He doesn't know what he's saying. Look how flushed he is."

"I wanted to," said Dickie. "I thought it 'ud be a lark. And it was."

He expected to be shaken and put down. He wondered where his crutch was. Mr. Beale had had it under his arm. How could he get to Gravesend without a crutch? But he wasn't shaken or put down. Instead, the lady gathered him in her arms and stood up, holding him.

"I shall put him to bed," she said. "You sha'n't ask him any more questions to-night. There's time enough in the morning."

She carried Dickie out of the drawing-room and away from the other people to a big room with blue walls and blue and grey curtains and beautiful furniture. There was a high four-post bed with blue silk curtains and more pillows than Dickie had ever seen before. The lady washed him with sweet-smelling water in a big basin with blue and gold flowers, and dressed him in a lace-trimmed nightgown which was much too big for any little boy. Then she put him into the soft, warm bed that was like a giant's pillow, tucked him up, and kissed him. Dickie put thin arms round her neck.

"I do like you," he said; "but I want father."

"Where is he? No—you must tell me that in the morning. Drink up this milk" —she had it ready in a glass—"and then go sound asleep. Everything will be all right, dear."

"May Heavens," said Dickie, sleepily, "bless you, generous Bean Factress."

"A most astonishing child," said the lady, returning to her husband. "I can't think who it is that he reminds me of. Where are the others?"

"I packed them off to bed. There's nothing to be done," said Sir Edward. "We ought to have gone after those men."

"They didn't get anything," she said.

"No; dropped it all when I fired. Come on, let's turn in. Poor Eleanor, you must be worn out."

"Edward," said the lady, "I wish we could adopt that little boy."

"Don't be a silly, dear one," said Sir Edward.

That night Dickie slept in sheets of the finest linen, scented with lavender. He was sunk drowsily among pillows, and over him lay a down quilt, covered with blue-flowered satin. On the footboard of the great bed was carved a shield, with a great dog on it.

Dickie's clothes lay, a dusty, forlorn little heap, in a stately tapestry-covered chair. And he slept, and dreamed of Mr. Beale and the little house among the furze and the bed with the green curtains.

(To be continued.)

Musical Gymnastics for Children.

THE NEW JAQUES-DALCROZE SYSTEM.

By Mrs. Herbert Bennett.

WHEN M. Jaques-Dalcroze, after much study and labour, had at last perfected his system of physical training he was faced by a problem greater than any he had already overcome—the difficulty of providing it with a name that would briefly convey its scope and purpose.

The cumbersome title, "Gymnastique-Rhythmique," by which it is known abroad, and its still more unwieldy English equivalent, "Musical Rhythmic Gymnastics," give only the faintest indication of its real value and intention; but that is hardly the fault of M. Jaques-Dalcroze. When the purpose of a system is threefold, and includes mental as well as physical development, plus the basis of a sound musical education, it passes the wit of man or woman to find a phrase in any language that will adequately express it.

Apart from this purely clerical drawback, the Jaques-Dalcroze system is wholly admirable, and deserves the attention of all who have the care of children. Although new to this country, it is well known on the Continent, and has its head-quarters at Geneva, where the inventor has founded a training school. Its introduction to London has already begun, and its adoption on this side of the Channel should only be a question of time and opportunity.

A professor at the Geneva Conservatoire, musician, composer, and physiologist of no mean attainments, M. Jaques-Dalcroze adds to his many talents a strong affection for children, and sincere sympathy with the trials that beset them on the thorny path of education. It was his benevolent desire to help his little pupils in their efforts to master the intricacies of musical time that led to the first rudimentary idea of his present system of training.

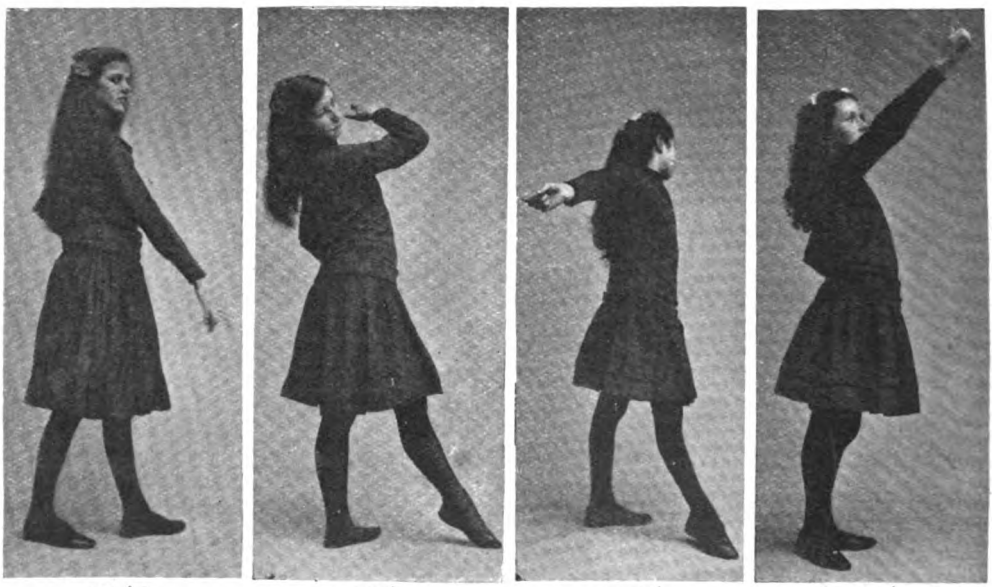
With few exceptions every child comes into the world with a royal dower of brain and muscle; but the future of this priceless birthright depends greatly on what facilities for development it receives during the first twelve years of life. The intellectual and physical capacity of a child should grow together, side by side; but modern education makes little or no effort to enlist one in the service of the other. Everyone admits the benefit derived from systematic physical exercises, but their relation to the mental faculties is generally completely ignored, and muscular force allowed to expend itself without sufficient aim or rational control.

MISS KATHLEEN O'DOWD.

Each set of muscles has its special functions; but instead of using only those necessary to perform a given action, such as raising the hand to the head, we often employ the muscles near by, and sometimes those in quite another part of the body. The action thus becomes stiff and angular, because needless muscular force is expended; were only the right muscles used it

would be graceful, and, moreover, be performed without effort or fatigue. This is the first principle of the Jaques-Dalcroze system.

Every lesson throughout the entire course begins with a series of breathing exercises. These once mastered, the next step is to give the children an idea of rhythm by showing them how to divide musical time into equal parts—in other words, into "bars." This they are taught to do by beating time with their arms, exactly as a conductor uses his baton. Having learned the division of time, they are next instructed in the value of musical notes, every one written large upon the blackboard. Then, carefully marking the duration of each, they learn to march, not a given number of steps, but a semibreve, or so many minims or crotchets in a bar, quavers, semiquavers, and demi-semiquavers being wisely left for a more advanced period.



ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

THE CONDUCTOR'S BEAT.

Next comes the value of "rests," or pauses, and these are denoted by complete repose of every muscle in the body for the length of time required. To stop suddenly while marching and beating time is not by any means so easy as it appears to be; on the contrary, it cannot be performed rhythmically or with any certainty unless the muscles are thoroughly under control.

From this point, save in exceptional cases, the pupils are never shown how to perform any evolution; they are merely told what notes they are to march, and their brains must help them to the rest. A bar no longer consists of crotchets or minims only, but a judicious mixture of each, with an occasional pause thrown in by way of variety. This is excellent training for the difficulties before them, for now begins the combination of notes into different rhythms. Common time is abandoned for the nonce, and three-four and six-eight time is marched while the arms still preserve the conductor's measure of four beats in a bar. To do this accurately the arms must have learned to act independently of the rest of the body, or they could not continue to beat the measure uninterrupted by the frequent changes of movement the feet have to perform.

That it can be done, and is done, was amply proved at a demonstration lecture on the Jaques-Dalcroze system recently given in London. The lecturer was Miss Kathleen O'Dowd, an advanced student from the Institute at Geneva, and the only fully-qualified teacher of the system yet in England.

The earlier points of the lecture were illustrated by her pupils, who quite convinced everyone present of the efficiency of their training. The children had received only one term's instruction, comprising ten lessons in all, but the sense of rhythm seemed already to have become instinctive, and the accord of brain and muscle a second nature. They moved in perfect time to the most complicated musical phrasing, marched backwards or forwards at a word, never missing a step or losing a beat of the bar, and correctly

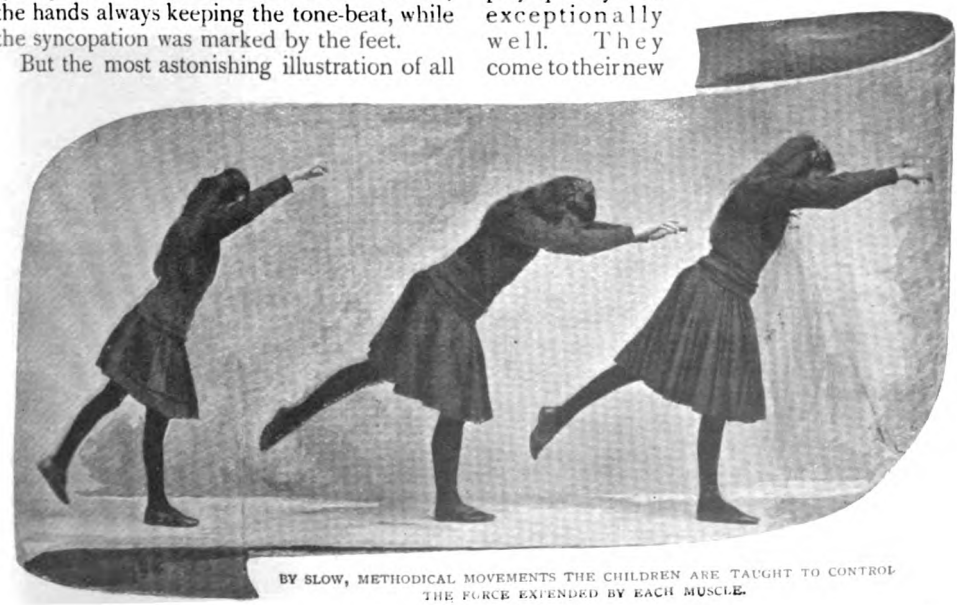
BEATING TIME TO A SERIES OF RHYTHMS IMPROVISED BY THE PIANIST.

interpreted and accented music they were then hearing for the first time. Finally—that there could be no question of following a leader, or receiving any guidance from without—they sat with closed eyes and beat time to a wonderful medley of tunes and rhythms, improvised by the pianist expressly to puzzle them as much as possible.

But this was nothing to the miracles performed by Miss O'Dowd herself. To describe a circle with the right arm and at the same time draw a triangle with her left was to her a simple matter ; while to beat simultaneously a bar of three with one hand and four with the other, and then repeat every action with the reverse hand or arm, seemed the easiest thing in the world. Even syncopated time was marched without effort, the hands always keeping the tone-beat, while the syncopation was marked by the feet.

But the most astonishing illustration of all was the rendering of Chopin's No. 5 waltz in A flat, which has three distinct pulses running through it in beats of two, three, and six. Miss O'Dowd indicated these by beating six in a bar with her left hand, marking the two accentuated notes with her right, and marching the three crotchets of the bass. Only experiment can prove its almost incredible difficulty. After a very brief struggle the attempt to accomplish it will be given up as hopeless, for the simplest of these exercises cannot be mastered without the special training that teaches the two halves of brain and body to act independently of each other.

It is easy to understand that children who have received instruction in this system before beginning to study music learn to play quickly and exceptionally well. They come to their new



BY SLOW, METHODICAL MOVEMENTS THE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO CONTROL THE FORCE EXTENDED BY EACH MUSCLE.

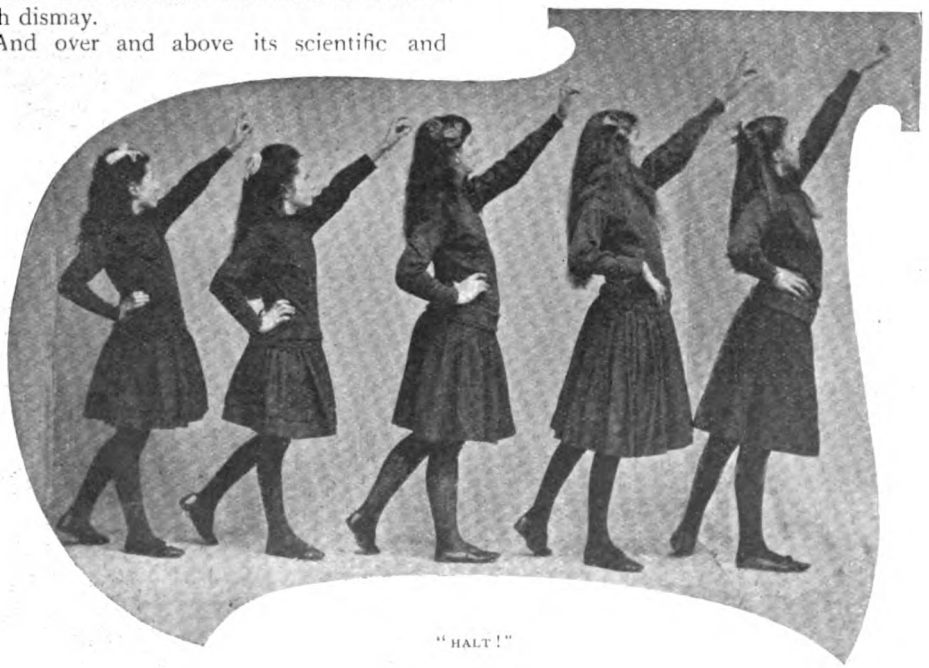
work with the beginner's greatest stumbling-block completely smoothed away, for their training has made musical time and rhythm part of themselves. Their fingers, already accustomed to obey the brain without hesitation, readily adapt themselves to strings or keyboard, and their power of augmenting or limiting muscular force at will gives them a sureness and variety of touch that is normally the hard-earned outcome of years of study, the hall-mark of the *virtuoso*.

Their rate of progress is far beyond the average, and, in a lesser degree, this is the case with adult students whose musical education has been well advanced before taking up the system. They suddenly find themselves quite outstripping all their previous records, and making light of difficulties of time and execution that once filled them with dismay.

And over and above its scientific and musical value the Jaques-Dalcroze system has another charm, and one that is all its own. The ordinary training in calisthenics or gymnastics no doubt benefits the physical condition of the pupils, but it cannot be said to err on the side of grace. Its tendency is rather to destroy natural ease of movement by cultivating one muscle at the expense of another. But M. Jaques-Dalcroze has solved the problem of precision without stiffness, and discovered the secret of ordered movement that never suggests the action of an automaton.

The pause at command of one of his classes in the act of marching is as far removed from the stereotyped "Halt!" of the gymnasium as can well be imagined. There is absolutely no movement after the word is given, no coming to attention or noisy bringing down of lifted feet into position. The class pauses on the instant, each child with hand and foot upraised ready to move again, and so remains, a picture of arrested action, until the sign to march is given.

Only a favoured few are born graceful, and most boys and girls have to pass through a time of trial where the distracting question of where to put their hands is only equalled by the appalling problem of what to do with their feet. But, under the kindly guidance of M. Jaques-Dalcroze, the awkward age ought to disappear entirely. "Nerves" have no place in his vocabulary, and his pupils are far too alert and well trained in the habit of attention to have time to think of themselves at all.



"HALT!"

During the last decade we have made the acquaintance of many systems of physical culture, but of none so capable or so far reaching. Up to the present it is the last word in physical, mental, and artistic development, an education in itself for body, mind, and spirit.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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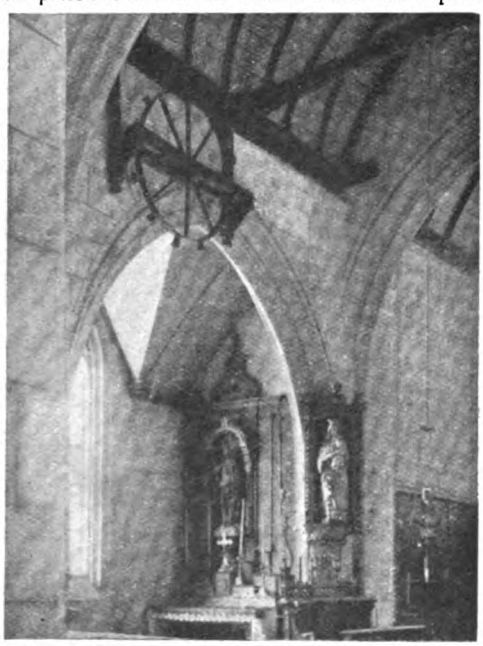
AN OLD WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

IN the village church of Comfort (near Pont-Croix), in Western Brittany, is a very good specimen of the now rare "Wheel of Fortune." It is made of wood, with a row of bells on its outer rim and pivoted between a couple of rough beams—altogether very primitive workmanship. By means of a cord attached to a crank the wheel can be made to revolve and set all the bells a-jangling. I have often heard that the peasants believe that it has miraculous power of healing when rung over the head of a sufferer who has placed a sou in the box to which the rope is



padlocked. I received remarkable confirmation of this belief, for when taking the photograph a well-to-do sailor's wife and her husband came into the church and looked round. The woman asked me if I thought there could be any truth in this belief, as her child was very backward in learning to talk. Her nurse, who came from those parts, had advised her to bring the baby and ring the bells of Comfort over his head, when he would be sure to talk. As she was passing, she had looked in to see if it was worth trying!—Mr. E. J. V. Gardiner, 10, Leigh Road, Clifton, Bristol.

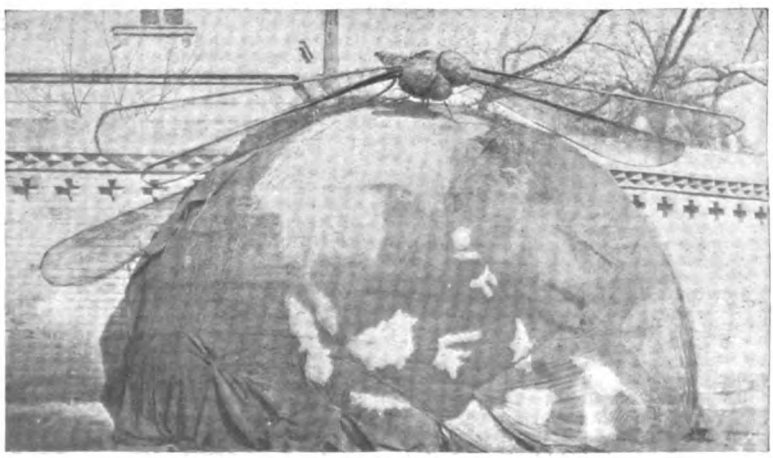
PROVING A BOAT'S STABILITY.

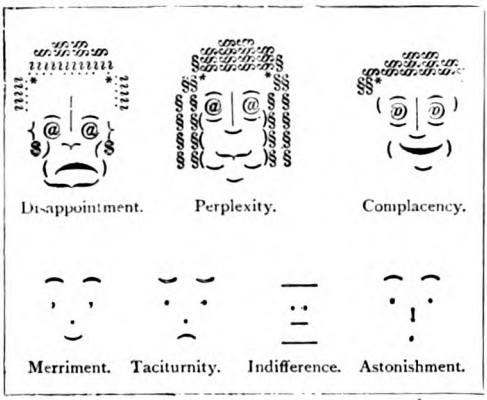
THE photograph I forward you was

taken recently in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, the curious scene shown being brought about by the coroner's verdict on a drowning accident on the Umsindusi River. The boat in the photograph was characterized by the coroner as utterly unsafe. The owner, who keeps boats for hiring purposes, was very indignant, fearing that such condemnation would injure his business. He declared that the boat, though not beautiful, was absolutely safe, and resorted to this convincing test to prove his assertion.—Mr. M. L. Statham, Christchurch, Hants.

AN ALLEGORICAL DECORATION.

I AM sending you the photograph of a decoration constructed by the Japanese Legation Guard in Peking, when celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of Mukden. It shows Japan as a dragon-fly crawling over Asia, with its wings spread over the world, and is significant of the importance in which the Japs hold themselves since their successful encounter with Russia.—Mr. C. Naldrett, 114, South Circular Road, Dublin.



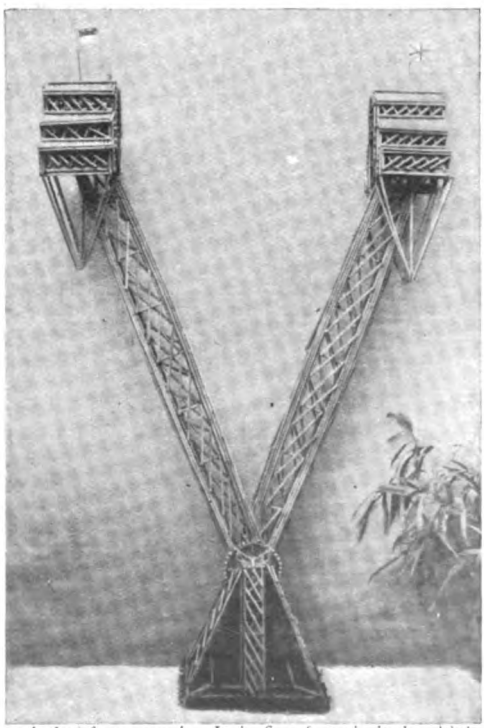


PORTRAITURE IN TYPE.

THE typewritten portrait reproduced in the November number suggests that the compositor, with the aid of his many type signs, is able to produce some extraordinary effects. Here are some simple but remarkable illustrations of different moods. The three examples in the upper row, being more elaborate than those in the lower, are consequently more life-like.—Mr. Adam Miller, 45, Brudenell Road, Hyde Park, Leeds.

A MACARONI FLIP-FLAP.

HERE is a photograph of a model of the famous Flip-Flap of the White City constructed



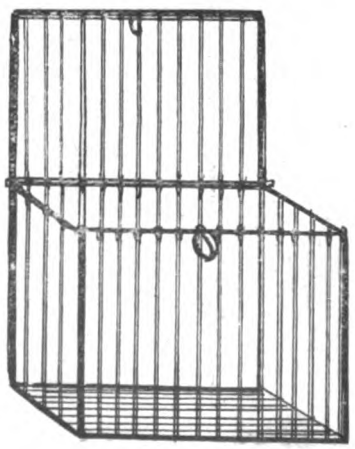
entirely of macaroni. It is five feet six inches high, and was made for use as a shop-window ornament.—Mr. W. S. Reynolds, 1, High Street, Milton Regis, Kent.

A WATER-CLOCK.

THE reproduction in a recent number of THE STRAND of a photograph of an old clock induces me to send you the picture of a very curious old water-clock, which I am sure will be of interest to many of your readers. The long tube of the clock was, I presume, filled with water at six a.m., and allowed to escape at the rate of a drop per second or minute from the tap at the bottom of the clock. The hours, as you will see, are marked from VI to VI, and, as the water escaped, the float, attached to the hand or indicator by a wire, was lowered. The inscription on the brass tablet at the bottom is presumably the name of the maker and the date of the manufacture, and reads as follows: "L. Hunt, Bromley, 1619."—Mr. Percy Milan, 61, North Street, Stamford, Lincs.

ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

I SEND you the sketch of a framework box. At first sight it appears to be opened and facing the onlooker. Hold the sketch in front of the face about ten seconds and the back of the box and also the back of the lid appears to face the spectator. It will then appear front and reverse alternately. I discovered this curiosity when drawing a model for my little girl.—Mr. F. Leslie, 30, Sion Hill, Clifton, Bristol.



ROOTS THAT ARE WORSHIPPED.

GINSENG has been used by the Chinese for centuries. Any efforts, however, to discover anything further about its use have, I believe, been useless, with the exception of the fact that if the roots are shaped like a human being they are worshipped by that people. The root shown below is of what is called American cultivated ginseng, and was raised in my ginseng garden at Mound, Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, U.S.A. The proprietor of a Japanese restaurant in Minneapolis said that he had been in Japan, China, Manchuria, and Korea, and that, while he had handled barrels and barrels of ginseng in

those countries, always on the look-out for human-shaped roots, he had never seen any to compare with that in the accompanying photograph. This root has not only a human form, but has a face showing expression. Such roots are worth fabulous prices, and so careful are the Chinese of them that they are guarded as their most priceless possession.—Miss Daisy Fuller, Mound, Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, U.S.A.

AN UNEQUALLED EXAMPLE OF FOREIGN ENGLISH.

IN a recent issue of your magazine you gave some excerpts from a native shopkeeper's catalogue, which were jewels of their kind. As these examples of mutilated English are always interesting, I think you may like to use the specimens—also taken from a catalogue—which I am now sending you.—Mr. R. S. Dutt, Head Clerk, Education Department, Jammu, Punjab, India.

A QUEER INDUSTRY.

THIS odd sign is of a still odder industry which flourishes in New York's "Tenderloin." Here you may have a "black eye" cured speedily, and if you have come too late for that a skilful artist will obliterate the disfigurement with the aid of a brush and colours.—Mr. Morris F. Kahn, 428, Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

Patent Roskopf watch.

This is a very beautiful watch good quality and good maker and not stopped on riding in horse and we are highly recommended and guaranteed and this watch consists for whole life.

473 Metal open face 21 size keyless liver watch 18 0

A BOY HANGING TIME PIECE.

This time piece is most preferable its handle is made of pure metal silver and boy is always frisking up and down on a brodel in it surpasses in beuty and fanciness and gives most true and regular time piece is nothing considering its quality.

608 ... ... Rs 20

Padlock with Bell

772 The above when openig then sound will be first either locked or open and men can active and also very strong.

Rs, 1 each.

Typewriter.

778 The above are Containing English alphabits can work with fingures easily if knows English.

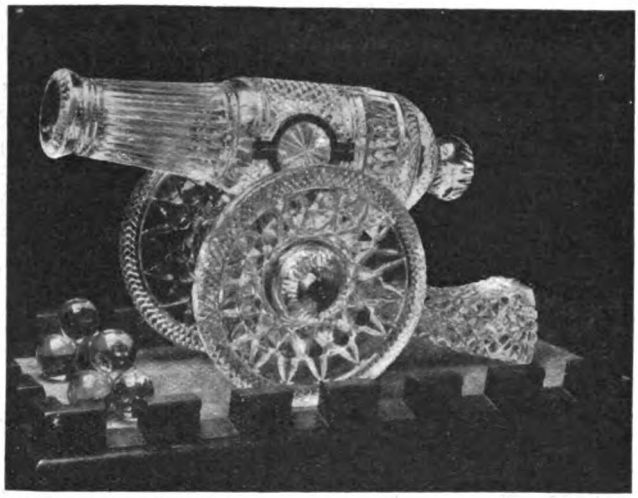
779 Rs. 8 each.

S. Riyaz Ahmad Bashir Ahmad,

Machli Bazar Cawnpore.

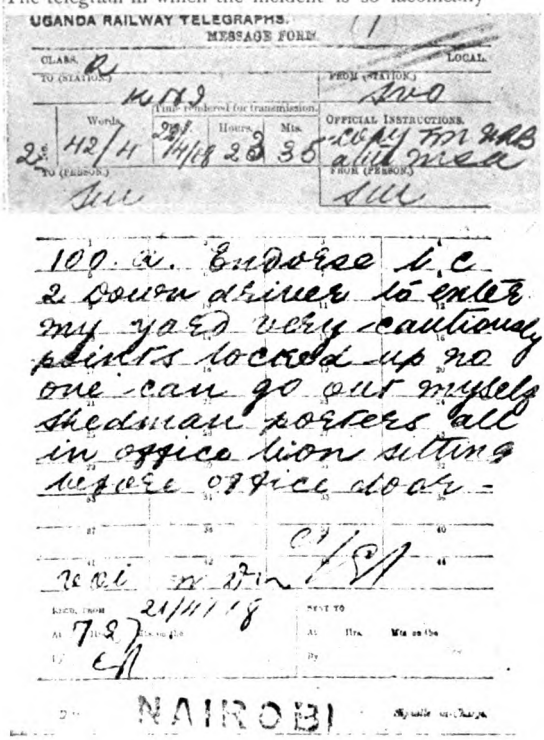
A GLASS CANNON.

ONE of the last things in the world one would expect the glass-worker to create would be a cannon; yet Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, of Stourbridge, recently built two cannon out of the finest cut glass. The guns weigh, with their limber, forty pounds each and measure twenty-four inches in length. They wheel easily and move on their trunnions like ordinary cannon. The axle-tree and bearings are of ornamental brass. The creations may claim to be of some historic interest in that they are exact models of the famous ordnance with which Major-General Baden-Powell successfully defended Mafeking. The old cannon was dug up in that place during the siege, and investigation has since shown that this old cannon was cast in Staffordshire, at an ironworks within ten minutes' walk of the glass-maker's establishment. During the siege the gun was known as "The Lord Nelson" and "Skipping Sally," the officers using the former name and the men the latter.—Mr. H. J. Shepstone, 35, Amner Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.



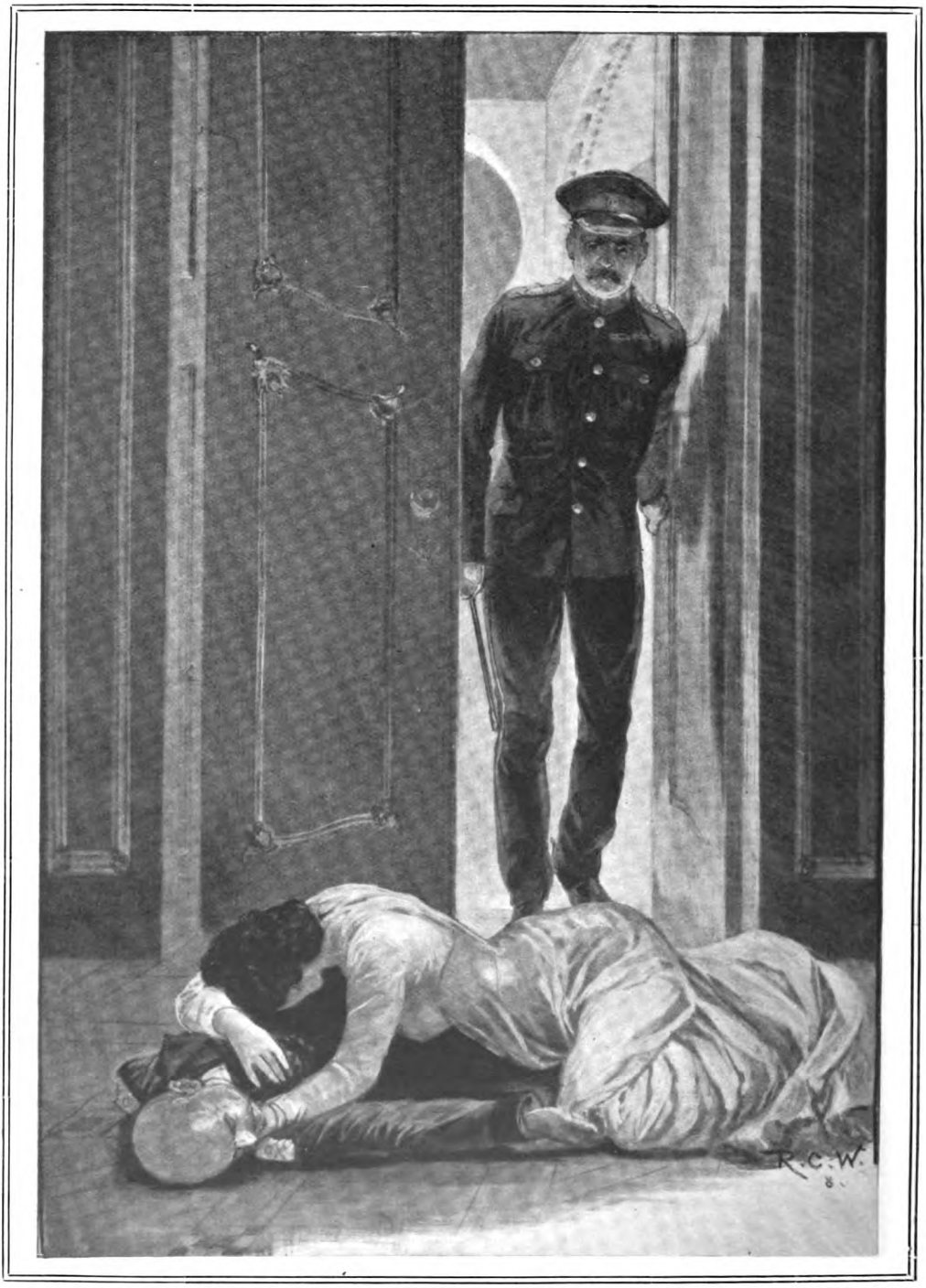
A LION THAT HELD UP A RAILWAY.

I AM sending you an interesting item which you may regard as worthy of reproduction in your Curiosity pages. Apparently the iron horse has no terror for the "king of beasts," but, all the same, it must be highly disconcerting to those passengers on the Uganda Railway who frequent the Tsavo station to know that on their arrival there to catch the "up" or "down" train they may find a lion in possession. The telegram in which the incident is so laconically described is reproduced from the *South African Railway Magazine*. — Mr. W. Eglington, Raylands, Maidenhead.



IS IT A MERMAID?

HERE is a photograph of what may be taken as the nearest approach to a mermaid yet discovered. It will, I feel sure, interest many readers of THE STRAND. The fish was caught in 1905 at a place called Chota, Aden, by a Greek fisherman. — Mr. Herbert Clerke, 20, Albert Road, Allahabad, United Provinces, India.



"SHE WAS LYING PROSTRATE OVER HER FATHER'S BODY WHEN THE DOOR WAS BURST OPEN AS BY A GUST OF WIND AND THE ARMY SURGEON CAME INTO THE ROOM."

(*See page* 245.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxvii. MARCH, 1909. No. 219.

The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest the "White Prophet" and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder.]

FIRST BOOK :—The Crescent and the Cross.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Helena had left the General and Ishmael Ameer together, the signs she knew so well of illness in her father's face suggested that she should run at once for the medical officer. One moment she stood in the room adjoining the General's office, listening to the muffled rumble that came from the other side of the wall, the short snap of her father's impatient voice and the deep boom of the Egyptian's, and then she hurried into the outer passages to pin on her hat. There she met the General's aide-de-camp, who, seeing her excitement, asked if there was anything he could do for her, but she answered "No," and then—

"Yes, I think you might go over to the Colonel" (meaning the Colonel commanding the Citadel) "and tell him this man is here with a crowd of his followers."

"He must know it already, but I'll go with pleasure," said the young lieutenant, and at the next moment there were three hasty beats on the General's bell, followed by a summons from the General's soldier-servant, and the aide-de-camp disappeared.

Helena went out by the back of the house, and, seeing her cook and the black boy as she passed the kitchen quarters, an impulse came to her to send somebody else on her errand lest anything should happen in her absence; but, telling herself that nobody but herself and the doctor must know the secret of her father's condition, she hurried along.

Her way was through the unoccupied courts of the old palace, down a flight of long steps, through an old gateway whereof the iron-clamped door always stood open, across a disused drawbridge, and so on to the open parade-ground. The Army surgeon's quarters were on the farther side of it, and never before had the parade-ground seemed so broad.

When she reached her destination the surgeon was out on his evening round of the hospital, so she wrote a hurried note asking him to come to the General's house immediately, sent his assistant in search of him, and then turned back.

Returning hurriedly by the "married quarters," she was detained for some moments by a soldier's wife, a young thing, almost a child, who stood at the door of her house with a red woollen shawl about her shoulders, a baby in long clothes in her arms, and a look of radiant happiness on her round face.

"Ye've not seen him yet, have ye, miss?" said the little mother; and then, holding out her baby to be admired, "Only six weeks old and he weighs ten pounds. Colonel says as how he's a credit to the reg'ment, and I'm a-goin' to shorten 'im soon. To-morrow I'm havin' 'im photoed to send to mother. She lives in Clerkenwell, miss, and she ain't likely to show his photo to nobody in our court—oh, no!"

Copyright, 1909, by Hall Caine, in the United States of America.

Helena did her best to play up to the pride of the little Cockney mother, and was turning to go when the girl said :—

"But my Harry tells me as how you're to be married yourself soon, so I wish ye joy, and many of 'em."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Dimmock," said Helena, but the young thing was not yet done. With a look of wondrous wisdom she said :—

"They're a deal of trouble, miss, but there ain't no love in the house without 'em. As mother says, they keeps the pot a-boilin'," and she was ducking down her head to kiss the child as Helena hurried away.

In the bright light of the young mother's life and the breadth of shadow that lay upon her own Helena thought of Gordon, and her anger rose against him again ; but at the next moment she saw him in her mind's eye as she had seen him last, going out of the garden, a broken, bankrupt man, and then her eyes filled, and it was as much as she could do to see her way.

In the quickening flow of her emotion this riot in her heart, between anger with Gordon and with herself, only led to deeper hatred of the Egyptian, and even the memory of his dignity and largeness, in the single moment in which she had looked upon him, made her wrath the more intense.

A vague fear, an indefinite forewarning, hardly able yet to assume a shape, was beginning to take possession of her. She recalled the scene she had left behind her in the General's office, the two men face to face, as if in the act of personal quarrel, and told herself that, if anything happened to her father as the result of the excitement caused by the meeting, the Egyptian would be the cause of it.

In her impatience to be back she began to run. How broad the parade-ground was! The air, too, was so close and lifeless. The sun had nearly set, the arms of night were closing round the day, but still the sky was a hot dark red, like the inside of a transparent shell that had a smouldering fire outside of it.

At one moment she heard hoarse and jarring voices that seemed to come from the square of the mosque in front of the house. Perhaps the Egyptian and his people were going off with their usual monotonous chanting of "La ilaha illa-llah!" She was glad to reach the cool shade and silence of the empty courts of the old palace, but coming to the gateway she found it closed.

A footstep was dying away within, so she knocked and called, and after a moment an old soldier, a kind of caretaker of the Citadel, opened the gate to her.

"Beg pardon, miss! Lieutenant Robson told me to shut up everything immediately," he said, but Helena did not wait for further explanation.

There was nobody in sight when she passed the kitchen quarters, and when she entered the house a chill silence seemed to strike to the very centre of her life.

Then followed one of those mystic impulses of the human heart which nobody can understand. In her creeping fear of what might have happened during her absence she was at first afraid to go into her father's room. If she had done so there and then, and without an instant's hesitation, she must have found Gordon kneeling over her father's body. But in dread of learning the truth she tried to keep back the moment of certainty, and in a blind agony of doubt she stood and tried to think.

The voices of the men were no longer to be heard through the wall, and the deep rumble of the crowd outside had died away, therefore the Egyptian must have gone. Had her father gone too? She remembered that he was in uniform, and took a step back into the hall to see if his cap hung on the hat-rail. The cap was there. Had he gone into his bedroom? She crossed to the door. The door was open and the room was empty.

Hardly able to analyze her unlinked ideas, but with a gathering dread of the unknown, she found herself stepping on tiptoe towards the General's office. Then she thought she heard a faint cry within, a feeble, interrupted moan, and in an unsteady voice she called.

There was no answer. She called again, and still there was no reply. Then, girding up her heart to conquer her vague fear, which hardly knew itself yet for what it was, she opened the door.

The room was almost dark. She took one step into the gloom, breathing rapid breath, then stopped and said :—

"Father! Are you here, father?"

There was no sound, so she took another step into the room, thinking to switch on the light over the desk and at the same time to reach the sofa. As she did so she stumbled against something, and her breath was struck out of her in an instant.

She stooped in the darkness to feel what it was that lay at her feet, and at the next moment she needed no light to tell her.

"Father! Father!" she cried, and in the dead silence that followed the voice of the muezzin came from without.

She was lying prostrate over her father's body when the door was burst open as by a gust of wind and the Army surgeon came into the room. Without a word he knelt and laid his hand over the heart of the fallen man, while Helena, who rose at the same instant, watched him in the awful thraldom of fear.

Then young Lieutenant Robson came in hurriedly, switching on the light and saying something, but the surgeon silenced him with the lifting of his left hand. There was one of those blank moments in which time itself seems to stand still, while the surgeon was on his knees and Helena stood aside with whitening lips, and with eyes that had a wild stare in them. Then lifting a face that was stamped with the heaviness of horror, and told before he spoke what he was going to say, the surgeon rose and, turning to Helena, said in a nervous voice :—

"I regret—I deeply regret to tell you . . ."

"Gone?" asked Helena, and the surgeon bowed his head.

She did not cry or utter a sound. Only the trembling of her white lips showed what she felt, but all the cheer of life had died out of her face, and in a moment it had become hard and stony.

There was an instant of silence, and then the surgeon and the young lieutenant, casting sidelong looks at Helena, began to whisper together. At sight of her tearless eyes a certain fear had fallen on them which the presence of death could not create.

"Take her away," whispered the surgeon, and then the lieutenant, whose throat was hard and whose eyes were dim, approached her and said, with the sadness of sympathy:—

"May I help you to your room, please?"

Helena shook her head and stood immovable a moment longer, and then, with a firm step, she walked away.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALL the moral cowardice that had paralyzed Gordon Lord was gone the moment he left the Citadel, and as soon as he reached the streets of the city the power of life came back to him. There in tumultuous swarms the native people were swinging along in one direction, uttering the monotonous cries of the Moslems when they are deeply moved. Into this maelstrom of emotion Gordon was swept before he knew it, and, hardly conscious of where he was going, he followed where he was led.

He felt without knowing why the lust of violence which comes to the soldier in battle who wants to run away until the moment when the first shot has been fired, and then —all fear and moral conscience gone in an instant — forges his path with shouts and oaths to where danger is greatest and death most sure.

In the thickening darkness he saw a great glow coming from a spot in front of him, as of many lanterns and torches burning together. Towards this spot he pushed his way, calling to the people in their own tongue to let him pass, or sweeping them aside and ploughing through. In his delirious excitement his strength seemed to be supernatural, and men were flung away as if they had been children.

At length he reached a place where a narrow lane, opening on to a square, was blocked by a line of soldiers, who were coming and going with the glare of the torch-light on their faces. Here the monotonous noises of the crowd behind him were pierced by sharp cries mingled with screams. Perspiration was pouring down Gordon's neck by this time, and he stopped to see where he was. He was at the big gate of El Azhar.

On leaving the Citadel, Colonel Macfarlane had taken two squadrons with him, telling the Lieut.-Colonel commanding the regiment to follow with the rest.

"Half of these will be enough for this job, and we'll clear the rascals out like rats," he said.

The Governor of the city, a small man in European dress, acting on the order of the Minister of the Interior as Regent in the absence of the Khedive, had met him at the University. They found the gate shut and barred against them, and when the Governor called for it to be opened there was no reply. Then the Colonel said :—

"Omar Bey, have I your permission to force an entrance?"

Whereupon the Governor, in whom the wine of life was chiefly vinegar, answered promptly :

"Colonel, I request you to do so."

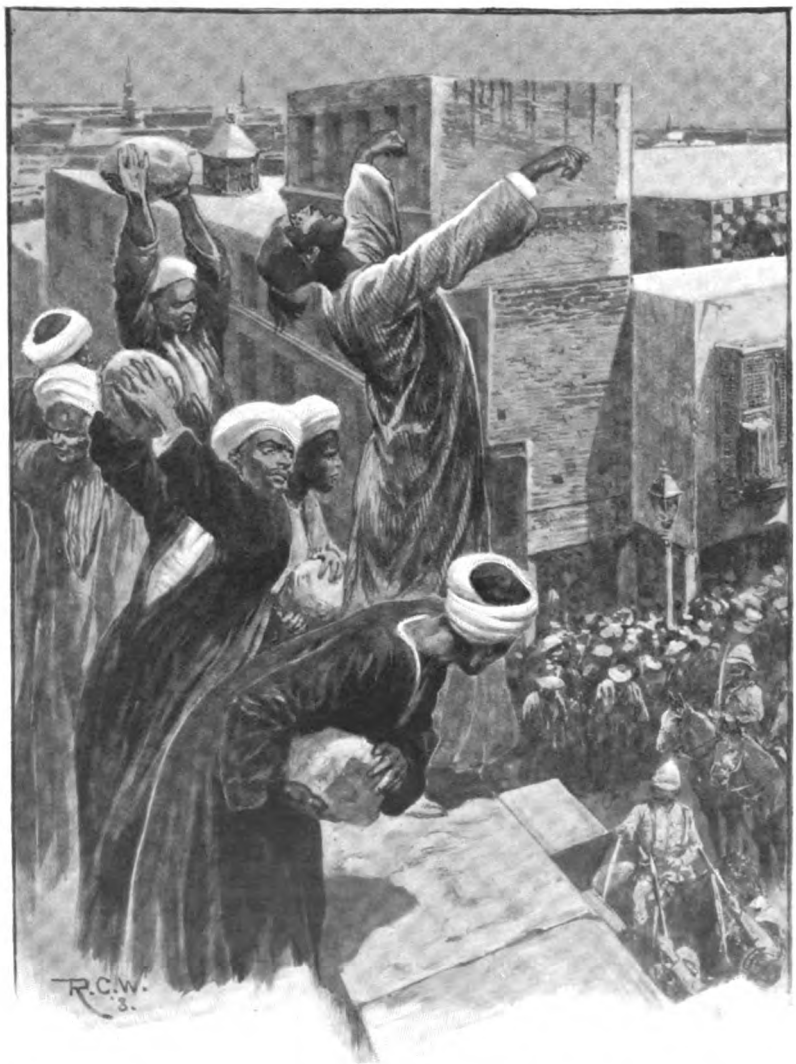
A few minutes afterwards a stout wooden beam was brought up from somewhere, and six or eight of the soldiers laid hold of it and began to use it on the closed gate as a battering-ram. The gate was a strong one, clamped with iron, but it was being crunched by the blows that fell on it when some of the students within clambered on to the top of the walls and hurled down stones on the heads of the soldiers.

One of them was a young boy of not more than fourteen years, and while others

protected themselves by hiding behind the coping-stones he exposed his whole body to the troops by standing on the very crest of the parapet. The windows of the houses around were full of faces, and from one that was nearly opposite to the gate came the shrill cry of a woman, calling on the boy to go back. But in the clamour of noises he heard nothing, or in the fire of his spirit he did not heed, for he continued to hurl down everything that came to his hand, until Colonel Macfarlane commanded the troop to dismount with rifles, and said :—

"Stop that young devil up there!"

At the next moment there was the crack of a dozen rifles, and then the boy on the parapet swayed aside, lurched forward, and fell into the street. The Colonel was giving orders that he should be taken up and carried away, when the woman's cry was heard again, this time in a frenzied shriek, and at the next instant the soldiers had to make way for the mightiest thing on earth, an outraged mother in the presence of her dead.



"THE BOY ON THE PARAPET SWAYED ASIDE, LURCHED FORWARD, AND FELL INTO THE STREET."

The woman, who had torn the black veil from her face, lifted the boy's head on to her breast and cried, "My God! My good God! My boy! Ali! Ali!" But just then the gate

gave way with a crash and the Colonel ordered one of the squadrons to ride into the courtyard of the mosque, where five thousand of the students and their professors could be seen squirming in dense masses like ants on an upturned ant-hill.

The soldiers were forcing their horses through the crowds and beating with the flat of their swords when two or three shots were fired within, and it became certain that some of the students were using fire-arms. At that the bulldog in the British Colonel got the better of the man, and he wanted to shout a command to his men to use the edge of their weapons and clear the place at any cost, but the shrill cry of the mother over her dead boy drowned his thick voice.

"He is dead! They have killed him! My only child! His father died last week. God took him, and now I have nobody. Ali, come back to me! Ali! Ali!"

"Take that yelping thing away!" shouted the Colonel, ripping out an oath of impatience, and that was the moment when Gordon Lord came up.

What he did then he could never afterwards remember; but what others saw was that with the spring of a tiger he leapt up to Macfarlane, laid hold of him by the collar of his khaki jacket, dragged him from the saddle, flung him headlong on to the ground, and stamped on him as if he had been a poisonous snake.

In another moment there would have been no more Macfarlane; but just then, while the soldiers, recognising their first staff officer, stood dismayed, not knowing what it was their duty to do, there came over the sibilant hiss of the crowd the loud clangour of the hoofs of galloping horses, and the native people laid hold of Gordon and carried him away.

His great strength was now gone, and he felt himself being dragged out of the hard glare of the light into the shadow of a side street, where he was thrust into a carriage and held down in it by somebody who was saying:—

"Lie still, my brother! Lie still! Lie still!"

For one instant longer he heard deafening shouts through the carriage glass, over the rumble of the moving wheels, and then a blank darkness fell on him for a time, and he knew no more.

When he recovered consciousness his mind had swung back, with no memory of anything between, to the moment when he was leaving the General's house, and he was saying to himself again, "I must go back. She may curse me, but I cannot leave her alone. I cannot—I will not."

Then he was aware of a voice—it was the quavering voice of an old man and seemed to come out of a toothless mouth—saying:—

"Be careful, Michael! His poor hand is injured. We must send for the surgeon."

He opened his eyes and saw that he was being carried through a quiet courtyard, where he could hear the footsteps of the men who bore him, and see by the light of a smoking lantern the façade of a church. Then he heard the same quavering voice say:—

"Take him up to the Salamlik, my brother," and then there was a jerk and a jolt, and he lost consciousness again.

He was lying on a bed in a dimly-lighted room when memory returned and the events of the day unrolled themselves before him. He made an effort to raise himself on his elbows, but in his weakness he fell back, and after a while he dropped into a delirious sleep. In this sleep he saw first his mother and then Helena, and then Helena and again his mother—everything and everybody else being quite blotted out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

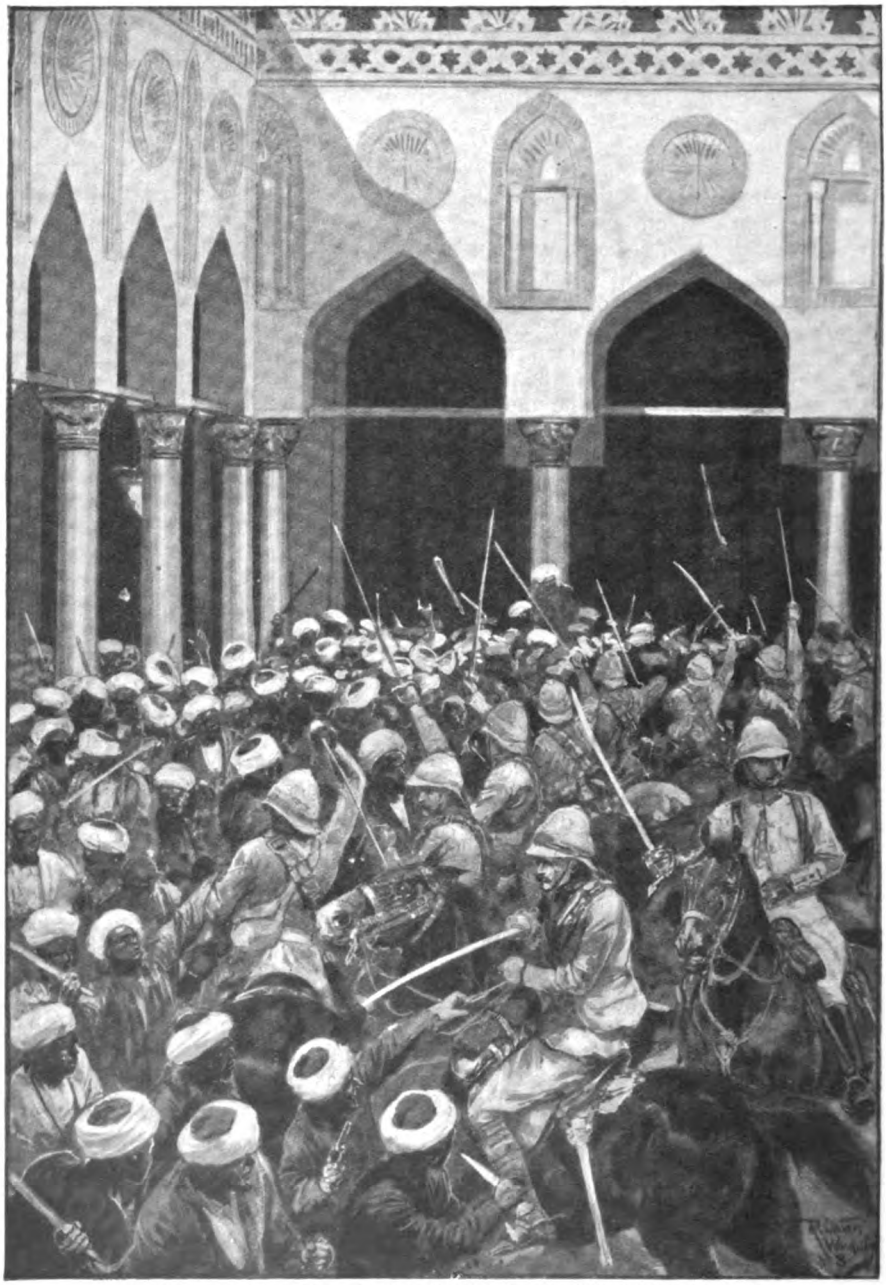
Soon after sunset Lady Nuneham had taken her last dose of medicine, and had got into bed, when the Consul-General came into her room. He had the worn and jaded look by which she knew that the day had gone heavily with him, and she waited for him to tell her how and why. With a face full of the majesty of suffering he told her what had happened, describing the scene in the General's office and all the circumstances whereby matters had been brought to such a tragic pass.

"It was pitiful," he said. "The General went too far—much too far—and the sight of Gordon's white face and trembling lips was more than I could bear."

His voice thickened as he spoke, and it seemed to the mother at that moment as if the pride of the father in his son, which he had hidden so many years in the sealed chamber of his iron soul, had only come up at length that she might see it die.

"It's all over with him now, I suppose, and we must make the best of it. He promised so well, though! Always did—ever since he was a boy. If one's children could only remain children! The pity of it! Good night! Good night, Janet!"

She had listened to him without speaking and without a tear coming into her eyes, and



"THE SOLDIERS WERE FORCING THEIR HORSES THROUGH THE CROWDS."

she answered his "Good night" in a low but steady voice. Soon afterwards the gong sounded in the hall, and as she lay in her bed she knew that he would be dining alone —one of the great men of the world and one of the loneliest.

Meantime Fatimah, tidying up the room for the night and sniffling audibly, was talking as much to herself as to her mistress. At one moment she was excusing the Consul General; at the next she was excusing Gordon. Lady Nuneham let her talk on and gave no sign until darkness fell and the moment came for the Egyptian woman also to get into her bed. Then the old lady said;—

"Open the door of this room, Fatimah," pointing to a room on her right.

Fatimah did so without saying a word, and then she lay down, blowing her nose demonstratively as if trying to drown other noises.

From her place on the pillow the old lady could now see into the adjoining chamber, and through its two windows on to the Nile. A bright moon had risen, and she lay a long time looking into the silvery night.

Somewhere in the dead waste of early morning the Egyptian woman thought she heard somebody calling her, and rising in alarm she found that her mistress had left her bed and was speaking in a toneless voice in the next room.

"Fatimah! Are you awake? Isn't the boy very restless to-night? He throws his arms out in his sleep and uncovers little Hafiz too."

She was standing in her nightdress and lace nightcap, with the moon shining in her face, by the side of one of the two beds the room contained, tugging at its eiderdown coverlet. Her eyes had the look of eyes that did not see, but she stood up firmly and seemed to have become younger and stronger—so swiftly had her spirit carried her back in sleep to the woman she used to be.

"Oh, my heart, no!" said Fatimah. "Gordon hasn't slept in this room for nearly twenty years—nor Hafiz neither."

At the sound of Fatimah's husky voice and the touch of her moist fingers the old lady awoke.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said, and after a moment, in a sadder tone, "Yes, yes."

"Come, my heart, come," said Fatimah, and, taking her cold and nerveless hand, she led her, now a weak old woman once more, back to her bed; for the years had rolled up like a tidal wave, and the spell of her sweet dream was broken.

On a little table by the side of her bed stood a portrait of Helena in a silver frame, and she took it up and looked at it for a moment, and then the light which Fatimah had switched on was put out again. After a little while there was a sigh in the darkness, and after a little while longer a soft, tremulous—

"Ah, well!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

HELENA was still in her room when the Consul-General, who had been telephoned for, held an inquiry into the circumstances of the General's death. She was sitting with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes looking fixedly before her, hardly listening, hardly hearing, while the black boy darted in and out with broken and breathless messages which contained the substance of what was said.

The household servants could say nothing except that, following in the wake of the new prophet when he left the Citadel, they had left the house by the side gate of the garden without being aware of anything that had happened in the General's office. The surgeon testified to the finding of the General's body, and the aide-de-camp explained that the last time he saw his chief alive was when he was ordered to call Colonel Macfarlane.

"Who was with him at that moment?" asked the Consul-General.

"The Egyptian, Ishmael Ameer."

"Was there anything noticeable in their appearance and demeanour?"

"The General looked hot and indignant."

"Did you think there had been angry words between them?"

"I certainly thought so, my lord."

Other witnesses there were, such as the soldier-servant at the door, who made a lame excuse for leaving his post for a few minutes while the Egyptian was in the General's office, and the sentry at the gate of the Citadel, who said no one had come in after Colonel Macfarlane and the cavalry had passed out. Then some question of calling Helena herself was promptly quashed by the Consul-General, and the inquiry closed.

Hardly had the black boy delivered the last of his messages when there was a timid knock at Helena's door, and the Army surgeon came into the room. He was a small man with an uneasy manner, married, and having a family of grown-up girls, who were understood to be a cause of anxiety to him.

"I regret—I deeply regret to tell you, Miss Graves, that your father's death has been due to heart failure, the result of undue excitement. You will do me the justice—I'm sure you will do me the justice to remember that I repeatedly warned the General of the dangers of over-exciting himself, but unfortunately his temperament was such . . ."

The Consul-General's deep voice in the adjoining room seemed to interrupt the surgeon, and, making a visible call on his resolution, he came closer to Helena and said:—

"I have not mentioned my previous knowledge of organic trouble. Lord Nuncham

asked some searching questions, but the promise I made to your father . . ."

Again the Consul-General's voice interrupted him, and, with a flicker of fear on his face, he said :—

"Now that things have turned out so unhappily, it might perhaps be awkward for me if . . . In short, my dear Miss Graves, I think I may rely on you not to . . . Oh, thank you, thank you!" he said, as Helena, understanding his anxiety, shook her head.

"I thought it would relieve you to receive my assurance that death was due to natural causes only—purely natural. It's true I thought for a moment that perhaps there had also been violence . . ."

"Violence?" said Helena.

"Don't let me alarm you. It was only a passing impression, and I should be sorry, very sorry . . ."

But just at that moment, when a new thought was passing through the stormy night of Helena's mind like a shaft of deadly lightning, the Chaplain of the Forces came into the room and the surgeon left it.

The chaplain was a well-nurtured person, who talked comfort out of a full stomach with the expansiveness which sometimes comes to clergy who live long amongst soldiers.

"I have come to say, my dear young lady, that I place myself entirely at your service. With your permission I will charge myself with all the sad and necessary duties. So sudden! So unexpected! How true that in the midst of life we are in death!"

There was more coin from the same mint, and then the shaft of deadly lightning as before

"It is perhaps the saddest fact of death in this Eastern climate that burial follows so closely after it. As there seems to be no sufficient reason to believe that the General's death has been due to any but natural causes, it will probably be to-morrow—I say it will probably . . ."

"Sufficient!" said Helena, and with a new poison at her heart she hurried away to her father's room.

She found the General where they had placed him, on his own bed and in his uniform. His eyes were now closed, his features were composed, and everything about him was suggestive of a peaceful end.

While she was standing in the gloomy, echoless chamber, the Consul-General came in and stood beside her. Though he faintly simulated his natural composure, he was deeply shaken. For a moment he looked down at his dead friend in silence, while his lips trembled. Then he took Helena's hand, and drawing her aside he said :—

"This is a blow to all of us, my child, but to you it is a great and terrible one."

She did not reply, but stood with her dry eyes looking straight before her.

"I have made strict inquiry, and I am satisfied—entirely satisfied—that your father died by the visitation of God."

Still she did not speak, and after a moment he spoke again.

"It is true that the man Ishmael Ameer was last to be with him, but what happened at their interview it would be useless to ask—dangerous, perhaps, in the present state of public feeling."

She listened with complete self-possession and strong hold of her feelings, though her bosom heaved and her breathing was audible.

"So let us put away painful thoughts, Helena. After all, your father's end was an enviable one, and harder for us than for him, you know."

He looked steadily for a moment at her averted face and then said, in a husky voice :—

"I'm sorry Lady Nuneham is so much of an invalid that she cannot come to see you. This is the moment when a mother . . ."

He stopped without finishing what he had intended to say, and then he said :—

"I'm still more sorry that one who . . ."

Again he stopped, and then, in a low, smothered, scarcely-audible voice, he said, hurriedly :—

"But that is all over now. Good night, my child! God help you!"

Helena was standing where the Consul-General had left her, fighting hard against a fearful thought which had only vaguely taken shape in her mind, when the black boy came back with his mouth full of news.

The bell of the telephone had rung furiously for the English lord and he had gone away hurriedly, his horses galloping through the gate; there had been a riot at El Azhar, a boy had been shot, a hundred students had been killed with swords, the cavalry were clearing the streets, and the people were trooping in thousands into the great mosque of the Sultan Hâkim, where the new prophet was preaching to them.

Helena listened to the terrible story as to some far-off event which, in the tempest of her own trouble, did not concern her, and then she sent the boy away. Gordon had been right—plainly right—from the first, but what did it matter now?

Some hours passed, and again and again the black boy came back to the room with

fresh news and messages, first to say that her supper was served, next that her bedroom was ready, and finally, with shamefaced looks and a face blubbered over with tears, to explain the cause of his absence from the house when the tragic incident happened. He had followed the crowd out of the Citadel, and only when he found himself at the foot of the hill had he thought, "Who is to take care of lady while Mosie is away?" Then he had run back fast—very fast—but he was too late—it was all over.

"Will lady ever forgive Mosie? Will lady like Mosie any more?"

Helena comforted the little twisted and tortured soul with some words of cheer and then sent him to bed. But with a sad longing in his big white eyes and the look of a dumb creature that wanted to lick her hand, he came back to say he could not sleep in his own room because death was in the house, and might he sit on the floor where lady was and keep her company?

Touched by the tender bit of human nature that was tearing the big little soul of the black boy who worshipped her, Helena went back to her own bedroom, and then a grin of delight passed over Mosie's ugly face, and he said:—

"Never mind! It's nothing! Lady will forget all about it to-morrow. Now lady will lie down and sleep."

Helena put out the light in her room, and, sitting by the open window, she looked long into the moonlight that lay over the city. At one moment she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs—Macfarlane's cavalry were returning to the Citadel after their efforts in the interests of peace and order. At intervals she heard the gaffirs (watchmen), who cried, "Wahhed" (God is One) in the silent streets below. Constantly she looked across to the barracks that stood at the edge of the glistening Nile, and at every moment the cruel core in her heart grew yet more hard.

Why had not Gordon come to her? He must know of her father's death by this time—why was he not there? Why had he not written to her, at all events? It was true they had parted in anger, but what of that? He had never loved her, or he would be with her now. She had done well to drive him away from her, and thank God she would never see him again.

The moon died out, a cold breath passed through the air, the city seemed to yawn in its sleep, the dawn came with its pale pink streamers and with its joyous birds—the happy, heart-breaking children of the air—twittering in the eaves, and then the pride and hatred of her wounded heart broke down utterly.

She wanted Gordon now as she had never wanted him before. She wanted the sound of his voice, she wanted the touch of his hand, she wanted to lay her head on his breast like a child and hear him tell her that it would all be well.

She found a hundred excuses for him in as many minutes. He was a prisoner—how could he leave his quarters? They might be keeping him under close arrest—how could he get away? Perhaps they had never even told him of her father's death—how could he write to her about it?

In the fever of her fresh thought she decided that she herself would tell him, and in the tumult of her confused brain she never doubted that he would come to her. Regulations? They would count for nothing. He was brave, he was fearless, he would find a way. Already she could see him flinging open the door of her room, and she could feel herself flying into his arms.

Thus with a yearning and choking heart, in the vacant stillness of the early dawn, she sat down to write to Gordon. This is what she wrote:—

"Six o'clock, Sunday morning.

"DEAREST,—The greatest sorrow I have ever known—God, our good God, has taken my beloved father.

"He loved you and was always so proud of you. He thought there was nobody like you. I try to think how it all happened at the end, and I cannot.

"Forgive me for what I said yesterday. It seems you were right about everything, and everybody else was wrong. But that doesn't matter now—nothing matters.

"I want you. I have nobody else. I am quite alone. God help me! Come to me soon . . ."

Unconsciously she was speaking the words aloud as she wrote them, and sobbing as she spoke. Suddenly she became aware of another voice in the adjoining room. She thought it might be Gordon's voice, and, catching her breath, she rose to listen. Then, in a muffled, broken, tear-laden tone, these words came to her through the wall:—

"O Allah, most High, most Merciful, make lady sleep! Make lady sleep, O Allah, most High, most Merciful!"

Her black boy had been lying all night like a dog on the mat behind her door.

"MAKE LADY SLEEP, O ALLAH!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEFORE Gordon opened his eyes that morning he heard the tinkling of cymbals and the sweet sound of the voices of boys singing in a choir, and he felt for a moment as if he were carried back to his school at Eton, where the morning dawned on green fields and the joyous carolling of birds.

Then he looked and saw that he was lying in a little, yellow-curtained room which was full of the gentle rays of the early sun, and opened on a garden in a quiet courtyard, with one date tree in the middle and the façade of a Christian church at the opposite side. In the disarray of his senses he could not at first remember what had happened to him, and he said aloud:—

"Where am I?"

Then a cheery voice by his side said, "Ah, you are awake?" and an elderly man, with a good, simple, homely face, looked down at him and smiled.

"What place is this?" asked Gordon.

"This?" said the good man. "This is the house of the Coptic Patriarch. And I am Michael, the Patriarch's servant. He brought you home in his carriage last night. Out of the riots in the streets, you know. But I must tell him you are awake. 'Tell me the moment he opens his eyes, Michael,' he said. No time to lose, though. Listen! They're at matins. He'll be going into church soon. Lie still! I'll be back presently."

Then Gordon remembered everything. The events of the night before rose before him in a moment, and he drank of memory's very dregs. He had closed his eyes again with a groan, when he heard shuffling footsteps coming into the room, and a husky, kindly voice, interrupted by gusty breathing, saying, cheerfully:—

"God be praised! Michael tells me you are awake and well."

The Coptic Patriarch was a little man in a black turban and a kind of black cassock, very old—nearly ninety years of age—and

with a saintly face in which the fires of life had kindled no evil passions.

"Don't speak yet, my son. Don't exhaust yourself. The surgeon said you were to have rest—rest and sleep above all things. He came last night to dress your poor hand. It was wounded in the cruel fight at El Azhar. I was passing at the moment, and the people put you into my carriage. 'Save him, for the love of God!' they said. 'He is our brother, and he will be taken.' So I brought you home, seeing you were hurt, and not knowing what else to do with you. But now I am glad and thankful, having read the newspapers this morning and learned that you were in great peril . . . No, no, my son—lie still."

Gordon had made an effort to raise himself on his elbow, but, resting his weight on his left hand and finding it was closely bandaged and gave him pain, he was easily pushed back to his pillow.

"Lie still until the surgeon comes. Michael has gone for him. He will be here immediately. A good man—make yourself sure about that. He will be secret. He will say nothing."

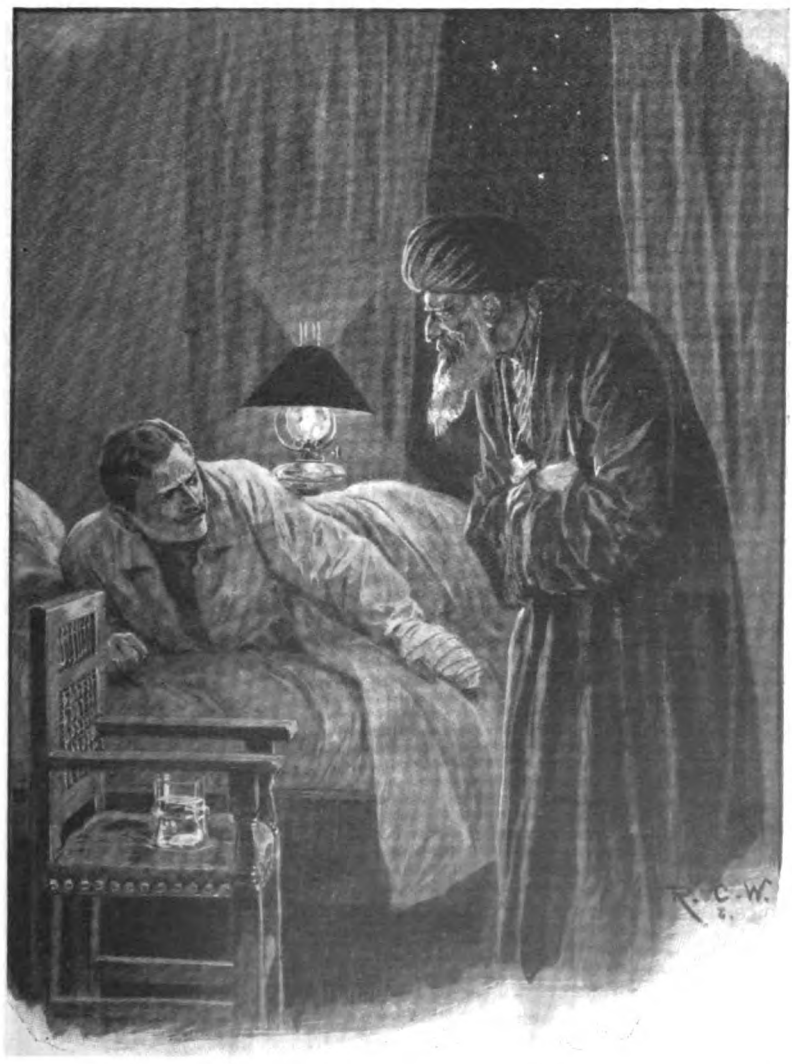
Then there came through the open window the sound of footsteps on the gravel path of the garden, and the old Patriarch, leaning over Gordon, said, in the same husky, kindly whisper:—

"They are coming, and I must go into church. But don't be afraid. You did bravely and nobly, and no harm shall come to you while you are here."

Hardly knowing what to understand, but choking with confusion and shame, Gordon heard the old man's shuffling step going out of the room, and, a moment afterwards, the firm tread of the surgeon coming into it.

The surgeon, who was a middle-aged man, a Copt, with a bright face and a hearty manner, took Gordon's right arm to feel his pulse, and said:—

"Better! Much better! Last night the condition was so serious that I found it



"YOU DID BRAVELY AND NOBLY, AND NO HARM SHALL COME TO YOU WHILE YOU ARE HERE."

necessary to inject morphia. There was the hand, too, you know. The third finger had been badly hurt, and I was compelled to take the injured part away. This morning, however . . ."

But Gordon's impatience could restrain itself no longer. "Doctor," he said, clutching at the surgeon's sleeve, "close the door and tell me what has happened."

The surgeon repeated the reports which appeared in the English newspapers—about the clearing out of El Azhar, the shooting of the boy, the killing of a hundred students by the sword, and the imprisonment of nearly four hundred others. And then, thinking that the drug he had administered was still beclouding his patient's brain, he spoke of Gordon's own share in the bad work of the night before—how he had refused to obey instructions and been ordered under open arrest to return to his own quarters; how he had defied authority, and, making his way to the University, had perpetrated a violent personal attack on the officer commanding the troops there.

"I know nothing about it, you know, but what Colonel Macfarlane has communicated to the Press—contrary, I should think, to Army regulations and all sense of honour and decency—but he says you have been guilty of a threefold offence: first, mutiny; next, desertion; and finally, gross insult on an officer while in the execution of his duty."

Gordon had hardly listened to this part of the surgeon's story, but his face betrayed a feverish eagerness when the surgeon said:—

"There is something else, but I hardly know whether I ought to tell you."

"What is it?" asked Gordon, though he knew full well what the surgeon was about to say.

"It occurred last night, too, but the Consul-General has managed to keep it out of the morning newspapers. I feel I ought to tell you, though, and if I could be sure you would take it calmly . . ."

"Tell me."

"General Graves is dead. He was found dead on the floor of his office. His daughter found him."

Gordon covered his face and asked, in a voice which he tried in vain to render natural, "What do they say he died of?"

"God!" said the surgeon. "That's what the Mohammedans call it, and I don't know that science can find a better name."

Suffocating with the sickness of fear, Gordon said, "What about his daughter?"

"Bearing herself with a strange stoicism, they say. Not a tear on her face, they tell me. But if I know anything of human nature she is suffering all the more for that, poor girl!"

Gordon threw off the counterpane and rose in bed. "I'm better now," he said. "Let me get up. I must go out."

"Impossible!" said the surgeon. "You are far too weak to go into the streets. Besides, you would never reach your destination. Macfarlane would take care of that. Haven't I told you? He has given it out that the penalty of military law for the least of your offences is—well, death!"

Gordon dropped back in bed and the surgeon continued: "But if you have a message to send to anyone, why not write it? Michael will see that it reaches safe hands. I'll send him in. He's cooking some food for you, and I'll tell him to bring paper and pens."

With that the surgeon left him, and a moment later the servant-man's cheery face came into the room behind a smoking basin of savoury broth.

"Here it is! You're to sup it at once," he said, and then, taking a writing-pad from under his arm-pit, he laid it with pens and ink on a table by the bed, saying the doctor had told him he was to deliver a letter.

Gordon replied that he would ring when he was ready, whereupon Michael said, "Good! You'll take your broth first. It will put some strength into you," and so he smiled and nodded his simple face out of the room.

In vain Gordon tried to write to Helena. His first impulse was to tell her all, to make a clean breast of everything: "DEAREST HELENA,—I am in the deepest sorrow and shame, but I cannot live another hour without letting you know that your dear father . . ."

But that was impossible. At a moment when one great blow had fallen on her, it was impossible to inflict another If she suffered now, when she thought her father had died by the hand of God, how much more would she suffer if she heard that his death had been due to violence, to foul play, to the hand of the man who said he loved her?

Destroying his first attempt, Gordon began again: "MY POOR, DEAR HELENA,—I am inexpressibly shocked and grieved by the news of . . ."

But that was impossible also. Its hypocrisy of concealment seemed to blister his very soul. He tried again and yet again, but not a word would come that was not cruel or false. Then a great trembling came over

him as he realized that being what he was to Helena, and she being what she was to her father, he was struck dumb before her as by the hand of Heaven.

Hours passed. and though the day was bright a deep, impenetrable darkness seemed to close around him. At certain moments he was vaguely conscious of noises in the streets outside, a greatly scuttling and scurrying of feet, a loud clamour of tongues chopping and ripping the air, the barking and bleating of a mob in full flight, and then the clattering of horses' hoofs and the whistling and shouting of soldiers.

Michael came back of himself at last, having waited in vain to be summoned, and his mouth was full of news. All business in Cairo had been suspended, the Notables had met in the Opera square to condemn the action of the British Army, a vast multitude of Egyptians had joined them, and they had gone up to the house of the Grand Kadi to ask him to call on the Sultan to protest to England.

"Well, well?" said Gordon.

"The Kadi was afraid, and, hearing the crowd were coming, he barricaded his doors and windows."

"And then?"

"They wrecked his house, shouting, 'Down with the Turks!' 'Long live Egypt!' But the Kadi himself was inside, sir, speaking on the telephone to the officer commanding on the Citadel; and they came galloping up and took a hundred and fifty prisoners."

In spite of his better feelings Gordon felt a certain joy in the bad news Michael brought him. He had been right! Everybody would see that he had been right! What, then, was his duty? His duty was to deliver himself up and say, "Here I am! Court-martial me now if you will—if you dare!"

Plain, practical sense seemed to tell him that he ought to go to the Agency, where his father—seeing the turn events had taken, the chaos into which affairs had fallen, and the ruin which Macfarlane's brutality and incompetence threatened—would place him in command pending instructions from the War Office, and trust to his influence with the populace to restore peace. He could do it, too. Why not?

But the General? A sickening pang of hope shot through him as he told himself that no one knew he had killed the General, that even if he had done so it had only been in self-defence, that the veriest poltroon would have done what he did, and that the mind that counted such an act as crime was morbid and diseased.

Helena? She thought her father had died by the visitation of God. Why could he not leave her at that? She was suffering, though, and it was for him to comfort her. He would fly to her side. All their differences would be over now. She, too, would see that he had been right and that her jealousy had been mistaken, and then Death with its mighty wing would sweep away everything else.

Thus in the blind labouring of hope he threw off the counterpane again and got out of bed, whereupon Michael, whose garrulous tongue had been going ever since he came into the room, first asking for the letter which the surgeon had told him to deliver, then protesting in plaintive tones that the broth was untouched and now it was cold, laid hold of him and said:—

"No, brother, no! You cannot get up to-day. Doctor says you must not, and if you attempt to do so I am to tell the Patriarch."

But Michael's voice only whistled by Gordon's ear like the wind in a desert sandstorm, and, seeing that Gordon was determined to dress, the good fellow fled off to fetch his master.

Hardly had Michael gone when the barrenness of his hope was borne down on Gordon's mind, and he was asking himself by what title he could go out as a champion of the right, being so deeply in the wrong. Even if everything happened as he expected, if his threefold offence against the letter of military law were overlooked in the light of his obedience to its spirit, if the Consul-General placed him in command pending instructions from the War Office, and if he restored order in Cairo by virtue of his influence with the inhabitants—what then?

What of his conscience, which had clamoured so loud, in relation to his own conduct? Could he continue to tell himself that what he had done in the General's house had been in self-defence? Had it been in self-defence that he had returned to the Citadel after he was ordered to his own quarters? Or that he had hurled hot and insulting words at the General, such as no man could listen to without loss of pride, or even self-respect?

And then Helena? With what conscience could he comfort her in her sufferings, being himself the cause of them? With what sincerity could his tongue speak if his pen refused to write? And if he juggled himself

into deceiving her, could he go on, as his affections would tempt him to do—now more than ever since her father was gone and she was quite alone—to carry out the plans he had made for them before these fearful events befell?

A grim vision rose before him of a shameful life, corrupted by hypocrisy and damned by deceit, in which he was married to Helena, having succeeded to her father's rank and occupying his house, his room, his office, with one sight standing before his eyes always—the sight of the General's body lying on the floor where he had flung it.

Gordon dropped back to the bed and sat on the edge of it, doubled up, and with his hands covering his face. How long he sat there he never knew, for his mind was deadened to all sense of time, and only at intervals of lucidity was he partly conscious of what was going on outside the little pulseless place in which he was hidden away while the world went on without him.

At one moment he heard the bells of the Coptic cathedral ringing for evensong; then the light pattering as of rain when the people passed over the pavement into the church; and then suddenly there came a sound that seemed to beat on his very soul.

It was the firing of the guns at the Citadel, and as a soldier he knew what they were—they were the minute-guns for the General's funeral. *Boom—boom!* He could see what was taking place as plainly as if his eyes beheld it: the square of the mosque lined up with troops—two battalions of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. *Boom—boom!* The coffin on the gun-carriage covered with the silken Union Jack and with the General's sword and his plumed white helmet on the top of all. *Boom—boom!* The General's charger immediately behind the body, with his spurred boots in the stirrups reversed. *Boom—boom—boom!* The officers of the Army of Occupation drawn up by the door of the General's house—every one of them that could be spared from duty except himself, who ought, above all others, to be there. Then the carriages of the Consul-General and of the Egyptian Prime Minister, and then *boom—boom—boom—boom!* as the cortège moved away to the slow swirling of the Funeral March, through the square of the mosque and under the gate of the old fortress.

The firing ceased, and in the dumb emptiness of the air Gordon saw another sight that tore at his heart still more terribly. It was a room in the General's house, dark and blind with curtains drawn, and Helena sitting there, alone for the first time, and no one to comfort her. Seeing this, and thinking of the barrier that was between them—of the blood that was dividing them—and that they could never again come together, all his manhood went down at last, and he burst into tears like a boy.

"Forgive me, Helena! I am alone, too! Forgive me—forgive me!"

Then over the sound of his own voice he heard the innocent voices of the choir-boys singing their evening hymn, "Remove my sin from before Thy sight, O God!" and at the next moment he was conscious of an old and wrinkled hand being laid on his bare arm and of somebody by his side, who was saying, huskily, "Peace, my son! God is merciful!"

Then the sharp rattle of three volleys of musketry coming from far away.

The body of the General had been committed to the grave.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HELENA had been in the act of sending out her letter when the General's aide-de-camp came in with news of the doings of the night before—the riot at El Azhar, Gordon's assault on Colonel Macfarlane, and then his disappearance, before the troops could recover from their surprise, as suddenly and unaccountably as if he had been swallowed up by the earth.

"Of course, Macfarlane acted like a brute," said the young lieutenant, "and the Colonel did exactly what might have been expected of him under the circumstances. He would have done the same if the offender had been the Commander-in-Chief himself. But now he has to pay the penalty, and it cannot be a light one. Macfarlane is scouring the city to find him—every nook and corner of the Mohammedan quarter. He has two motives for doing so, too—ambition and revenge."

As Helena tore up her letter and dropped it bit by bit into the waste-paper basket she felt as if the last of her hopes dropped with it. But they rose again with the thought that though Gordon might be in danger he could not be afraid, and that his love for her was so great, so unconquerable, that it would bring him back to her now in her time of trouble, in the teeth of death itself.

In this confidence, never doubting that Gordon would come, she sat in the semi-darkness of her room during the preparations for the military funeral, hearing all that was

being done outside with that supernatural acuteness which comes to the bereaved—the marching of troops, the rolling of the gun-carriage, and the arrival of friends, as well as the soul-crushing booming of the minute-gun. She was waiting to be told that Gordon was there, and was listening for his name as her black boy darted in and out with whispered news of Egyptian Ministers, English Advisers, inspectors, and judges, and, finally, the Consul-General himself.

When the last moment came and the band of the Guards had begun to play "Toll for the Brave," and it was certain that Gordon had not come, her heart sank low; but then she told herself that, if he ran the risk of arrest, that was reason enough why he should not show himself at the fortress.

"He will be at the chapel instead," she thought, and, though she had not intended to be present at the funeral, she determined that she would go.

She was put into a carriage with the Consul-General and sat by his side without speaking, merely looking through the windows at the crowds that stood in the streets, quietly, silently, but without much grief on their faces, and listening to the slow squirling of the "Dead March," and the roll of the muffled drums, over the dull rumbling of the closed coach.

When they reached the cemetery in the desolate quarter of old Cairo, and the band stopped and the drumming ceased, and she stepped out of the carriage, and the breathing silence of the open air was broken by the tremendous words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," she was sure, as she took the arm of the Consul-General and walked with him over the crackling gravel to the door of the chapel, that the moment she crossed its threshold the first person she would see would be Gordon.

Her heart sank lower than ever when she realized that he was not there, and after she had taken her seat and the chill chapel had filled up behind her and the service began, she tried in vain, save at moments of poignant memory, to fix her mind on the awful errand that had brought her.

"He will be at the graveside," she thought. No one would arrest him at a place like that. English soldiers were English gentlemen, and if the Arab nobleman in the desert could allow the enemy who had stumbled into his tent at night to get clear away in the morning, Gordon would be allowed to stand by the grave of his friend and General, and no one would know he was there.

When the short service was over and the Consul-General drew her hand through his arm again, and they walked together over the gravel and through the grass to the open grave behind the rose bushes that grew near to the wall, she thought she knew she had only to raise her eyes from the ground and she would see Gordon standing there, shaken with sobs.

She knew, too, that the moment she saw him she would break down altogether, so she kept her head low as long as she could. But when the troops had formed in a rectangle and the chaplain had taken his place and the last words had been spoken, and through a deeper hush the bugle had led the voices of the soldiers with:—

> Father, in thy sacred keeping
> Leave we now thy servant sleeping,

and she looked up at last and saw that Gordon had not come at all, she felt as if something that had been soft and tender had broken within her and something that was hard and bitter had taken its place.

While the volleys were being fired over the grave the officers of the Army came up to her one by one—brave men all of them, but many of them hardly able at that moment to speak or see. Still she did not weep, and when the Consul-General, with twitching lips, said, "Let us go," she gave him her hand again, though it was limp and nerveless now, and, under her long black glove, as cold as snow.

The blinds were drawn up in her room when she returned to the Citadel, and with eyes that did not see she was staring out on its far view of the city, the Nile, the pyramids, and the rolling waves of desert beyond, when a knock came to the door and the Consul-General entered. He was clearly much affected. His firm mouth, which often looked as if it had been cast in bronze, seemed now to be blown in foam.

"Helena," he said, "the time has come to speak plainly. I am sorry. It is quite unavoidable."

After the first salutation she continued to stand by a chair and to stare out of the window.

"Gordon has gone. I can no longer have any doubt about that. Others, with other motives, have been trying to find him and have failed. I have been trying too, with better purposes, perhaps, but no better results."

His voice was hoarse; he was struggling to control it.

"I am now satisfied that when he left this house after the scene . . . the painful,

"THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY CAME UP TO HER ONE BY ONE."

perhaps unnecessary, scene of his . . . his degradation, he took the advice your father gave him—to fly from Egypt and hide his shame in some other country."

He paused for a moment and then said:—

"It was scarcely proper advice, perhaps; but who can be hot and cold, wise and angry, in a moment? Whatever the merits of your father's counsel, I think Gordon made up his mind to follow it. Only as the conduct of a despairing man who knew that all was over can I explain his last appearance at El Azhar."

Again he paused for a moment, and then, after clearing his throat, he said:—

"I do not think we shall see him again. I do not think I wish to see him. A military Court would probably hold him responsible for the blood that has been shed during the past twenty-four hours, thinking the encouragement he gave the populace had led them to rebel. Therefore its judgment upon his offences as a soldier could hardly be less than . . . than the most severe"

His voice now sounded choked It was scarcely audible as he added, "That would be harder for me to bear than to think of him as dead. Therefore, whatever others may be doing—his mother or . . . or yourself, I am cherishing no illusions My son is gone. His career is at an end. Let us . . . please let us say no more on the subject."

Helena did not reply. Her bosom was stirred by her rapid breathing, but she

continued to stare out of the window. After a moment the Consul-General said, more calmly :—

"Have you any plans for the future?"

Helena shook her head.

"No desire to remain in Egypt?"

"No."

"Any relatives or friends in England?"

"None."

"H'm! All the same, I think it will be best for you to return home."

Helena bowed without speaking.

"The sooner the better, perhaps."

"Very well."

"This is Sunday. There is a steamship from Alexandria on Saturday—will it suit you to sail by that?"

"Yes."

"One of my secretaries shall make arrangements and see you safely aboard. Meantime, have no anxieties. England will take care of your father's daughter."

Then he rose, and, taking her ice-cold hand, he said :—

"I think that is all. I'll come up on Saturday morning to see you off. Good-bye for the present." And then, in the same hoarse voice as before, looking steadfastly into her face for a moment, "God bless you, my girl!"

For some minutes Helena did not move from the spot on which Lord Nuneham had left her. A sense of double bereavement had fallen on her for the first time with a crushing blow. That some day she would lose her father was an idea to which her mind had long been accustomed, but never for one moment until then—not even in the bitter hour in which they had parted at the door—had she allowed herself to believe that a time would come when she would have to live on without Gordon. It was here now. The past and the future alike were closed to her. A black curtain had fallen about her life. If Gordon could not return without the risk of arrest, what right had she to expect him to come back to her at all? He was gone. He was lost to her. She was alone.

The city, which had been lying hot in the quivering sun, began to grow red and hazy, and in the gathering twilight Helena became conscious of criers in the streets below. The black boy, who was always bustling about her, interpreted their cries. They were crying the funeral of the students who had fallen at El Azhar. It was to take place that night. Ishmael Ameer called on the people to gather in the great market-place of Mohammed Ali and walk up by torchlight to the Arab cemetery outside the town.

"Would lady like Mosie go and see? Then Mosie come back and tell lady everything," said the black boy, and in the hope of being alone Helena allowed him to go.

But hardly had the boy gone when a timid knock came to her door, and the Army surgeon entered the room. The man's thin lips were twitching, and he was clearly ill at ease.

"Excuse me," he said, "but hearing you were soon to leave for home . . . I thought it only fair to myself . . . In fact, I have come to make an explanation."

"What is it?" asked Helena, without a trace of interest in her tone.

The surgeon gnawed the ends of his moustache for an instant, and then, looking uneasily at Helena, he said :—

"When you come to turn things over in your mind you may, perhaps, think I was to blame in keeping your dear father's secret. His condition, however, was not so serious but that under ordinary circumstances—I say *ordinary* circumstances—he might have lived five years, ten years, even fifteen. The truth is, though . . ."

"Well?"

"I want to prove the sincerity of my friendship, Miss Graves. I am sure you prefer that I should speak plainly."

"The truth is—what?" asked Helena, who was now listening with strained attention.

"That . . . that your dear father's death . . . I am now fully convinced of it . . . was due . . . partly due, at all events . . . to circumstances that . . . that were *not* ordinary."

Helena's pale face turned white, but she made no answer, and after a moment the surgeon said :—

"It would have been cruel to tell you this last night, immediately after the shock of your bereavement, but . . . but now that you are going away . . . Besides, I spoke to Lord Nuneham. I mentioned my surmises. But you know what he is . . . a great man, undoubtedly a great man, but incapable of taking counsel. Always has been, always will be; we all of us find it so."

Helena, seized with an indefinable fear, was speechless; but the surgeon's blundering tongue went on.

"Better not speak of it," said Lord Nuneham. "Drop it! Don't let us weaken our case against the man and rouse popular fury by an accusation we cannot possibly bring home. Wait! We'll get hold of him to better purpose by and by."

Helena's heart was beating violently, but she only said, with laboured breathing :—

"Can't we dispense with all this? You have come to tell me that my father did not die from natural causes—isn't that it?"

"Yes . . . that is to say . . . pardon me . . . we are alone?"

Helena bowed impatiently.

"Then, to tell you the truth . . I am satisfied that violence . . . as a contributing cause, at all events . . . I looked at him again this morning when . . . at the last moment, in fact . . . and the marks were even plainer than before."

"Marks?"

"Marks of a man's hand about the throat."

"A man's hand?" said Helena, with her lips, rather than with her voice.

"I thought at first it might have been the General's own hand, but there was one peculiarity which forbade that inference."

"Tell me."

"It was the left hand, and while the thumb and the first, second, and fourth fingers were plainly indicated, there was no impression made by the third."

"So?"

"So I concluded that the marks about the throat must have been made by somebody who had lost the third finger of his left hand."

Helena gazed a long time blankly into the surgeon's face, until at length, frozen by fear, having said all, he tried to convey the impression that he had said nothing.

"Miss Graves, I have given you pain. I feel I have. And mind, I do not say certainly that the hand at your father's throat was the cause of his death. It may have been used merely to push him off. But if the person seen last in the General's company was apparently quarrelling with him . . . Please understand, I make no accusations. I have never met Ishmael Ameer. And even if it should be found that he has this peculiarity . . . of the third finger, I mean . . . In any case, the Consul-General will not hear of an indictment, so I'm sure . . . I'm sure I can rely on your discretion. But hearing you were going home, I felt I could not allow you to think that I had permitted your dear father . . ."

The surgeon went stammering on for some time longer, but Helena did not listen, and when at last the man backed himself out of her room, hugging his shallow soul with the flattering thought that in following his selfish impulse he had done well, she did not hear him go.

She was now sure of a fact which she had hitherto only half suspected. The Egyptian had killed her father! Killed him—there was no other word for it—not merely by the excitement his presence engendered, but by actual violence. The authorities knew it, too; they knew it perfectly, but they were afraid—afraid, in the absence of conclusive evidence, to risk the breakdown of a charge against one whom the people in their blindness worshipped.

The sky had grown blue and luminous by this time, the stars had come out in the distant depths of the heavens, and from the market-place below the ramparts of the Citadel there came up into the clear air the thick murmuring of the vast multitude that had gathered there, with ten thousand smoking torches, to follow the new prophet to the Arab cemetery beyond the town.

When Helena thought of the Egyptian again it was with an intensity of hatred she had never felt before. He had not only killed her father, but he had been the first cause of the devilish entanglement which had led to Gordon's disgrace. Yet he was to escape punishment for these offences; he was to go on until some sin against the State had brought him into the meshes of its Ministers, while her father was in his grave and Gordon was in banishment and she . . . she was sent home in her womanish helplessness and shame!

"O God, is there to be no one to punish this man?" she thought, in the dark searching of her soul, while her finger-nails were digging trenches in her palms, and from the hard clenching of her teeth her lips were bleeding.

Then suddenly, in the delirium of her hatred of the Egyptian and the tragic tangle of her error, while she was standing alone in her desolate room, with the "La ilaha illa-llah!" of Ishmael's followers surging up from below, a new feeling—a feeling she had never felt before—stirred in the depths of her abased and outraged soul.

"Shall I go back to England?" she asked herself. "Shall I?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

As soon as Lord Nuneham reached the Agency he went up to his wife's room. The sweet old lady was sitting in her dressing-gown with her face to the windows on the west, while the Egyptian woman was combing out her thin white hair and binding it up for the night. The sun was gone, but the river and the sky were shining like molten gold, and a faint reflected glow shone on her soft, pale cheeks.

"Ah, is it you, John?" she said, in a nervous voice, and while he was taking a seat she looked at him with her deep, slow, weary eyes as if waiting for an answer to a question she was afraid to ask.

"Helena is going home, Janet," said the old man after a moment.

"Poor girl!"

"There is a steamship on Saturday. I thought it better she should sail by that."

"Poor thing! Poor darling!"

"Her will seems to be quite gone; she agrees to everything."

"Poor Helena!"

"I don't think she has shed a tear since her father died. It is extraordinary. She startles me—almost frightens me. Either she is a girl of astonishing character, or else . . ."

"She has had a great shock, poor child. Only yesterday at this time her father was with her, and now . . ."

"True—quite true."

A hush fell upon all. Even Fatimah's comb was quiet. It was almost as if a spirit were passing through the room. At length the old lady said:—

"Any news of . . ."

"None."

"Would you tell me if there were?"

"If you asked me—yes."

"My poor boy!"

"Hafiz has inquired everywhere. Nobody knows anything about him."

"He will come back, though! I am sure he will," said Lady Nuneham, with a nervous trill, and then a strange contraction passed over the Consul-General's face, and he rose to go.

"We'll not speak about that again, Janet," he said; but full of the sweetest and bitterest emotion that comes to the human soul—the emotion of a mother when she thinks of the son that is lost to her—the old lady did not hear.

"I remember that his grandfather . . . It was in the early days of the Civil War, I think . . . He had done something against his General, I suppose . . ."

She had been speaking for some moments when Fatimah, who was standing behind, reached round to her ear and said:—

"His lordship has gone, my lady,"

"HIS LORDSHIP HAS GONE, MY LADY."

and then there was a sudden and deep silence.

The molten gold died out of the river and the sky, and in the luminous blue twilight the old lady got into bed.

"Fatimah," she said, "do you think doctor would allow me to go up to the Citadel one day this week?"

"Why not, if the carriage were closed and the blinds down?"

"And, Fatimah?"

"What is it, O my heart?"

"What do you think the Consul-General meant when he said Helena frightened him?"

"I think he meant that she's one of the girls who do things when they're in trouble—drown themselves, take poison or something."

"My poor Helena! My poor Gordon!"

There was the rustling whisper of a prayer at the pillow, and then, for the weary and careworn old lady, another day slid into another night.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MEANTIME Gordon, with a heart filled with darkness, sat huddled up on his bed in the little guest-room of the Coptic cathedral. On a table at his left a small, green-shaded lamp was burning, and on a chair at his right sat the saintly old Patriarch, gently patting his bare arm and trying in vain to comfort him.

"Yes, God is merciful, my son, and it is just because we are such guilty creatures that our Lord came to deliver us."

"But you don't know, father, you don't know," said Gordon.

"Know what, my son?"

"You don't know what reason I have to reproach myself," said Gordon; and then, catching by the sure instinct of a pure heart some vague sense of Gordon's position, the old man began to talk of confession, wherein the soul of man lays down its sins before God, and begins to feel as if it had wings.

"On receiving the penitent's confession," he said, "it is the duty of the Coptic priest to take his sin upon himself just as if it were his own, and if I, my son . . ."

"But you can't! It's impossible. God forbid it," said Gordon, and then the saintly old soul, allowing that there were sacred places in the heart of man which only God's eye should see, spoke of atonement, whereby he that is guilty of any sin may begin his journey towards repentance, and be numbered at last, if his penitence be true, among the living who live in God's peace.

"Why should any of us, my son, no matter how foul the stain of sin we have contracted, live in the dread of miscarrying for ever while we have energy to atone?" said the good old man, in his worn and husky voice; and then the tides of Gordon's troubled mind, which had ebbed and flowed like the sea on a desolate shore under the blank darkness of a starless night, seemed to be suddenly brightened by a light from the morning.

"Father," he said, "could you send for somebody?"

"Indeed I could—who is it?" asked the Patriarch.

"Captain Hafiz Ahmed of the Egyptian Army. He can be found at head-quarters. Say that someone he knows well wishes to see him at once."

"I'll tell Michael to take the message immediately," said the Patriarch, and his shuffling old feet went off on his errand.

The new light that had dawned on Gordon's mind was the same as he had seen before, and yet it was now quite different. He would deliver himself up, as he had first intended to do, but in humility, not in pride—in submission to the will of God, not defiance of the power of man. A reclaiming voice seemed to say to him, "Atone for your crime! Confess everything! Die—on the gallows if need be! Better suffer the pains of death than the furies of remorse! Give your own life for the life you have taken, no matter by what impulse of self-defence or devilish accident of fate!"

Hafiz would carry his message to head-quarters, or perhaps help him to go there, and the good old Patriarch would explain why he had not gone before. It was the only way now, the only hope.

Within half an hour Hafiz arrived hot and breathless, as if he had been running. One moment he stood near the door, while his lip lagged low and his cheerful face darkened at sight of Gordon's white cheeks, and then he gushed out into words which tried their best to be brave, but were tragic with tears.

"I knew it," he said. "I've said so all day long. 'He's lying ill somewhere or he would show up now, whatever the consequences.' You're wounded, aren't you? Let me see."

"It's nothing," said Gordon. "Nothing at all. Sit down, old fellow," and then Hafiz sat on the right of the bed, holding Gordon's hand in his hand, and told him what had happened during the day—how Macfarlane and his bloodhounds had been out in pursuit of him, expecting to arrest and court-martial

him, and how he also had been searching for him since yesterday, but with the hope of helping him to escape.

"High and low, we've looked everywhere—everywhere except here; and who would have thought of a place like this?" said Hafiz. "So much the better, though! You'll stay here until you are well and I can get you safely away. I will, too! You'll see I will!"

It was hard to listen to the good fellow's schemes for his escape and tell him at once of his intention to give himself up, so Gordon asked one by one the questions that were uppermost in his mind, little thinking that Hafiz's answers would break up his purpose and stifle for ever the cry of the voice of his tortured heart.

"The General is buried, isn't he?" he said, turning his face away as he spoke, and when Hafiz answered "Yes," that he had died by the hand of God and been buried that afternoon, and that everybody was saying that he had been a good man and a great soldier, and Egypt would never again see his equal, Gordon asked himself what, after all, would be the worth of an atonement which offered as an equivalent for a life like the General's a life such as his own, which was no longer of any use to him or to anyone.

And again, when he asked, in a low voice that was breathless with fear, how his father was, and Hafiz answered that the iron man whose name had been a terror in Egypt for so many years, though calm on the outside still, was breaking up like a frozen lake from below; that he had been calling him over the telephone all day long, and entreating him to find his son, that he might tell him to deliver himself up immediately, in spite of everything, lest he should be charged with desertion and be liable to death, Gordon sickened with a sense of the shame into which he was about to plunge his father in his last days by the confession he intended to make and the fate he meant to meet.

And, again, when with deepening emotion he asked about his mother—was she worse for the disgrace that had overtaken himself?—and Hafiz told him "No"; that, though sitting in a sort of bewilderment, waiting for God's light in the darkness that had fallen on her life, she was yet living in a beautiful, blind hope that he would come back to justify himself, and meantime sending messages to him saying, "Tell him his mother is sure he only did what he believed to be right," because her boy could not do what was wrong, Gordon's heart knocked hard at his breast with the thought that the brave atonement to which he had set his face would surely kill his mother before it had time to kill him.

And when, last of all, in the sore pain of a wounded tenderness, he asked about Helena—was she well and was she asking after him?—and Hafiz again answered "No," but that he had seen her at the General's funeral—where he could not trust himself to speak to her for pity of the dumb trouble in her pale face—and that, leaning on the arm of the Consul-General, she had lifted her tearless eyes as if looking for somebody she could not see, and that she was to go back to England soon, very soon, on Saturday, without anyone for company, being alone in the world now—then Gordon broke down altogether, for he saw himself following her on her lonely journey home with a cruel and needless blow that would ruin the little that was left of her peace.

"On Saturday, you say?"

"Yes, by the P. and O. steamer from Alexandria," said Hafiz; and then, eagerly, as if by a sudden thought, "Gordon?"

"Well?"

"Why shouldn't you go with her?"

Gordon shook his head.

"But why? You'll be better by that time, and even if you're not . . . You can't stay here for ever, and if you should fall into Macfarlane's hands . . . Besides, it's better in any case to let the War Office deal with you. They'll know everything before you reach London, and they'll see you've been in the right. You'll get justice there, Gordon, whereas here . . . Then there's Helena, too—she's expecting you to join her—I'm sure she is—why shouldn't she—being friendless in Egypt now, and without anybody to go to even at home? And if the worst comes to the worst, and you have to leave the army, which God forbid, you'll be together at all events, she'll be with you, anyway . . ."

"No, no, my boy, no," cried Gordon, but Hafiz, full of his new hope, was not to be denied.

"You think it's impossible, but it isn't. Leave it to me. I'll arrange everything. Trust me," he said; and in the warmth of his new resolve and the urgency of another errand he got up to go.

The hundred and fifty Notables who had been arrested that morning before the Grand Kadi's house had been tried in the afternoon by a special tribunal, and dispatched in the evening as dangerous rebels to the penal settlement in the Soudan. In protest against

this injustice as well as in lamentation for the loss of the students who had fallen at El Azhar, Ishmael Ameer had called upon the people of Cairo to follow him in procession to the Arabic cemetery outside the city, that there, without violence or offence, they might appeal from the barbarity of man to the judgment seat of God.

"They've gone with him, too," said Hafiz, "tens of thousands of them, so that the streets are deserted and half the shops shut up. Oh, they've not done with Ishmael yet—you'll see they have not! I must find out what he's doing, though, and come back and tell you what's going on. Meantime I'll say nothing about you—about knowing where you are, I mean—nothing to the Consul-General, nothing to my mother, nothing to anybody. Good-bye, old fellow! Leave yourself to me. I'll see you through."

Thus Hafiz went off in a rush of spirits, but Gordon, being left alone, sank to a still deeper depression, and felt as if he were thrown back again on that desolate shore where the tides of his mind ebbed and flowed under the blank darkness of a starless night.

The proud atonement whereby he had expected to wipe out his crime had fallen utterly to ashes, and looked nothing better now than a selfish impulse to escape from a life that had become a burden to him by killing his father's honour, his mother's trust, and the last hope of Helena's happiness.

But if death was denied to him, what was there left to him in life? His career as a soldier was at an end, his father's house was closed to him, and his days with Helena were over. Without work, without home, without love—what could he do, where could he go?

Then he remembered what the General had said when he told him to fly to some foreign country where men could know nothing of his disgrace. Cruel and unjust as that sentence had seemed to him then, it appeared to be all that was left to him now, and he had begun to ask himself if he could not put the world between him and his crime, little as he had intended to commit it, by burying himself as far away from humanity as possible, when he remembered that, though he might fly from the sight of men, he could not escape from the eye of God, and to be alone with that was more than the mind of man could bear and live.

And when he asked himself why he could not go to America, for that was his mother's home, and a country to which something had long been calling him, he told himself that though he might hide in New York or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or San Francisco, better than in the trackless desert itself, yet in the very pulse of life, he would still be alone, with a mind rambling through the ways of the past, seeing nothing in the happiness of other men but cruel visions of what might have come to him also but for one moment of headstrong passion, helped out by the tangle of fate.

Then he thought of Helena in England, alone like himself, cut off for the rest of her life from every happiness except the bitter one of her memory of their few short days together, thinking ill of him, as she needs must, for leaving her in her sore need, while all the time his heart was yearning with love for her, and he would have given his soul to be by her side, but for the barrier of blood which seemed to separate them for ever now.

Thus in the great burden of his distress Gordon saw himself at last as one who could neither die in peace nor live in content, for the Almighty Majesty himself seemed to have set his face against both. And sometimes in the bitterness of his spirit he called on God to say what devil ruled the world, that he who had only intended to do right was so deeply in the wrong, that life seemed to be for ever closed against him, and sometimes in the depths of his abased penitence—never having prayed before since the days when his mother held him to her knee—he called on Heaven for light in the dark place in which he found himself alone.

And "O God," he cried, "tell me what I am to do! Show me a way of deliverance! If I cannot die for my crime, let me live for my redemption! Have pity on me and pardon me, miserable man that I am, who by one mad act have plunged both myself and all who love me in trouble. What can I do? Where can I go? Let it be anything or anywhere. Only lead me, O Lord, lead me, for I am sinful and blind and weak."

The green-shaded lamp on the table by his bed had died out by this time, the darkness of night had gone, and a dim gleam of saffron-tinted light from the dawn had begun to filter through the yellow window curtains of his room, when suddenly the silence of the little pulseless place was broken by the sound of eager footsteps running over the gravel path of the courtyard and leaping up the stone staircase of the house.

It was Hafiz returning from the cemetery.

(To be continued.)

The Light Side of Finance.

By HARRY FURNISS.

I.

THE Royal Exchange, the temple of the financial world in the greatest city of the Universe, is still being richly embossed with paintings by our leading artists depicting the great events that have brought about the supremacy of England through the medium of this historic building. Yet the many thousands who visit the Royal Exchange daily have very little idea, indeed, that this pile owes its origin to a curious, not to say a comic, cause. We owe it all to nothing else than the chirping of a grasshopper. The chirp of this insect attracted the attention of a little boy who was "crawling unwillingly to school" to a baby, the son of a poor woman—so poor that she could not support the child, and therefore had left him to perish alone in a large field near her hovel. The little boy took the child home, and it was brought up and eventually blossomed into no less a person than Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange. The prosperous merchant, to hand down to posterity the incident which saved his life, took the grasshopper for his crest, and that is the reason why that insect is placed, as everyone can see, over the Royal Exchange of London.

There are, of course, captious critics who deny the veracity of this story, but to such persons the story of Dick Whittington and his cat is a myth too, and William Tell never existed.

The most trivial incidents have often originated the fortunes of our richest men. Take, for example, the fortunes made out of Bessemer steel. This genius, young Bessemer, had some idea of making steel out of iron, but a poor, newly-married young man has no means of experimenting on a large scale. The story I must tell as I have heard it from an intimate friend of Bessemer, a true tale which, by the way, I have never seen in print. After Bessemer had in his small laboratory experimented with the metals, and at last obtained the desired result, by blowing air through melted iron, he found in the bottom of the crucible a little lump of the famous steel. Now the question was, how to make the discovery public? He put the lump of steel into his pocket and made his way to Nasmyth, of steam-hammer fame. Placing the metal on Nasmyth's desk he told him that he had made this extraordinary discovery, which would revolutionize the whole metal world. Then came a little incident which shows what wonderful heads these Scotch financiers possess. What do you think Nasmyth said to this excited inventor?

"Eh, mon, it's vary risky to show your wonderful invention. The world is vary dishonest."

To which the aspiring inventor replied:—

"Right, Mr. Nasmyth. I just calculated whom I was coming to see, so with my last half-crown I registered the invention on my way."

But this is an interlude. What I was coming to was how he made his invention public. The Iron and Steel Institute was celebrating its annual meeting just at that time. He went to the country town in which it was being held, but to his chagrin found that the syllabus was complete and no other subject could be introduced. He, however, pleaded so hard that the secretary said he would put the subject on the proceedings before business began in the morning, and he could read his paper on his new invention if he liked.

Bessemer was delighted, and the next morning he came down to breakfast at the hotel full of anticipation and confidence. He ordered two boiled eggs, because it was the cheapest breakfast, and while waiting for them he listened to the conversation of two men seated at the same table.

"You're down pretty early, old chap, aren't you?" said one to the other.

"Yes. Some idiot says he has discovered how to make steel out of iron. The curtain on our proceedings begins with this pantomime this morning. Generally the farce comes at the end of the play."

"Strange to say," said the other, "it's the very thing that has got me up so early. It does one good to have a laugh in the morning. We don't extract much humour out of our proceedings as a rule."

The two eggs arrived, but poor Bessemer was so overcome by what he had heard that he told the waiter to keep them for his lunch.

The other act in the comedy was when Bessemer rose before the small and early audience to read his paper. He found he was tongue-tied, and could not express himself, nor could he read what he had prepared. So, after fumbling about for a long time, embarrassed by the tittering of those in front, he put his hand in his coat-tail pocket, slammed the lump of steel on the table and said, "That's what I've made, and I'll tell you how I've made it." And without any ornamentation of language he briefly and clearly told his story. He then went back to the hotel and called for those two eggs.

"BESSEMER'S BREAKFAST."

Before he had finished them in walked the two gentlemen who had sat at the same table with him at breakfast. They were profuse in their apologies for the flippant remarks they had made, and assured Bessemer they had no idea who he was or they would not have expressed themselves as they did. They assured him also that they were most impressed with his wonderful discovery, and asked him all about himself. When they heard that he was penniless, and was, therefore, unable to experiment, they said they would finance him. One of them said that he was convinced the discovery was of tremendous value, and he would back his opinion by giving up half his ironworks to Bessemer to carry out his invention if he would give him one-half per cent. on the proceeds for a number of years. The other man was a financier. He said that he would give Bessemer a thousand pounds down and a large sum per annum for a term of years if he would give him one per cent. on the profits. Sufficient to say that both these gentlemen retired as millionaires long before they expected to.

I remember dining one night with a friend of mine at a public restaurant, when a fine, handsome, middle-aged man, who was entertaining a party at another table, shook him by the hand as he passed, and wished him good evening. My friend thought I should be interested in hearing who this man was. He told me that his father was a native of his town. He worked barefooted in a little shop, in which he made the extraordinarily thin wire used for Davy lamps, and such things, assisted by his two sons. These sons were of an inventive turn of mind, and thought that

they would invent a machine to do their father's work. With borrowed capital they had one made and put up in the loft. But, to their sorrow, and to the loss of their friend's money, it would not work.

One of the sons remained at the bench with his father, and the other went to Australia to seek his fortune in another way. He got on so well that he sent for his brother to come over and join him. The brother thought that he would sell the huge machinery for old iron, but before doing so he began to oil it and play about with it, wondering why it would not work. Before he had ceased wondering, however, to his surprise the machinery, which had settled down in the meantime, began to work and turned out the wire to perfection. The other brother was cabled for, and it was he who was dining at the next table.

The one qualification necessary to small beginnings becoming great enterprises is thrift and carefulness, bordering on parsimony. In fact, with these qualifications one need not be a lucky inventor or a mere child of fortune. Parsimony alone will make a fortune, if one can only hit upon some article of commercial value. To illustrate what I mean I may mention the case of Ostervald, the son of a celebrated minister in Neufchatel. Young Ostervald started life as a bank clerk, having to depend upon his own resources, and a bank clerk's pay barely supplies the necessaries of life. In Ostervald's case so little did he receive that he made his supper every evening on a small bottle of beer, which he partook of in an obscure alehouse. That small bottle, however, was sufficient to inspire him. He never failed to carry away the cork of the bottle, as well as every cork which he could lay hold of. These he took home with him to his wretched garret, in a corner of which was a huge cask, into which he flung the corks. At the end of seven or eight years this cask was full of corks, and its contents produced him a hundred crowns. With this money he went to Paris and started to make his fortune. He still lived in a garret, it is said, to avoid paying public taxes; he still had his food in an obscure tavern, and never spent more than a shilling on a meal. His parsimony was uppermost in his mind to his dying moment. He refused to pay a livre for soup, and yet under his pillow was found eight hundred thousand livres of assignats. In all he left about two millions and a half of livres, and it all went, as so often is the case with parsimonious and successful men, to distant relations whom he had never seen.

To artists, in whatever walk of life, it is such tales as these which honestly make us envious. We are always inventing, always making some discovery, but it is always in the world of fancy, which does not lead to fortune.

The stories I know of the financial side of art would fill a volume, and four-fifths of the true tales I have culled from a life spent in art have a light side to them.

Picture-dealers are shopmen, and have a right to sell their wares at the biggest profit; but there are artists who can rival them. Cooper was one. His studio was a manufactory. His pictures were much of a muchness. He had certain cows and sheep, which he traced and introduced into one picture after another in such a way as to know his own composition and yet never repeat it. He was so easily copied that many spurious Coopers flooded the market, and the wary old Canterbury painter made a charge for giving his guarantee to his own works. One dealer to whom Cooper owed a grudge travelled down to Canterbury with a "Cooper" under his arm. He had just sold it for a good price, but required a guarantee.

"You have no objection to oblige me?" said the dealer.

"Not at all," replied Cooper, "but first pay my fee—five guineas—thanks. Now, sir, you go home and burn that, for I never painted it!"

Some artists, as I have said, have the financial instinct strongly developed. An incident in point comes to my mind as I write. A well-favoured member of the Royal Academy received a visit from a dealer about his "subject picture," just ready for the Burlington House Exhibition, while he was finishing a portrait—painting the coat and hands—from a model who was at the same period sitting much to me. This model had to wear the fashionable outfit of the man whose portrait was in progress, with silk hat in one hand and rich fur overcoat over the arm.

When the dealer was announced the comedy began. The painter rushed in to see him—carefully leaving the second studio door open sufficiently to allow the dealer to see the "gentleman" there.

"I am so sorry," cried the artist, "but I am engaged—a rich amateur has called to buy this picture."

"But *I* must have it!" said the dealer.

"Just too late, I fear," replied the artist.

"What does he offer?"

"Let me see," whispered the artist, as he ran back to his model. There was a short conversation, and he was back again to the dealer. "Two thousand pounds. Not a shilling more can I get out of him."

"What's his name?" asked the dealer.

"He does not wish it to be known."

"Well, I'll give you two thousand two hundred and fifty, and you put him off."

The artist did so, and continued the sitting. In due course the model's work was done, and, as he was leaving the house, to his surprise the dealer came round the corner—he had been watching the house ever since he bought the picture—and raised his hat, but soon put it on again. The model was lighting a clay pipe, and his clothes had seen better days—long, long ago.

"Here's half a crown for you, my good man. Tell me, when is that swell coming out who has just been buying a picture?"

"I am he!" replied the model. "Good morning, sir."

A well-known Academician sold a great number of his popular pictures to an unknown man in the country, and eventually this patron invited the artist to visit him. My friend, a hypersensitive, somewhat foppish, society-spoiled individual, was horrified to find a cart waiting for him at the small station, a cart without springs, driven by a common-looking man who invited him to sit up beside him, and told the railway porter to "chuck" the gentleman's baggage into the cart. He drove my friend the artist over the unmade roads of a field to a white-washed farm-house. By that time my friend had discovered that his driver was his host, and when he alighted and stepped on to the sandy floor of the hall he looked round and saw his own pictures and those of other Academicians, bought at high prices, jammed up against each other, hanging on the walls of this unpretentious house.

"I'll show you how I have made my money," said his admirer. "You see that factory over there? Well, it's mine, and all it turns out are these little tin toys, a penny each, and nothing else. When I was at the other works, yonder, which make tin things, I used to pick up the cuttings thrown away, and make these little toys with my own hands, and sell them in the village. This grew and grew, and now I supply the world. With what I make out of them I buy your pictures."

Accident often leads to fortune, and in no other phase of life does this make itself more evident than that relating to commerce. For instance, some years ago there lived in Pittsburg a couple of youths, poor, neglected, and socially regarded as specimens of the submerged tenth. They slept in a shed near the railway track, where the traffic, the shunting, and particularly the unloading of trucks, created such an incessant din that sleep was almost impossible. One of the lads, despairing of getting rest, went to the door of the shed and gazed upon the disturbers. By the aid of lanterns men were shovelling coal from the cars, the noise being terrific. But that noise brought him fortune. He thought of the uproar, the dust, and particularly the waste of energy in men doing what might be accomplished by the application of a simple device, and determined to save this labour. He never stopped until he had constructed an iron coal-car with a self-emptying shute at the bottom, and out of that invention he soon derived an enormous income.

His little companion was equally fortunate. Being a cripple, he was wont to drag himself to the park and there occupy his mind in building castles in the air. But some of those imaginary structures took tangible form. Noticing that all the hills were covered with cypress that was practically useless, he wondered how it might be turned to advantageous account. He secured a piece of bark and carried it back to his squalid room. From this piece of bark he invented a glue, and this product of the apparently useless cypress brought him also a fortune.

The more we think of it the more interesting it becomes to contemplate the part mere chance plays in financial *coups*. I have just mentioned some famous pieces of luck in making fortunes in business, but there are equally curious chances in private affairs upon which rests the getting or losing of fortunes.

As an illustration of the latter I may record a perfectly true story. A very rich member of the aristocracy, without heirs or relatives of any kind, had taken a fancy to an acquaintance, and in time accepted him as guide, philosopher, and friend. He eventually made a will leaving his acquaintance his entire property. The knowledge of this bred familiarity, and the lucky one unwisely took advantage of it—a fact possibly unnoticed by his decrepit old, would-be benefactor. However, one day while driving over the estates, the old nobleman turned to his adopted heir, and pointing to some sheep asked to whom they belonged.

"Well, you must be an old fool not to know your own sheep!" was the reply.

That one remark lost the speaker three hundred thousand pounds! The "old fool" brooded over the remark, called in his lawyer, left half his fortune to charity, and divided the rest between the servants, leaving the man who called him an "old fool" the exact sum he had in his previous will left his manservant.

Hogarth had a rich relation, an old lady who intended leaving him a fortune, but the great satirist painted her portrait in his well-known picture of Covent Garden Market, entitled "Morning," and his name disappeared from the old lady's will.

Many solicitors become rich by applying Mrs. Beeton's advice: "First catch your hare and then cook it," to "First catch your rich old lady and then cook her accounts." Old ladies are frequently quite ignorant of their financial affairs. To prove how ignorant they are, and at the same time how lucky some people may be, I have often seen a certain rich man driving a pair of splendid horses through his property who, a few years ago, had not a stick to call his own, and dispensed drugs in a small shop in a provincial town. To him came an old lady with a cat. There was something the matter with the cat. The chemist attended it, and eventually, possibly by a little judicious starvation, restored the old lady's pet to health. Not being well herself she called in a doctor. He, by better food and more of it, was equally successful with the old lady. In time the old lady confessed that she had no one to leave her money to, but as the doctor and the apothecary had been equally kind she would divide it between the two.

"Now, doctor, will you have a settled sum mentioned in your favour — three hundred pounds—or will you chance it, and take half of what I leave?"

The doctor looked round the room, and, judging from the surroundings and the old lady's dress and habits, decided that the three hundred pounds certain would be preferable.

When the old lady's property was investigated after her death the apothecary received eighty thousand pounds!

The cleverest men sometimes make mistakes in judging by appearances. That great Chancellor of the Exchequer, the late Mr. Gladstone, was among them. Mr. Gladstone was rich himself, but no one would imagine so if judged by his dress and habits. He wore shabby old clothes, hats, and boots, and even his State luncheons in Downing Street were of the most homely and meagre description. Yet it would appear that he, above all men, judged by appearances, if the following story, which I came across in the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache's entertaining volume, "Old and Odd Memories," is true:—

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."

"Let me here relate a story about Miss Swanwick, which at least is *ben trovato*, and which, relating as it does to one of her pleasant symposia, brings to my memory the various occasions when I myself partook of her hospitality. It is said that after an interview with her Mr. Gladstone, knowing her literary claims, and perhaps struck by her somewhat homely attire, thought of placing her name

on the Civil List ; but it seemed to him safer, before speaking to her on the subject, to find out all he could about her income. Pending the inquiry, he was somewhat startled by receiving a letter from her inviting him and

"MR. GLADSTONE AND MISS SWANWICK'S CHAMPAGNE."

Mrs. Gladstone to dinner. The invitation was acecpted, but the careful financier began to feel doubts whether he would be justified in offering a pension to a lady who could afford to give such an entertainment. At last he decided that his judgment on her case should be regulated by the quality of her dinner, and in particular that her poverty should be subjected to a sort of wine test. Would she, or would she not, provide champagne? Unluckily, so runs the tale, she had resolved to do full honour to her distinguished guest; and as she saw him sipping his champagne little did she dream that her hospitality would cost her a grant from the public purse. Was ever wine bought so dear! I need hardly add that the pension, if offered, would assuredly have been declined."

Jews, the greatest financiers in the world, are, however, sometimes outwitted. Shylock was a case in point. He had a right to demand his pound of flesh, but he was outwitted by Portia—unfairly, some may think. Still, Shylock's is a name made responsible for the sins of many Jews a thousand times worse than he.

Perhaps the old story of the Jew merchant in Morocco, so old that one cannot say if it happened before or after Shylock's day, will suffice to point out the worst side of the Jew and the most humorous sequel to his momentary success.

It so happened that a French merchant in Morocco received an order from a Jew for a large stock of three things—black hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings. This peculiar order the Jew, for some reason not stated, repudiated, and the French merchant was forced to bring an action against the Jew, which was duly tried before the Emperor of Morocco. The Jew swore that he had never given the order, and had no recollection of ever hearing of the French merchant before. The Emperor asked the Frenchman to produce witnesses, but the merchant having none, he was non-suited. The Jew left the court, not without a stain upon his commercial character, for, from the Emperor to the doorkeeper, all in court knew that the Jew was untruthful. However, he had the satisfaction of hearing the Emperor tell the French merchant that it was bad for him not to have witnesses, and as he had none he might retire.

The delight of the Jew was, however, short-lived. He saw the merchant he had wronged crawl out of court a ruined man, and he saw his many friends waiting to congratulate their brother Jew on his signal success. That evening the broken-hearted merchant, hearing a turmoil in the street, ran to the window. The Emperor's officers were parading the streets and reading a proclamation at each corner: "Every Jew who, within four-and-twenty hours after this proclamation, shall be found in the streets without a black beaver hat on his head, a green shawl round his neck, and red silk stockings on his legs, shall be immediately seized and conveyed to the first court

of our palace, to be there flogged to death." The merchant's goods were fought for by the Jews and bought at fabulous prices, and the Christian had the last smile.

Great Britain no doubt owes its commercial greatness to the curious combination of its three nationalities: the solidity of the phlegmatic Englishman with his eye on trade, the financial mind of the calculating Scotsman, and the dash and verve of the irresponsible Irishman.

The Irish, although a few of them may have succeeded in finance in America and the Colonies, must take third place—one might include Wales and say fourth place—in the financial race at home. They show a certain acuteness in dealing, but the typical Irishman is almost devoid of financial instinct.

A better illustration of this could not be found than the story of the two Irishmen who became partners in a small cask of whisky, which they agreed to carry several miles to a race-meeting, and there dispense the spirit at a good profit. Taking turns in carrying the cask, they proceeded along the hot, dusty roads. After a time Pat laid down the cask for his partner, Mike, to have his share of the labour. Wiping his brow, he said:—

"Moike, Oi'm moighty thirsty."

"Dhry, did y'say?"

"Dhry? Begorrah, just clap me back and see the dust come out of m' mouth!"

"Well," replied Mike, "y've got to kape dhry till we rache the race-coorse an' our fortune."

"Moighty foine talkin', Moike," remarked Pat. "Bedad, y' moight be a di-recthur iv the Bank iv Oireland!"

"It's nothin' fur nothin'," replied Mike. "Iv yer afther the dhrink, ye'll have to pay furrit."

"IRISH FINANCE—SIXPENCE A GLASS."

"Av course, I will. Here's the sixpence."

Pat took his whisky, paid Mike for it with the only money in "the firm," and drank it like a "gintleman." Soon it was Mike's turn to feel "dhry." He laid the cask down and demanded refreshment.

"You'll have to pay furrit," said Pat, holding out his hand, and Mike duly paid the sixpence. And so it went on until, arriving in a muddled condition at the races late in the day, they found the cask as empty as their heads, for they could not understand why, as every drink was paid for, they were none the richer. The financial argument ended in a fight.

"SPIRIT-DRAWINGS."

WHAT IS THEIR SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION?

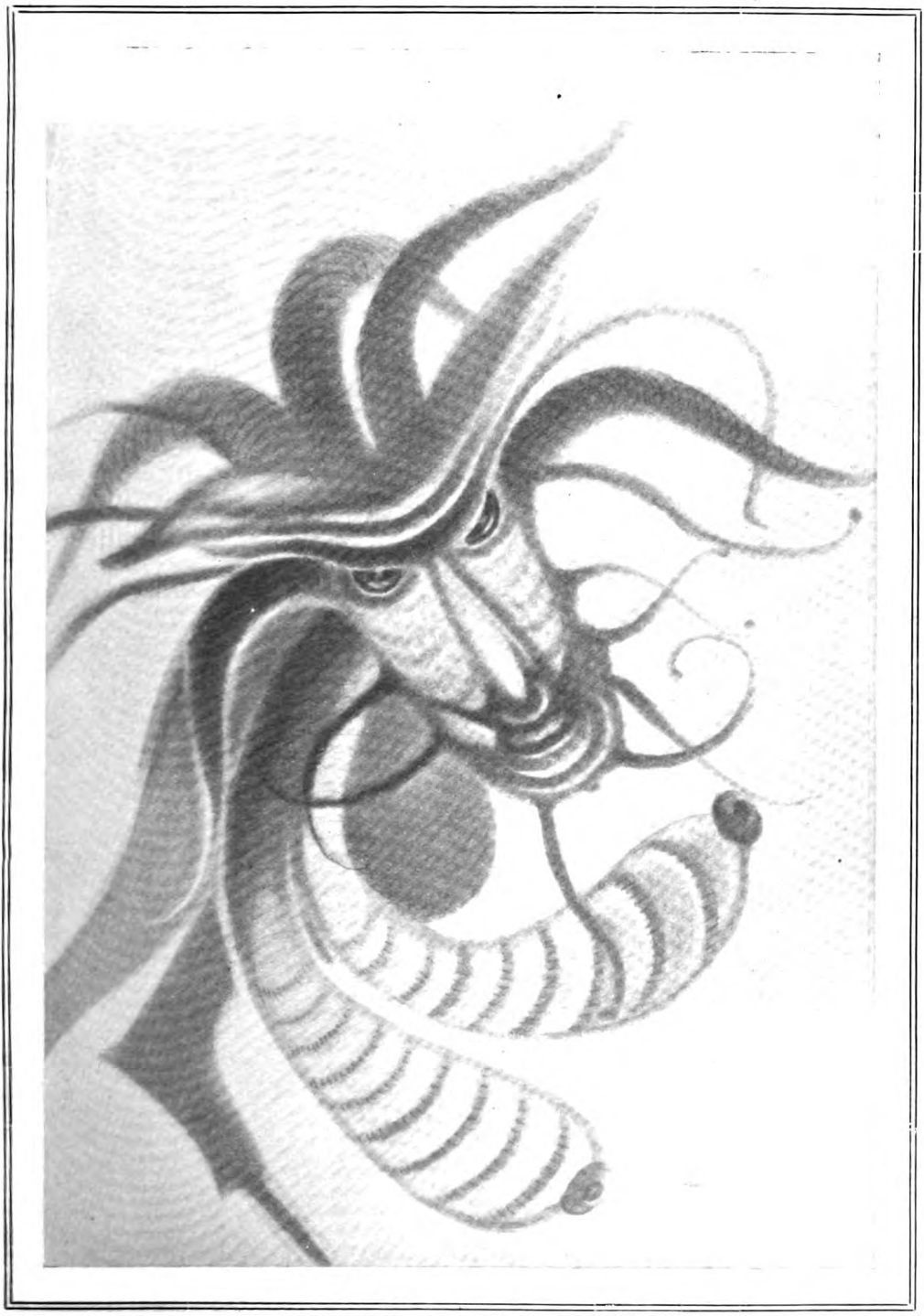
By BECKLES WILLSON.

ONE kind of psychical manifestation always boasts a peculiar and popular attraction of its own. I refer to automatism, trance-writing, trance-speaking, trance-drawing, but especially to the last-named. We all admit that people occasionally perform things which are beyond the scope of their ordinary powers of achievement. One has even heard of a man, who had hardly ever seen the inside of a watch, while in a hypnotic state taking one to pieces and replacing all its parts with the science and dexterity of a trained watchmaker. Just so have pictures been painted by persons utterly ignorant of the pictorial art, who in their normal moments could scarcely reach a higher level than that attained by the average infant of five or six summers.

A good many years ago, away back in the middle 'seventies, no little sensation was caused by the feats of David Duguid, alias the "Glasgow painting medium." This man was by trade a cabinet-maker; he could draw nothing recognisable by the most sympathetic intelligence—that is, not until he was in a trance, and then he produced excellent works of art which were declared to be hardly inferior to the old Dutch masters. Indeed, Duguid himself alleged that he worked under the influence of Jakob Ruysdael and Jan Steen. As for himself, he merely squeezed out the colours from the tubes and held a palette in his hand; the spirits guided his brush as it swept deftly around the canvas until the resulting masterpiece was achieved. All the while Duguid's eyes were tightly closed, and he displayed symptoms of unconsciousness which could not easily be feigned.

But, besides such cases as that of Duguid's, there are others of a different sort. Here we have an equal ignorance of draughtsmanship and an equally surprising skill in the trance. The results are, however, quite different. These are called "spirit-drawings." Some of the most striking "spirit-drawings" I have ever seen are those which accompany this article. They are the work of a humble policeman whose *bona-fides* can be sufficiently vouched for, a man who in his normal moments was destitute of any artistic talent whatever. Each of them exhibits what the late Mr. Myers called a "fusion of arabesque with ideography," resembling those "forms of ornamentation into which the artistic hand strays when, as it were, dreaming on the paper without definite plan," coupled with the weird symbolism of savages before they have evolved an alphabet. Fantastic they are—grotesque with a vengeance, with something more than a suggestion of Blake or Mr. Sime. Of the manner of their production, we are told that the man "liked to sit with his wife in the twilight. A pencil was placed in his hand when the signs of trance were noticeable, and he very soon began to sketch on sheets of paper supplied him. This continued for some time. When lights were brought it was found that he had made drawings of strange and unearthly objects. He made numerous designs, but nearly always of the same character. His power of drawing while in a trance lasted about one year, since when he has lost it completely. Although he still is subject occasionally to trance, his hand is as unable to draw as in his normal state."

The first of the drawings here reproduced would seem to hint at some occult species of lepidoptera, distinguished with the countenance of celestial mandarin or early Japanese Shogun. His body, or, more properly speaking, his bodies, for there are two of them, are striped, like a hornet, while there are other contrivances, perhaps alimentary, or possibly merely ornamental, in other organic directions. But the general impression is Oriental—nay, Chinese. What, however, constitutes the most extraordinary part of this production is the technique shown by the actual artist. There is here, as in the others, a perfection of stippling and shading and a freedom and delicacy of treatment usually only to be found in one who has studied carefully the art of drawing.

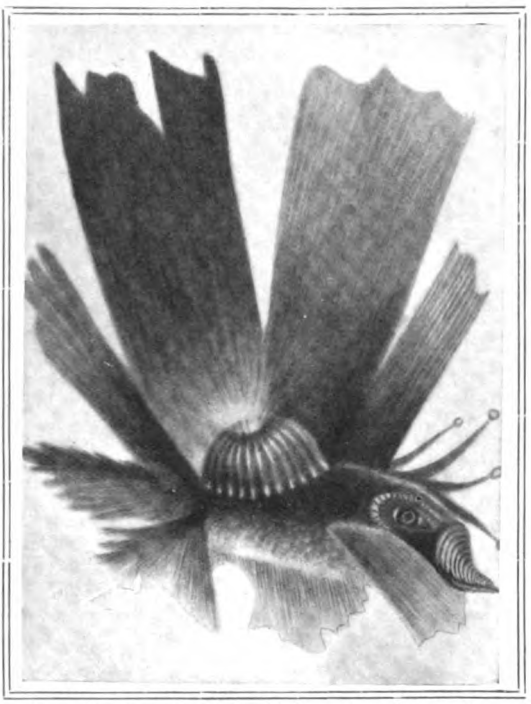


This extraordinary trance-picture, "a fusion of Japanese Shogun with one of the species of lepidoptera," is, like the others reproduced in this article, the work of a policeman with no natural artistic gift, yet it betrays a technical knowledge of draughtsmanship astonishing in one absolutely ignorant of even the rudiments of drawing.

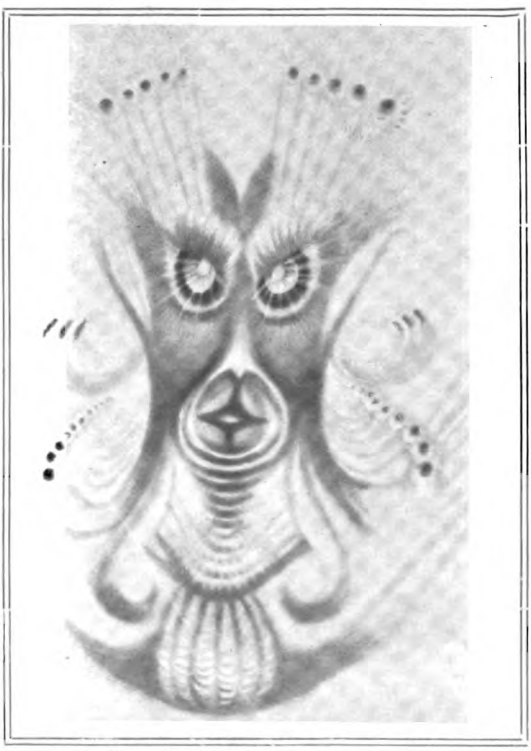
Of a different character is the next drawing. The root idea in the subconsciousness is probably that of a snail. Above this glorified, luxiferous snail are reared erect the wings of a swallow, or of several swallows. Surely a strange combination!

Regarded from a distance the next "spirit-drawing" evokes in my mind memories of a particularly scathing caricature of a once popular man of letters. On a closer scrutiny the suggestion disappears and is replaced by a feeling of amazement that so large a head should be supported by so tiny and bulbous a body. It may be that the spirit responsible for this work best knew its intentions; may, for example, it not be a jinn arising from a vase? Of one thing we may make sure — that should such an apparition really appear before the vision of any of us, either in dream or waking hours, it would leave a decidedly unpleasant impression.

Surely nothing that ever sprang from the wit and pencil of any of the grotesque expositors of scenes in the Netherworld



A combination of a snail with the wings of a swallow.



A "spirit-drawing" that evokes memories of a famous caricature.

was more uncanny than that on the next page. A well-known painter who has examined the drawing makes this comment: "The position and formation of the arm-legs is so beautifully organic that I should be inclined to doubt if even an artist could invent such a beast — without having seen it." This dictum hints at a scope — a possibility of visual experience in an artist which others of us cannot envy.

Of the final specimen one may confidently say of it that something archaic and Egyptian — a suggestion of the Sphinx, and not a little also of the Phœnix — appears in it. About it all there is a shadowy impressionism, a vagueness about body and feathery appendages, only the eyes — and such eyes! — being distinct and firmly rendered. One cannot say that there was anything in the artist's mind as he limned it, because during the process the artist had no mind. His intellectual powers were in a state of suspense, and his hands traced things under an impulse alien to himself, involving no strain whatever upon his faculties.

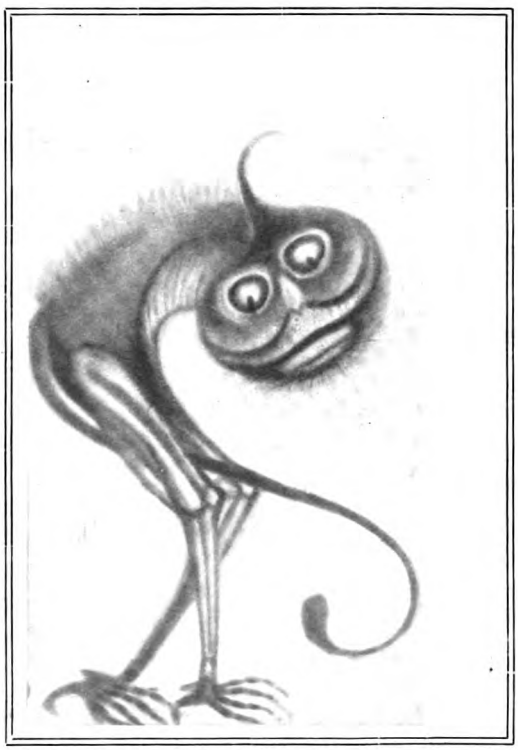
Something archaic and Egyptian—a suggestion of the Sphinx and not a little also of the Phœnix —appears in the above picture.

These drawings, though the most extraordinary, are by no means alone of their kind. In America the most celebrated producer of so-called spirit-drawings was one J. M. Spear, many of whose productions have been religiously preserved in spiritualistic circles; but to my mind, although fantastic and allegorical to a degree, they are by no means so good as those given in this article. Spear was fond of weird anatomic illustrations, and dissections of the human body interested him. There is a London medium who also has a penchant in this direction. One would like to see an entire collection of all the spirit-drawings extant, in order that one might judge of their merits as a school. In St. Martin's Lane, at the headquarters of the London Spiritualist Alliance, are several fine examples of floral designs which might form a nucleus.

A remarkable case of automatic drawing was recently investigated by Professor James, the distinguished American savant.

The subject, C. H. P., a married man, fifty years of age, was debarred from following his occupation of book-keeper owing to an injury to his spine. For some years previous to the accident P.'s hand had been subject to twitchings and other involuntary movements, but these he had attributed to nervousness, being unaware of his latent artistic powers. On the advice of a hypnotist, however, he decided to encourage these premonitory symptoms, and with pencil and paper before him he sat down to await results. Tracings were directly made, the movements being violent and erratic; but it was some days before an object that could be recognised was produced. Gradually, however, out of the meaningless maze of lines appeared heads, crude and barbaric; vases covered with curious and fantastic faces, dark-skinned warriors, and animals of unknown types. In the course of a few months the pictures assumed quite an artistic appearance.

"I have tried hard," says C. H. P., "to account for the power or directing mind that produces these pictures, but so far with no satisfactory result. I must say, however, that the evidence to me is strong that, in order that the unknown power should have sway, the natural or earthly mind must be for the time being set aside, either entirely or (what appears to me more reasonable) the unknown power is for the time being the dominant one, but acts in conjunction with the earthly mind."



Of this picture a distinguished painter has said: "The position and formation of the arm-legs is so beautifully organic that I should be inclined to doubt if even an artist could invent such a beast—without having seen it."

What, then, is the originating power? Where resides the mysterious influence, and whence does it come and why? To such questions as these many reply that it is the subconscious self, inherent in all of us, the subliminal spirit which Socrates knew, and which he called his Daemon. And what is this subconscious self but the net result of all our unheeded observations and apprehensions, which, below the surface of our work-aday ego, have been slowly building themselves up into a separate faculty? This faculty—let us say that of an artist—if it did not manifest itself in ourselves, would, after us, show itself in our children or our children's children.

There is no doubt that many persons, when placed under hypnotic influence, if the suggestion were made to them and the necessary drawing material furnished, would be found to produce automatic drawing. "Many are poets," wrote Byron, "who have never penned their inspirations." Many, also, are conceivably artists who have never handled either brush or pencil, but whose faculty is latent."

FALSE GODS.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

THE two young men stood on the Embankment pavement. On their left the dark, turgid river, framed on the far side with a curving row of lamps; in the background a brilliant medley of sky-signs; on their right, the two huge hotels, alight from basement to attic, pouring out warmth and brilliancy upon the chill November air. The younger and thinner of the two—also, by the way, the shabbier—pulled his companion by the arm.

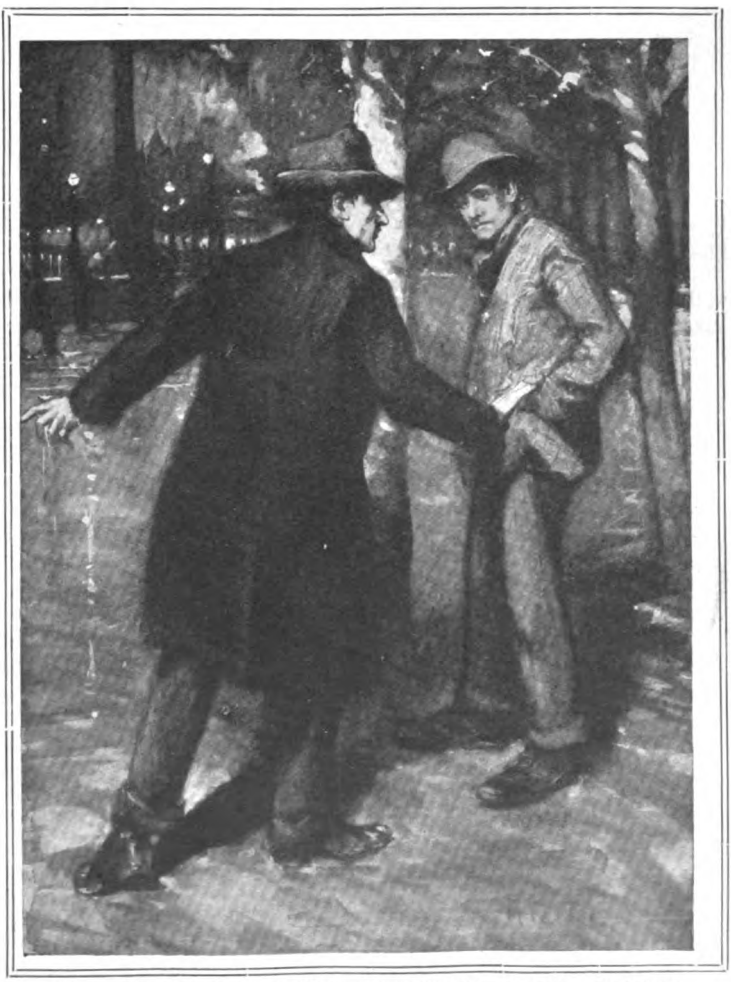
"Richard," he exclaimed, "look! Our first walk in London is, after all, allegorical. We stand between the dark waters of despair and all the fire and splendour of life. We stand here with wet feet, cold, half starved, amongst the outcasts. Enough of it, Richard! There is no middle way. For me, at any rate, it shall be the pinnacles—or that!"

He pointed with a fierce downward gesture to the river. His companion—a youth of stouter build and more phlegmatic appearance—shook his head slowly.

"I am not sure that I agree with you, David," he said, slowly. "You want so much—you always have. I am ambitious, too, but I should be satisfied with something less than the topmost places, and nothing in the world would ever induce me to take my own life—nothing whatever!"

His companion laughed and dragged him along.

"Come," he said; "this is one of the backwaters of life. The whole place depresses me. Let us see what is on the other side of those palaces. Come quickly, Richard. You are always so slow."



"'COME,' HE SAID; 'THIS IS ONE OF THE BACKWATERS OF LIFE. THE WHOLE PLACE DEPRESSES ME.'"

They climbed the Savoy hill—tragical figures had they but known it—country lads called like moths to the candle by the far-off tumult of life. Three hundred miles north, the mother of David, wife of the Reverend David Barstow, Methodist and boot-maker, prayed by candle-light in her tiny bedroom for her truant son. And within a few hundred yards, Mr. Richard Skelmore, grocer and coal-dealer, brooded in silence over his pipe, glancing sometimes into the fire, sometimes into the worn face of the woman who sat at the opposite corner of the hearth, pretending to darn his socks, weeping silently behind the shelter of her spectacles.

"Them boys'll come to no harm, mother," he said once. "They're young and strong. They can stand a lot of knocking about. Besides, from what one hears London's no such a bad place. There's money to be made there, and Richard's a shrewd lad. They'll come to no harm, mother."

His wife's reply was choked by a sob.

"Please God!" she murmured. "Please God!" . . .

Up the Savoy hill to the Strand, a few steps to the left, and they became entangled with the stream of carriages and motors turning slowly into the courtyard of the great hotel. Richard, diffident though stolid, would have hung back, but David laughed at his hesitation. Together they joined the supper-going throng. Speechless, they marvelled at the glossy silk hats, the white gloves, the strange uniformity of the men. But more wonderful still were the women—beautiful, fairy-like creatures, their lace skirts upraised as though to show their silk-clad ankles and satin slippers; women with golden hair and black, marvellously coiffured, flashing with ribbons or jewels, shaking perfume from their clothes which robbed the November night even of its dourness. Their voices, their laughter, their gestures were all strange. It was Venusberg to the peasant; the magic of it leaped through their veins. They pressed closer to the great glass front. They saw the splendour of the spreading vestibule, the blaze of lights, the banks of flowers, the women without their cloaks—bare-necked save for their jewels, the men in their immaculate dress-coats and white waistcoats, the servants with powdered hair and gorgeous livery. They even caught a whisper of the distant music—music which seemed to strike a keynote to this sudden glimpse of Paradise—thrilling, voluptuous, inspiring. David drew a long breath, a breath that came through his teeth like a sob.

"My father would call this Hell!" he whispered.

"Mine would never believe in such things," Richard muttered. "Man, it is wonderful!"

Their presence became noticed, and a person in uniform—tall and splendid—swept them away. Loiterers were not allowed. Back into the Strand, into the streets, to the river—where they chose. David laughed harshly.

"Shall you ever forget that, Richard?" he asked.

"I shall never forget it!" Richard answered.

"They turn us away because we are poor!" David cried. "They are right! There is no place in this world for the poor! Some day we will come back, you and I, Richard! Some way or other we will forge the golden key!"

But Richard said nothing. His face was set and hard, and his eyes seemed to have grown closer together. But he, too, had sworn an oath!

Ten years of solid, strenuous labour, of dogged persistence, of a mechanical industry which one by one overcame the barriers which guard promotion, slowly but surely Richard moved upwards. His clothes—characteristic clothes they were, too—marked his progress. He wore a silk hat now—a silk hat carefully chosen, bargained for, ironed every night himself by some secret process, glossier always than any other in the office, although none cost less. His trousers were freshly creased every morning in a home-made press. The age of his black coat—second-hand to start with—was incredible when one considered its smoothness and fit. His linen was a fraud, though its defects were hidden. His gloves—carried, and never actually worn—seemed likely to remain new to all eternity. The great Mr. Driver, of Holmes and Driver, Holborn Viaduct, found nothing to complain of in the appearance of this young man whom he had just met by appointment in Spiers and Pond's bar at Cannon Street Station. He shook hands condescendingly. Richard had raised his hat.

"Until we have settled this little matter of business, Mr. Skelmore," the great merchant said, "it is just as well, perhaps, for your sake, that we are not seen too much together. My motor is outside, and, if convenient, I propose that we take our luncheon in the West-end."

"Just as you wish, Mr. Driver," Richard answered. "I am quite at your service."

So then, for the first time, Richard passed the threshold of the Milan Restaurant. A commonplace, insignificant young man, looking exactly what he was—a City clerk, a son of the people—he took his place for the first time with those gayer and brighter children from the world he knew nothing of. He showed no signs of what he was feeling. His attitude of respectful attention to every word which fell from his companion's lips never wavered. And yet his heart was thumping against his ribs. It was premature—this. He had not meant to breathe this atmosphere as an outsider. He did his best to render himself unconscious of it—to forget the pleasant sense of warmth, the flutter of women's dresses, their soft laughter, the delicate cooking, the yellow wine. So far as he could, he steeled himself against his environment. Every day he lunched for sevenpence in a grimy hole underground, where the smells of countless dinners hung about the walls, where the few waiters were listless and dirty, where the appointments were coarse, the linen none too clean, and the gas burnt day and night. It was an interlude, this—no more. His day had not yet come.

"I see no reason, Mr. Skelmore," his host said, while they were waiting for a moment between the courses, "why we should delay entering upon the subject which has brought us together. I understand that you are thinking of leaving the service of Messrs. Medbury, Smith, and Co.?"

"I am prepared to do so," Richard answered, cautiously, "if I can find a suitable position."

"And what," Mr. Driver asked, "should you consider a suitable position?"

Richard was silent for a moment.

"A suitable position," he said, slowly, "would be one where I should be paid, in actual salary or prospects, what I am worth."

Mr. Driver smiled. He had been told that this was a confident young man.

"Who is to decide," he asked, "that important question?"

"I shall be content to leave it to you, sir," Richard answered. "I will tell you only what I can do."

Mr. Driver nodded.

"That sounds reasonable," he said. "Please go on."

"Your turnover last year," Richard said, "was three hundred and forty-seven thousand pounds."

"How the deuce do you know that?" Mr. Driver exclaimed.

"Never mind," Richard answered. "The point is this. Next year I could raise your turnover to five hundred thousand pounds; the year after to seven hundred thousand pounds."

Mr. Driver raised his eyebrows.

"That's tall talking," he remarked.

"I speak within my figures," the young man said, calmly, producing a piece of paper from his pocket and laying it upon the table. "You will see transactions here, sir, to the value of two hundred thousand pounds. They have all been arranged by me The blanks represent the source of supply and the customers' names. The day I joined your firm I could fill them in."

Mr. Driver glanced through the papers which his companion had gently pushed across towards him. He checked off item after item, and his opinion of this young man with the wooden face and close-set eyes underwent a sudden change. It was genius. There was no other word for it.

"I might add, also," Richard said, "that, the credit of your firm being better than the credit of Messrs. Medbury, Smith, and Co., I could doubtless obtain more liberal terms for you than those figures show. I refer more particularly to the export department, of which I have had sole control, and where cash payments are much appreciated."

"Supposing we come to terms and take over this business," Mr. Driver asked, after a short pause, "what would become of Medbury, Smith, and Co.?"

"Their business would be ruined," Richard answered, calmly. "They would be in the *Gazette* in two years' time."

Mr. Driver looked curiously across the table at his guest. He was a hard, unscrupulous man himself, but such callousness moved even him.

"I wonder you haven't approached them," he remarked. "They might give you a partnership."

"I should not accept it," Richard answered, deliberately. "They are on the downward grade. I prefer to be associated with capital and enterprise. I want—to get on."

"I shouldn't wonder if you didn't," Mr. Driver remarked. "What salary are you getting now?"

"Four hundred a year," Richard answered.

"Married?"

"No."

"What do you want from us?" Mr. Driver continued.

"Five hundred a year, one per cent. on the increase of your turnover, and a junior

"HE CHECKED OFF ITEM AFTER ITEM."

partnership in three years," Richard said, glibly.

"Prove your figures and it's a bargain," his companion declared.

Richard smiled for the first time.

"I am alone at the office after five this evening," he said. "You shall see the books. You can take any one of the items on that list and verify it."

They went out together half an hour later. A young man—pale, with dark eyes, clean-shaven, and with slightly worn features, rose suddenly from his chair and caught Richard by the arm.

"By Heaven, it's Richard!" he exclaimed.

"David!" the other exclaimed.

They shook hands. There was a moment's embarrassed silence. They had seen nothing of one another lately. Richard had been too engrossed for friendships.

"Curious that we should meet here, David," he remarked.

David laughed gaily, and pointed out of the window.

"That is where we stood," he remarked. "Have you been down below yet? Have you penetrated into the holy of holies?"

"Not yet," Richard answered.

"Nor I," David declared. "I'm afraid poetry will never take me there. You are doing all right?"

"Pretty well, thank you," Richard answered.

"We'll meet there some day yet," David declared, laughing. "Look me up when you've time. I change my abode pretty often, but I'm always to be heard of at the Wanderers' Club."

So they met and passed on, these two who had once been swayed by a common and passionate impulse. David was thoughtful for a moment. Then he turned to his companion — a middle-aged man, with classic features and flowing grey hair.

"Studley," he said, "that young man and I came from the same village in Westmorland. We literally ran away from home to make our fortunes. I remember the night after our arrival. We were walking along the Embankment—the river on one side, these palaces of light on the other. It was all fairyland to us. We were excited, emotional. We came over here, pressed our noses against the great windows, and watched the people go into the restaurant."

His companion laughed.

"I'd like to have seen you," he said.

"We were queer youngsters," David continued. "Remember that we came straight from a tiny village, that we had never even been in a town larger than Kendal, or seen a woman in evening dress. It was a sort of Arabian Nights to us—a Paradise, if you like. I remember even now how thrilled we were. I think we joined hands on our way homeward, and swore a common oath to attack the great citadel of Life from that moment. We went for our fortunes hammer and tongs, and I think that the height of our ambition at that time was to wear a swallow-tail coat, a white waistcoat, a white tie, and attend a lady with fair hair, a low-necked dress, black silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes down the corridor there and into the restaurant."

Studley laughed quietly.

"Your friend," he remarked, "seems to be still climbing. You, my dear David, might realize your ambition when you chose. If only you'll promise to write that story for me in the way I have pointed out, I'll advance you five hundred pounds on account."

David smiled. His eyes were suddenly fixed—reminiscent. He saw a country lane whose hedges were wreathed with honeysuckle and wild roses, a low privet hedge, more roses, pinks, and clematis, a cottage, and a girl. He smelt the new-mown hay. He heard the drowsy evening sounds. He heard the whisper of his own name as the girl came down the trim garden path. His lips parted—his smile became a laugh.

"Are you going to accept my offer?" Studley asked.

"Not I!" David answered. "I was just trying to think how Anna would look in a low-necked gown!"

There is a little space above the *foyer* at the Milan where the men-folk wait while their womenkind leave their theatre coats, smooth their hair, arrange their jewels, and bestow a final glance upon themselves in the long gilt mirrors before sallying forth to conquer. There David and Richard met once more, stared at one another doubtfully for a moment, and then exchanged embarrassed greetings. Richard had grown portly, his hair was a little grey, his cheeks were still pale, his eyes deeper set than ever. He was dressed in the very height of fashion—dressed, too, by a good tailor. His links and studs were all that they should be. His white waistcoat was cut according to the fashion of the moment. His tie and collar were both correct. David, alas! fell very far short of such perfection. His dress-coat was a little shabby; his shirt had only one stud-hole and a distinct bulge; his tie, carefully arranged though it was, had evidently been through the cleaner's hands. His face, still thin, still a little worn, was brown with health; his mass of dark hair, sprinkled with grey, picturesque; his mouth and expression as delightful as ever.

"Queer thing that we should meet here, Richard!" he exclaimed, with a little laugh.

"It is certainly a coincidence," Richard declared.

David patted him on the back.

"I hear that you are a merchant prince," he said. "You look the part—you do, indeed, old man!"

Richard accepted the compliment unmoved.

"I have been fortunate," he admitted. "You remember we set our hands to the plough the same night."

"Remember! Of course I do," David answered, gaily. "Well, we've neither of us done so badly, eh? I'm a pauper still, but here and there a fool buys a copy of my poems, or an editor lets me spoil his pages. So I live! What can a man do more?"

Richard looked for a moment as though he scarcely understood.

"I am glad," he said, slowly, "that you are content."

David laughed.

"I am afraid my small measure of prosperity," he said, "would never satisfy you. Mine is a tiny income; but down in the country one doesn't need much. Studley is giving us some dinner here to-night—the editor I impose myself upon most frequently."

Richard—by the by, he was Sir Richard now—toyed with his gold chain for a moment.

"Your views of life," he said, with some show of curiosity, "have altered since we stood in the gutter and recorded our vow."

"Again and again," David laughed. "Thank God for it! What was a real picture to me that night has become allegorical. The gods have touched my eyes."

Sir Richard said nothing. He did not understand. But it was envy, no doubt, which made his less fortunate friend of former days change his point of view.

"You are married?" he asked.

"To the dearest little girl in the world," David declared. "You'll see her directly. By the by, I remember reading of your wedding. Half a column in the *Morning Post*, you lucky fellow!"

"I married the widow of my late partner," Sir Richard declared. "I am sorry that we are giving a dinner-party to-night, or I should have been glad for you to have joined us. We are entertaining the Lord Mayor unofficially—my wife's cousin. You

"LADY SKELMORE LOOKED IN SOMETHING LIKE AMAZEMENT AT THIS YOUNG WOMAN."

will see our table as you go in—on the left, covered with pink roses."

"I'll look out for it," David declared, good-humouredly. "Ah, here's Anna!"

The women, curiously enough, came out together—as strange a contrast as any two

figures in the ever-moving crowd. Lady Skelmore was short and stout. Her face, for all its coating of powder, was red; her hair, for all its blaze of diamonds, was stiff and ungainly; her gown of white satin was cut by a celebrated dressmaker, but her lady-ship's instructions had been followed blindly, and her figure was scarcely adapted to the Directoire style. Her neck blazed with jewels. She was very confident, very self satisfied. And by her side came a tall girl, with large brown eyes and a sensitive, humorous

mouth. She wore a simple black gown, which certainly was cut after the fashion of a few seasons ago. Her uncoiffured hair was arranged with the utmost simplicity. She wore no ornaments nor any jewellery. Sir Richard did not flinch. The introductions followed and were duly acknowledged. Lady Skelmore, however, looked in something like amazement at this young woman whose acquaintance she had made. What was Richard about, she wondered! A girl here at the Milan in a home-made gown—such a cut—and not even a brooch! Lady Skelmore did not linger. She did not think it necessary to make any apology for her haste.

"My dear Richard!" she exclaimed, as they sailed through the *foyer*. "Whatever induced you to introduce me to such people?"

"I ran away to London as a boy with Barstow," he answered, apologetically. "I am afraid he has made rather a failure of things. But I came face to face with him there, and it was a little awkward."

His wife shrugged her profuse shoulders.

"One isn't likely to see them again," she murmured.

Anna was almost disturbed. The pleasure of her evening was threatened.

"David," she pleaded, "is there anything wrong with me? Am I so very dowdy?"

David threw back his head and laughed—laughed like an angel.

"Here's old Studley!" he exclaimed. "Let's ask him!"

Southwards over the white roads, through the scented twilight, the great car with its twin blazing eyes leaped and tore, always on fourth speed, always reckless alike of the police who challenged and the scattering crowds. On the front seat the chauffeur, leaning a little forward, and with face like a mask, sat alone. Inside there was but one passenger—Sir Richard Skelmore, knight and member of Parliament. Richard was a little older now—a little shaken. The starch seemed to have gone from his frame, his cheeks were flabby, an unpleasant light was in his eyes. Sometimes he lifted the flap and looked behind. Sometimes he pored over the papers with which the little table in front of him was strewn. Sir Richard was ill at ease. He raised the india-rubber tube to his lips and spoke to the chauffeur.

"How far are we from Southampton, Murray?" he asked.

His tone was apologetic, for it was a question which he had asked often before. The man's answer, however, betrayed no sign of impatience.

"Thirty-seven miles, sir. Good road all the way."

Sir Richard laid down the speaking-tube and drew a little breath between his clenched teeth. After all, there might be a chance! Then there was a sharp corner, a grinding of brakes, a shout, a crash, chaos! The car had run into half-a-dozen stray cows. Sir Richard crawled out. The chauffeur, covered with dust, limped his way to the engine.

"We're done, sir," he announced, half sobbing. "I did my best, but we had to take risks."

"Can't you tinker her up?" Sir Richard asked, hoarsely.

The man almost laughed.

"Not in a week, sir," he answered. "If it could be done, I should do it, you may be sure. A hundred pounds was a fortune to me. I did my best."

Sir Richard filled his hands with gold. Money was of little use to him now. Then he started off down the lane. He had some vague idea of walking, he scarcely knew where. Perhaps he would come to a town soon where he could hire a car.

He walked swiftly, but he was unused to exercise. There were no lights in front—no sign even of a village. How far could he walk, he wondered. Already his feet were weary. Perhaps there would be an inn soon. Then he came to a sharp corner in the road, and immediately afterwards a small house lying a little way back—a long greystone building, almost covered with clematis and creeping shrubs. He paused in front of it for a minute and looked in. The air was almost faint with the perfume of roses. There were sweet peas and clematis, tall hollyhocks and fragrant borders of mignonette. Sir Richard hesitated for a moment. Then he lifted the latch and walked quietly up the path. There were no blinds. The curtains of the little drawing-room were undrawn. He could see a man lying in a basket chair. A lady at the piano was just finishing a song, the last words of which floated out to him as he walked softly up the grass border. She came toward the man, who rose from his chair holding out his hands. He passed his arm around her waist and suddenly pushed open the French windows.

"Come out and listen, Anna," he said. "Perhaps our nightingale is singing."

They came face to face with Richard, standing like a statue in the middle of their

narrow path—Sir Richard, bare-headed (for he had lost his hat in the accident) and with the rising moonlight full in his face. The two men gazed at one another in amazement, and David removed his pipe from his teeth.

"By Jove, it's Richard!" he exclaimed. "Sir Richard, I beg your pardon," he

"I can't stop," he said. "I must get on board my yacht to-night. To-morrow will be too late."

"To-night!" David repeated, in amazement. "But, my dear fellow, be reasonable. It isn't possible. Make the best of things and have a shake-down with us."

"'BY JOVE, IT'S RICHARD!' HE EXCLAIMED."

continued, with a whimsical laugh. "Do you really mean that you have come to see us? You must have dropped out of a flying machine," he added, looking outside for some trace of a vehicle.

Sir Richard cleared his throat.

"I was motoring to Southampton," he said. "We had an accident a quarter of a mile back. I was walking to where I could find a vehicle to take me where I could hire another motor."

David laughed reassuringly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you can't get any farther to-night. There's no town within miles of us, and no one round here has a motor-car. We can put you up, and glad to. Come along in and let me give you a drink to start with."

Sir Richard shook his head. The black fear was upon him. He showed it in his white face and twitching lips.

"Do, please, stay, Sir Richard," the lady begged, and, even in his terrible plight, Sir Richard knew that the voice was sweet. "We will do our best to make you comfortable. I will see about some dinner at once."

She turned towards the house. Sir Richard let her go.

"Is anything wrong, Richard?" David asked.

"Everything is wrong," the other answered. "Don't you read the papers?"

"Never, if I can help it," David declared.

"I am ruined, and worse than ruined!" Sir Richard said, unsteadily. "Worse than ruined! Do you hear that? Can you understand now why I must be on my yacht to-night? It is that or a convict prison!"

David dropped the pipe which he was holding. All the natural gaiety seemed to have faded from his face.

"Richard," he said, gravely, "is it as bad as that, really?"

"It is that—no more nor less," Sir Richard declared. "Have you a telephone to your house?"

"There is no telephone within ten miles," David answered. "Perhaps you could rest quietly here, and they would not find you."

Sir Richard looked about him like a hunted man. A cart drove by, and he drew back into the shadow. The two men were close up against the window of the little drawing-room. Suddenly he gripped David by the shoulder and pointed in.

"You are a weak creature, David," he muttered. "Don't you remember that night when you dragged me up from the Embankment? Don't you remember swearing that for you it should be the pinnacles or the river? Why, man," he continued, "your words ate into my brain. They rang in my ears year after year. They were the motto of my life. Didn't I set myself to conquer fate—to become one of those whom we saw? Thousand by thousand I built up my fortune. I cared not a whit for the stepping-stones. I made myself into a machine for money-making. The rungs of the ladder for me were as though they had never existed. Every action of my life was shaped toward that one end. I reached the pinnacles, David. I have been there. And you—you whose words spurred me on—you have been content with the lesser things. Curse you, David! I wish that I had never seen your face, or heard you speak!"

He had turned toward the road, listening once more, but David rested his hand lightly upon his shoulder.

"Richard," he said, "I was a young fool in those days; but you, too, you were not over wise. You did not understand. When we looked in through the windows that night, what I saw—what we both saw—seemed to me to represent everything that was best in life. There were beauty and luxury, freedom from care, happiness. It was for that I strove, and, as the years go, the material goal changes, but the desire remains. I, Richard, I never sought anything less than the pinnacles, and I have found them—in there."

Sir Richard gazed, and his narrow eyes grew narrower. It was a long, low drawing-room, with a grand piano in one corner, water-colours hanging upon the white walls, bowls of flowers everywhere, red-shaded lamps, comfortable chairs. And coming toward them the beautiful woman, whose smile still brought the light into the younger man's eyes. Sir Richard turned away. He had no words. He walked a little into the shadow, and David did not follow him.

Then an unfamiliar sound broke the summer silence. A great car with flashing lights pulled up at the door. Two men sprang down. The voice of one of them rang out distinctly upon the silence.

"He must be here!" one said. "Watch the lane, Gregory!"

Sir Richard held out his hand to his friend.

"Stay where you are," he said. "It shall not be here, I promise you that. It shall not be here!"

He moved farther back into the shadow—they heard him go crashing through the hedge. The two men stopped to listen. Then there was a sharp report, a groan, and silence! They all moved toward the spot. Anna came running out of the house.

"What is it, David?" she cried. "What has happened?"

He led her back.

"Nothing that you or I can help, dear," he said. "Nothing that concerns us."

"But Sir Richard? What has happened to him?" she asked, fearfully.

David shook his head.

"Dear," he answered, "he set up the false gods. Come into the house. There is nothing that we can do."

"AN EARTHLY PARADISE." By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., O.M.

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"My Reminiscences."

IV.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., O.M.

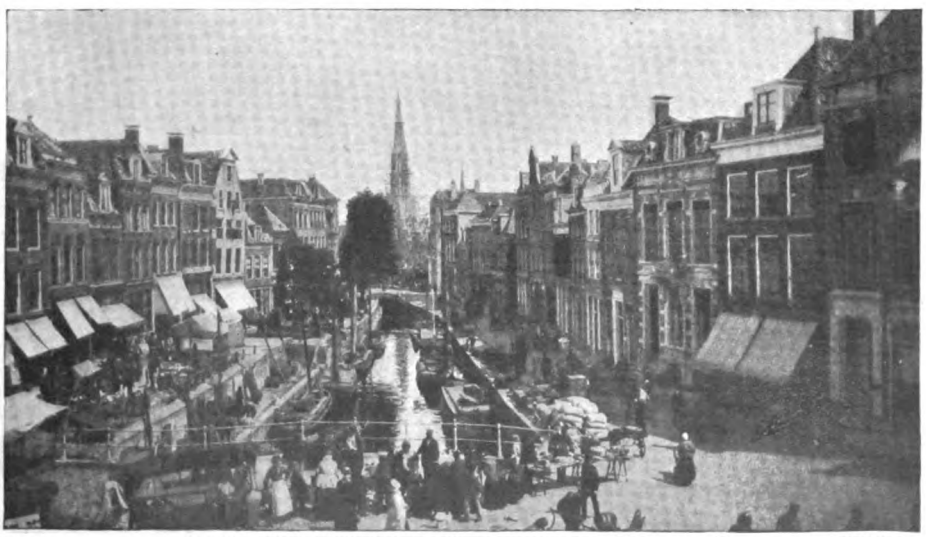
[In the following interesting reminiscences, imparted to a representative of "The Strand Magazine," Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, one of the most distinguished painters of the age, tells of his early struggles and triumphs, with something more than a hint of the secret of his success. Some day, it is to be hoped, Sir Lawrence will write his autobiography in full. Although born at Dronryp, in Friesland, in 1836, the great painter's work shows him to be still at the height of his powers.]

I WAS barely four years old when my father, who came of an old Frisian family, departed from this world. My mother, to whom I was very deeply attached, was a woman of strong character, and, when she was left with a family of small children, only the two youngest of whom were her own, and a very limited income on which to support and educate them, bore herself with energy and courage. Thanks to her loving care and a taste for drawing and painting, my childhood days were not unhappy.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., O.M.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

My guardians, fearing, no doubt, the (in Friesland) unknown position of an artist, would not listen to my prayers that I might study art. It was decided that I should be made a lawyer, and I did my utmost to submit cheerfully to the career which was marked out for me, although every moment I could steal from work was devoted to drawing and sketching, and my tasks were often neglected in the pursuit of my passion for art.

I was educated at the public schools at Leeuwarden, but the routine of my work there interfered but little with my art pursuits, and my classic studies were more plastic than literary. So eager was I not to lose any time



From a] LEEUWARDEN, WHERE SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA LIVED AS A BOY. *[Photograph.*

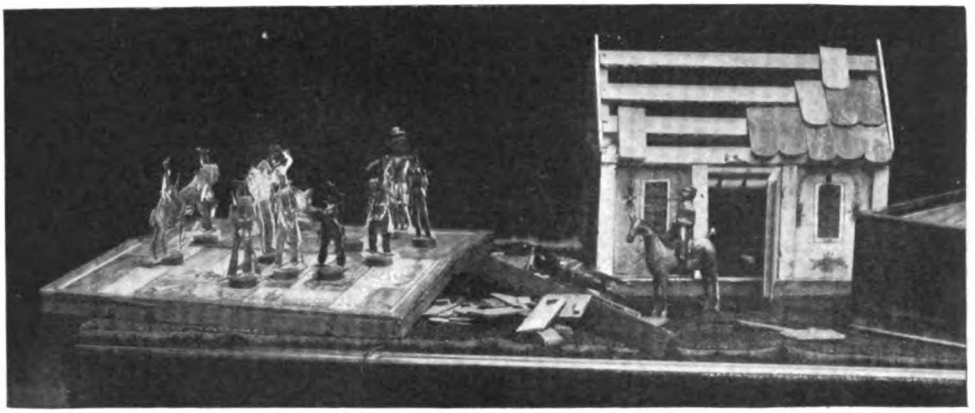
away from school that I remember persuading my mother to wake me at five o'clock every morning by an ingenious device of my own. It was ingenious, yet it had the virtue of extreme simplicity, being nothing more or less than fastening a string to my big toe. When I felt the string tug, I sprang out of bed in order to devote myself to my labour of love before starting to perform that which I considered my duty. Meanwhile, as my pictures has long since been dulled in comparison.

I was sixteen when I painted the portrait of myself which my daughter now owns. I still cherish one testimonial to its merits as a likeness by the memory of certain small boys of Leeuwarden, who, when I sallied forth carrying my juvenile masterpiece to receive some criticisms on it by the only artist in Leeuwarden, ran after me, crying, "Look.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA (AGED 16). BY HIMSELF.
(From the picture in the possession of Miss Alma-Tadema.)

I sketched, my dear mother sat at the window watching for the schoolmaster to come in sight, so that I might hurry away and arrive before him in the school.

I went on thus with my drawing until, when I was but fourteen, I completed and sent a portrait of my sister to an art exhibition in Leeuwarden. Judge of my delight when it was accepted and hung! Alas, I fear the edge of my rapture over the hanging of he's carrying himself under his arm!" But the struggle between the inborn passion and the desire to do what I regarded as my duty to my mother was more than my health could bear. My strength gave way completely, and the doctors who attended me gave their verdict that my days were numbered. Anxious that my few remaining months of life should be as happy as possible, my trustees' resolution at last gave way, and I was given



TOYS WITH WHICH SIR LAWRENCE PLAYED AS A CHILD.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

my heart's desire. The fierce struggle was over, and under the new conditions I soon regained my health. Even now it was far from plain sailing, for the Dutch schools of art refused me as a pupil, and I was forced to go to Antwerp, where I duly became a student at the Royal Academy, then under the direction of Baron Wappers. There I laboured without ceasing to make up for the time I had lost; but none of my work of this time remains, for I destroyed everything that I felt did not attain the standard of excellence I had raised for myself.

After leaving the art school I entered the studio of Louis Detaye, professor of archæology in the Royal Academy of Antwerp, and worked on his pictures, as I did later on many pictures of the great historical painter of Belgium, Baron Leys, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on my work.

Leys was at times a severe critic of my work. Once while I was occupied on the picture of "The Education of the Children of Clovis" — it was the first time he visited my studio — he remarked, "That marble is cheese." I remember his asking me to insert in his picture of Luther and the other Reformers a Gothic table. When I had done so he came and looked at it, saying, "That is not my idea of a Gothic table; it ought to be so constructed that everyone knocks his knees to pieces on it." I saw the point, and hence the table now in the picture.

The artistic possibilities of marble first attracted me when, as a young man of two-and twenty, I was on a visit to Ghent. A friend took me to his club — it was the Cercle de la Concorde, I believe, where the smoking-room was lined with white marble. I was very much impressed by the tone and the charm of that decoration, and derived great pleasure in remembering that first impression. Even now, after more than half a century, I often find myself thinking of that marble club smoking-room in the quaint city of Ghent.

THE MOTHER OF SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, PAINTED BY SIR LAWRENCE WHEN A YOUTH.

It was in 1859 my mother and sister gave up

their home in Leeuwarden to join me at Antwerp. But this happiness of having my mother near me was only to endure for a short time; four years later she passed away.

After her death I married, in September, 1863, and in 1864 I received a visit from the English picture dealer, Gambart—*il principe Gambarti*, as they used to call him in Italy. He was the picture dealer *par excellence* of his day, and was naturally held in great respect by artists. I remember him on that first visit to me, standing before my easel, on which I had posed my "Coming Out of Church," and instantly exclaiming:—

"Did you paint that picture for the Vanderdonkts?"

I assured him of the fact. He asked me if they had seen it, and what was the price. I told him that they had not seen it as yet. "Well, then," said Gambart, "I'll take it; and let me have a couple of dozen of that kind at progressive prices each half-dozen." It was really as if he had been buying bales of cotton. Of course, I thought, and not without reason, that my fortune was as good as made. Moreover, *il principe Gambarti* agreed that I might deal with the antique period I loved instead of the Middle Ages, where I had latterly been seeking my subjects. And so it came about that some of the pictures by which I am, perhaps, best known as a painter were included in this first singular bargain.

One of my early pictures, "How the Egyptians Amused Themselves Three Thousand Years Ago," Prince Napoleon expressed a wish to possess, when it was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1864, and obtained the gold medal. My price, however, was the reason why the wish was not realized, and it became ultimately the private property of Mr. Gambart, in whose house it came to grief in the explosion which wrecked his house, 62, Avenue Road, in 1866.

Four years did it take me to carry out Gambart's first commission, and the day arrived when Gambart again paid me a visit. "I want you," he said, "to paint me another four dozen pictures on the same condition of rising value." I consented, and I did my best not to disappoint him. "The Vintage" was painted as one of them, and when the dealer saw it, perceiving that it was a far more important canvas than any of its predecessors—a work, too, that had cost me far more time and labour—he at once insisted upon paying for it the figure which was to have been given for the last half-dozen. For Gambart, despite his profession, was a most generous-minded man. He came to Brussels and gave a dinner in my honour. At this dinner I found before my plate a silver claret jug, with a dedication and my name, and in my table napkin a cheque for one hundred pounds in excess of the price decided upon.

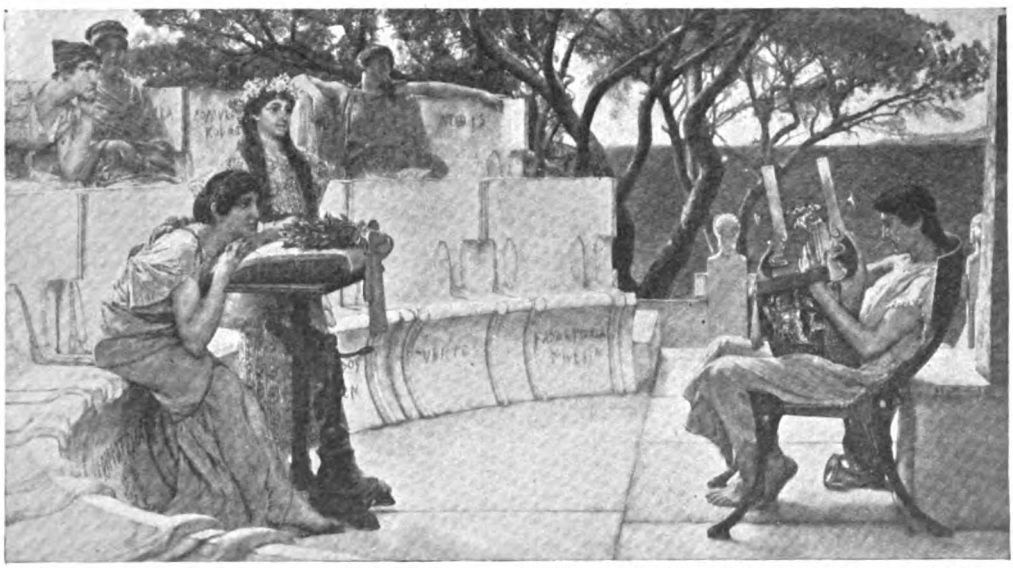
Many years passed before I even visited Rome, and Greece I have never seen. A friend of my mother's did, indeed, offer me, when still a student in the Royal Academy at Antwerp, a sum of money to enable me to have a course of travel. But after due consideration I declined the kind offer. It seemed to me then—and my opinion is still unchanged—that a young artist, still in the student stage, was more likely to be harmed than benefited by going to Venice, say, and studying Titian, to Rome and studying Michelangelo, to Spain and becoming absorbed in Velazquez. The policy of travelling studentships is, in my opinion, a mistaken one. Scarcely any of the greatest painters travelled in their youth.

When I first visited Italy, in 1863, I had asserted my name as an artist with my "Education of the Children of Clovis," exhibited during the Artistic Congress in Antwerp, 1861. I began to travel, and visited first Cologne to see the Exhibition of German Art. In 1862 I visited London's Exhibition, and in 1863 I went to Italy. My first visit to Italy was a revelation to me. It extended my archæological learning to such a degree that my brain soon became hungry for it. I spent much of my time in Rome and other cities exploring ruined temples, ruined palaces, ruins of amphitheatres, and, in fact, every nook and corner reminiscent of a bygone age.

I have often been asked how I obtained such an intimate knowledge of old Greek and Roman life. Costume has been mainly derived from sculpture and antique paintings, while for the general details of architecture, furnishing, etc., I am chiefly indebted to museums and collections, and, of course, to the remaining buildings. Baring-Gould's "Tragedy of the Cæsars," for instance, is an excellent work, inspired by the portraits of the time. Of course, I know Pompeii by heart, and have devoted many hours to exploring it, especially during the years 1863 and 1884. In those days the pavements were uncovered, and not, as now, covered up with mud, owing to the misguided methods of preservation adopted by the Italian officials.

In spite of all the pains I have taken to be accurate in matters of archæology, I have

often been reminded how easy it is to fall short of absolute perfection. There is always someone whose speciality enables him to know more than you do on some particular point, and besides, there are many details about which classical archæology is unfortunately silent. Once, for instance, I introduced a sunflower into one of my pictures, thinking, as it belonged to the Jerusalem artichoke family, I was quite safe in this. Alas, I learnt too late that the sunflower and its forty species are quite a modern importation from South America. Nor was this the only botanical slip of which I have been accused. In one of my Roman canvases I am said to have introduced the Clematis Henry in the production of "Cymbeline," and lastly I assisted Beerbohm Tree in his production of "Julius Cæsar." It has been suggested that I found in these matters pleasant relaxation after the work of the studio. Relaxation! It was harder work than painting. In the slender intervals between rehearsals members of the company would call and bombard me with all sorts of questions. I had no end of difficulty in persuading them to be truly Roman in appearance. Portia would insist on adorning herself with jewels, and so on. Interviews with scene-painters and rehearsals took up, as may be imagined, a considerable time. At the dress-rehearsal of "Julius Cæsar" at His



"SAPPHO." By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., O.M.
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

Jackmanni — credit for whose discovery belongs to the gentleman whose name it bears. In my "Sappho" I was told by a critic that I had painted a seat which belongs to quite another period. This time I was right, for the same seat is to be found on many early Greek vases.

The stage has on more than one occasion made use of my knowledge of Greek and Roman life. I was first asked by Irving to assist him with "Coriolanus." But "Coriolanus" was never produced until twenty years later, and my work did not get beyond careful sketches for the scenery. Then I was consulted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree about the mounting of "Hypatia," for which I made myself responsible. In 1897 I helped Sir Majesty's I was at the theatre from seven in the evening until three the next morning. It was my own fault, no doubt, but I couldn't help entering fully into the interest and excitement of the thing. But that is always the way. One concentrates all one's energy and attention on whatever one takes in hand. For the time being I found it practically impossible to do any other work, and I think I shall have to avoid anything of the same kind in future. But I considerably enjoyed the experience, and this was, I think, to a large extent due to the fact that our actors and actresses are particularly nice people to get on with.

After taking up my residence in England, in 1870, I resided for some years in a

"SPRING." By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., O.M.

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charming house in Park Road, Regent's Park, 17, Titchfield Terrace, called Townshend House. When I first pitched my tent in St. John's Wood I could reckon among my neighbours a large number of the most talented men and women in London. At one time or another George Eliot, Tom Hood, Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, Mlle. Titiens, and Hepworth Dixon were all residents of this delightful corner of the Metropolis, not to mention Landseer and a great many fellow-artists.

In London a painter can obtain everything he wants in the way of models. Rome itself cannot produce more varying types of Italian models than are to be found here. There are those who say that my Greeks and Romans are too English in their appearance; but the difference between ancient and modern is not so great as we are apt to suppose. The old Romans were human flesh and blood like ourselves, moved by identical passions and emotions, and it is this truth that I have endeavoured always to express in my pictures.

On the 2nd of October, 1874, my house suffered greatly by the explosion of a barge passing along the adjacent canal in the small hours of the morning. The barge was laden with high explosive material, and the unhappy persons in charge lost their lives. All the houses in the immediate vicinity were more or less wrecked, and Townshend House, from its exposed position, suffered severely. My two little girls had a miraculous escape, being aroused by the window-sash being suddenly blown on to their bed in which they lay. At the same time a shower of hazel nuts, many bags of which had been carried by the ill-fated barge as cargo, descended on

the house. That was not the most curious circumstance in connection with this explosion. It was feared that some of the cages in the adjoining Zoological Gardens had been shattered, but the staff of the gardens found the animals very much frightened, and had only to relock the doors of the cages which were found open. Unfortunately many birds escaped, but others returned to their cages.

I have not in my painting career so far saturated myself in the spirit of the ancients as to embrace all their superstitions, but I do confess to a small superstition regarding the number seventeen. I have always found papers declared that it was of solid gold, and drew a marvellous word-picture of the luxury with which I was surrounded. For many weeks after that I was pestered by begging-letters from Germany by people who probably thought that a chip or two off my staircase would not very much matter to me and would raise them to affluence.

The light and colour in a studio have always exerted a great influence upon me in my work. My first studio had panels of black decoration. In Brussels I was surrounded by bright red, and in London—at Townshend House, Regent's Park—I worked

"CARACALLA." By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., O.M.

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this a most lucky number for me. My wife was seventeen when I first met her, and the number of the house to which I took her when we were married was seventeen. My present house did bear the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of building it on August 17th. This was in 1885. I had then been in possession of the place for three years, during that time designing and making plans and sketches for the house. It was on November 17th, 1886, that we took up our residence there.

In my house a staircase of burnished brass leads to the studio in 34, Grove End Road. But burnished brass is not, I believe, amongst the precious metals, although some years ago an imaginative writer in one of the German

under the influence of a light green tint. During the winter I spent in Rome in 1875-76 I tried the effect of a white studio. Now the prevailing hue is a silvery one, and that, I think, gives the purest reflections.

I am often asked what books have helped me. Of course, I put first and foremost the Book of Nature, but Leonardo da Vinci's "How to become a Painter" was in my youth of great help to me, and for the firm and strong advice expressed in its pages I have always been profoundly grateful. Besides which I am indebted to this great master for the beautiful adage, "All who have eyes must not think they can see. You must know it is only the eyes gained by knowledge that can see."

I cannot work with the regularity of some artists—Leighton, for example, who was able to apportion every part of his day to its allotted task, so many hours to a model, so many hours to a sitter, so many more to a study, and so on. A picture may make no visible progress for days. I never know how much or how little I am going to do.

The fact that my work is mostly of the same kind only increases, I think, the strain. I have attained—at least, people think I have attained—to excellence in a certain groove of art. I must continue to work in that groove without merely repeating myself, finding always fresh features of interest, new points of achievement. This makes the artistic effort, although, in a sense, I may be able to paint very blue skies and very light marbles better and more easily than anything else.

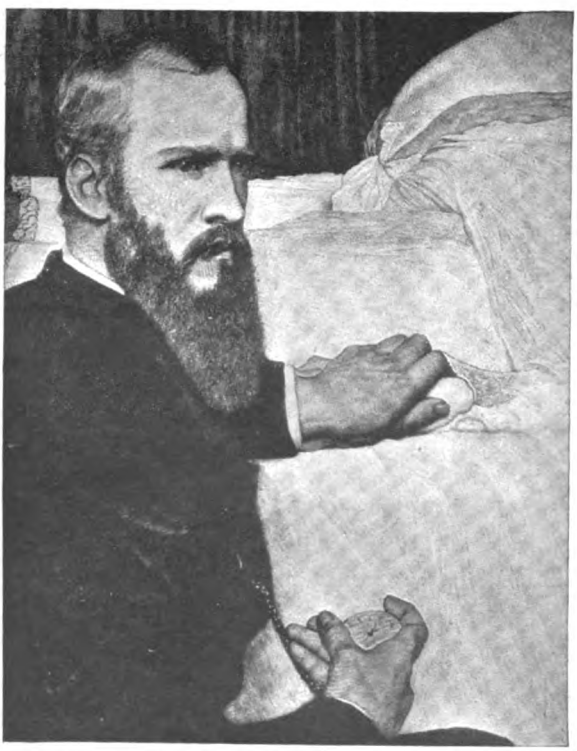
I was once asked by Dr. George Ebers, the great Egyptologist, why, in depicting ancient life, I should have begun with the land of Isis. But where else should I have begun? The first thing the child learns of ancient times is about the Court of Pharaoh, and if we go back to the source of art and science, how often have we not to go back to Egypt?

Among my pictures of ancient Egyptian life were "Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago," "The Mummy," "The Chess Players," "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries," and "The Death of the First-Born." Intermingled with these were "Tarquinus Superbus," "Entrance to a Roman Theatre," and other pictures of the great city of the Cæsars. My first contribution to the Royal Academy was in 1869, when my picture, "The Pyrrhic Dance," was brought over from Brussels to England.

In the thirty-nine years that have since passed I have missed but one exhibition at Burlington House, and that was two years ago, when my "Caracalla and Geta" was not ready in time. I have exhibited at other galleries, of course, but all my most important work has been first shown at the Royal Academy.

In looking at or thinking over my past work, I often recall interesting incidents in connection with the painting of it. For instance, once, in the picture called "Spring," I had put in a great arched ceiling which many of my friends liked, but which did not completely satisfy me. So out it came altogether; but by and by the expostulations of my friends led me to think of reviving that ceiling, so I painted a picture especially to contain it. This was the origin of "Unconscious Rivals," now belonging to the Baron Schröder gallery at Staines, near Windsor.

When I look round upon my own little collection of family portraits I am frequently reminded that old style portraits always please. The average portrait, consisting of a head and some clothes, perhaps one or two hands, and the rest of black or brown background, by no means represents a person as he is seen in real life. When we meet a friend we see not only him, but his surroundings, and I consider, therefore, that you should paint not only men and women, but some part also of their accessories or environments. Most of my portraits have been executed on this principle. But in such matters people are very conservative, and



SIR LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER-IN-LAW, DR. EPPS.
(By permission of the Owner of the Picture.)

SIR LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF HIS DAUGHTERS AS CHILDREN.

many, I fear, when they engage to pay a certain price for a portrait, want the painter to devote his attention wholly to their physiognomy.

All great art must in some form or other bear relation to life—be in accord with the things we daily see and feel. A friend of mine, a Scotch lady, has said so beautiful a word on this subject that I have written it on the walls of my studio: "As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life."

It is curious to reflect that I might never have become a painter. At the outset of my career my art had a dangerous rival. Music enchained me from my earliest years, until I was obliged, as a young man, to recognise that the art of painting is a jealous mistress, and, finding oil-painting difficult enough, I since 1859 stuck to the brush alone.

So strong was my early propensity that my piano-teacher in Leeuwarden told my mother gravely to make me throw away my brushes and devote myself wholly to music. A time came with the lapse of many years when I renewed my acquaintance with that musician, then grown old. After uttering some compliments upon my pictures he dryly acknowledged that he had altered his mind about my becoming a musician—decidedly I should have been a painter. So, you see, all is for the best.

THE LOCKED DOOR: The Story of a Night's Adventures.

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

"THIS cannot be the right direction. It is not possible," said Edward Windermere. He leapt from his bicycle and peered up and then down the rude lane in which he found himself.

He could see little. The fog had come on treacherously, under cover of the creeping night. It hung now, like a great cloud, everywhere, growing every moment denser.

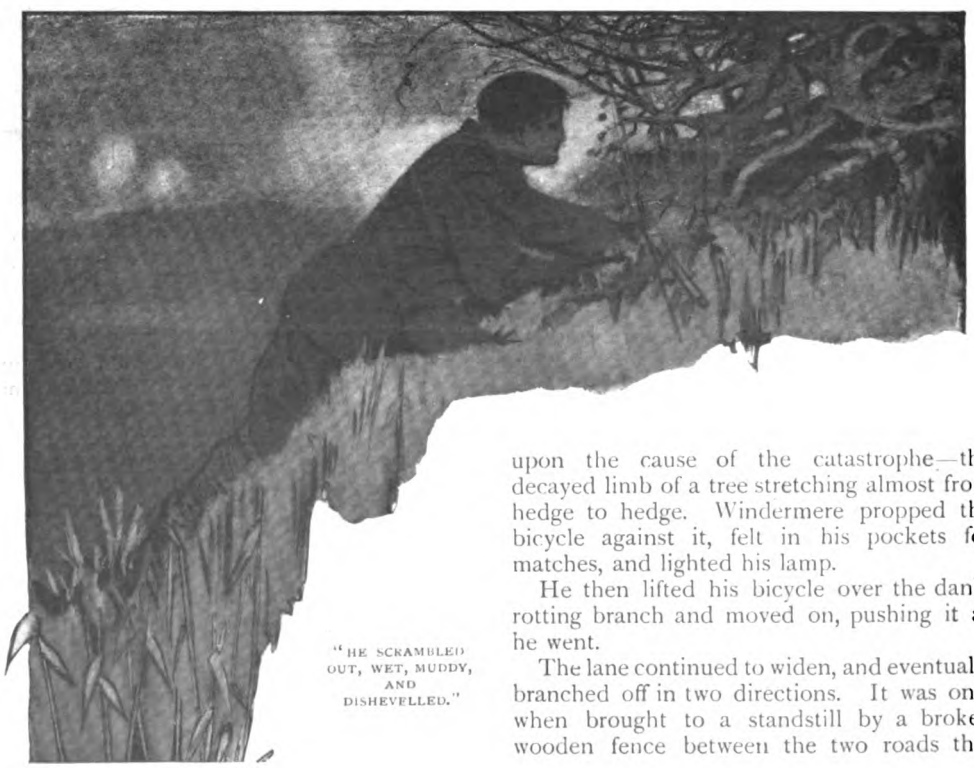
The young man stood irresolute. To go back the way he had come; to return ignominiously to Hillgate and confess that the short cut had been a delusion and a snare, to remain there the night and go on to Cunnington in the morning—that seemed the wisest course to take. But he did not find it alluring.

In the first place, he had promised Cosmo Gregson that he would be with him at Cunnington that evening; in the second place, he had wound along so tortuous a path since leaving Hillgate, had taken so many dips and turns, that the thought of going over the same ground again filled him with distaste.

He remounted his machine and moved gingerly ahead. His progress was slow. The impassive greyness in front tried his nerve, the light of his bicycle-lamp scarcely broke it.

Even the blurred outlines of the hedges altered. They became less distinct, and he guessed that the lane widened. While he drew the inference a shock ran through him: he found himself pitched from his machine. The ground sloped and he rolled gently, but not far. An icy coldness touched him, and he knew that he lay in water. He had fallen into a ditch.

He scrambled out, wet, muddy, and dishevelled, but unhurt. After some groping he found his cap, and pulled it over his head. His bicycle lay upon the path; the lamp had gone out. In righting the machine he came upon the cause of the catastrophe—the decayed limb of a tree stretching almost from hedge to hedge. Windermere propped the bicycle against it, felt in his pockets for matches, and lighted his lamp.



"HE SCRAMBLED OUT, WET, MUDDY, AND DISHEVELLED."

He then lifted his bicycle over the dank, rotting branch and moved on, pushing it as he went.

The lane continued to widen, and eventually branched off in two directions. It was only when brought to a standstill by a broken wooden fence between the two roads that

Windermere discovered the fact. A gaunt post stood inside the fence.

"A sign-post—at last! Now I shall have some idea where I am!" exclaimed he.

It was with some difficulty that he made out the directions upon it. When he did so he laughed aloud, a laughter full of scorn, but without much mirth in it.

The road to Hillgate, it appeared, lay toward the left through one of the unbroken hedges of the lane; the road to Cunnington lay through the tangled enclosure where the sign-post was; the road to Marshal's Graham lay somewhere near the sky.

Windermere leant forward, and with his elbow gave the sign-post a derisive push. It tottered and fell. It had fallen long since, no doubt, and some waggish passer-by had raised it and had propped it against a rotting tree.

That hope was gone. Windermere, without much prejudice in its favour, chose the road to the right.

To walk straight ahead was all that occurred to him. This course proved, for about an hour's space, brilliantly unfruitful; at the end of that time he found himself facing what appeared to be a thick box-hedge.

The box-hedge seemed interminable; it grew ragged and ill-kept. At length, to his joy, Windermere came upon a wide, ramshackle gate. He went through.

In the course of an hour he went through some half-a-dozen gates, each one leading, apparently, to nowhere.

But were there half-a-dozen gates, or merely one, possibly two, through which he had been passing and repassing? Windermere brought himself to a sudden halt and swore heartily. It was so pre-eminently likely that he had been travelling in a circle round and round.

There was nothing within range of his foot; but, as he moved on, his bicycle struck against a great stone.

Windermere stooped and felt it carefully—there were joins in it—it felt like a piece of masonry. He moved cautiously on, and a few steps brought him against a high stone wall in which a large gap was broken.

With infinite difficulty he got his bicycle through the opening, scratching his knuckles and bruising his knees as he did so.

After some perambulation he came upon what appeared to be the cloudy outlines of a house. He approached closer and moved round it, seeking for the door.

At length a porch discovered itself, banked by bushes on each side. The house, as he pilgrimaged round it, had appeared to be in darkness; but Windermere could now see the dim glimmer of a light in what was probably the kitchen.

He groped for the knocker, found it, and knocked loudly. He imagined he heard voices, but no one came to the door. He knocked again, and then again. No one came to ask his business, but he heard footsteps moving stealthily in the house. There seemed to be a greater area of light glimmering out against the fog. Windermere moved backward and looked up, then he stared.

For, one by one, the windows began to kindle and shine; finally there was scarcely an unlighted window in the house. He saw that it was quite a large building, much larger than he had supposed; and the entire face of it was aglow.

He could hear other footsteps now, noisy and impetuous, hastening along the passages and up and down the stairs. These were succeeded by a heavy tread, as of some heavy weight being carried. Windermere was struck by a sense of mystery, unpleasant mystery, in the house.

He must either obtain shelter here or wander, saturated, in the foggy darkness. The lighted windows fascinated him. Again he looked up at them; then he caught the knocker and with all his might hammered on the door.

The noise echoed and re-echoed. There was a sudden stillness in the house, as if all within listened to this foolish one demanding admittance. Finally, while Windermere still kept up his furious tattoo, heavy steps sounded on the stair, in the passage. Someone advanced and began to unbolt the door.

Windermere waited, controlling his impatience as best he could. Intentionally or unintentionally, the fingers inside were slow and uncertain. Finally the door slid open, perhaps a couple of inches, and an uncouth voice asked:—

"What is it you want?"

The door wavered, as if on the point of being re-shut.

Hunger and cold made Edward Windermere desperate. He set his toe against the wavering door, pushed his foot in, and kept it open.

"Shelter," he said, succinctly, "a night's lodging. You cannot refuse me. I have lost my way in this beastly fog, am hungry, and wet to the skin."

"Where was you makin' for?"

"For Cunnington—from Hillgate."

"You be a long way out."

"I don't doubt it; I have been wandering for hours."

"You ain't got no one with you?"

Windermere could see now, through the gap which his foot kept open, the face of his interlocutor—that of a stupid country girl with dull brown eyes. Those eyes regarded him watchfully. For the rest, the girl was rather short, broad, and strongly built.

"No, I haven't anyone with me. I am alone."

The girl moved back. "You'd best try somewheer else. The house is full. We ain't got no room," she said. She looked at him oddly.

"There isn't another house for miles, and if there were I could not find it in this fog."

"You'd best go on. There's the miller's, down agin the hollow theer."

"I don't know the place; I couldn't find it."

He pushed his face close to hers. "You *must* give me shelter. I'm dead tired. I'll sleep anywhere—in the kitchen, if you like."

"Well, I can't help it if you comes in. If you will, you will, I s'pose," said the girl, drawing back reluctantly.

The hall was flagged and clean. His feet and the bicycle-tyres made a muddy track across it. A lantern hung from the ceiling, lighting imperfectly the hall and a wide, gloomy stair. By its light Windermere, looking down at himself, saw that he was covered with reddish-brown mud from shoulder to foot, and that his knuckles were bleeding. He was wet through besides.

He closed the door behind him; it shut with a clang. The noise reverberated through the house, which was intensely silent after its clatter of a few minutes ago.

Windermere glanced at the girl. She returned the glance stolidly. Without uttering a word she turned and led the way into a narrow and ill-lighted passage. Leaving his machine behind him in the hall, Windermere followed her.

The passage ended in a door. His guide pushed it open and he found himself in an immense kitchen. It was empty, but about half-a-dozen chairs still stood round the fire. Glancing about, Windermere saw that on the high mantelshelf several pipes were scattered. A number of glasses stood on a table near the window, but had evidently not been used. A large table stood in the middle of the room.

There were three great cupboards of solid dark oak, a door—besides that which led into the passage—and in one corner a huge copper. The floor was flagged, with mats thrown here and there. Several old weapons, well polished, hung on the wall.

"You kin sit theer," said the girl, pointing with her thumb. She indicated a chair facing the fire, and with its back to the door leading from the passage.

"I am horribly damp," said Windermere.

"I dessay." She seemed indifferent, but after a moment, in which she lifted the glasses one by one and set them on a tray, she went slowly to a nail on the wall on which an old coat hung, lifted down the shabby garment, and brought it to him. It was coarse, soiled, and evil-smelling; but, after a moment's repugnance, Windermere took off his own coat and donned this. He hung his dripping garment over the back of a chair.

Windermere seated himself before the huge fire, on which a great kettle sputtered cheerfully. Clouds of white steam puffed out from his clothes. "If I might have something to eat——" he ventured.

"I don't know about that," said the girl, curtly. "I must ask th' master. There ain't much in th' house. Visitors ha' eaten most."

But she did not go very far to ask—only to the door behind his chair. Windermere could hear her whispering there; but when he looked round he could see nothing.

At his movement she turned and came back into the kitchen. She said, sourly, "You may ha' summat."

On a shelf near was a plate on which were two or three large hunches of bread. She brought this to him, setting it on the great table at the corner nearest the fire. After a few moments she brought a slice of red cheese and set that plate beside the first. She hesitated, then added a glass and a small jugful of ale.

At this moment the door opened and another maid entered; Windermere, as he turned toward the table, caught sight of her, full view. He was struck by her pallor, by the refinement of her features, by the great dark blue eyes that for one moment looked into his. The girl was dressed in a straight blue gown. Her apron was clean and neat, her cap sat on her head proudly as if it were a crown. She gave the stranger no greeting, but, going to the dresser, lifted the trayful of glasses and bore them from the room.

Windermere drew his chair toward the table. The fare was coarse, but, hungry as he was, he found it acceptable enough.

He drank a glass of ale, then moved his plate aside. "You haven't given me a knife," he said.

"No," responded the stout girl, stolidly. "There ain't no knives. The company has them all upstairs."

"But—how can I cut this without a knife?"

Not heeding him, she went to one of the cupboards and rummaged there. When she emerged she carried a great pewter candlestick and a bunch of rusty keys.

He repeated, staring at the bread and cheese, "How can I cut these without a knife?"

"As best you may," retorted she, roughly.

"'I SUPPOSE I CANNOT HAVE A KNIFE?' ASKED WINDERMERE."

"If th' master hears aught of ye, 'twill be the worse for you, I'm thinkin'. Take the vittals, or leave 'em, as you please—the company has all the knives."

She went to the door, carrying candlestick and keys with her. As she went out the maid in the blue dress came in. With a flicker of her dark eyes toward the table she set down an empty tray. She took a great jug from the dresser and started to fill it with boiling water from the kettle on the fire.

"I suppose I *cannot* have a knife?" asked Windermere, addressing her.

She turned at the query and looked him in the face. "No," she said, shortly. Her jug was now full of water; she set it on the table and looked about. Presently she went to a cupboard and sought there hastily. She brought out a great bowl, a long-handled spoon, and a dish heaped with sugar. She set all these together with the hot water upon the tray.

"For the company, I suppose?" queried Windermere. He reflected uneasily upon the extraordinary silence of the house.

"For the gentlemen upstairs," said she. Her voice was sweet and refined; but it was full of reserve. He felt that she looked at him curiously, as if she wanted to ask what he were doing there. When he brought out his pocket-knife and began to hack at his bread, she watched him. She did not, however, make any remark. Presently she went away with her burden.

He had finished his supper when the tall girl returned with empty hands. She said, "The master says you had better go to your room now. We shall want the kitchen."

"I am very willing," said Windermere. "I am tired."

His coat still hung by the fire; he felt it to see if it were dry. It was not.

"You had better leave it there," said she.

He agreed. He had emptied the pockets when he took it off.

More to draw her blue eyes upon him than from any hope of receiving information, he said, "I want to reach Cunnington as early as possible to-morrow morning. Can you suggest the quickest route?"

"You want to go to Cunnington?" she asked him quickly.

"Yes, I want to rejoin a friend there."

She regarded him steadfastly for a few moments, seemed about to question him further, then her eyes wavered. She said, turning from him, "I do not know the way."

The other maid brought a lighted candle, and the girl with the blue eyes took it from her. She said to Windermere without looking at him, "Come, I will show you the way to your room."

He was to have a room; Windermere was sorry. He felt strangely loath to leave the kitchen. He hung back a little, but the girl in the blue gown walked steadily to the door.

She said again, "Come," and he went after her; the other maid followed behind him.

They seemed to go up a great many stairs, past a great number of doors, past rooms well lighted—chinks of radiance shone at him from them as he passed—but silent as the grave. Only in one chamber was heard a rattle of glasses and plates. The girl in front passed the door of this quickly. She looked back to see if he were behind. More stairs then, and she paused, pushing open a door. "This is where you are to sleep."

He glanced round the room. In the dim light of the candle the girl held—and there was no other light—he could see that it was small, high-ceilinged, and sparsely furnished, but a fire sputtered in the grate.

The girl gave him the candle. He noticed that her hand was small and white, and without any stain of toil.

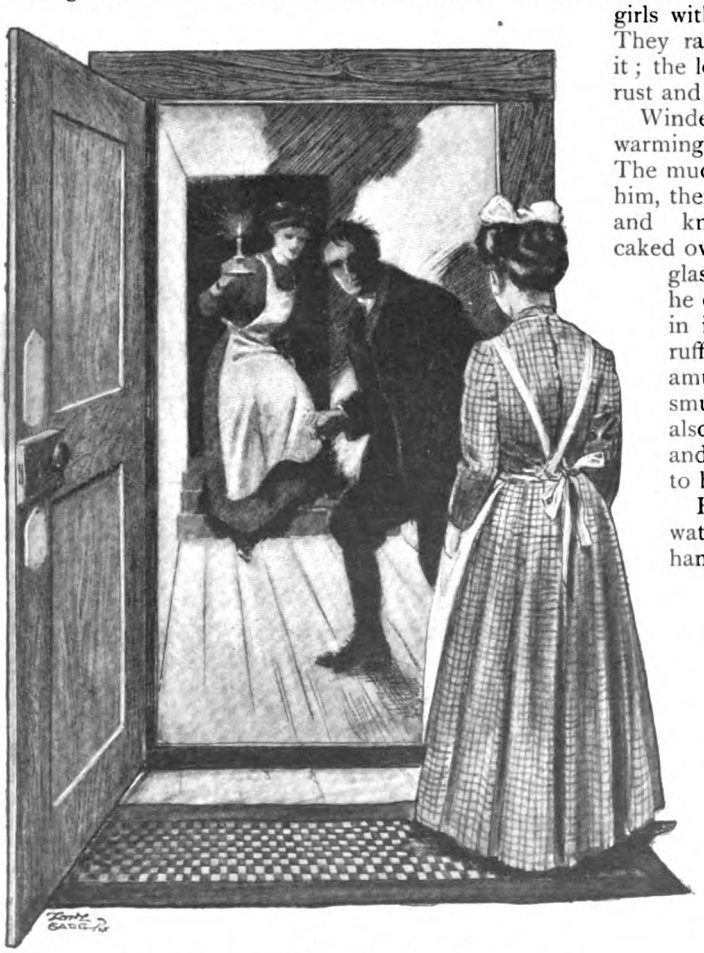
"Make as little noise as you can; there are other people near," she said, admonishingly. Over her shoulder he could see the stolid features of the other maid.

"Thank you. Good night," said Windermere. He walked toward the fire. Both girls withdrew, and the door closed. They rattled the handle in closing it; the lock was evidently stiff from rust and disuse.

Windermere stood by the fire, warming one foot and then the other. The muddy state of his boots struck him, then the state of his stockings and knickerbockers, which were caked over with dirt. A long, narrow glass hung on one of the walls; he caught a glimpse of himself in it. "A disreputable-looking ruffian," he thought, rather amused. His face, he saw, was smudged. His hands were dirty also; he must cleanse them and give his knuckles a chance to heal.

He did so. There was cold water in the jug on the wash-hand-stand, and a morsel of yellow soap. A coarse towel hung from a small rack. He ransacked the table by the window, but could not find a clothes-brush. There was not a brush in the room, he discovered.

A bell hung beside the bed; his first impulse was to ring it, but he thought better of it, remembering the tall girl's warning. He would go to the door and see if he could intercept one of the maids.



"SHE SAID AGAIN, 'COME,' AND HE WENT AFTER HER."

He crossed the room, seized the handle, and turned it; he pulled, but to no purpose. The door offered resistance. But a cursory examination was needed to show him that it was locked—on the outside. On his side there was neither bolt nor bar.

The discovery made him thoughtful, and again a vague uneasiness stole over him. He went to the window and looked out. He could see nothing; the fog and darkness made a blank wall before him. The sash-line of the window was broken; the lower half of the frame was a dead weight which he could not move. It mattered little—from the number of stairs he had climbed he calculated that the room was placed high.

His non-ringing of the bell mattered little either, he soon saw, for the wire was broken where it entered the wall.

He paced the room, wondering, cogitating. In spite of his weariness the bed in the corner did not tempt him. There was an arm-chair covered in dingy rep; he moved it from the window and set it by the fire. As he did so he fancied he heard movements, a quick whispering, then retreating footsteps outside his door. He paused and listened. Yes, there were footsteps; they faded along the carpet of the corridor and were lost.

To the left of the wall in which the door was set, and placed very high, was a short slit, no doubt for ventilation. As he sat brooding at the side of the fire Windermere could see this slit. As he gazed at it, wondering what it was, it became suddenly filled with light—a light which pierced sharply into his room, ill-served as it was by the solitary candle.

Windermere had unlaced his boots. He slipped them off and ran across the floor; but, quick as he had been, the light had flickered and disappeared.

He stood staring, and as he stood there a sound of footsteps smote his ear; it became more distinct, and again a light filled the chink in the wall. The footsteps came very near, the light flickered; in a moment it was gone. Windermere again waited, and the experience was repeated. Quite suddenly he realized the explanation. The staircase in the corridor outside wound upward past the wall of his chamber; these footsteps were of people mounting to the next floor to go to bed. Apparently each person carried a candle or lamp, and always on the side nearest Windermere's wall; in this way the light of each shone for a moment into his room.

Windermere counted; six persons had mounted the stairs. He wondered how many were in the house, if six slept even farther aloft than he.

Those who went above were strangely silent; he could hear not a footstep overhead. As he listened, sharply attentive, he heard the stair creak stealthily. Was someone passing up now without a light? He could not tell.

That sound was scarcely past when his ear caught another. It was a duller, heavier sound; he listened to it mechanically, a kind of horror seizing him. He had heard this noise before; it was as if several persons moved, carrying some heavy weight. He heard it approach, heard the halting of feet—it seemed to him exactly opposite his door. Then, unaccountably, while he watched the door with bated breath, there was a dull thud, and the whole thing faded away. There was silence.

Windermere cursed his captivity; the locked door which chafed his courage and tried his nerves. Had he been able to burst the panel he would have done so, and have taken the consequences. But the door was old, heavy, well hung; no strength of his could do aught with it. He could only wait. He could have wished that he had had less money on him; the letter he had gone to Hillgate to fetch contained several bank-notes.

He thought of the girl with the blue eyes; she was no maid-servant—the idea was absurd. He wondered what she was. He could not tell. What was she doing in this house of strange silences and stranger sounds?

He stared at the candle as he sat by the fire. It was long and thick, and would probably last the night through. Its unsteady light was full of comfort. He watched it absently. He would not go to bed; no sleeping in this house for him. He clapped his hand over the pocket in which was his pocket-book, and blinked at the candle; and even as he vowed he would not slumber, through sheer weariness his eyelids closed and he fell asleep.

When he wakened it was morning, late morning, and the sun shone in on him. The candle had guttered out long since; the wax at the bottom of the socket was hard. It was evident that he had slept a long time.

Windermere rose stiffly, and with a sense of panic. He looked round. All was, apparently, as it had been when he closed his eyes at midnight. He felt for his pocket-book—it was there. He examined it—the contents were intact.

As he stood with it in his hands a knock

came at the door. He replaced the pocket-book and went. The handle turned with a groan, the door opening at once.

Outside, resting on the floor, he perceived a tray. It was covered by a spotless napkin, upon which were a coffee-pot, rolls, eggs, butter—a knife. Beside the tray lay his coat and a clothes-brush.

Windermere took them all in, wondering if he were, or had been, dreaming. He made his toilet, then breakfasted well. His watch having stopped, he had no idea what the time was. His coat had been well brushed, he perceived when he put it on, and wondered by whom. When he was ready for departure he left his room and went downstairs.

The sturdy maiden of last night met him in the hall. Her stare was as stolid as ever; it told him nothing.

She said merely, "You are to go into th' parlour," and went before to show the way.

The parlour was on a level with the hall, a large, pleasant room. The tall girl sat there by the table, sewing. She was dressed in a light skirt and blouse, and wore neither cap nor apron. She seemed to expect no surprise from Windermere. As her eyes met his she said, in a matter-of-fact tone:—

"There is a map of the county on the table there; it will tell you the way to Cunnington."

"Thank you," said Windermere. He spread out the map and considered it; his mind was full of confusion. It was evident that last night was to be ignored.

After a moment he said, slowly, "It is a slight difficulty that I do not know where I am."

She hesitated for a moment, evading his glance. Then she said, quickly, "You are at Redlands."

His amazement grew at the reply. He had heard of the house, the ramshackle residence of a well-known magistrate, a man of probity, but without wealth.

The preceding night became more and more of a mystery. He closed the map.

The girl rose. "Your bicycle is outside," she said, quietly; "Margaret has cleaned it up a little."

She went with him through the hall to the porch, moving with the same stately grace as had distinguished her when in humbler garb. Two young girls were in the garden; Windermere could see them walking among the trees, their heads bare, long tails of hair hanging down their backs.

He said stiffly, "I am indebted—how can I repay——"

A smile curved the lips of his companion then. She said, "Repay us for what?"

He hesitated. "A night's shelter." His brows drew down in perplexity.

"And entertainment!" She laughed. "Say no more of it." In her turn she hesitated, then said, with a charming apology in her blue eyes, "You have little to be grateful for. If you should ever come this way again, perhaps you may give us a chance of redeeming our character for hospitality."

He turned his bicycle round and moved down the garden path. He wished he had not to go, but he had no excuse to stay. There was more in this girl that attracted him than the mystery about her.

To his surprise she walked to the gate with him. It was almost as if she, too, were disinclined to cut off thus unsatisfactorily their acquaintance.

She did not speak.

At the gate Windermere turned. "I do wish," he said, impulsively, "you would tell me why you locked me in my room?"

She looked him full in the face. There was mingled shame and amusement in her eyes. She said, slowly, "You would never forgive me if I told you."

He said, "Why not? Besides, I think I could forgive you anything."

She began to speak then, hesitating between the words. "You see—it was like this—we did not know who you were—the whole thing was a mistake. My father—he is a magistrate, you know—had been threatened by some fellow whose conviction he had to do with a short time ago. We girls, we heard of it, and we were nervous. The man's time was up the day before yesterday, and we thought——"

"You thought I was he!" He was filled with astonishment. He had not thought of a solution affecting himself. Colour crept into his cheek.

She went on: "Father was away last night, and my brother, too. We thought you might do us a mischief. There were only the two girls—my younger sisters—myself, and Margaret. We were all afraid, horribly afraid, so we had to pretend—that there were a lot of people in the house."

"It was all pretence! You were afraid!" He remembered the lack of a knife. "You were afraid of *me?*"

"Yes."

"You acted very well!" He was still filled with astonishment.

She smiled. "It was difficult in some ways. We went upstairs by your door two

"'I DO WISH,' HE SAID, IMPULSIVELY, 'YOU WOULD TELL ME WHY YOU LOCKED ME IN MY ROOM.'"

or three times, each one of us, to make you think there were people going to bed up there. We had to steal down in the dark before mounting again. It was difficult to do it quietly, and we were horribly afraid."

"There weren't any men drinking upstairs?"

She shook her head. "None. Only the two girls, my sisters, clattering dishes about."

Suddenly he began to laugh; the humour of the thing struck him. "You were afraid of me, and you made me—well, almost afraid of you!"

He related to her his experiences of the night: she listened wide-eyed. When the tale was finished she did not laugh. She said, "I wonder you can forgive us—that—and the gardener's old coat! I am so sorry. You see, we did not think of you, except——"

"Except as the other man; I do see. But why am I this morning set free? How do you know that I am not he?"

"Irene found a note about it among my father's papers this morning—that man's time is not up for another three weeks. We were wrong."

They looked at each other gravely.

He said, "If I come again in three weeks' time, will you look askance?"

She said calmly, but her lips twitched, "My father will be at home."

Suddenly he remembered. "You carried something past my door—something heavy."

She blushed a little. "We set a table against it."

Again he laughed. She was very charming standing there, the sunlight on her crimsoning cheeks.

"My name is Edward Windermere," he said. "When not a vagabond, as last night, I play with pen and ink. I am, in fact, a writer of plays."

She knew the name. Whilst she struggled with confusion one of the young girls called her:—

"Esther! Esther! Where are you? Do come quickly!"

Her name was Esther, then. He would carry it away with him.

"Good-bye," she said, moving away. "Try and forgive us."

He said, "No, not good-bye; I shall come again. And there is nothing to forgive."

He mounted and skimmed away, down the narrow lane that led from the box-hedge to the high road. His mind was not running on Cunnington or the anxious Gregson; but on a night's adventure that had ended in strange wise.

As he thought this, he said to himself, "No, it is not ended. I spoke truly—I shall come again."

A Pageant in the Strand.

By MORLEY ADAMS and ERNEST MILLS.

(The illustrations for this article have been produced by Mr. Ernest Mills, who has clothed his original photographic studies with an appropriate setting and made the various alterations without in any way altering the features, except with regard to the amount of hair on heads and faces.)

NEWS comes of yet another postponement of the long-expected London pageant. Londoners are keenly disappointed and begin to suspect, with some show of reason, that the pageant will never take place. With the idea of allaying in some measure this disappointment, THE STRAND has organized a pageant of its own.

THE STRAND pageant has many advantages over the pageant that was to be. There is not a single "nobody" among the pageanteers. The world has offered its very best for our pageant, but, in spite of this, the public can view the unique procession without coming to London, and for the small sum of sixpence.

This is a pageant for the million! Think of Julius Cæsar and St. Olaf, Harold and William the Conqueror, Richard Cœur de Lion and Dick Whittington, Richard II. and Wat Tyler, Crook-backed Richard and Henry VII., Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake, William Shakespeare, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., Queen Anne, not to mention minor notables defiling through THE STRAND, and each character represented by a present-day celebrity!

Mr. W. T. Stead as "Cromwell."

In selecting stars from the world's galaxy, the greatest difficulty encountered has been that some half-dozen celebrities were willing and anxious to represent such a popular character as Oliver Cromwell, but much trouble was experienced in finding anyone sufficiently patriotic to take such a part as that of Crook-backed Richard. The run on Cromwells has been positively bewildering. For the original London pageant, now postponed, Mr. W. T. Stead nobly offered to sacrifice his magnificent beard so that he might the more faithfully represent the much-desired Cromwell, and this in spite of the fact that he has not used the razor from his youth up.

This noble example of self-sacrifice has suggested to us that other celebrities would be prepared for various little personal sacrifices, and the following pages represent what might be imagined as the result of such an appeal to some of the leading men and women of our time.

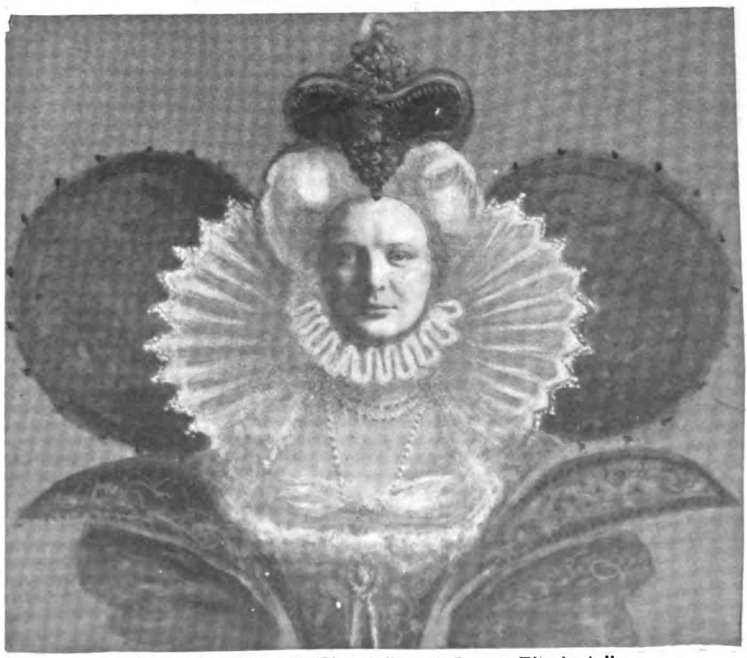
An enthusiastic letter was received from Mr. Lloyd George: "I will go one better than Mr. Stead. I will not only give up my moustache, but shall have pleasure in lopping off an arm and gouging out an eye that I may represent England's great naval hero, Lord Nelson."

Rt. Hon. Lloyd George as "Lord Nelson."

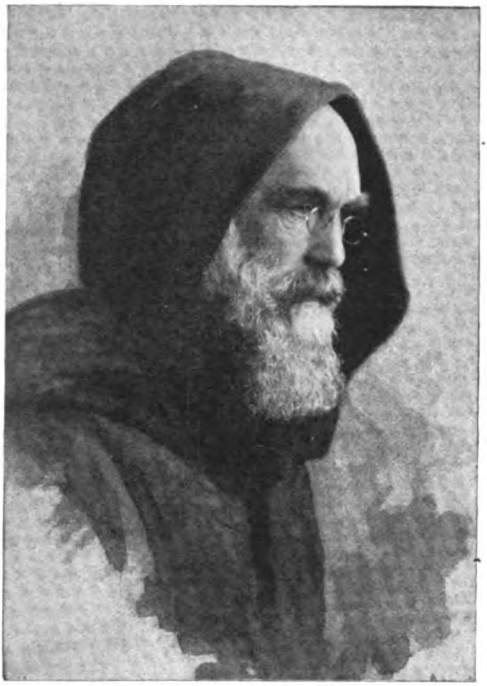
Rt. Hon. John Burns as a Yeoman of the Guard.

The Right Hon. John Burns said that in his youth he always imagined that the most important person in the world was a Beefeater; so he intended to represent one of the heroes of his youth, and would go as a Yeoman of the Guard.

Mr. Winston Churchill, as will be seen from the following letter, for once "plays the woman." "I am distressed that it should appear that I have nothing to sacrifice for the sake of my patriotism. At first I contemplated growing a beard and moustache in sufficient quantities to enable me to impersonate Dr. Grace or some such English Esau. My wife, however, declared that if I did anything so 'flagrantly ridiculous' she would disown me. She pointed out that I might as well go as Marie Corelli or Queen



Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill as "Queen Elizabeth."

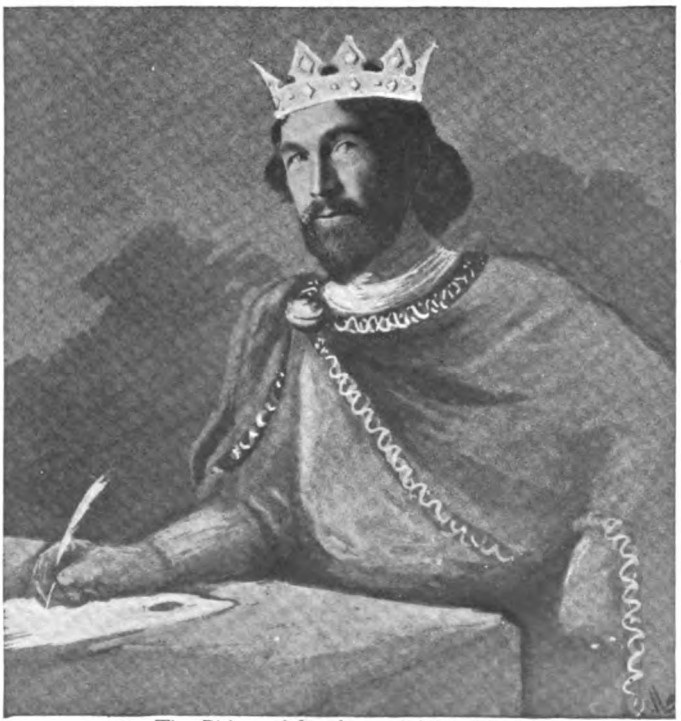


Dr. Clifford as "Friar Tuck."

Rev. R. J. Campbell as "Mary Queen of Scots."

Elizabeth. I turned this scoff into a prayer, and decided to represent the latter lady."

That great Nonconformist Ironsides, Dr. Clifford, should have gone as Cromwell, but as this part was allotted to Mr. Stead he represents Friar Tuck, thereby sacrificing a part of his Nonconformist conscience.



The Bishop of London as "King John."

Why those eminent divines, the Bishop of London and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, should appear in their respective characters is somewhat of a mystery. Possibly, however, it may be explained in the case of Dr. Ingram by the rule of contraries, for it is impossible even to imagine two human beings more different than the genial, cultivated Bishop and the vicious and pig-headed King. In the face of the eminent pastor of the City Temple one may trace a certain curious and amusing resemblance to the features of the Queen of Scots. It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that their characters do not run at all upon the same lines.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs would do credit to any of the following six characters: Henry VIII., Captain Kidd, Richard Cœur de Lion, Dick Turpin, Captain Cook, and Edward the Confessor. Mr. Jacobs pointed out that there were objections to each of these characters. He had not the presence of Henry VIII., and thought that this character should be taken by a bachelor. If he consulted his own feelings he should like to go as one of the wives of Henry VIII. He recognised his shortcomings, but was encouraged when he remembered that he would only be representing the sixth part of a Queen.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs as "Anne Boleyn."

The part of Shakespeare was a foregone conclusion. With much boldness THE STRAND approached Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and pointed out that, however great the condescension might be, and undoubtedly was, it was nevertheless a public duty that he should take the part of William Shakespeare. G. B. S. suggested, with some show of reason, that he should go as himself. There was no necessity for the presentation of two dramatists, and to cover the living Shaw with the dead Shakespeare was—to put the most modest construction on it—superfluous. However, when it was shown that a King at times deigned to look at a cat, he considered the matter favourably.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw as "Shakespeare."

Mr. Rufus Isaacs goes as Charles I. before losing his head. Mr. Isaacs has figured in many trials, but he was born a few centuries too late to plead the cause of Charles Stuart, and in consequence the King was executed.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs as "Charles I."

Sir F. Treves as "William the Conqueror."

Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane as "Dr. Johnson."

Reverting to the time of the Conquest, it became necessary to find a man who would fittingly impersonate the Conqueror, and this part—having regard to his "conquest over human pain"—has been allotted to Sir Frederick Treves.

Among comparatively modern characters

Mark Twain as "Thomas à Becket."

England's great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, is portrayed to the very life by Mr. Haldane.

Mark Twain was on the horns of a dilemma. He had drawn up a list of about sixty characters that he might represent with credit to himself and honour to the prototypes. After considerable difficulty he reduced the number to two — Thomas

à Becket and Grimaldi. He had leanings towards the clown, but, remembering that some self-denial was required, he finally fixed upon the Archbishop. He was not sure whether Becket wore a beard, but as he always associated beards with Archbishops he had locked away his razor, and already had quite a respectable growth on his chin.

The part of King Arthur has been kindly undertaken by Sir F. C. Gould. His admiration for this British King and hero of the Round Table was unbounded, a man—and he said this with all due modesty—who was "as good as Gould."

The courteous friend of Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, is admirably represented by Sir William Treloar, friend not only of monarchs but of cripples. Sir William's kindly smile, charm of manner, and grace of person go to the making of an excellent Raleigh. When it was mentioned to Sir William that Raleigh was never represented as having a white beard and moustache, he said that he understood that some sacrifice was called for, and he would go to the extreme and "dye" for the pageant.

Sir W. Treloar as "Sir Walter Raleigh."

Sir F. C. Gould as "King Arthur."

Mrs. Pankhurst, who enthusiastically entered into the pageant spirit, thought that it would be sufficient sacrifice if she went as a man, and, having a strong admiration for the Cæsars, she proposed to take the part of Julius Cæsar, with the one stipulation that she should be allowed to wear a "Votes for Women" button to show that she was not a traitress to the cause.

Mrs. Pankhurst as "Julius Cæsar."

Several candidates offered themselves for the part of Joan of Arc, and after due deliberation Miss Annie Kenny was selected. Having regard to the fact that she was the first Suffragette martyr, the choice is extremely appropriate. It will be remembered that she was captured by the English—as represented by Mr. Churchill—at Manchester, and proved that she was made of stern stuff, like the character she represents, who, by the way, was also Maid of Orleans.

It was difficult to find a celebrity with a sufficient resemblance to Wolsey to impersonate the great Cardinal. There are difficulties about the Wolsey face; its uncommon strength, unrelenting lines, haughty mien, dignity — all "cardinal" points — were only to be found in one individual—Mrs. Besant.

Miss Annie Kenny as "Joan of Arc."

Mrs. Annie Besant as "Cardinal Wolsey."

OUT OF THE GREAT SILENCE.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

THE traffic roared in Holborn, while the rain fell in floods and ran far up the sloping camber of the roadway. In the broken mirror of the water and the shining pavements a thousand electric lights sparkled, repeating themselves from the windows of the shops, and here and there the tail lamp of a cab flicked the road with ruby red. Green and purple shone from a distant chemist's shop and streamed over the pavement wonderfully, filling the eye with colour as magical as the dream of a strange drug from far-off lands—such lands as many knew who that night rejoiced in the spell of the great city. And the voice of the town was like that of a roaring river to some and the clamour of a great wind to others, and to one at least it was like the roar of the surf beating on the desolate beaches of an unmarked island in the great Southern Ocean that rings about the Antarctic Pole.

"But I'm out of the great silence all the same," said Tom Carew; "here's my own city and the speech of it. Oh, but it has changed and grown even in these ten years!"

By his side, in the shelter of a doorway, stood a policeman in an oil-cape shining with the rain. He stared at the man beside him. For Tom Carew, seaman and castaway, was as tall as he and very powerful. The breadth of his shoulders and depth of his chest showed well in his ragged coat of blue, which fitted him over-tightly, for it had once belonged to a smaller man. On his head was an old cloth cap; in his lean brown hands he held a bundle, made of a stained red bandanna, such a handkerchief as an Italian mariner, with a childish love of gaudy colour, might have bought in Leghorn, and rejoiced to possess. But though the constable saw these things, he looked mostly at the man's face, which was tanned to the colour of madder, with the life of red blood in it.

"Come from somewhere," said the constable. "A strange-lookin' chap, surely. Where from?"

He spoke aloud.

"Rain's 'eavy, eh? You're a stranger in London?"

Carew turned marvelling eyes upon him.

"It's my own city, constable; but it's changed—oh, how changed!"

"Ah, you notice it, 'avin' been abroad, as one might guess," said the constable, staring at him hard. The ragged man's voice, in spite of his rags and bundle, had a quality which urged the policeman to call him "sir."

"What have you been doing to it these ten years—or near it?" said Carew.

"These ten years! Where were you all that time, sir?"

He had to call the man "sir"; he could not help it.

"The last three in solitary confinement," said Carew. "Three solid years and some months to boot."

He waved a hand as if to some big empty space—the great space he had stared at till it almost mastered him.

"Solitary, now! And where was that?" asked the constable, starting.

"In the Southern Pacific," said Carew. "You're the first Englishman I've spoken to these many years. I was cast away at sea. And this is London—this is Holborn? I can't believe it."

"That's it, sir. Holborn it is; and this is rain, real rain, not to speak of the mud," replied the policeman, with a laugh.

"Where's Southampton Row?" asked Carew, suddenly.

The policeman pointed to a way which was strangely new and broad.

"We London folk changed it while you slept, sir."

"And Russell Square? Have you pulled that down?"

"God bless you, sir, it was in its place this afternoon. Do you want it?"

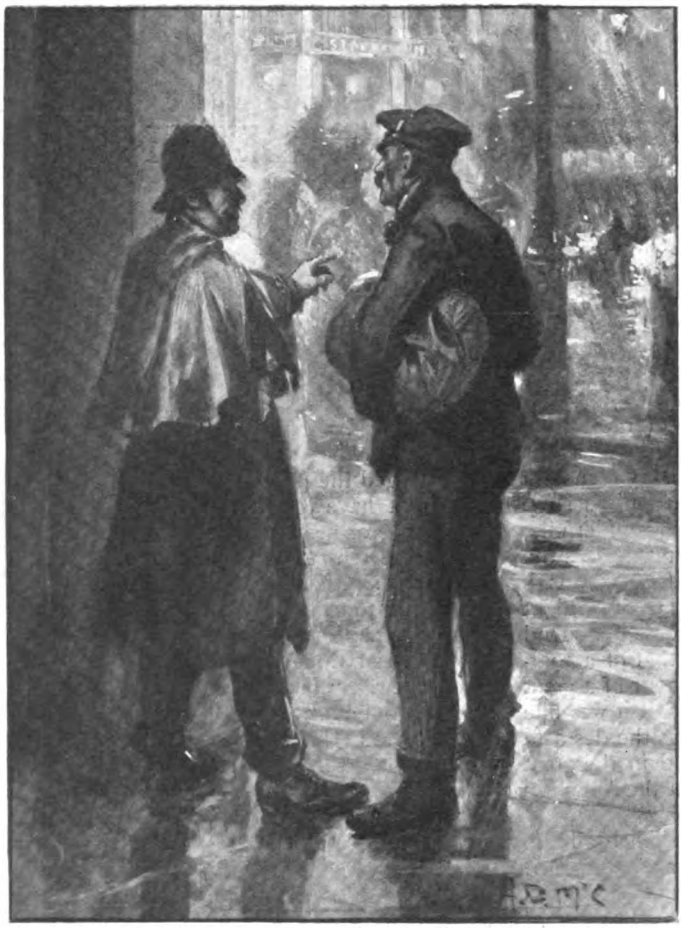
"I was born there," said Carew.

"So you're goin' 'ome, sir?"

"That's it—I'm going home," said Carew, quietly.

"I 'ope you'll find things all right, but changes do take place in four years, not to speak of ten," said the constable.

And Carew fingered his bundle nervously.



"THE POLICEMAN POINTED TO A WAY WHICH WAS STRANGELY NEW AND BROAD."

"Well, I'm changed too. I wish I could ask you to have a drink, constable, but I can't."

"Thank you all the same, sir," said the constable; "and I wish you luck, sir."

"The same to you," said the man with the bundle. "Good night."

"Good night, sir," said the constable. And Carew went across the street with a swift, light step.

Several times he stayed as he went north, for he looked in the big shops and stood by the mouth of the tunnel out of which shot marvellous lighted and resounding tram-cars from the bowels of the earth.

"I wonder where they come from and where they run to," said Carew. Then he found himself in the old part of the Row, which still remains a narrow street. But even that was changed.

He came out upon the Square and, turning to the left, stood in front of a corner house. Then he walked across the road to the inner garden and stared into the darkness.

He turned and, leaning against the railings, looked back at the house that he was born in.

"Nigh ten years since I saw it, and four years and over since they heard from me! What's happened? They mayn't live there now. The house looks dark."

Yet there was a light from one window on the ground floor, while gas and the glare of a fire warmed the kitchen in the basement. He walked across the road again and went up the steps slowly and laid his hand upon one of the two knockers which all the houses in Russell Square boast. But he did not knock, after all—he could not; a knock seemed so loud and peremptory a noise, and he felt the old house was full of ghosts, and over-silent. So he rang instead of knocking.

"I hope—I hope they're all alive," said Carew. He knew now that they were not; something told him so—spoke it loudly in his ears; the old house itself said "Death" to him, and "Too late! Too late!" He shook his head as he heard steps in the hall and saw the light turned up suddenly. Then the door opened and he saw the light strike across a woman's face, for the lamp was overhead.

"Thank God!" said Carew, and smiled.

"What is it?" said the girl. She looked little more than twenty, though it was so long since he had seen her, and then she was sixteen and his mother's little maid, a pet of the house, a child of an old servant. Tom Carew was twenty then, and he remembered kissing Kitty and being caught by his mother, who said, gravely, "If you do that, Tom, I shall have to send Kitty away." Six months later the world called him and he went to the war in Africa; and afterwards the sea called him, and so he had his lonely island days that made him a man as much as

any war could do. And this was Kitty—Kitty grown up and beautiful, perhaps, as the child had promised to be; for Mrs. Carew loved beauty, and had no daughters—only her wild son Tom and his elder half-brother, the child of another woman.

"What do you want?" said Kitty. It was the first woman's voice that had spoken to him since he shipped in that Italian barque at Cape Town for Australia.

"What do I want?" said Tom Carew. He wanted, there and then, to catch her in his arms and kiss her, out of gladness to think that he knew her. So would he have kissed the old cook who loved him. He made a step towards Kitty and smiled. The light fell fully on his face.

"Kitty, my dear," said the wild man with the bundle.

And Kitty stared at him and, lifting up her hands, caught him by the arm and stared again.

"Oh, oh, it's Master Tom!" she said, and cried there and then, sobbing strangely as she looked at him through her tears.

He stepped inside, slung his bundle on the hall table, and shut the door.

"How are things?" he asked, with a dry throat. "Things" meant so much—his dear mother and his old father—a strange old man of books, learned, severe, ascetic, and yet sweet.

"Oh, sir, Master Tom," she said again. And he caught her by the shoulders, half roughly, half tenderly, for she was soft to the touch, and touching a woman's sweet flesh moved him strangely, sweetly.

"My mother, Kitty?"

"Oh, sir, she's dead this year past."

"Ah! And my father?"

"Last month, sir, last month——"

Tom nodded, and again nodded, bitterly.

"Aye, I knew it, I knew it. The very house said so!"

"Why didn't you come home sooner, Master Tom? And for four years you never wrote," she cried.

"I could not," he answered. "The dear old folks died a thousand times for me when I could not, Kitty. Where's my brother, and how is he now?"

"Mr. William's out. He's very ill, they say." Then she hesitated, and Tom Carew looked at her.

"What were you going to say, Kitty?"

"He's leaving the house, sir, and he has sent away all but me and one more."

"Why?" asked Tom Carew, dryly. But of old he knew his half-brother. There had never been peace between the young boy and his elder.

"'WHAT DO YOU WANT?' SAID KITTY."

"Why?" he repeated, and Kitty looked at him, and opened the palms of her hand with a gesture almost foreign, but most eloquent.

"Oh, he's the same, then," said Tom,

bitterly; "it's money once more and always; and I suppose he has it all now?"

"They thought you were dead, sir. It's said he has it all."

"The dear old house, and he's leaving it to strangers! Curse him!" he said, suddenly. And Kitty flinched.

"You won't quarrel with him, sir, when he comes in. I expect him every minute. And he's ill, I know."

"What's wrong with him?" asked Tom, angrily. But Kitty could not tell him. All she knew was that the doctor saw him very often, though he went to the City always, well or ill

"You won't quarrel with him, sir?" she implored.

"I'll quarrel with no one, my dear," he answered. "But will he quarrel with me? 'Twas he sent me away to the war, Kitty, and not my mother, when she caught me kissing you. Have you forgotten that?"

She had never forgotten it, and smiled.

"Oh, no; at least, not quite."

"Well, I've not forgotten," said Tom; "and you're the first woman I've spoken to these three years and over. Do you believe that, Kitty?"

As he spoke they heard a key in the door.

"It's Mr. William, sir," said Kitty, hurriedly.

The door opened and William Carew came in. He was as tall a man as his half-brother, and heavier, but gross of habit and heavy. His lips were strangely purple, and heavy veins lined his pallid face. He stared hard at the wild stranger in the hall.

"Who's this?" he said, abruptly.

"Don't you know me, Will?" asked his brother.

Will Carew put up glasses and stared at him again.

"Oh, you," he said. He fumbled in his ungracious mind for some more gracious greeting. "Oh, yes, it's Tom."

"That's who it is," said the ragged man. "So we're all that's left, Will?"

"You know, then?"

"Kitty has told me," said Tom, softly.

"'Twas your fault, or half of it," said William.

"The fault of the seas, Will, not mine."

He saw Kitty look at him imploringly as if she asked him to be gentle. He smiled back at her and nodded. To her he seemed a splendid man for all his rags, but to Will nothing was visible but rags.

"Come in," he said, ungraciously. And Tom followed him into the library. There sat the stern ghost of his father, a hard man, yet kind and learned. There were the books he loved. Yonder by the window was the desk he worked at. That was the chair in which he died, though Tom knew it not. Will sat down in it, thinking not of the dead but of the money that was his—the money that he loved and would not share.

"Why didn't you write?"

His voice was peevish, strained, and cold.

"I couldn't."

"And you come back—like this?"

"Aye, in rags, and no need of pockets save for a knife. All my other gatherings are in an old bandanna outside."

"You brag of it?"

"I brag of nothing. It's mere plain fact, Will."

"You're going abroad again?"

"Do you hope so? Shall I not sit down here and stay with you?"

"I'm leaving the house next month."

"The dear old house! We were born in it. You'll not sell it?"

"'Tis as good as sold now."

"If it were mine I'd not sell it."

"It's not yours," said Will Carew, harshly.

"No, to be sure, brother," said Tom. He sat the wrong way in a chair with his arms folded over the back of it.

"I've nothing, I suppose?" he said.

"Nothing. They thought you dead——"

"How careless of me to get wrecked!"

"They resented your not writing—aye, and your general conduct," said his brother, hastily.

"Aye, it was bad. I fought in South Africa when I might have stayed at home and made money. I could have worked under you at the office," said Tom. "That would have been good conduct. But not content with fighting, I must see the world, too, and get wrecked on a desert island!"

He held out his hand to Will and jumped to his feet. His brother started.

"You hoped I was dead," said Tom. "Tell the truth now! Didn't you hope that I should never turn up and ask you for a fiver?"

And Will never said a word.

"You always were what you are, Will," said Tom; "a pattern, a model, the good boy of the family! What a contrast, eh, between you and me?—you with the house and the business, and I with nothing in a bandanna. Oh, what a man you look!"

"Leave my house," said Will, rising from his chair. But Tom pulled out his pipe, filled it with loose tobacco from his pocket, lighted it, and sat down once more.

"When I get ready, my half of a brother," he said, almost lightly. "I wondered, as I walked here from the Docks (do you know them or make money out of them? A splendid part of London, Will!), whether you would be alive. And I reckoned up the sort of welcome I should get if you were top-dog now. I'm the prodigal, the returned cheque, the protested note (is that what you call it?), the bad shilling; and you're the good boy, the certified cheque, the note that anyone will discount, and the splendid shilling! You're a curiosity, Will, that's what you are!"

"And you're a blackguard," said his brother. "Will you go, or shall I get someone to turn you out?"

"Don't trouble the police; I loved to see them to-day. I talked with one in Holborn, and told him I'd had three years' solitary confinement."

"A jail-bird, a jail-bird!" said Will.

"On an island in the big Southern Ocean, my stay-at-home brother. You know the sea at Brighton! 'Twas the same sea, Will."

"He's a madman," said Will.

"And you're sane, Will; what sweet sanity! Till to-day I've not spoken to a countryman for years. If my speech is rude put it down to that. I sailed with Italians from the Cape, and a Dutchman picked me up. They were mostly men, though, and did their best for me. Won't you do the same? I suggest you ask me to dinner, and divide the inheritance, Will."

"You sha'n't have a penny; before God, not a penny!"

"Strange, isn't it! I could wring your neck, Will!"

"You threaten me! Not a penny!"

"Say a hundred thousand, no more than that!"

"Not a penny!"

"Not a stiver, not a maravedi, not a piastre, not a cent, not even a milreis? Where's the nearest workhouse, Will? It's a wet night. I must sleep somewhere. Hear the rain!"

Will rose to his feet and walked unsteadily to the desk.

"If I give you fifty pounds will you go and never come back?" he asked, shaking.

"My generous brother, you overwhelm me. Let me see the money," said Tom.

Will took the notes from a drawer in the desk and held them out.

"Bring them here," said Tom, and Will brought them.

"Now you owe me ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty."

"I owe you nothing, and I always hated you," said Will.

"How unlike you to be so open," said Tom, turning the notes over in his hand. "Have you a pain anywhere, because you give me these? You're an unhappy man, Will. In the old days, though I was so much younger, I always got the best of life and of you. I've got the best now."

"That's not true, not true."

"There never was a truer word. You know it. You'd give your soul to be me. If I give you back this money I shall still have the best of you."

He saw his brother's eyes fixed upon the notes.

"There are hundreds of men all over the world would be pleased to see me. I doubt if there's one would grieve if you went out. Oh, you poor devil; here's fifty pounds for you. When you make your will, if you haven't made it, leave it, on my account, to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs."

He threw the notes upon the floor at his brother's feet. But Will stooped eagerly and gathered them up.

"Don't say I didn't give them to you!" he cried.

"I'll remember, Will. Good-bye to you, my generous brother. You'll never see me again. Does that give you joy?"

And Will broke out furiously:—

"I hate you, and always did. Isn't that enough?"

"Aye, it's enough," said Tom, soberly. "It's the poorest thing, hate, and a mean gift. There were hours in my lonely island when I loved you. Good-bye, old chap. I owe you nothing, not even a grudge. You can't help being what you are, and I'm sorry, very sorry. Good-bye."

He opened the door, went out, closed it gently, and left Will standing there.

"To be as strong as he is I'd give ten thousand pounds," said Will. He fell into a chair and sat there shaking.

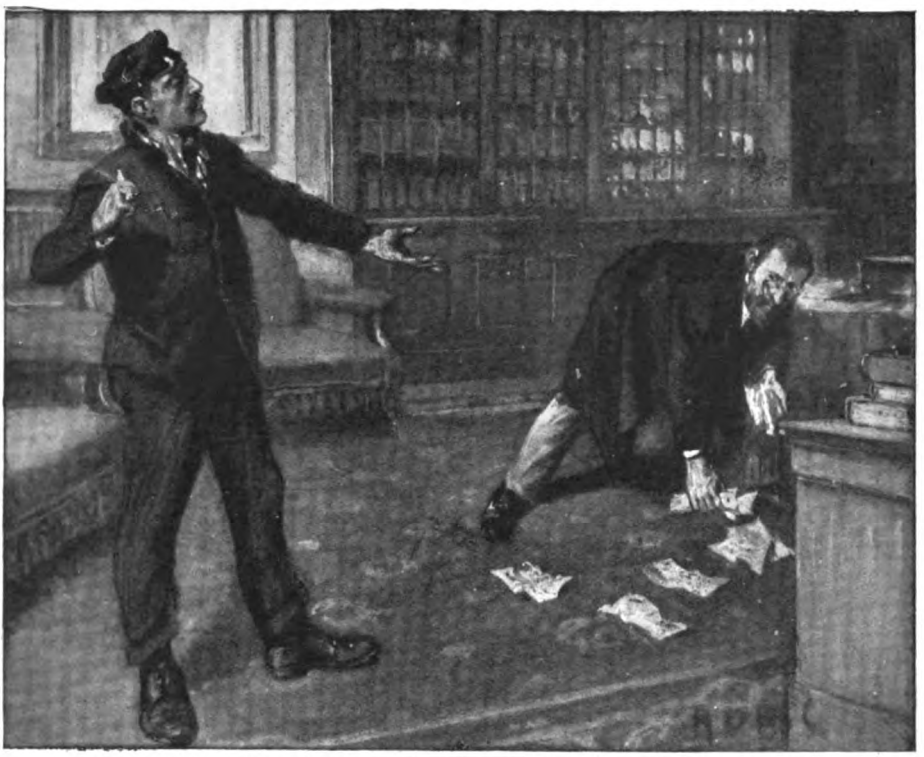
"I've never made my will," he said. "I'll make it to-night."

He held the fifty pounds in his hands, and when he heard the outer door shut he grinned even then to think that Tom should be such a fool.

And the fool stood outside in the square with his bundle in his hand, thinking not of his brother, nor of his houseless state, but of Kitty.

"I wish I'd kissed her once," he said. But it seemed that kisses were not for him.

"I'll go to sea again."



"HE THREW THE NOTES UPON THE FLOOR AT HIS BROTHER'S FEET."

He walked a few yards eastward and then stopped.

"I will speak to her again," he said. Even as he spoke he heard the area gate open and saw Kitty running towards him in the darkness and the rain. She came to him and put her hand timidly on his sleeve.

"Oh, sir," she said. "Oh, Master Tom!"

"What is it, Kitty, my dear?" he asked.

"You are going—going!"

"Aye," said Tom, "I suppose I am."

"He—he turned you out, Master Tom?"

"He offered me fifty pounds, Kitty—fifty golden sovereigns."

"Oh, you didn't take it?"

"How do you know that, Kitty?"

"I—I know," she said. "And now—now you've no money?"

"Not a cent, my dear."

"When you went away you gave me a sovereign, Master Tom."

"I thought it was only a kiss, Kitty. The second one. Do you remember?"

She remembered.

"Mayn't I lend it to you now?"

"The kiss, Kitty? It would be sweet."

"The sovereign, sir."

"I'd rather take a thousand from you than a cent from him," said Tom. "Yes, Kitty, you shall lend it to me, if you like."

She put it in his hand. He held her hand firmly.

"Did he say the master and mistress were angry with you, sir?" she asked.

"He implied as much, my dear child," said Tom, sadly.

"It was a lie. They grieved most bitterly, and thought that you were dead. I want to tell you what your mother said."

As she spoke the rain came down heavily.

"Would you—would you come into the kitchen, sir?" she asked.

"'Tis his kitchen, you know," said Tom. "But who's with you?"

"There's but two of us now, and the other girl is out."

"Then he sent the old servants away?"

"Yes, sir, all of them."

"And you're the cook, Kitty?"

"For the time, I am, Master Tom."

Tom laughed.

"The kitchen belongs to the cook, I'm told, Kitty, and I'll come into the cook's kitchen. But I'm hungry, Kitty, and though the kitchen is the cook's, I'm told the food is the master's. Can you run round to the

Row and get me something with this sovereign which has just been given to me. If you will I'll come in and talk with you and eat with you."

"Wait here, sir," she said, eagerly.

"I'll wait," replied the outcast, and Kitty ran into the darkness swiftly.

"She's a sweet girl," said the wanderer. "I'm a lucky dog after all—a very lucky dog!"

And before he had smoked half a pipe Kitty came back. She took him by the arm again in a trembling triumph, and led him down the steps. The fire was burning brightly in the kitchen and he sat down by it.

"It's a strange world, Kitty."

"Yes, sir," said Kitty. For the moment it was a sweet world for her.

"A very strange world. For years I lived on shell-fish, sea-birds, and seaweed, and cooked them myself."

"How dreadful, sir! Were you all alone?" she asked, as she stood at the fire.

"When my last Italian friend died I was all alone," he said. "Is that a chop, Kitty?"

"Yes, it's a chop," said Kitty.

"I'm in luck, then. What's all the other stuff you're cooking?"

"That's the master's dinner. It won't be ready for an hour yet."

"Tell me about my mother."

So Kitty told all she knew, and the wanderer softened strangely.

"And my father?"

She told him of the strange old man who read and worked to the last, and died in the great chair in the library.

"I was coming home then," said Tom. . . . He stared into the fire.

Overhead they heard a sharp bell ring.

"What's that, Kitty?"

"That's the telephone, sir. Mr. Carew is at it always, even at night times. Someone's rung him up."

"I wish I'd had a 'phone in my wild island, Kitty. I'd have rung you up and asked you to tell me everything. You might even have sent me a kiss over it. I was very lonely."

"I—I often thought about you, sir," said Kitty. "I wish you were rich."

"I wish I was, Kitty. Do you know what I'd do?" he asked.

"What, Master Tom?"

"I'd take a big house, and when the things are sold here, if they are, I'd buy them all, if they cost their weight in gold, Kitty," said Tom; "and I'd send for the old cook and all the others too and put them in their places again. But I don't quite know what I should do with you, Kitty."

She did not speak. He saw the light upon her fair head, and saw that she was beautiful.

"The old cook is too old," she said suddenly. "I—I could help her."

It was a dream for her as well as for him. But they heard William Carew's step overhead.

"He's at the 'phone again," said Kitty.

But Tom smiled and cared for nothing that his brother did. Now he sat at the table and began to eat. She served him humbly, for he was a strange man, and yet not strange; a wonder, and yet an ancient playmate. So many things he had seen, so much endured. Odysseus and the Moor were loved for what they had seen and done in the wonderful great world.

"How brown you are, Master Tom!" she said suddenly.

"I've seen the sun, child. But how fair you are, Kitty! You're like milk and roses. Do you know I've not tasted milk or seen a rose for four years? You're as fair as a ship, Kitty! You don't know how fair a ship may be until you've been cast away."

"Was it very dreadful, being alone?"

"Aye, my dear! I dream every night that I'm alone again, under a roaring great sky. Are you very lonely here, Kitty?"

She sighed, for there are many kinds of loneliness, and the heart of woman knows them all at times.

"'Tis a big house for so few," she said.

"And when the old house is sold, what will you do?"

"I must get another place, Master Tom."

"I wish I'd one to offer you. It's a very strange place, this world, Kitty. One can be in a desert island anywhere!"

He laughed aloud in an access of peculiar bitterness. But Kitty smiled on him and he saw that she was a very beautiful woman. He remembered her dead mother, who had also been beautiful.

And then they heard steps upon the kitchen stairs.

"Who's that?" she said, in sudden alarm. The rose went out of her skin and left her very pale.

"It's—it's the master," she said, whispering. But Tom still sat at the table, even when the door opened suddenly and Will Carew stood upon the threshold. He was white with anger.

"You here?" he said.

Tom looked up at him calmly.

"You wouldn't have me upstairs, brother."

"So you sneak in at the area gate—sneak into the kitchen to the servants," said Will.

"There's better company here, brother Will, than upstairs. I've learnt to love good company."

Will Carew could scarcely speak.

"You insult me, but eat my food!"

"Think of the fifty pounds I gave you just now," said Tom. "You're an ungrateful elder brother! I gave you the only fifty pounds I had—absolutely all I possessed—and now you grudge me a chop in the kitchen with Kitty."

"She goes to-morrow," cried Will; "to-morrow morning."

Kitty was very pale, but her eyes had courage in them.

"Oh, thank you, sir. I shall be glad to go—so glad. Since your father died I've hated the house."

"You're insolent, girl!"

Tom laughed.

"Could you not tell him what you think of him while I go on eating the chop you bought with your own money, Kitty?" he asked. But he could eat nothing.

"Get out of my house," said his brother, "and take her with you!"

"Have you nothing to say to him, Kitty?" asked Tom.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, Master Tom," she said. "Don't answer him, sir. I know he's ill."

"You lie," said the master of the house, "you lie. I'm well—quite, quite well!"

His face was ghastly even then.

"Go away, brother, go away. The kitchen's no place for you," said Tom.

"You'd like to kill me," panted Will.

"I hate death; I've seen too much of it, Will. I've slept among the dead in the war, and I saw my last friend die in the island I told you of. I've no wish to kill you, none at all."

"Then leave my house before I send for the police to turn you and this girl out," said his brother. "She—oh, she——"

He had something to say of her, but did not say it. Tom sprang to his feet and walked to him.

"She—Kitty—what of the little girl my mother loved?"

William Carew was dressed as any rich man would be. Tom was in chance rags, the charity of seamen. But to Kitty, now herself without a home, he looked a king, his brother but a slave. She ran to them, and put her hand on Tom's arm.

"Don't hurt him, Master Tom!"

And Tom laughed bitterly.

"My dear, I'd not lay a finger on him for myself, but for you I'd break him. And he knows it."

But Will Carew turned upon his heel and went up the stairs. On the top of them he stayed, and called down to Tom in a thick voice:—

"If you're not gone in five minutes I'll send for the police!"

Then again they heard the telephone ring in the library, and heard his step overhead.

"So you're to go, too, Kitty," said Tom. "I've brought that on you. You, too, are without a home."

"It does not matter," she said, bravely. "I can do all right. But this was my home. It's been my home so long."

The tears were in her eyes.

"You'd have had to go soon, would you not, Kitty?"

"Yes, Master Tom."

"Does my brother hate you, Kitty? I saw a strange look in his eyes, or thought I did."

But Kitty's eyes were troubled.

"Oh, sir!"

"Then it was not hate he had for you?"

"I hated him," said Kitty, in a whisper.

"Ah! I understand," said Tom. "Well, we're both in the street, Kitty; both penniless, perhaps, and I'm in rags and you're not clad as you should be. I wish I was rich, Kitty, or even not so poor. But I should go——"

"Oh, don't," she cried.

"Why, I must, my dear! But I'll see if I can get some work. The Lord knows I'm strong enough. And if I do, I shall be rich," he said. "How little would make me rich now! What's that?"

It was nothing but his brother at the telephone, said Kitty. They heard his voice.

"Will you kiss me, Kitty, before I go?"

She looked down and then lifted her eyes to him.

"Yes, Master Tom!"

He put his arms about her, but even as he stooped to her there was a strange cry overhead—a cry and then a heavy fall, as though some picture came down, or a chair gave way, or a man dropped even as he walked.

"What's that?" she cried.

"Aye, what?" said Tom. "Go up and see!"

"Come with me; I'm afraid."

"It's nothing, perhaps. Wait!"

But they heard nothing, and the same thought grew in them at once.

"He's stopped talking. He doesn't move!"

She clung to him as she spoke

"Oh, Master Tom, come up with me!"

"Aye," said Tom, in a strange, far-off voice. "Aye, I'll come."

He followed her upstairs. And still they heard nothing, even when they stood in the sombre hall outside the library.

"He doesn't move," she said.

And Tom threw the door open.

The telephone was in the far corner, and a big desk stood between them and it. The lights were up. But they saw no one.

"Where is he?"

Tom went swiftly round the desk.

"He's here!"

Will Carew lay upon the floor very quietly. In his hand was the receiver of the telephone, with part of the wire attached to it. He had torn it from the wall as he fell, in one last effort to hold on to the world.

"Oh, he's dead!" said Kitty, as she leant upon the desk.

"I've seen many! Yes, he's dead," replied Tom, dully; "he's dead!"

There was even then a heavy knock upon the outer door. It resounded in the empty hall strangely, with a ghastly effect, for it said so plainly that someone wanted William Carew, and wanted him urgently.

"Go to the door," said Tom. "Whoever it is, send him for the doctor, Kitty."

He still knelt beside the dead man as she went, and when she opened the hall door he heard her cry out:—

"Oh, sir, come in!"

A quick step sounded in the hall.

"What do you say! Ill? He telephoned for me a few minutes ago," said a voice. And Tom saw a man come into the library. Kitty cried out behind him:—

"It's the doctor, sir!"

"He's dead," said Tom.

The doctor saw him and wondered who he was, but he knelt beside William Carew without a word.

"Yes, he's dead," he said, presently. He dropped the dead man's hand.

"I've seen many and knew it," said Tom.

"Who are you?" asked the doctor.

"I'm his brother, his half-brother," said Tom. He added as he rose, "Did you expect this?"

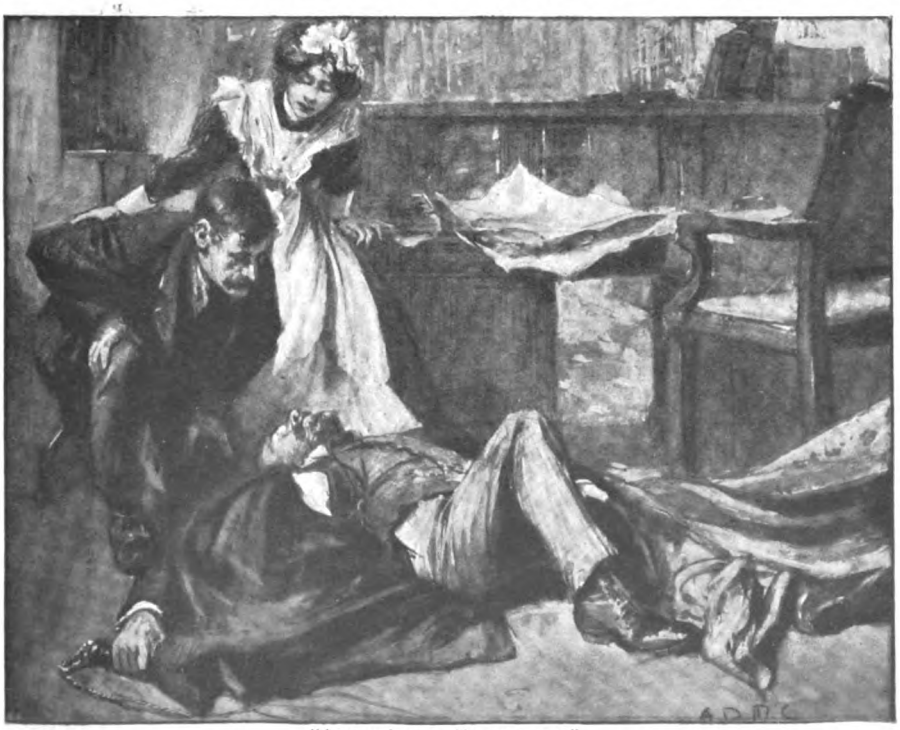
"Aye," said the doctor, "at any time."

There was another heavy knock upon the hall door, another visitor for the dead. Kitty let him in. She knew him for William Carew's solicitor.

"Is Mr. Carew in?"

"He's dead, sir," said Kitty.

"Good God! He wanted me to make his will this very night," cried the solicitor. But Kitty thought nothing of what he said.



"'OH, HE'S DEAD!' SAID KITTY."

"Where is he?"

She showed him into the library.

"The doctor is there, sir."

They knew each other and shook hands. The lawyer looked upon the dead man and turned away. He saw Tom standing by the window.

"Who's that?" he whispered to the doctor.

"His half-brother, he says."

"Eh, what? They thought him dead!"

He went across to Tom Carew.

"You're Mr. Carew?"

"Yes," said the wanderer.

The lawyer's quick eye noted his bronze, his strength, his rags.

"I'm just home from sea. I was cast away for three years," said Tom—"three long years."

"You're a rich man now," said the lawyer.

"Eh," said Tom, "I'm what?"

"A rich man, for your brother left no will, and you're the only relative he had."

"Aye, that's so," said Tom. He wondered where Kitty was. A rich man—a very rich man!

They put him who had been rich upon the couch and covered his face.

"I'll do all that's necessary, Mr. Carew," said the doctor. He might have added, "You may be in rags, but you're a rich man, a very rich man."

"It's your house now," said the lawyer; "it was to be sold. Will you complete the sale, Mr. Carew?"

"I'll keep it," said Tom. "No, I'll never sell it."

"You've had great experiences, I gather," said the lawyer.

"Aye," said Tom, still in a dream.

"I'll see you to-morrow," said the lawyer. "If I may venture in such sad circumstances to congratulate you on what must be some consolation, I do it heartily. I also condole with you."

"I thank you," said Tom Carew.

And for a little while he was alone. He went into the dining-room and stood by the fire, which glowed bright red. The table was laid for one.

"A beggar, a rich man," said Tom.

He saw Kitty at the door.

"Kitty!"

"Yes, Master Tom."

"I'm a rich man, Kitty."

She said nothing.

"A rich man," he murmured, and he sighed.

"You took nothing to eat downstairs, sir," she said, presently.

"No," said Tom, "didn't I?"

"Could you eat now?" she asked.

"I've eaten a hundred times among those who had gone, Kitty. But I'm not hungry."

"You must eat, Master Tom."

He leant upon the mantelpiece and recalled the old times when he had sat at table in this dear old haunted room. It was haunted now by his sweet mother and his stern, sweet old father and the ghosts of his own boyhood.

"A rich man!"

Kitty brought up the dinner quietly and swiftly. She was in a whirlwind of strange wild thoughts, but the one that leapt up and sang loudest was the thought she had not to go, or not yet. She touched her new master's sleeve.

"It's ready, sir."

He did not hear her.

"It's ready, Master Tom."

He turned and saw her.

"Do you know where the old cook lives, Kitty, and the butler Thomas? Aye, that was his name."

She knew.

"Send round to them to-night and say they can come back if they will. Or wait, I'll think of it. You shall decide it."

"Won't you sit down, sir?" she said.

"Lay for another," he answered, briefly, and she wondered for whom she was to lay. Perhaps Dr. Watson, or the solicitor, was coming back.

"It's laid, sir," she said, presently. "Will you wait for—for——"

"I'll wait for nothing. I have waited," he said. Then he smiled upon her.

"You never gave me that kiss after all, Kitty."

He put his arm about her and kissed her, and tears ran down her face.

"I don't like you in that cap, Kitty. Take it off," said Tom Carew.

"Oh, sir!"

"Take it off," said the master.

So she took it off.

"That's better," said Tom Carew. "But I prefer you without that apron, Kitty."

"Oh, sir!"

"Take it off, my dear."

She looked at him appealingly.

"Take it off, Kitty; off with it."

And she obeyed him, wondering.

"Sit down at the head of the table," said Tom Carew.

"My Best Portrait of a Lady."

A SYMPOSIUM OF LEADING PORTRAIT-PAINTERS OF THE WORLD.

AS connoisseurs in feminine beauty, artists who make a business of painting ladies' portraits must sometimes suffer much tribulation of soul. They cannot, obviously, pick and choose their sitters, whose features, consequently, as they are transferred to canvas, must sometimes gravely offend preconceived ideals of womanly loveliness. On the other hand, at least once in a professional lifetime some sitter must find her way to the studio whose physical attributes must make the painting of her a never-to-be-forgotten joy. With this thought in his mind, a STRAND MAGAZINE contributor has consulted a number of leading portrait-painters in this and other countries as to the portrait of their own painting which best realizes their ideal of feminine beauty.

"By Jove, dear sir," writes M. Haverman, the leading portrait-painter of Holland, "what is *in art* really a beauty and what an ugly person? Methought it depended entirely upon the properties of the artist. . . . Meanwhile I have sent a photograph of a preparatory drawing for an oil-painting which is no longer in Europe, having been sent to the East Indies. Therefore, I pray you to reproduce this drawing, for *I dare call* this young lady a fair one." Of the personality of the sitter M. Haverman vouchsafes no information, although it may be surmised that she is the daughter of a Dutch settler in one of Holland's colonies in the East Indies.

A lady of exalted rank, the Empress of Russia, has been awarded the palm for beauty by Herr F. von Kaulbach, who enjoys in Germany an exceptional reputation for the portraiture of both men and women. Of the personality of Her Imperial Majesty nothing need be said here except that her type of beauty is such as might be expected to appeal more strongly to English than to German eyes.

Mr. Ellis Roberts is a painter of women's portraits *par excellence*, and had some difficulty in making his choice from among the very large number of fair ladies that he has limned. The beauty of Her Serene Highness the Princess von Pless, by whom he is represented, has what is practically a world-wide fame. She is represented with her young son, the portrait having been commissioned some time ago by her husband, the Prince von Pless, and painted in Mr. Roberts's own studio at William Street, Lowndes Square.

The Hon. John Collier as a painter of pretty women is only less widely known than as a painter of problem pictures, and much interest attaches to his choice of the portrait of Mrs. H. C. Marillier, which he describes as "one of his least unsuccessful efforts to depict the charm of a very pretty woman."

The portrait has never been seen in its present aspect. "As originally painted," Mr. Collier explains, "the lady was represented out of doors, in a big straw hat with green ribbons and a very elaborate landscape background. In this state it was exhibited at the New Gallery in 1907. I was dissatisfied with it then and entirely repainted it, taking off the hat, obliterating the landscape background, and making the effect of light that of indoors instead of outdoors."

M. Jan Van Beers, the celebrated Parisian painter of beautiful women, pays England the compliment of selecting the portrait of one of his English sitters for reproduction—Lady Michelham to wit, a well-known figure in London society.

"Lord Michelham," he states, in explaining how he came to paint her ladyship, "had acquired one of my pictures, entitled 'Reverie,' representing a Parisienne in indoor costume of pale yellow silk, trimmed with gauze and white lace. Lady Michelham liked this work so much that she placed it quite alone in one of the rooms in her London house—'and,' said Lord Michelham, 'she would not part with it for a million.' That was a figure of speech, but very flattering to me, nevertheless.

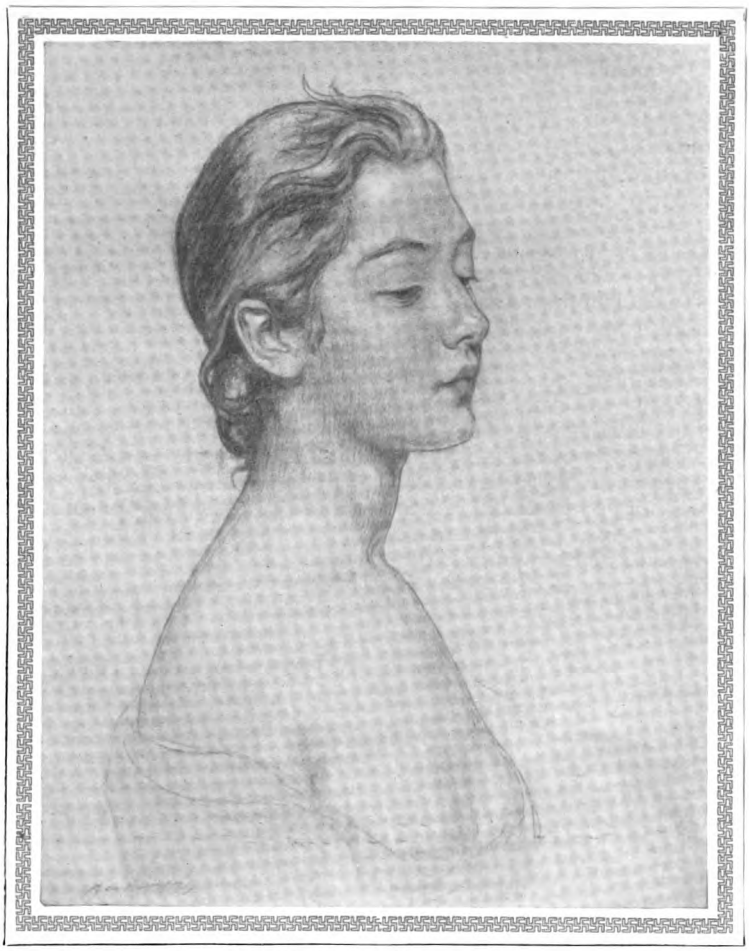
"However that may be, Lord Michelham

commissioned me to paint her ladyship's portrait. He possesses some little Dutch masters and a general collection of highly-finished pictures, but is so enchanted with my lady's portrait that he pretends never in his life to have seen its equal. That is not quite my opinion, however, and I have said to his lordship that, unless I have put faith in a fantasy, I should prefer to represent her ladyship laughing, nearly in profile, and quite otherwise than in the portrait already painted, and at present we are in correspondence on this project. I have an idea that this will be more living and more 'elle,' and—as we hope always, 'Excelsior'—less feeble than the picture which THE STRAND MAGAZINE does me the honour to reproduce."

It would thus seem that, although Lady Michelham, among Jan Van Beers's many sitters, best represents his ideal, he has not yet given his ideal embodiment in paint.

The Spanish painter, Señor Ignacio Zuloaga, has gone to the stage for the sitter he has most admired. Mlle. Lucienne Bréval, the lady in question, is one of the leading artistes in the Paris Opéra. Señor Zuloaga has painted her in the character of Carmen. It is in the second act of the opera, when Carmen is laughing vivaciously and using all the fascination of her eyes. "I painted her, of course, in the spirit of the theatre and with the limelight upon her."

The lady upon whom has fallen the choice of M. Emile Wauters, the celebrated Belgian portrait-painter, is the Comtesse de Montes-



HOLLAND—MISS "C. B."

Selected by M. Haverman as his best portrait of a lady.

By permission of the Artist.

GERMANY—THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Selected by Herr F. A. von Kaulbach as his best portrait of a lady.

By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl.

quiou Fezensac, wife of the Comte Louis de Montesquiou Fezensac. Born the Comtesse d'Aramon, she is connected with some of the oldest families in France and Belgium.

"She is very *petite*," says the artist in describing the lady, "with very dark eyes, having a most animated and intelligent expression. The portrait was painted about ten or twelve years ago; she was then one of the most charming young ladies in high Parisian society. Here she is dressed in a velvet costume of indigo blue, with a white boa, and is sitting on an olive-green chair."

Taking these portraits as a whole, we think our readers will agree with us that they display a most striking catholicity of artistic taste and the widest possible diversity in the type of beauty represented.

ENGLAND—H.S.H. PRINCESS VON PLESS.
Selected by Mr. Ellis Roberts as his best portrait of a lady.
By permission of the Artist.

ENGLAND—MRS. H. C. MARILLIER.

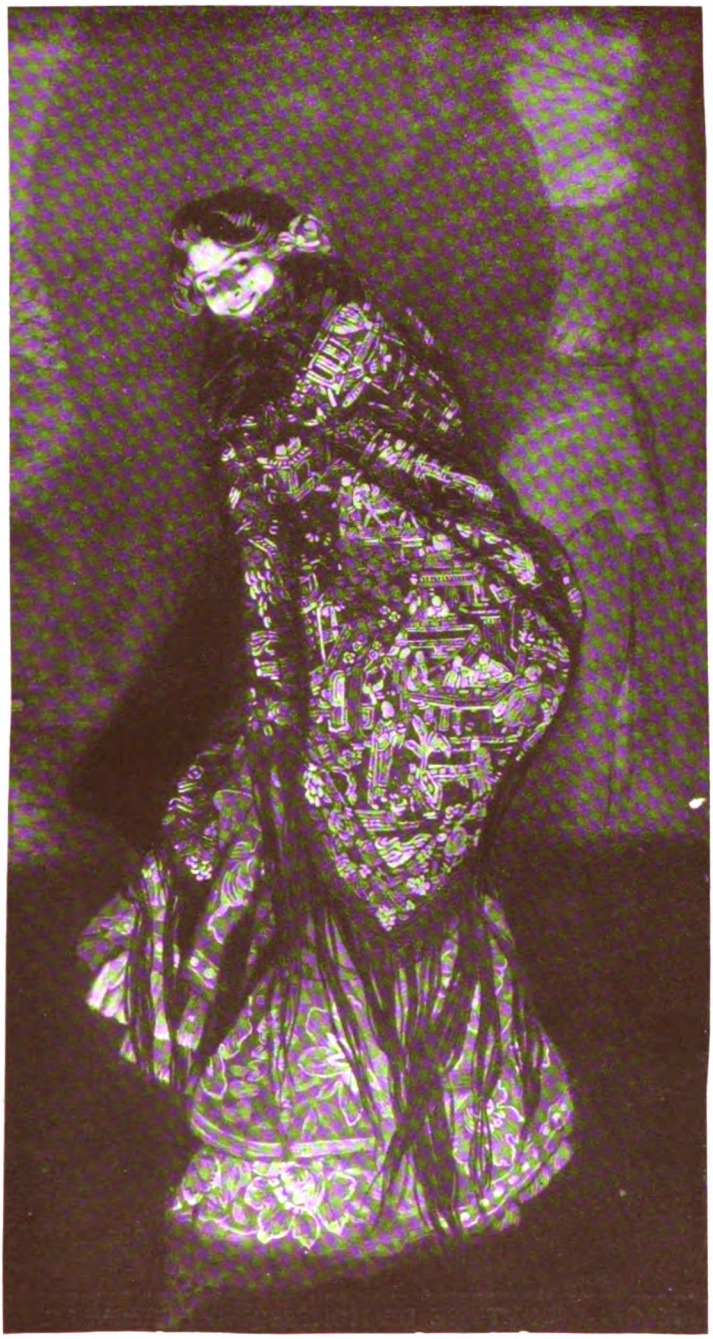
Selected by the Hon. John Collier as his best portrait of a lady.

By permission of H. C. Marillier, Esq.

FRANCE—LADY MICHELHAM.

Selected by M. Jan Van Beers as his best portrait of a lady.

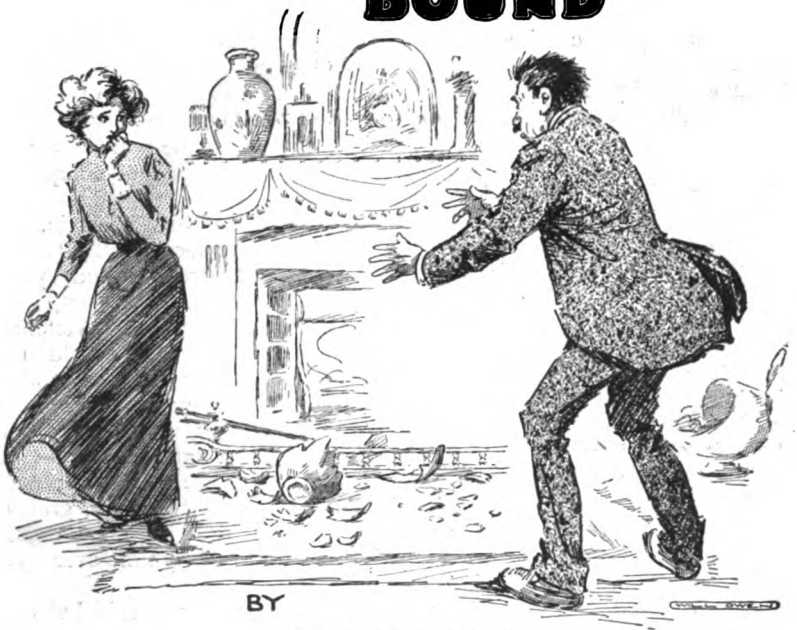
By permission of the Artist and Lord Michelham.



SPAIN—MLLE. LUCIENNE BRÉVAL.
Selected by Señor Ignacio Zuloaga as his best portrait of a lady.
By permission of the Artist.

BELGIUM—COMTESSE DE MONTESQUIOU FEZENSAC.
Selected by M. Emile Wauters as his best portrait of a lady.
By permission of the Artist.

HOMEWARD BOUND



BY

W·W·JACOBS

MR. HATCHARD'S conversation for nearly a week had been confined to fault-finding and grunts, a system of treatment designed to wean Mrs. Hatchard from her besetting sin of extravagance. On other occasions the treatment had, for short periods, proved successful, but it was quite evident that his wife's constitution was becoming inured to this physic and required a change of treatment. The evidence stared at him from the mantelpiece in the shape of a pair of huge pink vases, which had certainly not been there when he left in the morning. He looked at them and breathed heavily.

"Pretty, ain't they?" said his wife, nodding at them.

"Who gave 'em to you?" inquired Mr. Hatchard, sternly.

His wife shook her head. "You don't get vases like that given to you," she said, slowly. "Leastways, I don't."

"Do you mean to say you bought 'em?" demanded her husband.

Mrs. Hatchard nodded.

"After all I said to you about wasting my money?" persisted Mr. Hatchard, in amazed accents.

Mrs. Hatchard nodded, more brightly than before.

"There has got to be an end to this!" said her husband, desperately. "I won't have it! D'ye hear? I won't—have—it!"

"I bought 'em with my own money," said his wife, tossing her head.

"Your money?" said Mr. Hatchard. "To hear you talk anybody 'ud think you'd got three hundred a year, instead o' thirty. Your money ought to be spent in useful things,

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same as what mine is. Why should I spend my money keeping you, while you waste yours on pink vases and having friends in to tea?"

Mrs. Hatchard's still comely face took on a deeper tinge.

"Keeping me?" she said, sharply. "You'd better stop before you say anything you might be sorry for, Alfred."

"I should have to talk a long time before I said that," retorted the other.

"I'm not so sure," said his wife. "I'm beginning to be tired of it."

"I've reasoned with you," continued Mr. Hatchard, "I've argued with you, and I've pointed out the error of your ways to you, and it's all no good."

"Oh, be quiet, and don't talk nonsense," said his wife.

"Talking," continued Mr. Hatchard, "as I said before, is no good. Deeds, not words, is what is wanted."

He rose suddenly from his chair and, taking one of the vases from the mantelpiece, dashed it to pieces on the fender. Example is contagious, and two seconds later he was in his chair again, softly feeling a rapidly-growing bump on his head, and gazing goggle-eyed at his wife.

"And I'd do it again," said that lady, breathlessly, "if there was another vase."

Mr. Hatchard opened his mouth, but speech failed him. He got up and left the room without a word, and, making his way to the scullery, turned on the tap and held his head beneath it. A sharp intake of the breath announced that a tributary stream was looking for the bump down the neck of his shirt.

He was away a long time—so long that the half-penitent Mrs. Hatchard was beginning to think of giving first aid to the wounded. Then she heard him coming slowly back along the passage. He entered the room, drying his wet hair on a handkerchief.

"I—I hope I didn't hurt you—much?" said his wife.

Mr. Hatchard drew himself up and regarded her with lofty indignation.

"You might have killed me," he said at last, in thrilling tones. "Then what would you have done?"

"Swept up the pieces, and said you came home injured and died in my arms," said Mrs. Hatchard, glibly. "I don't want to be unfeeling, but you'd try the temper of a saint. I'm sure I wonder I haven't done it before. Why I married a stingy man I don't know."

"Why I married at all I don't know," said her husband, in a deep voice.

"We were both fools," said Mrs. Hatchard, in a resigned voice; "that's what it was. However, it can't be helped now."

"Some men would go and leave you," said Mr. Hatchard.

"Well, go," said his wife, bridling. "I don't want you."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the other.

"It ain't nonsense," said Mrs. Hatchard. "If you want to go, go. I don't want to keep you."

"I only wish I could," said her husband, wistfully.

"There's the door," said Mrs. Hatchard, pointing. "What's to prevent you?"

"And have you going to the magistrate?" observed Mr. Hatchard.

"Not me," was the reply.

"Or coming up, full of complaints, to the warehouse."

"Not me," said his wife again.

"It makes my mouth water to think of it," said Mr. Hatchard. "Four years ago I hadn't a care in the world."

"Me neither," said Mrs. Hatchard; "but then I never thought I should marry you. I remember the first time I saw you I had to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth."

"What for?" inquired Mr. Hatchard.

"Keep from laughing," was the reply.

"You took care not to let me see you laugh," said Mr. Hatchard, grimly. "You were polite enough in them days. I only wish I could have my time over again; that's all."

"You can go, as I said before," said his wife.

"I'd go this minute," said Mr. Hatchard, "but I know what it 'ud be: in three or four days you'd be coming and begging me to take you back again."

"You try me," said Mrs. Hatchard, with a hard laugh. "I can keep myself. You leave me the furniture—most of it *is* mine—and I sha'n't worry you again."

"Mind!" said Mr. Hatchard, raising his hand with great solemnity. "If I go, I never come back again."

"I'll take care of that," said his wife, equably. "You are far more likely to ask to come back than I am."

Mr. Hatchard stood for some time in deep thought, and then, spurred on by a short, contemptuous laugh from his wife, went to the small passage and, putting on his overcoat and hat, stood in the parlour-doorway regarding her.

"I've a good mind to take you at your word," he said, at last.

"Good night," said his wife, briskly. "If you send me your address, I'll send your things on to you. There's no need for you to call about them."

Hardly realizing the seriousness of the step, Mr. Hatchard closed the front-door behind him with a bang, and then discovered that it was raining. Too proud to return for his umbrella, he turned up his coat-collar and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, walked slowly down the desolate little street. By the time he had walked a dozen yards he began to think that he might as well have waited until the morning; before he had walked fifty he was certain of it.

He passed the night at a coffee-house, and rose so early in the morning that the proprietor took it as a personal affront, and advised him to get his breakfast elsewhere. It was the longest day in Mr. Hatchard's experience, and, securing modest lodgings that evening, he overslept himself and was late at the warehouse next morning for the first time in ten years.

His personal effects arrived next day, but no letter came from his wife, and one which he wrote concerning a pair of missing garments received no reply. He wrote again, referring to them in laudatory terms, and got a brief reply to the effect that they had been exchanged in part payment of a pair of valuable pink vases, the pieces of which he could have by paying the carriage.

In six weeks Mr. Hatchard changed his lodgings twice. A lack of those home comforts which he had taken as a matter of course during his married life was a source of much tribulation, and it was clear that his weekly bills were compiled by a clever writer of fiction. It was his first experience of lodgings, and the difficulty of saying unpleasant things to a woman other than his wife was not the least of his troubles. He changed his lodgings for a third time, and, much surprised at his wife's continued silence, sought out a cousin of hers named Joe Pett, and poured his troubles into that gentleman's reluctant ear.

"If she was to ask me to take her back," he concluded, "I'm not sure, mind you, that I wouldn't do so."

"It does you credit," said Mr. Pett. "Well, ta-ta; I must be off."

"And I expect she'd be very much obliged to anybody that told her so," said Mr. Hatchard, clutching at the other's sleeve.

Mr. Pett, gazing into space, said that he thought it highly probable.

"It wants to be done cleverly, though," said Mr. Hatchard, "else she might get the idea that I wanted to go back."

"I s'pose you know she's moved?" said Mr. Pett, with the air of a man anxious to change the conversation.

"Eh?" said the other.

"Number thirty-seven, John Street," said Mr. Pett. "Told my wife she's going to take in lodgers. Calling herself Mrs. Harris, after her maiden name."

He went off before Mr. Hatchard could recover, and the latter at once verified the information in part by walking round to his old house. Bits of straw and paper littered the front garden, the blinds were down, and a bill was pasted on the front parlour window. Aghast at such determination, he walked back to his lodgings in gloomy thought.

On Saturday afternoon he walked round to John Street, and from the corner of his eye, as he passed, stole a glance at No. 37. He recognised the curtains at once, and, seeing that there was nobody in the room, leaned over the palings and peered at a card that stood on the window-sash—

FURNISHED APARTMENTS
FOR SINGLE YOUNG MAN.
BOARD IF DESIRED.

He walked away whistling, and after going a little way turned and passed it again. He passed in all four times, and then, with an odd grin lurking at the corners of his mouth, strode up to the front door and knocked loudly. He heard somebody moving about inside, and, more with the idea of keeping his courage up than anything else, gave another heavy knock at the door. It was thrown open hastily, and the astonished face of his wife appeared before him.

"What do you want?" she inquired, sharply.

Mr. Hatchard raised his hat. "Good afternoon, ma'am," he said, politely.

"What do you want?" repeated his wife.

"I called," said Mr. Hatchard, clearing his throat—"I called about the bill in the window."

Mrs. Hatchard clutched at the door-post.

"Well?" she gasped.

"I'd like to see the rooms," said the other.

"But you ain't a single young man," said his wife, recovering.

"I'm as good as single," said Mr. Hatchard. "I should say, better."

"You ain't young," objected Mrs. Hatchard.

"I'm three years younger than what you are," said Mr. Hatchard, dispassionately.

His wife's lips tightened and her hand

closed on the door; Mr. Hatchard put his foot in.

"If you don't want lodgers, why do you put a bill up?" he inquired.

"Afraid?" choked Mrs. Hatchard. "Tenderness! I—I——"

"Just a matter o' business," continued her husband, "that's my way of looking at it—

"'I CALLED,' SAID MR. HATCHARD, CLEARING HIS THROAT—'I CALLED ABOUT THE BILL IN THE WINDOW.'"

"I don't take the first that comes," said his wife.

"I'll pay a week in advance," said Mr. Hatchard, putting his hand in his pocket. "Of course, if you're afraid of having me here—afraid o' giving way to tenderness, I mean——"

that's a *man's* way. I s'pose women are different. They can't——"

"Come in," said Mrs. Hatchard, breathing hard.

Mr. Hatchard obeyed, and clapping a hand over his mouth ascended the stairs behind her. At the top she threw open the

door of a tiny bedroom, and stood aside for him to enter. Mr. Hatchard sniffed critically.

"Smells rather stuffy," he said, at last.

"You needn't have it," said his wife, abruptly. "There's plenty of other fish in the sea."

"Yes; and I expect they'd stay there if they saw this room," said the other.

"Don't think I want you to have it; because I don't," said Mrs. Hatchard, making a preliminary movement to showing him downstairs.

"They might suit me," said Mr. Hatchard, musingly, as he peeped in at the sitting-room door. "I shouldn't be at home much. I'm a man that's fond of spending his evenings out."

Mrs. Hatchard, checking a retort, eyed him grimly.

"I've seen worse," he said, slowly; "but then I've seen a good many. How much are you asking?"

"Seven shillings a week," replied his wife. "With breakfast, tea, and supper, a pound a week."

Mr. Hatchard nearly whistled, but checked himself just in time.

"I'll give it a trial," he said, with an air of unbearable patronage.

Mrs. Hatchard hesitated.

"If you come here, you quite understand it's on a business footing?" she said.

"O' course," said the other, with affected surprise. "What do you think I want it on?"

"You come here as a stranger, and I look after you as a stranger," continued his wife.

"Certainly," said the other. "I shall be made more comfortable that way, I'm sure. But, of course, if you're afraid, as I said before, of giving way to tender——"

"Tender fiddlesticks!" interrupted his wife, flushing and eyeing him angrily.

"I'll come in and bring my things at nine o'clock to-night," said Mr. Hatchard. "I'd like the windows open and the rooms aired a bit. And what about the sheets?"

"What about them?" inquired his wife.

"Don't put me in damp sheets, that's all," said Mr. Hatchard, "One place I was at——"

He broke off suddenly.

"Well!" said his wife, quickly.

"Was very particular about them," said Mr. Hatchard, recovering. "Well, good afternoon to you, ma'am."

"I want three weeks in advance," said his wife.

"Three——" exclaimed the other. "Three weeks in advance? Why——"

"Those are my terms," said Mrs. Hatchard. "Take 'em or leave 'em. P'r'aps it would be better if you left 'em."

Mr. Hatchard looked thoughtful, and then with obvious reluctance took his purse from one pocket and some silver from another, and made up the required sum.

"And what if I'm not comfortable here?" he inquired, as his wife hastily pocketed the money.

"It'll be your own fault," was the reply.

Mr. Hatchard looked dubious, and, in a thoughtful fashion, walked downstairs and let himself out. He began to think that the joke was of a more complicated nature than he had expected, and it was not without forebodings that he came back at nine o'clock that night accompanied by a boy with his baggage.

His gloom disappeared the moment the door opened. The air inside was warm and comfortable, and pervaded by an appetizing smell of cooked meats. Upstairs a small, bright fire and a neatly laid supper-table awaited his arrival.

He sank into an easy-chair and rubbed his hands. Then his gaze fell on a small bell on the table, and opening the door he rang for supper.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Hatchard, entering the room.

"Supper, please," said the new lodger, with dignity.

Mrs. Hatchard looked bewildered. "Well, there it is," she said, indicating the table. "You don't want me to feed you, do you?"

The lodger eyed the small, dry piece of cheese, the bread and butter, and his face fell. "I—I thought I smelt something cooking," he said at last.

"Oh, that was *my* supper," said Mrs. Hatchard, with a smile.

"I—I'm very hungry," said Mr. Hatchard, trying to keep his temper.

"It's the cold weather, I expect," said Mrs. Hatchard, thoughtfully; "it does affect some people that way, I know. Please ring if you want anything."

She left the room, humming blithely, and Mr. Hatchard, after sitting for some time in silent consternation, got up and ate his frugal meal. The fact that the water-jug held three pints and was filled to the brim gave him no satisfaction.

He was still hungry when he arose next morning, and, with curiosity tempered by uneasiness, waited for his breakfast. Mrs. Hatchard came in at last, and after polite inquiries as to how he had slept proceeded to

"'I—I THOUGHT I SMELT SOMETHING COOKING,' HE SAID."

lay breakfast. A fresh loaf and a large tea-pot appeared, and the smell of frizzling bacon ascended from below. Then Mrs. Hatchard came in again, and, smiling benevolently, placed an egg before him and withdrew. Two minutes later he rang the bell.

"You can clear away," he said, as Mrs. Hatchard entered the room.

"What, no breakfast?" she said, holding up her hands. "Well, I've heard of you single young men, but I never thought——"

"The tea's cold and as black as ink," growled the indignant lodger, "and the egg isn't eatable."

"I'm afraid you're a bit of a fault-finder," said Mrs. Hatchard, shaking her head at him. "I'm sure I try my best to please. I don't mind what I do, but if you're not satisfied you'd better go."

"Look here, Emily——" began her husband.

"Don't you 'Emily' me!" said Mrs. Hatchard, quickly. "The idea! A lodger, too! You know the arrangement. You'd better go, I think, if you can't behave yourself."

"I won't go till my three weeks are up," said Mr. Hatchard, doggedly, "so you may as well behave *yourself*."

"I can't pamper you for a pound a week," said Mrs. Hatchard, walking to the door. "If you want pampering, you had better go."

A week passed, and the additional expense caused by getting most of his meals out began to affect Mr. Hatchard's health. His wife, on the contrary, was in excellent spirits, and, coming in one day, explained the absence of the easy-chair by stating that it was wanted for a new lodger.

"He's taken my other two rooms," she said, smiling—"the little back parlour and the front bedroom—I'm full up now."

"Wouldn't he like my table, too?" inquired Mr. Hatchard, with bitter sarcasm.

His wife said that she would inquire, and brought back word next day that Mr. Sadler, the new lodger, would like it. It disappeared during Mr. Hatchard's enforced absence at business, and a small bamboo table, weak in the joints, did duty in its stead.

The new lodger, a man of middle age with a ready tongue, was a success from the first,

and it was only too evident that Mrs. Hatchard was trying her best to please him. Mr. Hatchard, supping on bread and cheese, more than once left that wholesome meal to lean over the balusters and smell the hot meats going into Mr. Sadler.

"You're spoiling him," he said to Mrs. Hatchard, after the new lodger had been there a week. "Mark my words—he'll get above himself."

"That's my look-out," said his wife briefly.

"Don't come to me if you get into trouble, that's all," said the other.

Mrs. Hatchard laughed derisively. "You don't like him, that's what it is," she remarked. "He asked me yesterday whether he had offended you in any way."

"Oh! He did, did he?" snarled Mr. Hatchard. "Let him keep himself to himself, and mind his own business."

"He said he thinks you have got a bad temper," continued his wife. "He thinks, perhaps, it's indigestion, caused by eating cheese for supper always."

Mr. Hatchard affected not to hear, and, lighting his pipe, listened for some time to the hum of conversation between his wife and Mr. Sadler below. With an expression of resignation on his face that was almost saintly he knocked out his pipe at last and went to bed.

Half an hour passed, and he was still awake. His wife's voice had ceased, but the gruff tones of Mr. Sadler were still audible. Then he sat up in bed and listened, as a faint cry of alarm and the sound of somebody rushing upstairs fell on his ears. The next moment the door of his room burst open, and a wild figure, stumbling in the darkness, rushed over to the bed and clasped him in its arms.

"Help!" gasped his wife's voice. "Oh, Alfred! Alfred!"

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Hatchard in a prim voice, as he struggled in vain to free himself.

"I'm so—so—fr-frightened!" sobbed Mrs. Hatchard.

"That's no reason for coming into a lodger's room and throwing your arms round his neck," said her husband, severely.

"Don't be stu-stu-stupid," gasped Mrs. Hatchard. "He—he's sitting downstairs in my room with a paper cap on his head and a fire-shovel in his hand, and he—he says he's the—the Emperor of China."

"He? Who?" inquired her husband.

"Mr. Sad-Sadler," replied Mrs. Hatchard, almost strangling him. "He made me kneel in front of him and keep touching the floor with my head."

The chair-bedstead shook in sympathy with Mr. Hatchard's husbandly emotion.

"Well, it's nothing to do with me," he said at last.

"He's mad," said his wife, in a tense whisper; "stark staring mad. He says I'm his favourite wife, and he made me stroke his forehead."

The bed shook again.

"I don't see that I have any right to interfere," said Mr. Hatchard, after he had quieted the bedstead. "He's your lodger."

"You're my husband," said Mrs. Hatchard.

"Ho!" said Mr. Hatchard. "You've remembered that, have you?"

"Yes, Alfred," said his wife.

"And are you sorry for all your bad behaviour?" demanded Mr. Hatchard.

Mrs. Hatchard hesitated. Then a clatter of fireirons downstairs moved her to speech.

"Ye-yes," she sobbed.

"And you want me to take you back?" queried the generous Mr. Hatchard.

"Ye-ye-yes," said his wife.

Mr. Hatchard got out of bed and striking a match lit the candle, and, taking his overcoat from a peg behind the door, put it on and marched downstairs. Mrs. Hatchard, still trembling, followed behind.

"What's all this?" he demanded, throwing the door open with a flourish.

Mr. Sadler, still holding the fire-shovel sceptre-fashion and still with the paper cap on his head, opened his mouth to reply. Then, as he saw the unkempt figure of Mr. Hatchard with the scared face of Mrs. Hatchard peeping over his shoulder, his face grew red, his eyes watered, and his cheeks swelled.

"K - K - K - Kch! K - Kch!" he said, explosively.

"Talk English, not Chinese," said Mr. Hatchard, sternly.

Mr. Sadler threw down the fire-shovel, and to Mr. Hatchard's great annoyance clapped his open hand over his mouth and rocked with merriment.

"Sh—sh—she—she——" he spluttered.

"That'll do," said Mr. Hatchard, hastily, with a warning frown.

"Kow-towed to me," gurgled Mr. Sadler. "You ought to have seen it, Alf. I shall never get over it—never. It's—no—no good win-winking at me; I can't help myself."

He put his handkerchief to his eyes and leaned back exhausted. When he removed it, he found himself alone and everything still

but for a murmur of voices overhead. Anon steps sounded on the stairs, and Mr. Hatchard, grave of face, entered the room.

"Outside!" he said, briefly.

"What!" said the astounded Mr. Sadler. "Why, it's eleven o'clock."

pushed him into the passage, and taking his coat from the peg held it up for him. Mr. Sadler, abandoning himself to his fate, got into it slowly and indulged in a few remarks on the subject of ingratitude.

"I can't help it," said his friend, in a low

"'K-K-K-KCH! K-KCH!' HE SAID, EXPLOSIVELY."

"I can't help it if it's twelve o'clock," was the reply. "You shouldn't play the fool and spoil things by laughing. Now, are you going, or have I got to put you out?"

He crossed the room and, putting his hand on the shoulder of the protesting Mr. Sadler,

voice. "I've had to swear I've never seen you before."

"Does she believe you?" said the staring Mr. Sadler, shivering at the open door.

"No," said Mr. Hatchard, slowly, "but she pretends to."

Gossip of the Card-Room.

By W. DALTON.

THE question of the hour in card-playing circles is whether auction bridge is destined to supersede legitimate bridge in the same way that bridge superseded whist. There are many players who think that it will inevitably do so, but I am not at all of that opinion. I am inclined to think that those who really love bridge for the sake of the game itself, apart from considerations of what they may win or lose at it, will remain true to their allegiance, and will refuse to be led away by the latest new craze.

Auction bridge is, undeniably, a fascinating game. Nearly everybody likes it at first. There is a glamour and a freshness and a sort of captivating turn about it which appeals strongly to the senses, but after a time this wears off, and one realizes that there is not the same backbone in it as in ordinary bridge. It has not the same abiding qualities. It is more of a gamble, and we all know that a mild gamble is very dear to the heart of the ordinary mortal. Everyone likes a little gamble occasionally, but most people like to have their little gamble and to have done with it—they do not want to be always at it—and that is why I think that the old game, ordinary skilful bridge, is in no great danger of being ousted by this its newest rival.

The latest phase of the new game is three-handed auction bridge. This can hardly be described as a game. It is really a pure and simple gamble, but a considerable amount of judgment is required in it, and a certain section of players have taken it up very strongly, to the exclusion of everything else, and therefore it may be well to give a short description of how it is played.

A table of three-handed auction bridge is complete with four players, one sitting out and the other three playing. The cards are dealt into four packets, as at the ordinary game, and the dummy hand is left, face downwards, on the table, until the bidding is completed. The dealer makes the first declaration, and the other two players can either pass, or overcall, or double, just as at the four-handed game. The only difference is that there is no question of supporting a partner. There are no partners until the bidding is over. Each player has to declare on his own hand alone, combined with the strength which he hopes to find in the dummy. The highest bidder takes the dummy, and plays against the other two, who become partners for that one hand.

The dummy being an absolutely unknown quantity, it degenerates into a gamble as to what it may contain, but this may be brought into certain bounds by studying the declarations which the other two players make, and it is here that great opportunities for judgment come in. When two players have made strong declarations, there is not much left for the dummy. On the other hand, when neither of the opponents has called high, the third player can draw a strong presumption that the dummy hand must be very good. The bidding is much higher all through than at the four-handed game, and there is a lot of bluffing in it. An original call of "One heart" or "One diamond" is no good at all. If a player holds a fairly good heart or diamond hand he calls two tricks in it at once. A common feature of the game is for the dealer to declare "One no trump," and to be overcalled with "Two no trumps." This leaves very little scope to the third player, but he is sometimes in a position to double with great advantage. Doubling, however, is not the same strong weapon which it is in the ordinary game, because, if you succeed in defeating the declarer, you are helping your other opponent, who is temporarily your partner, to score just as much as you score yourself. The only way to score off both opponents is to get the dummy yourself, and that is why the bidding for it is so high, and sometimes so very rash.

The winner of each game scores one hundred points for the game, in addition to the two hundred and fifty points for the rubber; so that, if the same player wins the first two games, he scores four hundred and fifty points—one hundred for each game and two hundred and fifty for the rubber. The highest scorer wins from both opponents, and the lowest scorer loses to both.

Three-handed auction bridge is the most amusing game which ever was invented to watch, but to play it will only amuse those who have the gambling instinct very strongly developed.

For some few years past the gambling spirit has been notably on the decrease in London. The stakes played for at bridge have been reduced all round, and we have lately heard little or nothing of baccarat, or of poker, or of high play of any kind. The days of "The Boozers' Rest," where the standard points at bridge were "twos and tens" (two-shilling points and ten pounds on the rubber), are long since past. There has been a strong tendency towards moderation. Threepenny points at bridge, or even, in some cases, penny points, have taken the place of the shilling points which used to be the general club standard. Now, all of a sudden, the gambling spirit seems to have broken out again. Auction bridge is far more of a gamble than ordinary bridge, and this latest innovation, three-handed auction bridge, threatens to out-Herod Herod, and to reduce a really fine card game to the level of baccarat, or of "blind hookey." Directly the gambling element is introduced into any game, good-bye to that game as a reasonable and pleasant pastime. Many games have suffered from it, but bridge was the one game which seemed to have a trend in the opposite direction. Everything was going smoothly and well until the much-to-be-lamented introduction of auction bridge. With auction bridge came the revival of the gambling spirit, and there is now no telling where it is likely to stop.

Rather an amusing case of a very mistaken interpretation of the laws of bridge occurred quite recently.

A worthy baronet was playing a rubber of bridge with three ladies. One of the opponents dealt, but before she had time to make any declaration the baronet's partner declared "No trumps." Then came the question as to what was to be done. None of the party had the vaguest notion on the subject, so Sir James was deputed to look up the rule. He obtained a copy of the "Laws of Bridge," and studied it with great care for some five minutes. Then he shut up the book with an air of conscious triumph, saying, "You can go on playing, ladies. The law on the subject is quite clear, 'A declaration once made cannot be altered.'" The game was continued on those lines, but it was, to say the least of it, a somewhat peculiar interpretation of the laws.

A short time ago I was asked to decide what was the correct declaration on the following hand.

"A DECLARATION ONCE MADE CANNOT BE ALTERED."

Score—love-all. The declaration was left to the dummy, who held :—

Hearts—9, 8, 6, 5, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 6, 3.
Clubs—10, 9, 7, 2.
Spades—None.

How can there be a "correct" declaration on such a hand? I can imagine different players making almost any declaration on it, except "No trumps." I was rather divided in my own mind between clubs and spades; but eventually I decided that I should declare spades myself, without saying that the club declaration would be wrong. The same hand was submitted to another authority, who decided that the dummy ought to declare hearts. As a matter of fact, the player who held this hand did declare hearts; he was doubled and lost the grand slam, and eighty in honours. If he had declared either spades or clubs he would also have been doubled, and would have lost the small slam in both cases. The only declaration which would have saved the situation was diamonds, as the dealer held five to the ten, and they would then have lost only the odd trick, and they would not have been doubled.

It is rather a curious hand, as any declaration is so hopelessly bad. It is, perhaps, a strong measure to declare spades without one at all, but on a very bad hand I always think that the best policy is to make the game as cheap as possible. There can be no justification for the hearts declaration. Anyone who declares hearts on such a hand as that deserves to lose the game.

Some players have an extraordinary notion that when they have nine red cards they ought to declare a red suit. What can the number of red cards have to do with it? My first acquaintance with this theory was an unhappy occasion when my partner, who was a stranger to me, declared hearts as an original call and was doubled. I had only one little heart, but I had the ace and king of diamonds and the ace and king of spades, so I naturally redoubled, and we lost two by cards and the game. When it was over I said to my partner, "What did you declare hearts on?" He replied, "I had nine red cards, and it is a well-known rule that the declaration should never be passed with nine red cards." I could only apologize for speaking and plead ignorance of the well-known rule. His hand was :—

Hearts—10, 9, 8, 6, 2.
Diamonds—Knave, 7, 5, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 6.
Spades—Knave, 4.

What do you think of that for an original hearts declaration?

The question has once more arisen as to whether a player at bridge is bound to correct his opponents' score, if they do not claim as much as they are entitled to, either for honours or for tricks. It is generally in the "No trump" game that the point occurs. Perhaps the dealer and his partner have three aces between them, but they do not claim anything for honours, or the dealer wins four by cards but only claims three; are his opponents bound to put him right? There can be only one answer to this question. Certainly they are bound to do so — in ordinary fairness, if not according to the strict letter of the law. There is no mention of the case in the laws, because it was not considered necessary to state anything so obvious.

The idea that a player is entitled to accept the score which his opponents claim, although he knows it to be wrong, is a survival of whist. At whist honours have to be claimed before the trump-card is turned up for the next deal, otherwise they cannot be scored. At bridge there is no law of the kind. It is the duty of every player to keep the score for both sides, and to keep it correctly. If he knows that his opponents have three aces in a "No trump" game, he is bound to score them thirty points above the line, whether they claim it or not, or whether they score it or not. At the end of the rubber the scores are added up, and the winners generally announce how much they make it. If one of the opponents makes it more or less, he should say at once, "I do not agree," and the scores will then be compared and put right. For a player to accept his opponents' score without saying anything, when he himself makes it more, is perilously akin to cheating.

One would have thought that it was hardly necessary to set this forth in black and white, but it is obvious, from the question being so often raised, that all players do not regard it in the same light. I do not insinuate that anybody would wish to score more than he was justly entitled to—that is not the point; the point is that it is just as much incumbent upon a player to keep his opponents' score correctly as to keep his own score correctly. If the scores at the end of the rubber do not agree, surely a player must be bound by every principle of common honesty to say so, whether it may be to his own pecuniary interest or not.

Let us turn to a more pleasing subject.

The general standard of play at bridge has improved to a remarkable extent in the last year or two. Most regular players nowadays can be trusted to make the most of an ordinary "No trump" hand; but only to some few is it given to rise to still higher flights and to pull a game out of the fire under great difficulties.

The following hand was a remarkable instance of a game won by good play, and I fancy that there are not many players who would have won it as the cards happened to lie.

The score was one game all, and twenty-four to love against the dealer.

The four hands were:—

Hearts—King, queen, 7, 5, 2.
Diamonds—Knave, 5, 4.
Clubs—10, 6, 2.
Spades—9, 7.

Hearts—Ace, 8, 4.
Diamonds—King, 9, 8, 6, 3.
Clubs—Queen, 8, 3.
Spades—King, 6.

Y (dummy)
A B
Z (dealer)

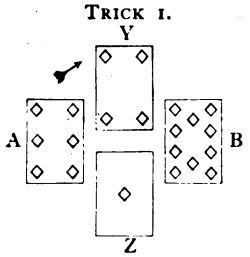
Hearts—9, 6.
Diamonds—10, 2.
Clubs—King, 7, 5, 4.
Spades—Queen, knave, 8, 5, 3.

Hearts—Knave, 10, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, queen, 7.
Clubs—Ace, knave, 9.
Spades—Ace, 10, 4, 2.

Z dealt and declared "No trumps." A led the six of diamonds.

The dealer's hand was quite a good one, but he could see little chance of winning the game. He had two certain tricks in diamonds, the other two aces, and at least two tricks in hearts. There was a possibility of four tricks in hearts if they could be brought in, but this was extremely doubtful, as the ace was certain to be held up, and the dummy had no other card of entry. The only hope was that the ace might be singly guarded.

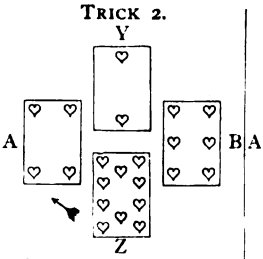
TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

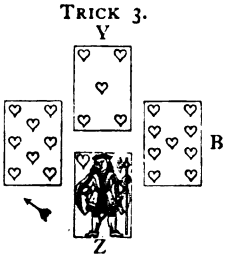
This was the dealer's first *coup*, winning the trick with the ace of diamonds, instead of with the queen, so as to make the knave in his partner's hand a possible entry card. It was a *coup* which could lose nothing, as he still must win another trick in diamonds, and the king was marked in A's hand by the eleven rule. He then proceeded to clear the hearts.

TRICK 2.



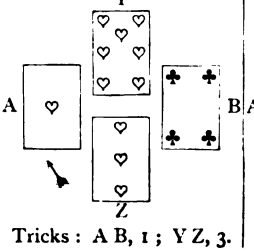
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 3.



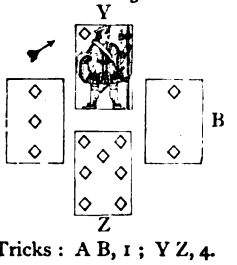
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 4.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 3.

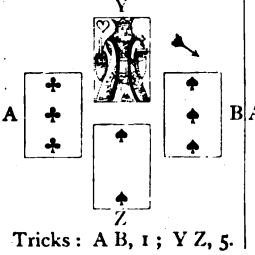
TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 4.

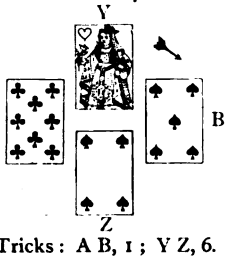
Let us consider A's position when he had to lead to trick 5. The game was quite safe from his point of view. His partner was apparently marked, by the fall of the cards at trick 1, with the queen of diamonds, and there was no possibility of the dummy ever getting in to make his two long hearts. The game seemed to him quite plain and straightforward, and he fell right into the trap which had been prepared for him, by leading a small diamond. The dealer jumped in at once with dummy's knave, and the two long hearts were good, but even then the game was not won. Eight tricks were now assured, but nine were wanted, so that another one had to be picked up somehow.

TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 7.

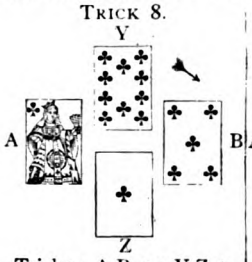


Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 6.

The dealer could now count A's hand. He had three diamonds and three other cards. Those three other cards must be either one spade and the king and queen of clubs—in which case the game could not be won—or three spades, in which case B would have both king and queen of clubs, or, as was more likely, two spades and the king or queen of clubs single. He led the ten of

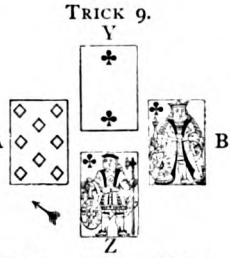
clubs from dummy and waited to see what B would do. When B played a small club the situation was clear. A must have either the king or queen single, or both. Up went the ace of clubs, the queen fell to it, and the game was won.

TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 7.

TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 7.

B was then obliged to lead a spade. The dealer made the ace of spades and the nine of clubs, and won three by cards and the game and rubber.

That was one of the prettiest hands which I ever saw played. I have seen more desperate *coups* played for and brought off; but for a ready appreciation of the only possible means of winning the game, and as an instance of intelligent reading of the other hands and of playing by the light of information thus derived, that hand is unequalled in my experience.

It has often been remarked how the games of bridge and golf seem to go together. A man who is keen on the one game is almost certain to be keen on the other. Keenness, however, does not necessarily carry proficiency with it, as the following anecdote will illustrate.

A well-known bridge player, staying in the country with a party of golf enthusiasts, was asked whether he played golf. He said, "Yes, I am very fond of it," and he was promptly challenged to take part in a foursome on the golf links. The challenge was accepted and a match was arranged for the next day, a considerable amount of money being betted on it.

Arrived on the scene of action, our friend's partner drove a good ball from the first tee, leaving him with a good lie for the second stroke. The proper club, a brassie, was handed to him. He addressed the ball in great style, squared his shoulders, and smote an almighty smite, but alas! he missed the ball altogether, and cut about a foot and a half of turf out of the ground. His partner, grievously disappointed, gazed at him, more in sorrow than in anger, and said, quietly, "Having no spade, partner?"

"HAVING NO SPADE, PARTNER?"

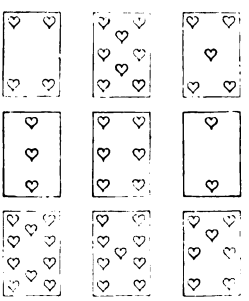
A peculiar incident which is said to have occurred under Eastern skies has been sent by a correspondent. I will give the story in his own words:—

"A visitor staying in an hotel was invited to make up a rubber with three other men, strangers to him, but whose respectability he had no reason to doubt; one of them indeed was, or at least called himself, a Baron. In the course of play our friend found himself with the following hand: ace, king, queen, knave, nine, eight, seven, of hearts; ace of diamonds single, three small clubs, and two small spades. He naturally declared hearts, regarding himself as practically certain of winning two over-tricks. To his surprise and delight he was doubled; he redoubled; and the process went on until, as they had agreed to play one-pound points without a limit, the amount reached five hundred and twelve pounds, which it was mutually agreed to call five hundred pounds a trick. The dummy contained no possible trick, but the dealer was quite at his ease. He regarded himself as at least five hundred and probably a thousand pounds the richer. Great, therefore, was his surprise and dismay when he found that he had lost the odd trick. The sharpers—for sharpers they were—had passed upon him a prepared pack, and the odd trick was theirs from the start. Now the problem is this—not by any means difficult when considered at leisure—what hands were held by the sharpers to make the above result inevitable?"

As readers will no doubt like to try their skill in solving this little puzzle, I will reserve the solution until next month, when I will give two solutions—one the more simple, the other the more artistic.

Here is rather a novel form of patience, which may amuse some of my readers. Take the plain cards of any one suit, from the ten down to the two, leaving out the picture cards altogether. Shuffle them, and deal them out into three rows of three cards each. The patience is to get them all in order in one row, from the ten downwards, moving one card only at a time, and always a lower card on to a higher one. Any bottom card may be moved into a space.

Say that they are dealt like this:—



The first few moves in this case would be (1) seven on nine, (2) two on ten, (3) five on seven, (4) two on five, (5) ten into vacant space. You have now got the ten into its proper place, at the head of the row, and the next thing to be done is to get the nine on it, and then the eight on the nine, and so on down to the two.

I call this a novel patience, because it differs from the ordinary patience games, inasmuch as it is bound to come out if you only go on long enough. It is impossible to deal the cards so that it cannot be done. It is a question of time and of patience. If you keep on fiddling the cards about, always placing a low card on a higher one, you must get it out in time, but it will take time The thing is to see how few moves you can do it in. I played out the example given, and it took me one hundred and twenty-six moves. Probably it can be done in less, but that is what it took me at the first time of asking.

It is quite an amusing little game to try, and when you have worked at it for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and got through some hundreds of moves, you will probably say that it is impossible and cannot be done, but that is not so. However badly the cards may come at first, it is always possible to get them into the one row, in their proper order. The rules are simplicity itself. Any bottom card of a row on to any higher bottom card, and any bottom card into a vacant space. One card only at a time.

Yet one more little bridge story before I have done.

A rather illiterate but very much moneyed man was elected a member of a club at which the game of bridge is a leading feature. On his first introduction to the card-table his partner left the declaration to him. He declared "Spaides," very broad and very nasal. He was, then and there, nicknamed "Spaides," and the nickname stuck to him for all time. As he became better known, and, I may add, much liked, he was invariably addressed in the card-room as "Spaides." After a time he introduced a friend of his own kidney—in fact, a very near relation of his—who was duly elected in the regular course. The new member was much astonished at hearing his relative addressed as "Spaides," and asked what was the meaning of it. The explanation was at once vouchsafed to him, but it did not seem to carry conviction with it, and he was fairly puzzled. At last a light dawned on him, and he thought that he had grasped the situation. "Oh," he said, "'ad 'e a 'eart 'and, then?" Tableau!

HARDINGS' LUCK

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAGIC BEGINS.

WHEN Lady Talbot leaned over the side of the big bed to awaken Dickie Harding she wished with all her heart that she had just such a little boy of her own; and when Dickie awoke and looked in her kind eyes he felt quite sure that if he had had a mother she would have been like this lady.

"Only about the face," he told himself. "Not the way she's got up; nor yet her hair, nor nuffink o' that sort."

"Did you sleep well?" she asked him, stroking his hair with extraordinary gentleness.

"A fair treat," said he.

"Was your bed comfortable?"

"Ain't it soft, neither?" he answered. "I don't know as ever I felt of anythink quite as soft, without it was the geese as 'angs up along the Broadway Christmas-time——"

"Why, the bed's made of goose-feathers!" she said, and Dickie was delighted by the coincidence.

"'Ave you got a little boy?" he asked, pursuing his first waking thought.

"No, dear; if I had I could lend you some of his clothes. As it is we shall have to put you into your own." She spoke as though she was sorry.

Dickie saw no matter for regret. "My father 'e bought me a little coat for when it was cold of a night lying out."

"Lying out! Where?"

"In the bed with the green curtains," said Dickie. This led to Here Ward, and Dickie would willingly have told the whole story of that hero in full detail, but the lady said after breakfast, and now it was time for his bath. And sure enough there was a bath of steaming water before the fireplace, which was in quite another part of the room, so that Dickie hadn't noticed the cans being brought in by a maid in a pink print dress and white cap and apron.

"Come," said the lady, turning back the bedclothes.

Somehow Dickie could not bear to let that lady see him crawl clumsily across the floor as he had to do when he moved without his crutch. It was not because he thought she would make fun of him; perhaps it was because he knew that she would not. And yet without his crutch how else was he to get to that bath? And for no reason that he could have given he began to cry.

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The lady's arms were round him in an instant.

"What is it, dear? Whatever is it?" she asked, and Dickie sobbed out:—

"I ain't got my crutch, and I can't go to that there barf without I got it. Anything 'ud do, if 'twas only an old broom cut down to me 'eight. I'm a cripple they call it, yer see. I can't walk like wot you can."

She carried him to the bath. There was scented soap, there was a sponge, also warm, fluffy towels.

"I ain't 'ad a barf since Gravesend," said Dickie, and flushed at the indiscretion.

"Since *when*, dear?"

"Since Wednesday," said Dickie, anxiously.

He and the lady had breakfast together in a big room with long windows that the sun shone in at, and outside there was a green garden. There were a lot of things to eat in silver dishes, and the very eggs had silver cups to sit in, and all the spoons and forks had dogs scratched on them like the one that was carved on the foot-board of the bed upstairs. All except the little slender spoon that Dickie had to eat his egg with, and on that there was no dog, but something quite different.

"Why," said he, his face brightening with joyous recognition, "my Tinkler's got this on it—just the very moral of it, so 'e 'as."

Then he had to tell all about Tinkler, and the lady looked thoughtful and interested, and when the gentleman came in and kissed her and said, "How are we this morning?" Dickie had to tell about Tinkler all over again; and then the lady said several things very quickly, beginning with "I told you so, Edward," and ending with "I knew he wasn't a common child."

Dickie missed the middle part of what she said, because of the way his egg behaved—suddenly bursting all down one side and running over into the salt, which, of course, had to be stopped at all costs by some means or other. The tongue was the easiest.

The gentleman laughed. "Well, don't eat the egg-cup," he said; "we shall want it again. Have another egg."

But Dickie's pride was hurt, and he wouldn't. The gentleman must be very stupid, he thought, not to know the difference between licking and eating. And as if anybody could eat an egg-cup, anyhow. He was glad when the gentleman went away.

After breakfast Dickie was measured for a crutch—that is to say, a broom was held up beside him and a piece cut off its handle. Then the lady wrapped flannel round the hairy part of the broom, and sewed black velvet over that. It was a beautiful crutch, and Dickie said so. Also he showed his gratitude by inviting the lady to look 'ow spry 'e was on 'is pins; but she only looked a very little while, and then turned and gazed out of the window. So Dickie had a good look at the room and the furniture—it was all different from anything he ever remembered seeing, and yet he couldn't help thinking he had seen them before: these high-backed chairs, covered with flowers like on carpets; the carved book-cases, with rows on rows of golden-backed books; the bow-fronted sideboard, with shining handles; and the corner cupboard with glass doors and china inside—red and blue and goldy. It was a very odd feeling. I don't know that I can describe it better than by saying that he looked at all these things with a double pleasure—the pleasure of looking at new and beautiful things, and the pleasure of seeing again things old and beautiful which he had not seen for a very long time.

His limping survey of the room ended at the window, when the lady turned suddenly, knelt down, put her hand under his chin, and looked into his eyes.

"Dickie," she said, "how would you like to stay here and be *my* little boy?"

"I'd like it right enough," said he, "only I got to go back to father."

"But if father says you may?"

"'E won't!" said Dickie, with certainty. "An' besides, there's Tinkler."

"Well, you're to stay here and be my little boy till we find out where father is. We shall let the police know; they're sure to find him."

"The police?" Dickie cried in horror. "Why, father ain't done nothing."

"No, no, of course not," said the lady, in a hurry, "but the police know all sorts of things—about where people are, you know, and what they're doing, even when they haven't *done* anything."

"The pleece knows a jolly sight too much," said Dickie, in gloom.

And now all Dickie's little soul was filled with one longing; all his little brain alive to one only thought—the police were to be set on the track of Beale—the man whom he called father, the man who had been kind to him, had wheeled him in a perambulator for miles and miles through enchanted country; the man who had bought him a little coat "to put on o' nights if it was cold or wet"; the man who had shown him the wonderful world to which he awakens who has slept in the bed with the green curtains.

The lady's house was more beautiful than anything he had ever imagined, yet not more beautiful than certain things that he almost imagined that he remembered. The lady was better than beautiful—she was dear. Her eyes were the eyes to which it is good to laugh, her arms were the arms in which it is good to cry. The tree-dotted park-land was to Dickie the Land of Heart's Desire.

But Father Beale, who had been kind, whom Dickie loved——

The lady left him alone with a book, beautiful beyond his dreams, three great volumes with pictures of things that had happened and been since the days of Hereward himself. The author's charming name was Green, recalling curtains and nights under the stars.

But even those beautiful pictures could not keep Dickie's thoughts from Mr. Beale—"father" by adoption and love. If the police were set to find out "where he was and what he was doing"—— Somehow or other Dickie must get to Gravesend—to that house where there had been a bath, or something like it, in a pail, and where kindly tramp-people had toasted herrings and given apples to little boys who helped. He had helped then, and, by all the laws of fair play, there ought to be someone now to help him.

The beautiful book lay on the table before him, but he no longer saw it. He no longer cared for it. All he cared for was to find a friend who would help him. And he found one. And the friend who helped him was an enemy.

The smart, pink-frocked, white-capped, white-aproned maid who, unseen by Dickie, had brought the bath-water and the bath, came in with a duster. She looked malevolently at Dickie.

"Shovin' yourself in!" she said, rudely.

"I ain't," said he.

"If she wants a kid to make a fool of, ain't I got eleven brothers and sisters?" inquired the maid, her chin in the air.

"Nobody ain't makin' a fool of me," said Dickie.

"Ho, no, 'cause they ain't!" the maid rejoined. "People comes 'ere without e'er a shirt to their backs, and makes fools of their betters. That's the way it is, ain't it? Ain't she arst you to stay and be 'er little boy?"

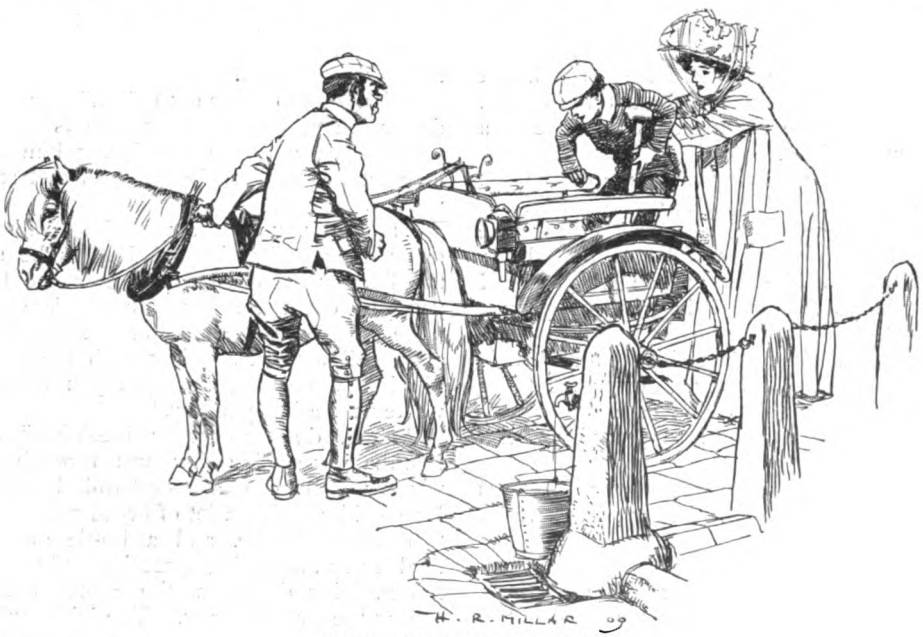
"Yes," said Dickie.

"Ah, I thought she 'ad!" said the maid, "and you'll stay. But if I'm expected to call you master-whatever-your-silly-name-is, I gives a month's warning, so I tell you straight."

"I don't want to stay," said Dickie; "at least——"

"Oh, tell me another," said the girl, impatiently, and left him, without having made the slightest use of the duster.

Dickie was taken for a drive in a little carriage drawn by a cream-coloured pony with a long tail, a perfect dream of a pony,



"DICKIE WAS TAKEN FOR A DRIVE."

and the lady allowed him to hold the reins. But even amid this delight he remembered to ask whether she had put the police on to his father yet, and was relieved to hear that she had not.

It was Markham who was told to wash Dickie's hands when the drive was over, and Markham was the enemy with the eleven brothers and sisters.

"Wash 'em yourself," she said, among the soap and silver and marble and sponges. "It ain't my work."

"You'd better," said Dickie, "or the lady'll know the difference. It ain't my work neither, and I ain't so used to washing as what you are; and that's the truth."

So she washed him, not very gently.

"It's no use your getting your knife into me," he said, as the towel was plied. "I didn't *arst* to come 'ere, did I?"

"No, you little thief."

"Stow that," said Dickie, and after a quick glance at his set lips she said, "Well, next door to, anyhow. I should be ashamed to show my face 'ere, if I was you, after last night. There, you're dry now. Cut along down to the dining-room. The servants' hall's good enough for honest people as don't break into houses."

All through that day of wonder, which included real roses that you could pluck and smell and real gooseberries that you could gather and eat, as well as picture-books, a clockwork bear, a musical-box, a doll's-house almost as big as a small villa, an idea kept on hammering at the other side of a locked door in Dickie's mind, and when he was in bed it got the door open and came out and looked at him. And he recognised it at once as a really useful idea.

"Markham will bring you some warm milk. Drink it up and sleep well, darling," said the lady, and with the idea very near and plain he put his arms round her neck and hugged her.

"Good-bye," he said; "you *are* good. I do love you." The lady went away very pleased.

When Markham came with the milk Dickie said, "You want me gone, don't you?"

Markham said she didn't care.

"Well, but how am I to get away—with my crutch?"

"Mean to say you'd cut and run if you was the same as me—about the legs, I mean?"

"Yes," said Dickie.

"And not nick anything?"

"Not a bloomin' thing," said he.

"Well," said Markham, "you've got a spirit—I will say that."

"You see," said Dickie, "I wants to get back to father."

"Bless the child!" said Markham, quite affected by this.

"Why don't you help me get out? Once I was outside the park I'd do all right."

"Much as my place is worth," said Markham. "Don't you say another word, getting me into trouble."

But Dickie said a good many other words, and fell asleep quite satisfied with the last words that had fallen from Markham. These words were, "We'll see."

It was only just daylight when Markham woke him. She dressed him hurriedly and carried him and his crutch down the back stairs and into that very butler's pantry through whose window he had crept at the bidding of the red-haired man. No one else seemed to be about.

"Now," she said, "the gardener he has got a few hampers ready—fruit and flowers and the like—and he drives 'em to the station 'fore anyone's up. They'd only go to waste if 'e wasn't to sell 'em—see? An' he's a particular friend of mine, and he won't mind an extry hamper more or less. So out with you. Joe," she whispered, "you there?"

Joe, outside, whispered that he was, and Markham lifted Dickie to the window. As she did so she kissed him.

"Cheer oh, old chap," she said; "I'm sorry I was so short. An' you do want to get out of it, don't you?"

"No error," said Dickie, "and I'll never split about him selling the vegetables and things."

"You're too sharp to live," Markham declared, and next moment he was through the window, and Joe was laying him in a long hamper half-filled with straw that stood waiting.

"I'll put you in the van along with the other hampers," whispered Joe, as he shut the lid. "Then when you're in the train you just cut the string with this 'ere little knife I'll make you a present of and out you gets. I'll make it all right with the guard. He knows me, and he'll put you down at whatever station you say."

"Here, don't forget 'is breakfast," said Markham, reaching her arm through the window. It was a wonderful breakfast. Five cold rissoles, a lot of bread and butter, two slices of cake, and a bottle of milk. And it was fun, eating agreeable and unusual things, lying down in the roomy hamper among the smooth straw. The jolting of the cart did not worry Dickie at all. He was used

to the perambulator ; and he ate as much as he wanted to eat, and when that was done he put the rest in his pocket and curled up comfortably in the straw. There was still quite a lot left of what ordinary people consider night, and also there was quite a lot left of the sleepiness with which he had gone to bed at the end of the wonderful day. It was not only just body-sleepiness—the kind you get after a long walk or a long play-day. It was mind-sleepiness — Dickie had gone through so much in the last thirty-six hours that his poor little brain felt quite worn out. He fell asleep among the straw, fingering the clasp-knife in his pocket, and thinking how smartly he would cut the string when the time came.

And he slept for a very long time, such a long time that when he did wake up there was no longer any need to cut the string of the hamper. Someone else had done that, and the lid of the basket was open, and three or four faces looked down at Dickie, and a girl's voice said, "Why, it's a little boy ! And a crutch—oh, dear !" Dickie sat up. The little crutch, which was lying cornerwise above him in the hamper, jerked out and rattled on the floor.

"Well, I never did — never !" said another voice. "Come out, dearie. Don't be frightened."

"How kind people are," Dickie thought, and reached his hands to slender white hands that were held out to him. A lady in black—her figure was as slender as her hands — drew him up, put her arms round him, and lifted him on to a black bent-wood chair. His eyes, turning swiftly here and there, showed him that he was in a shop—a shop full of flowers and fruit.

"Mr. Rosenberg," said the slender lady. "Oh, do come here, please ! This extra hamper——"

A dark, handsome, big-nosed man came towards them.

"It's a dear little boy," said the slender lady, who had a pale, kind face, dark eyes, and very red lips.

"It'th a practical joke, I thuppothe," said the dark man. "Our gardening friend wanth a leththon, and I'll thee he getth it."

"It wasn't his fault," said Dickie, wriggling earnestly on the high chair ; "it was my fault. I fell asleep."

The girls crowded round him with questions and caresses.

"I ought to have cut the string in the train and told the guard—he's a friend of the gardener's," he said ; "but I was asleep. I don't know as ever I slep' so sound afore ; like as if I'd had sleepy-stuff, you know—like they give me at the 'orspittle."

I should not like to hint that Markham had gone so far as to put "sleepy-stuff" in that bottle of milk ; but I am afraid she was not very particular, and she may have thought it best to send Dickie to sleep, so that he could not betray her or her gardener friend

"THREE OR FOUR FACES LOOKED DOWN AT DICKIE."

until he was very far away from both of them.

"But why," asked the long-nosed gentleman, "why put boyth in bathketth? Upthetting everybody like thith!" he added, crossly.

"It was," said Dickie, slowly, "a sort of joke. I don't want to go upsetting of people. If you'll lift me down and give me me crutch I'll 'ook it."

But the young ladies would not hear of his hooking it.

"We may keep him, mayn't we, Mr. Rosenberg?" they said; and he judged that Mr. Rosenberg was a kind man, or they would not have dared to speak so to him. "Let's keep him till closing time, and then one of us will see him home. He lives in London—he says so."

Dickie had indeed murmured "words to this effect," as policemen call it when they are not quite sure what people really *have* said.

"Ath you like," said Mr. Rosenberg, "only you muthn't let him interfere with bithneth, thath all."

They took him away to the back of the shop. They were dear girls, and they were very nice to Dickie. They gave him grapes, and a banana, and some Marie biscuits, and they folded sacks for him to lie on.

And Dickie liked them and was grateful to them, and watched his opportunity. Because, however kind people were, there was one thing he had to do—to get back to the Gravesend lodging-house as his "father" had told him to do.

The opportunity did not come till late in the afternoon, when one of the girls was boiling a kettle on a spirit lamp, and one had gone out to get cakes, in Dickie's honour, which made him uncomfortable; but duty is duty, and over the Gravesend lodging-house the star of duty shone and beckoned. The third young lady and Mr. Rosenberg were engaged in animated explanations with a fair young gentleman about a basket of roses that had been ordered, and had not been sent.

"Cath," Mr. Rosenberg was saying, "cath down enthureth thpeedy delivery."

And the young lady was saying, "I am extremely sorry, sir; it was a misunderstanding."

And, to the music of their two voices, Dickie edged along close to the grapes and melons, holding on to the shelf on which they lay, so as not to attract attention by the tap-tapping of his crutch.

He passed silently and slowly between the rose-filled window and the heap of bananas that adorned the other side of the doorway, turned the corner, threw his arm over his crutch, and pegged away for dear life down a sort of covered arcade; turned its corner, and found himself in a wilderness of baskets and carts and vegetables; threaded his way through them, in and out among the baskets, over cabbage-leaves, under horses' noses, found a quiet street, a still quieter archway, pulled out the knife — however the adventure ended he was that knife to the good—and prepared to cut the money out of the belt Mr. Beale had buckled round him.

And the belt was not there! Had he dropped it somewhere? Or had he and Markham, in the hurry of that twilit dressing, forgotten to put it on? He did not know. All he knew was that the belt was not on him, and that he was alone in London—without money—and that at Gravesend his father was waiting for him, waiting, waiting. Dickie knew what it meant to wait.

He went out into the street and asked the first good-natured-looking loafer he saw the way to Gravesend.

"Way to your grandmother," said the loafer. "Don't you come saucing of me."

"But which *is* the way?" said Dickie.

The man looked hard at him and then pointed out a grimy thumb over his shoulder.

"It's thirty mile if it's a yard," he said. "Got any chink?"

"I lost it," said Dickie. "My father's there, awaitin' for me."

"Garn," said the man. "You don't kid me so easy."

"I ain't arskin' you for anything except the way," said Dickie.

"More you ain't," said the man, hesitating and putting his hand into his pocket. "Ain't kiddin'? Sure? Father at Gravesend? Take your Bible?"

"Yuss," said Dickie.

"Then you take the first to the right and the first to the left, and you'll get a blue bus as'll take you to the Elephant. That's a bit of the way. Then you ask again. And 'ere—this'll pay for the bus." He held out coppers.

This practical kindness went to Dickie's heart more than all the kisses of the young ladies in the flower shop. The tears came into his eyes.

"Well, you *are* a pal, an' no error," he said. "Do the same for you some day," he added.

The lounging man laughed.

"I'll hold yer to that, matey," he said. "When you're a ridin' in yer carriage an' pair, perhaps you'll take me on ter be yer footman."

"When I am I will," said Dickie, quite seriously. And then they both laughed.

The Elephant and Castle marks but a very short stage of the weary way between London and Gravesend. When he got out of the bus Dickie asked the way again, this time of a woman who was selling matches in the gutter. She pointed with the blue box she held in her hand. "It's a long way," she said, in a tired voice; "nigh on thirty mile."

"Thank you, missis," said Dickie, and set out, quite simply, to walk those miles—nearly thirty.

The way lay down the Old Kent Road, and presently Dickie was in familiar surroundings. The Old Kent Road leads into the New Cross Road, and that runs right through the yellow-brick wilderness where Dickie's aunt lived. He dared not follow the road through those well-known scenes. At any moment he might meet his aunt. And if he met his aunt—he preferred not to think of it.

Outside the Marquis of Granby stood a van, and the horses' heads were turned away from London. If one could get a lift! Dickie looked anxiously right and left, in front and behind. There were wooden boxes in the van—a lot of them—and on the canvas of the tilt was painted in fat white letters, "Fry's Tonic the Only Cure." There would be room on the top of the boxes—they did not reach within two feet of the tilt.

Should he ask for a lift when the carter came out of the Marquis? Or should he, if he could, climb up and hide on the boxes, and take his chance of discovery? He laid a hand on the tail-board.

"Hi, Dickie!" said a voice, surprisingly, in his ear, "that you?"

Dickie owned that it was, with the feeling of a trapped wild animal, and turned and faced a boy of his own age—a schoolfellow; the one, in fact, who had christened him "Dot-and-go-one."

"Oh, what a turn you give me," he said; "thought you was my aunt. Don't you let on yer seen me."

"Where you been?" asked the boy, curiously.

"Oh—all about," Dickie answered, vaguely. "Don't yer tell me aunt."

"Yer aunt? Don't you know?" The boy was quite contemptuous with him for not knowing.

"Know? No. Know what?"

"She shot the moon. Old Hurle moved her—says he don't remember where to. She give him a pint to forget's what I say."

"Who's livin' there now?" Dickie asked; interest in his aunt's address swallowed up in a sudden desperate anxiety.

"No one don't live there. It's shut up—to let.—Apply Roberts, 796, Broadway," said the boy. "I say, what'll you do?"

"I don't know," said Dickie, turning away from the van, which had abruptly become unimportant. "Which way you going?"

"Down home—go past your old shop—coming?"

"No," said Dickie. "So long; see you again some day. I got to go this way." And went it.

All the same, the twilight saw him creeping down the old road to the house whose back garden had held the rabbit-hutch—the garden where he had sowed the parrot food, and where the moonflowers had come up so white and beautiful. What a long time ago—it was only a month, really, but all the same what a long time.

The news of his aunt's departure had changed everything. The steadfast desire to get to Gravesend to find his father had given way—at any rate, for the moment—to a burning anxiety about Tinkler and the white stone. Had his aunt found them and taken them away? If she hadn't and they were still there, would it not be wise to get them at once? Because, of course, someone else might take the house and find the treasures. Yes, it would certainly be wise to go to-night, to get in by the front window—the catch had always been broken—to find his treasures, or, at any rate, to make quite sure whether he had lost them or not.

No one noticed him as he came down the street, very close to the railings; there are so many boys in the streets in that part of the world. And the front window went up easily. He climbed in, dragging his crutch after him.

He got upstairs very quickly on hands and knees, went straight to the loose board, dislodged it, and felt in the hollow below. Oh, joy! His hand found the soft bundle of rags that he knew held Tinkler and the seal. He put them inside the front of his shirt and shuffled down. It was not too late to do a mile or two of the Gravesend road. But he would like to have one more look at the moonflower.

He got out into the garden—there stood the stalk of the flower very tall in the deepening dusk. He touched the stalk. It was dry and hard, and three or four little dry things fell from above and rattled on his head.

"Seeds, o' course," said Dickie, who knew more about seeds now than he had done when he sowed the parrot seed. One does not tramp the country for a month, at Dickie's age, without learning something about seeds.

He got out the knife that should have cut the string of the basket in the train, opened it, and cut the stalk of the moonflower, very carefully, so that none of the seeds should be, and only a few were, lost. He crept into the house, holding the stalk upright and steady, as an acolyte carries a processional cross.

The house was quite dark now, but a street-lamp threw its light into the front room—bare, empty, and dusty. There was a torn newspaper on the floor. He spread a sheet of it out, kneeled by it, and shook the moonflower-head over it. The seeds came rattling out—dozens and dozens of them. They were bigger than sunflower seeds, and flatter and rounder, and they shone like silver, or like the pods of the plant we call honesty.

"Oh, beautiful—beautiful!" said Dickie, letting the smooth shapes slide through his fingers.

Have you ever played with mother-of-pearl card-counters? The seeds of the moonflower were like those.

He pulled out Tinkler and the seal and laid them on the heap of seeds; and then knew quite suddenly that he was too tired to travel any farther that night. "I'll doss here," he said; "there's plenty of paper"—he knew by experience that, as bedclothes, newspapers are warm, if noisy—"and get on in the morning afore people's up."

He collected all the paper and straw—there was a good deal littered about in the house—and made a heap in the corner, out of the way of the window. He did not feel afraid of sleeping in an empty house—only very lordly and magnificent, because he had a whole house to himself. The food still left in his pockets served for supper, and you could drink quite well at the wash-house tap by putting your head under and turning it on very slowly. And for a final enjoyment he laid out his treasures on the newspaper—Tinkler and the seal in the middle, and the pearly counters arranged in patterns round them—circle, and squares, and oblongs. The seeds lay very flat and fitted close together. They were excellent for making patterns with. And presently he made, with triple lines of silvery seeds, a six-pointed star, with the rattle and the seal in the middle; and the light from the street lamp shone brightly on it all.

"That's the prettiest of the lot," said Dickie Harding, alone in the empty house.

And then the magic began.

"HE MADE, WITH TRIPLE LINES OF SILVERY SEEDS, A SIX-POINTED STAR."

(To be continued.)

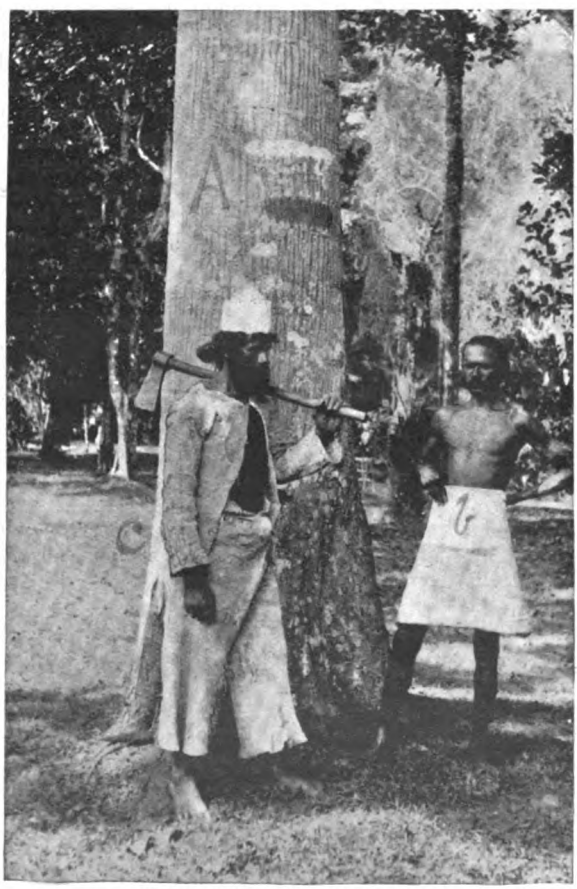
Some Wonders of Tropical Life.

By H. F. MACMILLAN.

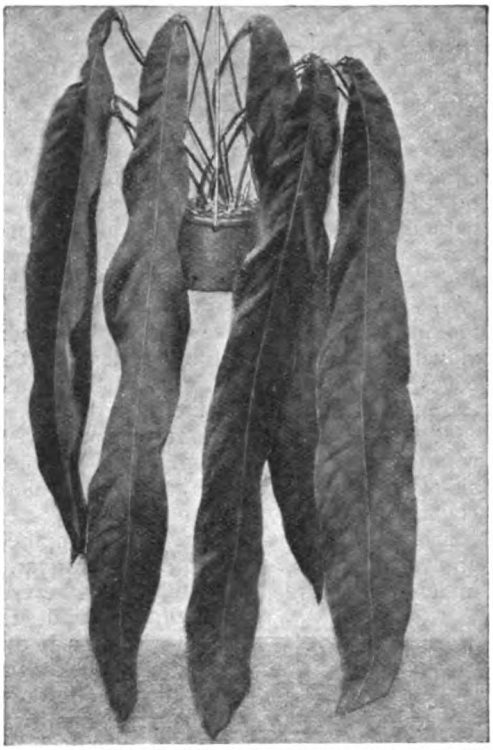
CONSIDERING the great antiquity of the art of weaving vegetable fibres into cloth, it is remarkable that in some portions of the tropical world there are at the present day races of men who obtain their rude costumes from the inner bark of certain trees. Before the advance of civilization such material, it is believed, provided the principal articles of "clothing" for inhabitants of tropical regions, as did the skins of animals for people in cooler climes. One of the best examples of these trees is the "Sack tree" (*Antiaris innoxia*) of Ceylon. To obtain the bark of this the tree is felled and cut into sections; these are submerged in still water for several weeks for the purpose of retting the bark, the latter being then washed and pounded so as to separate the parenchymatous tissue from the closely interwoven layer of fibres. The bark is afterwards dried and bleached, when it is ready for use in a fashion according to the fancy of the wearer. The sections of the bark may be cut into any length so as to adapt it for either a ready-made skirt, kilt, or shirt. The accompanying photograph shows the "Sack tree," and two coolies clothed with its bark. The Veddahs, an uncivilized aboriginal tribe of Ceylon who live in forests, must obviously find this bark-cloth of great service.

The "Paper-mulberry" tree (*Broussonetia papyrifera*) is the source of the famous "tapa cloth" of the Polynesian Islands. This is a natural tissue similar to that already described; it is derived from the inner bark, and after being torn off in strips is scraped with shells and beaten with a mallet until it resembles a soft, flexible paper. The individual strips are united by overlapping the edges and beating the fibres together, until large pieces of the tissue are formed.

It is said that "before Hawaii was swept with the wave of civilization, men and women alike were dressed in this natural bark-cloth 'tapa' or 'kapa.'" The dress of the women consisted of the "pa-u," or wrapper, composed of five thicknesses of tapa, about four yards in length by three in width, passed several times round the waist, and extending below the knee. The dress of the men was the "malo," or girdle, about a foot in width and several yards long. A "kikei," or mantle, six feet square, was sometimes worn by both sexes. In former years these natural cloths were sometimes bleached to snowy whiteness, or were dyed in colours, and even printed or ornamented, usually in checks or squares. In Uganda and other parts of Central Africa a bark-cloth is obtained from a species of *Brachystegia*, a leguminous tree. The natives there use it for various domestic purposes besides clothing.



READY-MADE CLOTHING FROM TREES.

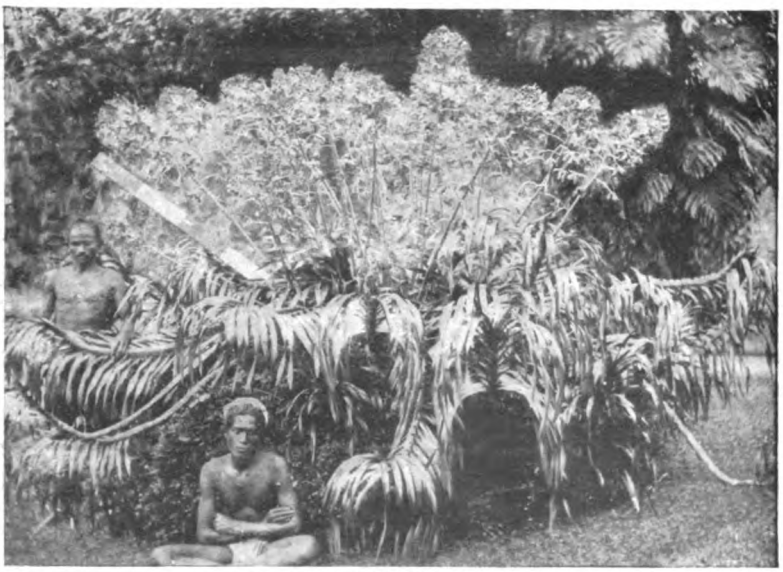


THE LARGEST-LEAVED PLANT — THE LEAVES ARE NINE FEET LONG.

One of the most remarkable plants in the vegetable kingdom is that shown in the above illustration. This is known to botanists as *Anthurium panduriifolium*, and may be popularly called the "Giant Anthurium." It can be readily understood that the plant forms a very striking object when it is stated that the leaves measure no less than nine feet in length from stalk to tip; the blade, presenting a huge broad band of parenchyma, is about seven feet long, and the slender stalk from twenty to twenty-four inches in length. One might well suppose such a plant to be of service in such tropical countries where clothing is a matter of form rather than comfort. This plant hails from tropical South America—its native home—and has only recently been determined and named by the authorities at Kew Gardens.

The "Giant Orchid" is the chieftain of the orchid tribe. It attains proportions which make all other orchids appear as miniatures in comparison. This monster is a native of the hot, humid forests of Malaya, and owing to its great size and peculiar requirements is seldom grown even in the most tropical of glass-houses in temperate countries. The very few plants of this species that are at present so grown in Europe only make a feeble attempt at flowering on rare occasions.

The specimen shown in the following photograph is the largest in Ceylon, if not in the world. It underwent a growth of forty years before it first flowered. It is here shown bearing about seventy stems or pseudo-bulbs, which vary from six to ten feet in length, each carrying over a hundred ribbon-like leaves, which are from twenty to thirty inches long. The enormous flower-stalks are from five and a half to eight feet long, each bearing about a hundred flowers. The plant remains in flower for about two months, and as many as three thousand flowers may be counted on it at once. The flowers, which are scented, measure individually five and a half to six inches across, their colour being yellow ground, with large purplish or chocolate blotches.



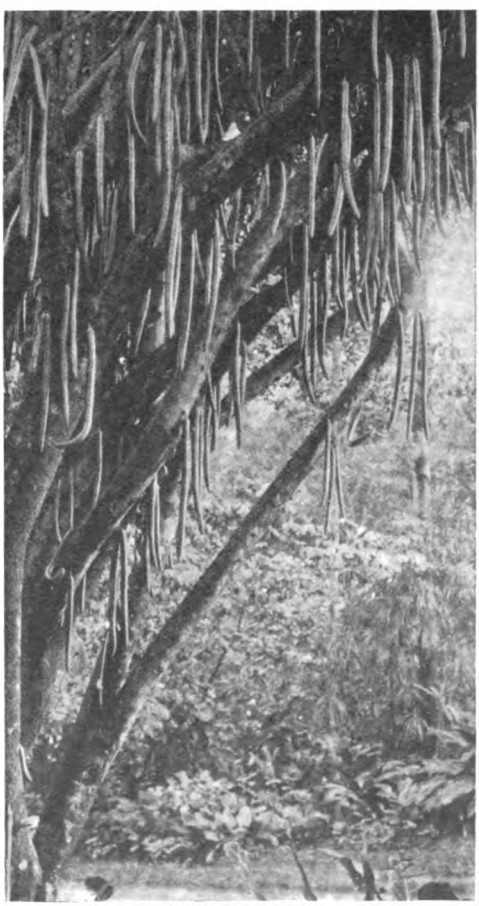
THE BIGGEST ORCHID IN THE WORLD.

THE EXTRAORDINARY ROOTS OF THE INDIA-RUBBER PLANT.

It is difficult to realize that the modest India-rubber plant so popular for growing in cottage windows in this country is identical with the tree which grows to such enormous dimensions in tropical countries. The illustration above shows one of these trees which has long been a landmark in Peradeniya, Ceylon, and which is undoubtedly the most-photographed tree in that Colony, if not in the Eastern tropics. The species is the original source of India-rubber, which was first used as erasers for pencil marks. The tree is now conserved or cultivated in Eastern tropical countries for the sake of the valuable rubber obtained from it.

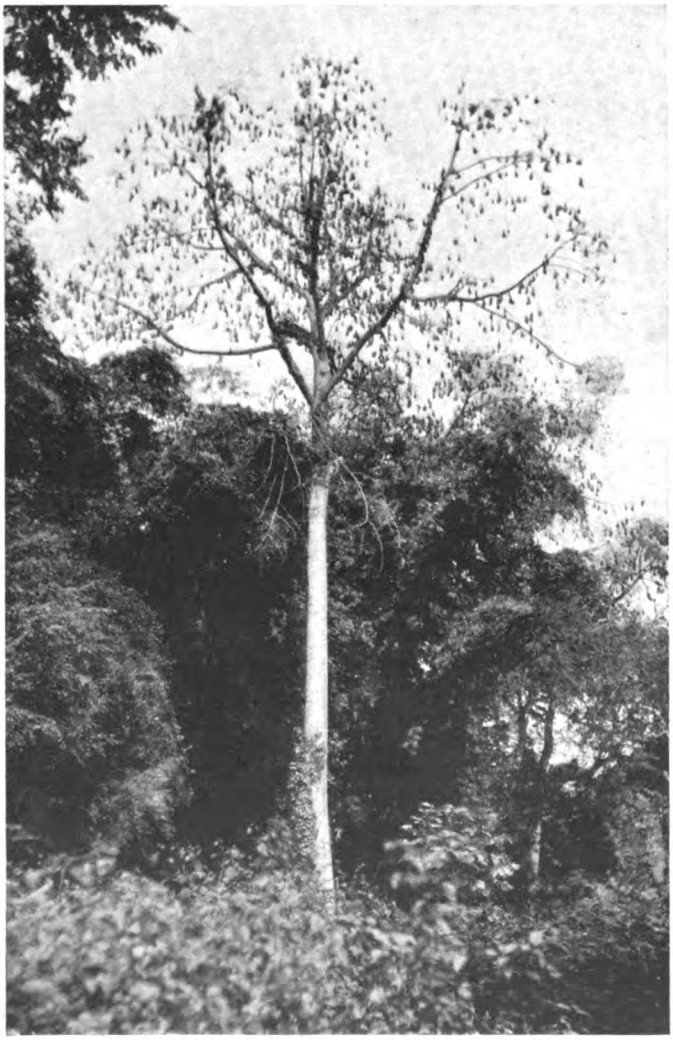
Like many other trees of moist tropical regions, it is a rapid grower, attaining its maximum dimensions when about fifty years old. The extraordinary character developed by the roots forms one of its most remarkable vegetative features. These grey roots are laterally compressed, and rising out of the ground they meander over the surface for a considerable distance, suggesting huge reptiles. In the economy of the tree they act in some respects as a portion of the trunk, and, like the latter, yield a quantity of good rubber.

One of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom is undoubtedly the "Candle tree" of Panama, known to botanists as *Parmentiera cerifera*. This tree produces from its stem and older branches a great profusion of yellowish, cylindrical, smooth fruits, twelve to eighteen inches long, which appear exactly like wax candles, as the botanical name implies. So close is this resemblance that travellers, seeing the tree for the first time, are liable to be temporarily puzzled as to whether the candles of shops are made in factories or grown on trees! The candle-like fruits are suspended from the branches and bare stem by short, slender stalks; dangling in the air, they readily give the impression of a chandler's shop. As night falls, and the numerous fire-flies move among the fruit, this impression is intensified. The inexperienced traveller is not infrequently informed that the fire-flies perform the duty of lighting up these "candles" at night when light is required by the denizens of the jungle.



THE CANDLE TREE.

This photograph, taken by the writer at Peradeniya, Ceylon, will convey some idea of the intensely gregarious habits of the enormous bats found in certain tropical countries, and called "flying-foxes." Though these appear at a distance like a flock of vultures, they are really mammals, which are furnished with large wings and a brownish yellow hairy coat; they are popularly known as "flying-foxes," owing to the close resemblance of their head and body to those of a fox. They congregate in enormous numbers on specially-favoured lofty trees and suspend themselves to the branches by their feet, remaining in that position during the day, with their heads downwards and in the full glare of the blazing tropical sun. Being frugivorous by nature and of nocturnal habits they roam at night in search of fleshy fruits, being particularly partial to fruits of almost all kinds. Needless to say, they are undesirable visitors to a garden, as they quickly defoliate any tree of which they take possession, and seem to prefer it when it has become completely devoid of foliage and shade.



"FLYING-FOXES" ROOSTING ON A TREE.

When stretched the "flying-fox" measures from three and a half to four feet from tip to tip of the wings. The Tamils and Malays particularly eat the flesh of these animals with great relish, ascribing powerful medicinal virtues to certain parts of the body, the liver being supposed to be of special value in cases of lung affections.

A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF "FLYING-FOXES" ON THE WING.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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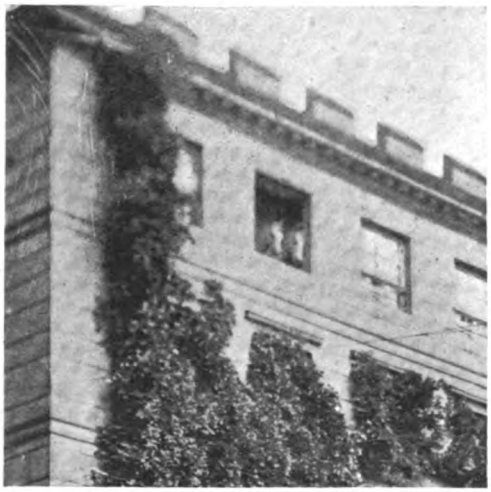
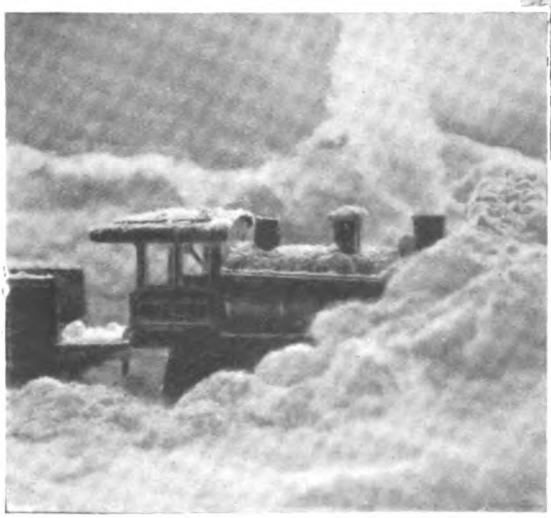


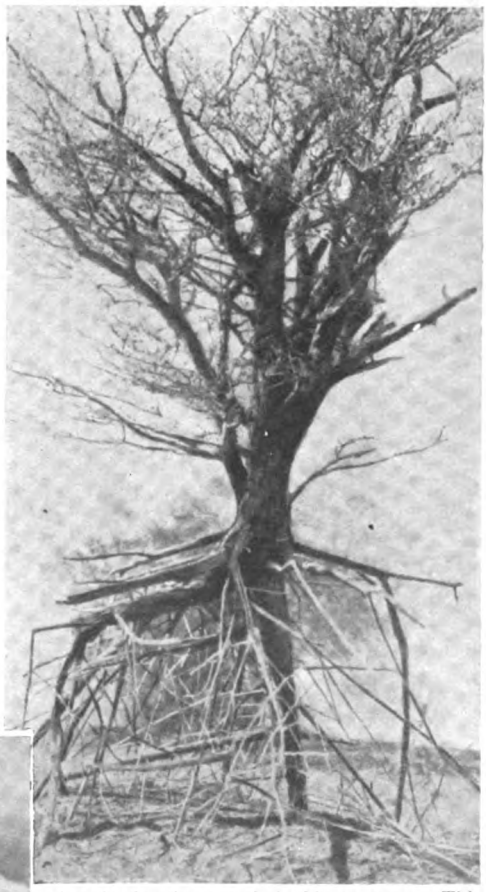
A STRANGE MEMORIAL.

A CURIOUS legend is attached to this photograph, which I took during a visit to Cologne last summer. The story goes that the wife of the late owner of this house died, to the great grief of her husband and all who knew her. One day, some time after her death, the servant rushed into the house, saying, "Master, the mistress is coming back again." He was so overjoyed that he ordered the servants to take the two favourite horses of his wife to the top window of the house, to see their mistress returning home. History does not tell us if the dear departed one really did return to life, but certain it is that this eccentric man had two wooden horses made and placed at the window, to commemorate the event, and, as the photograph shows, they are there to this day.



THREE FEET OF SOIL BLOWN AWAY.

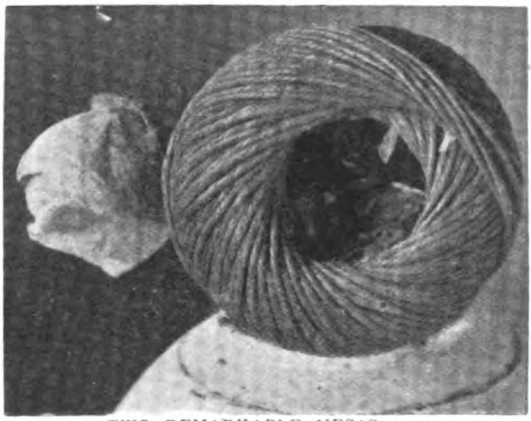
READERS of THE STRAND will no doubt be interested in this illustration of the effect of sand drifts on trees in the far west of New South Wales. It shows a Mulga tree, which has been left in the air by reason of the soil, to the depth of three



feet, having been entirely blown away. This photograph, which was obtained by Mr. C. J. McMaster, is reproduced from the *Agricultural Gazette* of New South Wales, and was sent to us by Mr. H. R. M. Pigott, Iona, Blayney, N.S.W.

A MIMIC SNOWSTORM.

THE photograph I send you might very well be taken to represent a scene during the great snowstorm of last January, when such scenes were by no means uncommon. As a matter of fact, it is a photograph taken in my sitting-room, and the locomotive which is apparently trying to force its way through a monster snowdrift is merely a child's toy engine embedded in a bank of cotton wool and flour. — Mr. L. Troughton, 4, Town Lane, Rock Ferry.

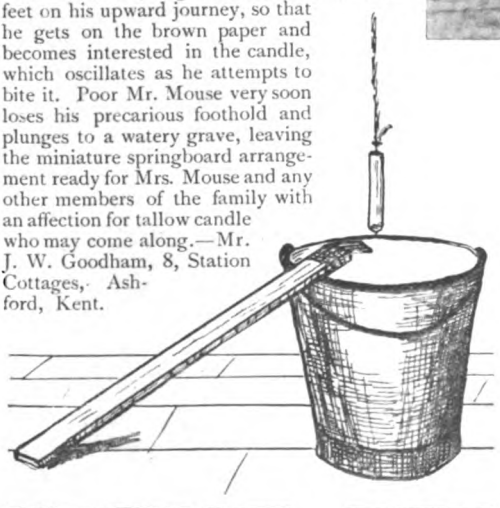


TWO REMARKABLE NESTS.

ON going into an outhouse in his garden, Mr. S. Squire, of the Tower Hotel, discovered a ball of string, on the outside of which a wasp had built its delicate nest, while the inside had been chosen by a mouse as a fitting place in which to bring up her family. It seems strange that these two creatures, so totally different in habits, should have fixed their minds on the same object.—Mr. H. W. Ford-Lindsay, the East Sussex Stamp Club, Clive Vale, Hastings.

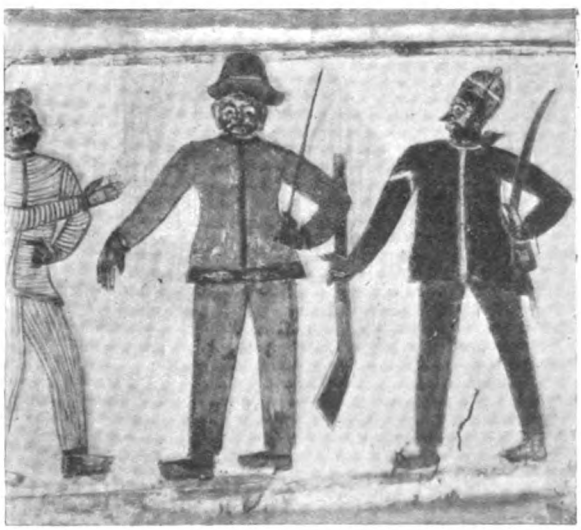
A SIMPLE YET EFFECTIVE MOUSETRAP.

HAVING occasion the other day to visit a storehouse, I noticed the subject of the following sketch. The man in charge said they had been overrun with mice, and he had improvised the trap which is here illustrated. He had, he added, found it eminently successful, having on one occasion caught three mice in it. The trap consists of a galvanized pail; on the edge of this rests a piece of board, to the end of which is gummed a piece of rather stiff brown paper. A tallow candle is suspended from a beam by a length of twine, so that it almost, but not quite, touches the edge of the brown paper. The board should be lightly rubbed with the candle, to guide the little wanderer's feet on his upward journey, so that he gets on the brown paper and becomes interested in the candle, which oscillates as he attempts to bite it. Poor Mr. Mouse very soon loses his precarious foothold and plunges to a watery grave, leaving the miniature springboard arrangement ready for Mrs. Mouse and any other members of the family with an affection for tallow candle who may come along.—Mr. J. W. Goodham, 8, Station Cottages, Ashford, Kent.

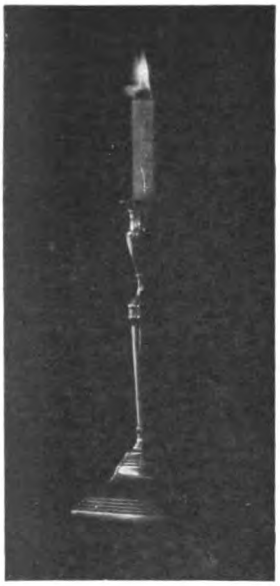


A WHITE DEVIL.

WHEN in the region of Cape Comorin I was taken to see one of the many little shrines where "devil-worship" is carried on. The special interest attached to this particular shrine is the fact that the "devil" is a white man. The older inhabitants say they remember seeing an old image of a European in the shrine, to which votive offerings were brought. For some reason, however—probably for fear of incurring the anger of the ruling race—the image has been destroyed. In its place I found a painting on the plaster of the inner wall—a painting of a European gentleman, with a cane in his hand and an up-to-date "Curzon" style pith *topee* on his head. On one side of him stands an armed sepoy and on the other an Indian servant. The priest explained these figures by the following legend. Long years ago a white man was wrecked near the Cape. Not being anxious to remain in the country, he procured the assistance of some natives to cut down trees and build him a ship. One of the trees selected bled, for there was a spirit imprisoned within it. The coolie man who cut it was slain, and fear fell upon the rest. Sacrifices were offered, however, and the spirit was

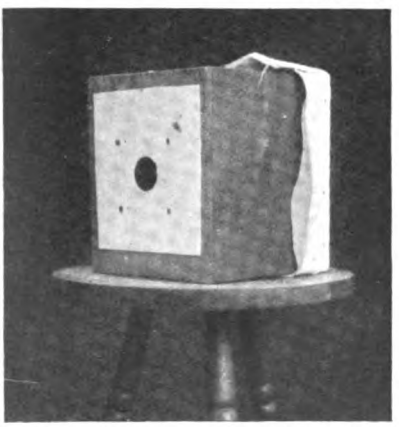


driven from the tree. The work having been completed, the white man set sail for his fatherland; but the evil spirit followed him up, wrecked his vessel, and drowned him. This was indeed a woeful fate, so the good spirits of paradise in pity came and carried his soul to the happy land. To commemorate the event gifts have ever since been offered to his image by the country folk. Truthfulness is not a virtue of the Indian, and I have grave suspicions that the legend has been modified for the benefit of English visitors. At all events, the version I heard from another source seems far more likely to be genuine. A mariner from the West, stranded on the coast, was treated hospitably by the natives. Making himself objectionable, however, he was at length attacked and killed. It was to prevent the obnoxious spirit of the dead man from haunting the place, therefore, that the natives erected an image to him and brought propitiatory offerings. Such offerings, I may say, are constantly made in those little temples of South Travancore to keep evil spirits away.—Rev. W. E. H. Organe, Post Box 17, Memorial Hall, Madras, India.



HOW TO MAKE VORTEX RINGS.

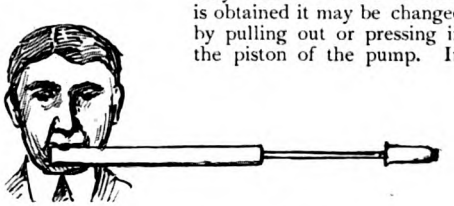
MOST people have heard of vortex rings, and know that by their power it is possible to blow out a candle from a distance of seven feet. In the first of the accompanying illustrations it will be seen that the ring has passed through the flame, and the wave due to it is plainly visible. The box used for making the vortex rings, which is shown in the second photograph, is a common wooden one, about one foot square, with a rough opening cut in the bottom, over which a piece of cardboard with a fairly



accurate circular opening of two inches diameter is placed, and fixed by drawing-pins. The opposite end, where the lid should have been, has a double thickness of unbleached calico placed over it and stretched tightly, being held in position by strips of cardboard screwed down on the sides. If the box is placed with the circular opening facing, and on a level with, the candle flame, and the centre of the calico is then lightly tapped, a vortex ring is produced, which can be made visible by filling the box with smoke. To those who know nothing of them, vortex rings are more than a little mysterious. A maid-servant, seeing her master blow out a candle on the other side of the room by just tapping a box, thought there was something uncanny in it, and promptly gave notice, saying "she had been brought up respectable, and couldn't stay where such things were done."—Mr. F. C. Davis, Elmhyrst, Hill Road, Weston-super-Mare.

A BICYCLE PUMP AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

A SHORT time ago I discovered rather a novel kind of musical instrument, and one which many people could successfully play. It consists merely of a bicycle pump. The one I found best was a hand pump with the tube hole in the side, and not right at the end, as is generally the case. You blow into that hole as if the pump was an ordinary flute. When a note is obtained it may be changed by pulling out or pressing in the piston of the pump. In



this way I have obtained two complete octaves, and all were clear notes. Thus it will be seen that the instrument is a combination of the flute and the trombone, and with very little practice almost any tune may be played. Not ever having seen this use made of a pump, I thought you might be interested. —Mr. Erskine L. Moilliet, Puxtye House, Sandhurst, Hawkhurst.

A STRANGE PRACTICAL JOKE.

HERE is a picture of a coach occupying a remarkable position. When it is explained that it was placed at the top of the building between sunset and sunrise without the owner having the least knowledge of what was being done, and without the perpetrators of the deed leaving the slightest trace behind them, it seems the more remarkable. It would be a difficult task at any time; this, however, was performed in complete darkness and secrecy. It is on the festival called Hallowe'en (October 31st—November 1st) that the inhabitants of California think it proper to perform all kinds of practical jokes, especially any dealing with vehicles, and this is one of the extraordinary positions in which owners in Santa Monica (Cal.) found their carriages on the morning of November 1st last year. Photo. by Webb Bros., of Santa Monica, California, U.S.A. — Mr. Herbert H. Webb, 6, Milton Road, Wallington, Surrey.

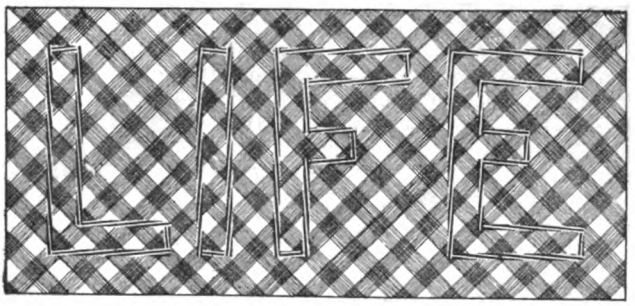
THE CUCKOO IN THE NEST.

THIS photograph, which was taken in the conservatory at Middleton House, Longparish, Hants, shows a cuckoo a few days old in a wagtail's nest. The nest was constructed in a pot of maidenhair fern, and, being practically hidden from view, was only accidentally discovered by the gardener, and great was his astonishment at finding one built in such a spot and in a plant which he had been in the habit of watering daily for months past. The conservatory being always kept locked, it was a matter of much speculation as to how the young bird could have its food brought to it so regularly; but after days of the closest observation the wagtail was seen

to push its way, slowly and with considerable difficulty, through a tiny hole in the roof, there being barely room for the little food-carrier to get through. But how her foster-child was going to escape from the conservatory never seems to have occurred to her.—Miss Mary Selby, 37, Egerton Terrace, London, S.W.

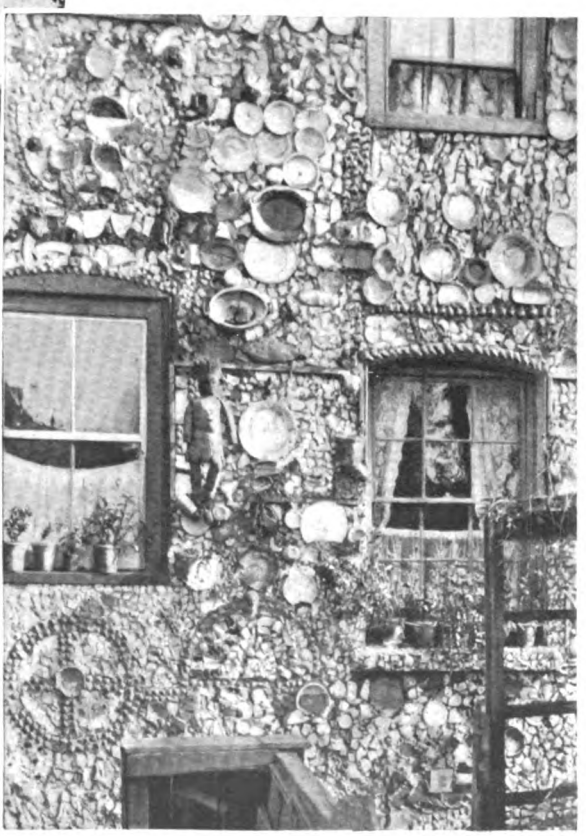
A STRANGE HOBBY.

THE back of the house here shown, situated in Camden Street, Maidstone, is entirely covered with old plates, dishes, soup ladles, and various ornaments, fastened to the walls by cement. The work was done by Mr. John Woodhams, a bricklayer, who made the work his hobby. It occupied him for between three and four years. Children knowing his hobby used to take all sorts of broken plates, etc., to him, and were always rewarded by some coppers in return. The four cottages decorated in this fashion form a striking picture, and are known by the two nicknames of "Old China Cottages" and "Platter Villas." The photograph shows a sectional view of the cottage in which Mr. Woodhams lived.—Mr. H. J. Nash, 66, Union Street, Maidstone.



A CLEVER ILLUSION.

WHEN looking at the foregoing sketch you will say that the letters are alternately inclined to the right and left. They are not so, as can be proved by measuring the distance of the top and bottom of any vertical strokes from the edge of the entire block. They will be found to be exactly the same distance. Or take any of the horizontal strokes of the four letters and see how far their extremities are from the top and bottom of the entire block. It will be found that a line joining the extremities of the strokes is strictly parallel to the top and bottom, and that they are not on a slant at all. It is the slant of the numerous short lines that go to make up the letter as a whole that deceives the eye.—Mr. H. E. Carter, 1, Lippincott, Toronto, Canada.



ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

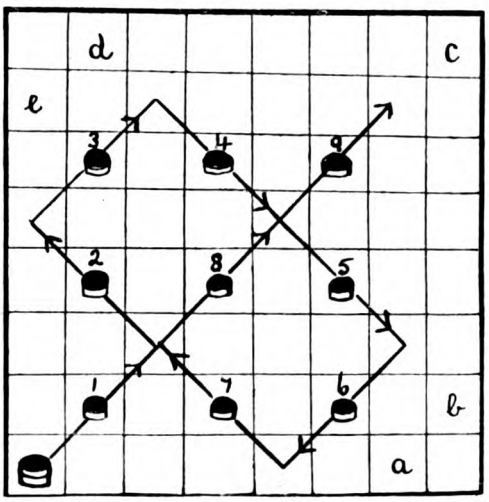
EVERY morning, on being taken out of the shafts, this intelligent animal puts its head inside the stall, in the manner shown in the photograph, and helps itself to a bun. As may be imagined, this instance of equine sagacity has become well known, and is one of the sights of Eastbourne.—Mr. George Cecil, 49, Essendine Road, Maida Vale, W.

WHERE CHEQUES ARE SIGNED BY THUMB-PRINTS.

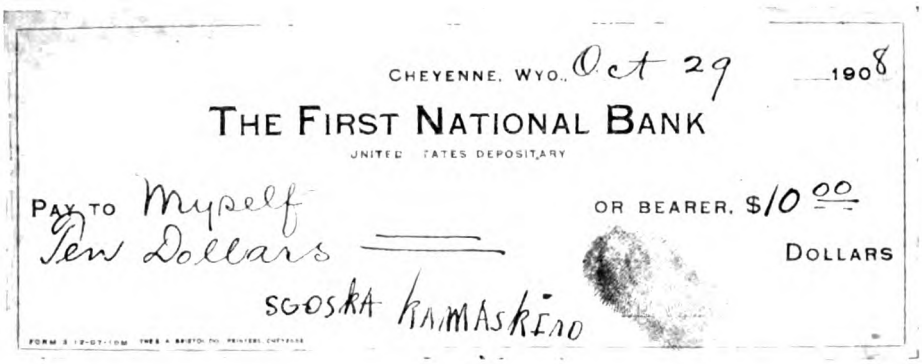
OUT in Cheyenne, Wyoming, there is a bank which has depositors of so many different nationalities that it has found it necessary to require identification by some means other than a written signature. The bank officials have, therefore, made it a rule that its foreign depositors must sign their cheques with the imprint of their right thumb, in addition to their written signatures. Railroads in Wyoming have brought in, as labourers, hundreds of Asiatics, including Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, etc., while big coal-mines around Cheyenne have imported many thousands of workmen from Southern Europe. Hundreds of these have made deposits with this bank, but are mostly unknown to the bank officials. Writing English but poorly, these depositors could scarcely ever duplicate their own signatures, and for the protection of the bank the officials were obliged to demand an additional identification. When a would-be depositor asks to open an account with that bank he places on file his written signature, and at the same time the impress of his right thumb is filed. Afterwards, when a cheque from this man is received at the bank, it must have the thumb-print attached as well as the written signature, and this thumb-print must, of course, correspond with that on file in the bank's records. The thumb-print system, it may be added, is the old Chinese method of identification.—Mr. T. R. Porter, Box 644, Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A.

A PROBLEM FOR DRAUGHTS PLAYERS.

IT sometimes happens that while indulging in a friendly game of draughts one of the players has the good fortune to capture, in a single move, some four or five of his opponent's pieces. The question naturally arises, "What is the greatest number of draughtsmen capable of being captured in one move?" As far as I have been able to discover the maximum is nine, and this number can only be taken when the conquering draughtsman (a crowned piece, of course) commences his career from one of six spaces. The diagram shows one method by which the maximum number can be captured. In each of the remaining five ways the



procedure is exactly similar, and the spaces on which to commence are marked a, b, c, d, and e. Can any other contributor capture a greater number than this in a single move?—Mr. W. H. Warren, 254, Gladstone Avenue, Noel Park, Wood Green, N.


CHEYENNE, WYO., Oct 29 1908

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

PAY TO Myself OR BEARER, $10 00

Ten Dollars DOLLARS

SOOSKA KAMASKINO

Quaritch's "Twopenny Box."

AN OMAR KHAYYAM STORY.

CLOSE upon fifty years ago a picturesque figure of a man walked into the shop of Bernard Quaritch and dumped down a parcel. "Sell these for me; they have your name on them," he said. The man was Edward Fitzgerald. The parcel contained the paper-bound copies of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," 4to, B. Quaritch, 1859. Some had been sold among friends; a few more appealed to the few discerning. To mention the next stage is to make a confession from which Bernard Quaritch the younger does not flinch. "The rest went into our twopenny box." When the collecting world rings with the fame of the Quaritchs it is soothing to think of this. "And we have been buying back what went into that twopenny box ever since," Mr. Quaritch added the other day, just as he was bidding £40 for one of the cleaner survivors of the two hundred and fifty paper copies, inscribed with the name of Bessie Howe, the granddaughter of Fitzgerald's housekeeper.

How frequently the experience of Mr. Quaritch is duplicated in the lifetime of many of us! That which we could have secured at a very small cost is passed by, and when in future years we ardently desire it, it is found impossible to obtain, or to obtain only at a far greater cost.

Take the case of a young man who married at twenty-five. He is approached by different assurance offices who put it to him that he could assure himself for a couple of thousand pounds for a matter of forty or so pounds a year. He agrees that it is an advisable thing to do, but puts it off from year to year. Perhaps, when he is fifty—and there is no necessity to draw upon the imagination to find dozens of such cases—his circumstances are such that this policy is an absolute necessity to him. He approaches the office this time, and, even if his health is still fortunately good enough to enable him to pass the doctor, he finds that instead of £40 he has to pay over £90 a year for the £2,000.

By his delay he has run the chance of not being able to assure at all; his dependents, instead of the insurance office, have carried the risk of his early decease; and he has lost the profits that would have accrued on his investment. This in itself is no small matter. The profits with a good bonus-paying office, such as, say, the North British and Mercantile Company, would, in twenty-five years, have increased the £2,000 policy to at least £2,800.

The writer recently came across, on a second-hand bookstall, a book dated 1711, being a translation by Sir Roger L'Estrange of the sayings of Seneca, a philosopher who flourished in the reign of the Emperor Nero, until he fell into that monarch's disfavour, and was by his orders put to death.

Some of Seneca's remarks are, as his translator puts it, both "queint and finical," and almost worthy of a place in a modern life-assurance prospectus. Take, for instance, the following:—

> Fate is doing our Work while we Sleep; Death ſteals upon us Inſenſibly; and the more Inſenſibly, becauſe it paſſes under the name of Life. From Childhood we grow up, without perceiving it, to Old Age; and this Encreaſe of our Life, duly conſidered, is a Diminution of it. We take Death to be before us, but it is behind us; and has already ſwallowed up all that is paſt: Wherefore make uſe of the preſent; and truſt nothing to the Morrow; for Delay is juſt ſo much time loſt.

Cannot we picture Seneca, garbed in the frock coat and silk hat of the modern insurance man, expatiating in the year of grace 1909 to the proud father on the advisability of providing an educational endowment for his newly-arrived son, and showing how for £29 a year, payable until the boy is sixteen, an endowment of £100 a year can be secured for the following six years to provide the wherewithal for a high-class and liberal education?

Suppose the fond parent explains that the little stranger is a girl. Seneca would not be nonplussed. He would immediately produce

the latest scheme published by the North British and Mercantile, which for £17 16s. 3d. a year, payable only until age twenty-one is attained, provides a wedding dowry of £500, with bonus, in the event of marriage, or an annual income commencing at age thirty-five of £20, doubled at age forty-five, and increasing by the time age sixty is arrived at to £60 a year, in the event of the daughter not marrying.

The father is not assured himself perhaps, and Seneca would then address him in this fashion:—

> He that is Steadily aſſur'd againſt all Uncertainties ſhall never be diſturb'd with the Variety of them. Let us make haſte therefore to Live, ſince every Day to a Wiſe Man is a New Life: For, he has done his Buſineſs the Day before, and ſo prepar'd himſelf for the next, that if it be not his Laſt, he knows yet that it might have been ſo. No Man enjoys the true taſte of Life, but he that is Willing, and Ready to Quit it.
>
> Only Death is Certain; and yet all People Complain of That which never Deceived any Man.

It is more than probable that Seneca would have recommended an endowment assurance policy, or perhaps the latest amplification of this form of assurance—the Twentieth Century Option Policy.

Seneca would have said to the man of thirty, "Pay £27 17s. 6d. a year until your fifty-ninth year. If you die earlier, my company, which has been established one hundred years, and possesses funds exceeding eighteen millions sterling, will guarantee to pay your nominee £50 per annum for the next twenty years. If you live until your sixtieth birthday, we will pay you either £1,036 in cash; an annuity of £91 13s. 8d.; a paid-up policy for the one thousand pounds assurance, and £600 in cash; or the choice of several other beneficial options."

To the man of forty, having a wife or children, Seneca would possibly have suggested the Five per Cent. Investment Policy issued by the same Company.

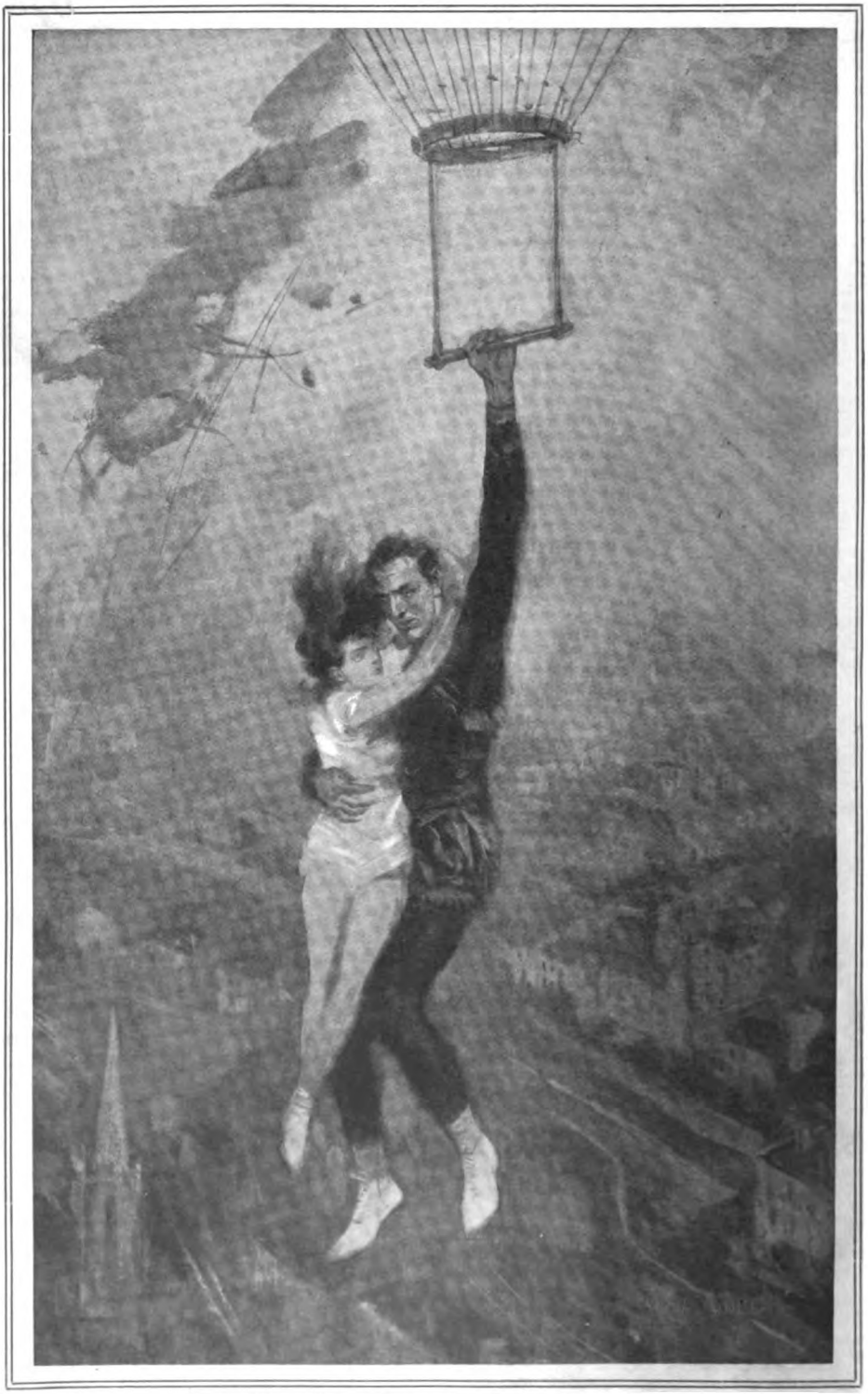
"For forty guineas a year," he would say, "payable in any event for not more than twenty years, you can secure that at your death an income of £50 per annum shall be paid to your widow during the whole remainder of her life, and that the capital sum of £1,000 shall be paid at her death as you may have directed in your will."

The philosopher would probably have said to the man of sixty who wished to increase his assurance but was afraid it would cost too much, that he recommended to him the Instalment System. "You had better pay £47 11s. 8d. a year and the North British and Mercantile will assure £1,000 payable after your death by twenty annual instalments of £50 each. Remember, you would be eighty years of age if you pay in as many premiums as the Company will pay instalments, and they would have to pay their full number even if you died after paying only one premium."

No one can say that these would have been Seneca's exact words, but that they might have been to this effect may be gathered from the following further extract from his writings:—

> A Wiſe Man is never ſurpriz'd; but in the midſt of Plenty he prepares for Poverty: as a prudent Prince does for War, in the Depth of Peace.
>
> Every Man ſhould ſtand upon his Guard againſt Fortune; and take moſt heed to himſelf when She ſpeaks him faireſt. All the Advantage ſhe gets upon us, is at Unawares; whereas He that is provided for her, and ſtands the Firſt Shock, carries the Day.
>
> The Miſery is, that the Wiſe do not need Counſel, and Fools will not take it.

All interested in any of the above-mentioned systems of assurance are advised to drop a postcard to 61, Threadneedle Street, London, or 64, Princes Street, Edinburgh, the chief offices of the Company, when full particulars will be at once forwarded. "Delay," as Seneca said, "is just so much time lost." The North British and Mercantile also transacts fire, burglary, marine insurance, and issues policies covering the risk of accidents to domestic servants and other employés.



"BILLY, WE SHALL BOTH BE KILLED!"

(*See page* 368.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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BILLY'S WIFE.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

TWO figures stood very close together in the deep shade of the maples. Faintly, over the early-evening silence, broke the sound of the city. The spot was part of the city, too, but a still residential part, with stone buildings, emerald-green lawns, and pavements smooth and white. Quite deserted seemed the street, save for the two figures standing very close together in the deep shade of the maples.

"Mary," said the man, in a half-whisper, "this is the house, I think. At any rate, it stands where the old home stood."

For a moment the woman did not speak, only drew closer to the man, clasped his arm a little more firmly, and ran her wondering eyes over the structure before them.

"Yes, Billy," said she, at last, "this must be the house; and oh, how beautiful!"

Silent and earnest, always keeping to their position in the shadows, every detail of the prospect they noted—the broad walk from the street, the great flight of marble steps, the columned portico, the double doors of bronze, the coloured glass with softened light streaming through, the vast and beautiful façade, and all the flowered reach of the lawn.

"Splendid, isn't it, Mary?"

No answer from the woman. The man looked at her sharply. She dropped her head and pressed her cheek against his arm. Catching her face between his hands, with a certain fierceness he kissed her—on the eyes, on the mouth.

"There, there, Mary! We've nothing here to weep about. To be sure, if I'd been like Fred and Joe, and hadn't married you, I'd be living in this mansion to-night. But I'd be poorer than the nakedest wretch in the open!"

"I beg your pardon!"

Billy and Mary started. Up to the kerb, almost without a sound, had rolled a motor landaulette, and a footman was demanding the right of way for an elderly lady. Quickly Billy and Mary stepped aside. Casting a keen glance at them, the lady crossed the sidewalk and briskly approached the house.

"Billy," cried Mary, under her breath, "that's your mother! Speak to her! I'll go!"

Apparent now was the man's great height, for he had become strangely erect. Holding his wife's hands tightly in his own, he gazed after the retreating figure until it was hidden by the bronze doors. Then for some moments—without speaking, his wife's slender hands still fast in his big palms—he stared at the shut portal. Finally, drawing the woman's arm farther within his own, he said, very tenderly:—

"We'll go back to the show-ground now, Mary."

Beechwild Park was opposite. How well they knew it—playground of their childhood, fairy world of their love-romance! Now, beneath its great trees and across its velvet green, they passed silently. Once they stopped by a rustic seat where they had been wont to sit long ago. The same lights were on the ground, the same music amid the leaves. Billy and Mary lived it all over again, but they did not speak.

"That's the headquarters of the fire brigade just ahead, isn't it, Billy?"

The headquarters of the fire brigade!

How often at night, in the vivid yesterday, he had stolen away from home and sped through the park to linger with the firemen and feed his soul on the heroism of their lives! The present building, large and handsome, was quite a different structure from that of Billy's experience, but there stood the engines and the "hook-and-ladder," with the brass-mounted harness dangling in the air, just as in the glad, wild days when Billy was a boy.

"Very good," had said Billy's father, told by the young man whom he meant to wed, "take your wife away from here, and provide for her."

"I will!"

Between that interview and this night lay more than a dozen years, and for the first time William Britt Sage and his wife, who

Copyright, 1909, by Edward Price Bell.

"'BILLY,' CRIED MARY, UNDER HER BREATH, 'THAT'S YOUR MOTHER! SPEAK TO HER!'"

had been Mary Markle, were back in their native town, and had laid eyes on one of their own people. More than a dozen years! And busy years too! Years that had carried away the rich man, and crashed Sage's bank, and killed Fred, and shattered Joe's health, and left Billy's grey-haired mother rich indeed, but with only a remnant of their millions and with an unutterable void in her aristocratic heart!

Billy and Mary pushed on towards the show-ground. The show-ground! They were always on the show-ground in these days—always, except when they were in the air, above the valleys, above the hill-tops, above the unmoving seas of upturned faces. Ah, the years had not dealt over-gently with them, either! Of toil and risk and hardship their lives were close-knit. As for their only child—tiny likeness of Mary—she had not been equal to the long, rough road, and every time they lay down in their little bell-shaped tent to sleep their minds went back for a while to a particular spot on a far-away pine-spiked knoll above a strange city.

Arrived at the show-ground, Billy and Mary picked their way over bruised turf, among slanting stake-heads and tight guy-ropes, and between high canvas walls, to their own tent, with its scant store of boxes and parcels at the inner end, its canvas cot on either side, and its carpet of golden straw in the middle. Outside, the crowds were pouring in for the night performance, but Billy and Mary gave no heed. Travel-weary, they ate frugally and made ready for bed. Billy was standing in the centre of the tent, face lifted, about to put out the lantern on the centre-pole, when he felt Mary's arms steal round his neck.

"Billy, I wish I could do something really worthy of your love. To me it seems the most marvellous thing that has ever been in this world!"

Looking down into her eyes, he realized afresh—what day ever passed without his realizing afresh?—how good and how beautiful she was.

"Just one thing more I would ask of you, Mary. You know how often I have said, 'Don't do it, Mary; please, don't!' Every time you go up into the sky clinging to that trapeze by my side I feel like a coward and like a knave. Once more I say, 'Don't do it, Mary; please, don't!'"

"Listen, Billy! Have you ever thought how lonely the earth is to me now when you

are in the air? Have you ever thought that some day you might go, as she went, and never come back to me?"

Without a further word, the yellow lantern-light flooding over them, he sank her lovely head on his great breast and buried his face in her hair.

Circus day!

How it stirred the people!

What a mighty flood of country folk it brought rolling into the city!

Prairie-land, hill-land, wood-land — all yielded to its magic. Warmed by brilliant sunshine, every remote lane became a trickle, every secondary road a brook, every main highway a bank-full river. There came the fathers bearded and brawny; the sons lank and brown as Indians; the daughters coy and rosy, white-frocked, gaily-beribboned, sitting beneath sunshades that merged in a shifting sea of countless colours.

Ordinarily, chief of the day's outdoor attractions would have been the street parade. But to-day it was something else. True, the street parade was missed by nobody. The incalculable crowds were there, blackening the roofs, manning the telegraph-poles, choking the windows, holding both sides of the roadway in deep, wedged masses. But through all the glistening show—through all the blare and tramp and rumble—uppermost in the minds of the people was the fact that, after an absence of so many years that everybody had lost the count, Billy Sage and she who had been Mary Markle had come home—and come home as part and parcel of the big, world-famous circus!

To see the disowned millionaire's boy and the sweetheart for whom he had sacrificed all—this was the passion of the crowd. Billy Sage was not unknown to the public. The public had never forgotten that storm-claimed springtime, when the river leapt its bounds overnight and bared its foam-flecked bosom from hill to hill. The public had never forgotten that soul-trying season, and it had never forgotten that the person who then distinguished himself incomparably above all others—the person who was ten days and ten nights without shelter and almost without food, battling with the flood and saving human life—was the harum-scarum Sage boy, who did not know the meaning of "family prestige," and who treated lands and buildings and stocks and bonds and gold as matters of no account.

Who ever saw so great a rush to any former circus-ground as held the streets on that day? Certainly, it was without precedent in those parts. It began the moment the street parade was over—began before the show-people, animals, and caravans were back in their tents. The country folk went in their big farm-wagons, in top-buggies, and on horseback, eating their lunch as they moved. The city folk, for the most part, went later, thronging the side-walks, crowding the street-cars, filling the roadways from kerb to kerb with carriages, cabs, and motors.

For full two hours, steadily, resistlessly, with a dull, incessant roar, the tide poured into the vacant ground adjoining the white city. All the while, as it came, it circled and settled round a single spot. At last, no further room in the enclosure, the flood broke into the adjacent streets, and flung its dark spray to the windows and roofs of the buildings beyond. In the midst of this widespread throng, of these acres of close-packed, babbling, expectant people, loomed and strained two tall, dull-hued, heated-air monsters, lashed together—the most gigantic balloons, and the only twin balloons, ever seen in that country.

Remarkable as were these, completely as they dominated the prospect, yet every eye was directed mainly to the drift of things beneath them. In the fresh breeze that blew towards the city, tempering the hot sun, the great air-bags gave stubborn work to some dozens of men, clinging to ropes to hold them to the earth. But these men the people saw, as they saw the balloons, relatively dimly. What they strove clearly to make out was a quick-moving figure at the base of the balloons—a big, hatless, bare-armed man in spangled tights, hurrying hither and thither among the ropes, seeming never to pause, never to tire.

Could this man be Billy Sage?

Why, Billy Sage, when he went away, was little more than a smooth-faced boy. This man's face was so weather-beaten, so serious, so deeply graven by life and time! And yet how strong he looked—of will, of feature, of body—a veritable giant! Yes; it must be the same fellow who went to the rescue of the valley folk in the flood. See what a masterly way he had with him! See how he watched and worked—the moisture trickling along his big arms, and streaming from his brown face! See, particularly, how he dived down into the fire-trenches to inspect the spark-screens, thrusting in his head until the furnace-blaze seemed like to murder him!

Near two o'clock. Falling back to the guard-rope that held the crowd, the man swept an all-inclusive glance over the balloons.

Full to their utmost limit, finely they towered above the people, every rib bulging, every wrinkle gone. All the way round the captor ropes strained and trembled as under the pull of many horses. One glance told the man his preparations were complete. Then his eyes turned to a little bell-shaped tent within the guard-rope a short way from where he stood. Evidently this look had been expected, for at once the tent-flaps parted, and a slender figure darted out, close-robed from tip to toe. Gaining the man's side, the new-comer flung the robe backward into the hands of an attendant.

For an instant the crowd was mute—not a whisper over that immeasurable array. Then, as by spark to powder, burst forth a roar so unified, so tremendous, that earth and air seemed all a-rock. This, indeed, was Mary Markle — this Billy Sage! Black-haired, brilliant-eyed, exquisitely-moulded as a girl, there she stood now in her acrobat garb, taller, more slender, deeply-bronzed, not unwounded of the war of years, but black-haired and brilliant-eyed and exquisitely-moulded still. Truth to tell, erect and spirited in her gymnastic dress, she looked almost less like an ordinary mortal than like a sculptor's master-stroke in flesh and blood.

"Every care now, Mary!" cried Billy, thrusting a trapeze-bar into her slim, sinewy hands. And then, suddenly eyeing her closely, he exclaimed: "My darling, you're very pale—trembling. Are you afraid—will you stay below to-day?"

"No, no, Billy! I'm only a little nervous. It's this overwhelming noise!"

"All ready!" shouted Billy, seizing his own trapeze-bar.

Side by side stood the brawny man and his beautiful wife, gripping the smooth, stout rounds of wood that times innumerable had snatched them clear of show-ground tumult. High above her rose his square frame, anxious vigilance ruling all his manner. Before them four strong ropes, two to each trapeze, ran along the ground some fifty feet, and were fastened to the hoops of the balloons at the far end. Midway of these ropes, and tied to the outside one of each trapeze, lay the close-furled parachutes, their comparatively light strands and bars falling within easy reach of the aeronauts.

"All ready!" cried Billy again, and in the next breath, "Let her go!"

Scores of uplifted hands—powerful hands that circled both balloons—relaxed their grip on the captor ropes, and the great air-bags were free. What the people saw first were these oval monsters shooting up. Next they were conscious of a confused dangling and wriggling of ropes. Then they discerned four distinct, strong strands rapidly rising, carrying two compact rolls of white canvas. Then they saw two figures flash along the ground at a lightning-like run—Billy and Mary speeding to avoid the jerk. And lastly the crowd beheld a pair of clinging objects, looking singularly small and helpless, suddenly caught away from the earth and swept skyward like bits of down in a blast!

Cyclonic the rush, cyclonic the violence, yet Billy and Mary left the ground in sure mastership of their senses and sinews. Their pose was the picturesque and powerful pose of the trained acrobat—toes down-pointed, chins in, chests up, arms bent, hands clasping the trapeze-bars, palms out. Scarce, however, had they topped the lofty points of the main tent centre-poles when their rigidity broke, and their supple bodies, rippling up and through and up again, balanced feet heavenward above the trapeze-bars. Full length below then they dropped, only to strike into a swift, wide movement round and round—two glittering wheels in the sun!

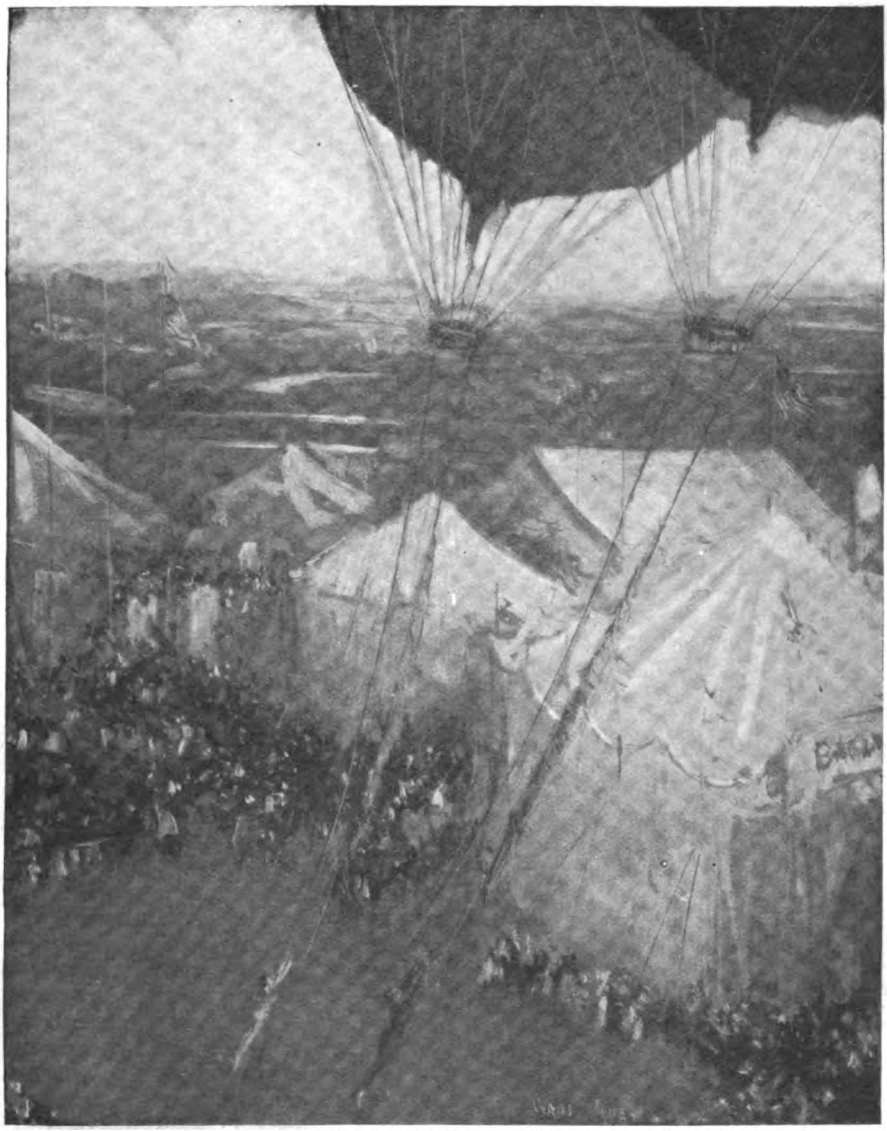
Of the feat that followed could any human eye have scanned out the details? And it all happened on those jumping, twisting ropes and bars, ever mounting. Original, ornate, aflame with the fire of infinite adventure, the display was fast-paced, incessant, dazzling—act flying after act, phase merging into phase, evolution succeeding evolution. Never had the crowd dreamed of acrobatic skill so consummate, of life-recklessness so wanton. The spectacle riveted the eye, shrivelled the flesh, oppressed the heart. In vain strove the strongest will to break the spell of it, and brief moments dragged into an age.

How could they do it?

Especially, what miracle had made the woman equal to this astounding thing?

But hush!

At a dim altitude Billy and Mary are drifting towards the city. The last act of their perilous triumph is finished, their final farewells waved. Up to them has rolled the last salvo of applause, like the detonation of a distant cannonade. How far away the crowd has got! How oddly blended it seems—a black, swaying mass beside the acres of still, white canvas! Quietly sitting on the trapeze-bars, leaning against their outer ropes, Billy and Mary are facing each other. The woman's cheeks and eyes are aglow, her breath coming fast. The man's rugged chest rises and falls not unlike a boat's prow



"THE CROWD BEHELD A PAIR OF CLINGING OBJECTS, LOOKING SINGULARLY SMALL AND HELPLESS."

in a swell. The breeze is considerable, but they neither hear nor feel it—everything curiously muffled, silken softness all about them. And how wonderful is the sky—so close and so blue!

"Isn't it heavenly, Billy?"

"Aye, my girl!"

"One might think," continued she, "that the fresh interest would go out of these ascents. But to me they become more thrilling every time. I love the strange and beautiful way they 'cup' the world. Billy, have you noticed how sharply, as we start up, separate noises strike the ear? Why, to-day, in spite of all the excitement, I seemed distinctly to catch every sound in that tremendous bedlam! I heard not only the cries of the people, but the playing of music, the ringing of bells, the barking of dogs, and the grind of wheels in a distant street. Then some magic power seemed suddenly to merge all these many sounds into one, and it was as if an ocean were rolling over a precipice! Billy!"

"Yes, Mary."

"We're almost at Beechwild Park!"

Mary was looking down now, viewing with delight the old, sweet panorama. Billy was

looking up—intently, with hard-contracting brows. There was a most unusual expression in his eyes, and his mouth-muscles were twisted as by some sudden and excruciating pain. Another moment and his appearance was quite natural again.

"Mary, you'll descend first, as usual?"

"Yes; and isn't this a good place to jump?"

"First-rate. Go quickly!"

Very abruptly, at this moment, Mary looked up. Then she shot a quick glance at Billy. An expression like that which had been in his eyes was in hers now, and there was the same sort of agonized reflection in her face. Billy was smiling, and she marvelled after the fashion of a child—his look was so calm, so strong, so all-sufficient. Mary said nothing—only grasped the bar of her parachute.

The order of ensuing events was almost too swift to follow. In a twinkling Billy's balloon was little but ash, and the tall figure had dropped far below that of his wife. Mary's balloon was drawn down sideways on the flaming wreck. Her parachute fell athwart the blaze, and vanished like a moth's wing. Squirrel-like, Billy flashed up the ropes towards Mary. In a moment he was at her side, and one of those great arms was about her waist. Back down the ropes he shot, holding her close. The next instant they cleared the wreck, and Billy's parachute spread wide above them, creaking and straining like rigged canvas in an ocean gale!

"Courage, my girl!"

Billy's tone was low and steady—the tone that Mary had heard rising so soothingly above the shock and din of every crisis that had met them in their lives.

"You needn't hold me, Billy. Take the bar in both hands!"

"Both hands?" echoed he, smiling. "What need have I for both hands on the bar?"

"We're falling awfully fast, aren't we, Billy?"

"We aren't dawdling. But you needn't fear. We'll be all right."

The great balloons were no longer in the sky. Somewhere they were floating to earth in dust and cinder. The heavens were still serene and blue, the breeze lightly blowing towards the city, but below reigned utter panic. The crowd had seen it all—the flash of fire and puff of smoke; the man's quick drop; his upward and downward skim along the ropes; the leap into space; the wide spreading of the white umbrella! The scene was very far away, very delicately sketched against the sky, a thing hard to believe, yet a thing that could not be mistaken after the first numb moment of bewildered incredulity. All the crowd was in motion now—hurrying pell-mell through the city streets—everybody speechless, pale, panting. What a thunderous thud and rush of feet!

"Billy," cried Mary, "we're shooting earthward like a stone!"

Billy's arm was still about her waist, holding her very firmly. His tone was just the same as before.

"Trust me, Mary. Remember, I've been a long time to school for this. When I say 'Now,' cling close about my neck and put your weight full on my chest. I know how to meet the ground."

"But, Billy, we'll *both* be killed!"

"What's this?"

Billy had caught a glimpse of the earth—a bit of Beechwild Park—a little way ahead, direct in their oblique course.

"Mary, the firemen are out! They're running our way—running in a square, with some great brown thing between them."

"Billy, you're crushing me—I can't breathe!"

He relaxed his hold, and she drew away.

"Billy, I've been so happy with you."

"And I with you, Mary—of course."

Suddenly she pressed her lips to his in a frantic way he could not understand. Then she drew back again, and then——

She was gone!

Instantly the parachute buoyed from the lessened weight, and the truth, act, motive, crashed into Billy's brain like a leaden missile. His eyes closed, his face writhed, his frame shuddered. He tried to loose his fingers from the parachute-bar, to let go, to follow. But his fingers were iron hooks, his body stone-like, his will dead. Luminous before his soul's sight burst his entire life—the happy, wayward boyhood, the rapturous wooing, the long, hard days with the show, and, above all, the indescribably sweet face, the inconceivably brave and lovable spirit of Mary Markle! Seconds only and he was borne hard against a church steeple, bumping, rolling, struggling among the ropes. Then he was on the ground, on his feet, running at top speed with the jostling, panting people.

When the firemen caught Mary—falling feet first with flexed knees—in their big life-saving net, immediately they found them-

"PRESENTLY BILLY CAME IN—BRUISED AND BLOOD-STAINED."

selves under the orders of a distinguished-looking old lady. She had forced her way unattended through the gathering throng. Her hair was white, her manner commanding, her face like the face of an eagle.

"Bring the child into my house. She belongs to me."

And they carried Mary across the white boulevard into the Sage mansion and laid her on a great, soft bed in a magnificent room. And presently Billy came in—bruised and blood-stained, staggering, hatless, drenched with sweat, odd and wild-looking in his dusty and tattered tights. He caught Mary in his arms and broke under the titanic stress of a strong man's emotion. All the others went out and left them a long time alone.

By and by Billy's mother stole back. Mary was propped up on the pillows, and Billy was sitting by her side. Their hands were clasped, and they were talking and smiling. Going softly up to Billy, the old lady knelt and bowed her white head on his knee. He lifted her into his arms more easily than she had lifted him when he was an hour old, and their lips met in a long, close kiss.

"William," said she, "you and Mary are so much needed at home now. I am practically alone. You shall never leave again—you shall live with me."

After a considerable pause Billy spoke.

"You really need us—want us—mother?"

"William, my whole life, since you and Mary went away, has been a heartbroken cry for your return."

Billy set his mother on her feet and stood up.

"I'll quit the show to-day, mother. Mary and I have wandered rather far, and I'm afraid we're a little forlorn. Certainly we're homesick and so terribly tired."

"My Reminiscences."

V.

By HARRY LAUDER.

ONCE upon a time there was a very modest and, I believe, a very respectable family of the name of Lauder who lived in Portobello, at that time a quiet little village a mile or two from "Edinburgh Toon." The village is still there, although it has greatly increased in size and become a popular Scottish seaside resort, thronged in the summer months with thousands of holiday-makers from all parts of Bonnie Scotland. The Lauders, however, have all disappeared—at all events, if any remain I don't know of them. I do not mean to insinuate that this is bad for Portobello; I merely state what I believe to be the case. As I have said, they were a respectable family, and they are not to blame if one of their number turned out to be "a play-actor body," a designation which long ago carried with it, in the minds of many men and women in Scotland, a reproach more or less terrible as they belonged to the "Free" Kirk or the "Auld."

HARRY LAUDER, AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Philson, Glasgow.

You will probably perceive that this is my roundabout way of telling you that I, Harry of that ilk, was born in Portobello. It happened slightly more than thirty-eight years ago, and if you desire any further information on the point, I might add that I gave my first vocal "turn" about half-past five on the morning of August 4th, 1870. Long years afterwards my mother used to tell me that I never was so near "bringing down the house" as I was on that, to me, eventful morning. Indeed, I have been informed from that same source that I was so lusty in my efforts that the neighbours came round to our house to ask "if it was twins." So you see I began voice-culture at a very early period of my existence.

If I had the notion to tell you any lies about myself—which I haven't—I might now go on to say that ever since I could remember I had the idea of becoming a comedian, or, as we say in Scotland, "a comic." Take my word for it, reader, I never gave a passing thought to the future until I was well on in my "teens." As a boy at Portobello, all that I cared for or thought about was playing on the sands, "harrying" birds'-nests, earning a few coppers as a "caddie" on the golf-links, and—almost as a necessity to the carrying-out of these ideals—"plunking the schule." It was pretty much the same at Arbroath—to which my mother removed on my father's death in 1881 at the age of thirty-two—only I had less opportunity of playing truant here, for I was sent to work as a half-timer in one of the flax-mills which are still the main industry of the Forfarshire town.

In all the autobiographies that I have read—not many, certainly, because I don't have much time for reading, so keen have I always been to keep the wolf from the door!—the writers, without exception, have told of the "joy and pride" with which they went home and placed their first wages in their mother's lap. This reads very well, but I never believe the story. I know that in my own case my first week's wages as a half-timer amounted to two shillings, and that I

got a thrashing for only handing over one and ninepence when I went home. The missing threepence, if I remember rightly, was accounted for as follows: A penny balloon, a penny "lucky-bag" (peculiarly beloved of Scottish youngsters, and containing a wonderful assortment of "sweeties," mechanical toys, paper devices, etc.), and a pennyworth (mixed) of "black and white strippit balls" and "curly-murlies."

As I never had much affection for school and school discipline, I was wont to go round the different mills in the town telling the foremen that I was fourteen years of age, and more than once I was "taken on." But I would only be working for a day or two when the Factory Inspector would come along and discover me, and then I was packed back to half-time. Frequently I hid away among the flax when the Inspector made his appearance, but if I escaped detection then, it was only to be found out soon afterwards.

I would be about thirteen years of age when I made my first public appearance on a platform. It was at Arbroath—dear old Oddfellows' Hall! I remember every nook and cranny of you—and the occasion was a singing contest for youthful amateurs organized by the proprietors of a travelling concert party. How I came to enter I am not very clear to this day; I only know that a very timorous wee boy calling himself "Hairry Lauder, sir," went "on," sang a very sentimental song, and was adjudged to be the first-prize winner. Here is the chorus of the song, the verses I forget:—

Tho' poverty daily looks in at my door,
Tho' I'm hungry and footsore and ill,
I can look the whole world in the face, and can say,
Though poor I'm a gentleman still.

Do not laugh too much at the words. When I sang them that night it was no laughing matter for me, I can assure you. I was much nearer "greetin'," to tell the truth. The keyless watch which fell to me as first prize is still in my possession. Need I say that I will never part with it?

A second competition for "gentlemen amateurs" was held soon afterwards by another company, and of course I was at the doors an hour before they opened. My "répertoire" at this time consisted of the one song, and it only, but it was again good enough to "take the cake and no mistake." The prize on this occasion was a six-bladed pocket-knife, which I soon sold to gratify my passion—acquired some time previously—for smoking "thick-black," the pungent tobacco which we in Scotland call bogie roll. After several pleasant years in the old East Coast town my mother and her boys removed to Hamilton, the centre of the great mining district of the West of Scotland. We had an uncle here, and he had written recommending us to come through, as work was plentiful in the pits for boys of all ages and wages much better than could be earned in the flax-mills. Work was indeed "plentiful," as my uncle had reported, and I lost no time in getting a start as a pit-head boy. At this time I would not be any more than thirteen years of age, and altogether I worked in the mines, as pit-boy, "trapper," pony-driver, and collier, for fully eight years. My experiences were, for the most part, exactly those of the ordinary miner—no better and no worse. I suffered all the hardships peculiar to that dangerous calling, and often I have worked away with pick and shovel for eight hours at a stretch, soaked to the skin. Now that I come to look back upon my life as a miner I often wonder how it is that colliers are so healthy a class of men. Considering that they toil in the gloomy bowels of the earth, that their lungs can never be free from coal-dust, that they have frequently to work up to their knees in water, and that only in certain levels can they enjoy a "straight back"—considering all these things, the miner is a marvel, a man to be admired, a real hero. When people ask me, as they sometimes do, if I ever look back with a sentimental kind of regret on my "careless, happy days in the coal-mine," I just look at them and say, "Dinna blether!"

By and by I got on as pony-driver, the change bringing me a few extra shillings of wages. For about three years I drove the "hutches" to and from the pit shaft, and during that time I handled quite a number of nice wee Shetland "pownies." Your pit pony is a lovable little animal, and, though he gets more kicks than kind words from some of his drivers, he is a very willing and faithful worker. Woe betide him if he wasn't. Personally, I was always good to my "Sheltie"—made a chum of him, as it were; and I never saw the pony yet that I could not manage more by kindness than by blows. For, mind you, the pit ponies of Lanarkshire can be dour, soor, stubborn Scots when they like, especially if you try to give them more than their share of work. They know as well as their drivers when they are asked to tackle too big a "rake."

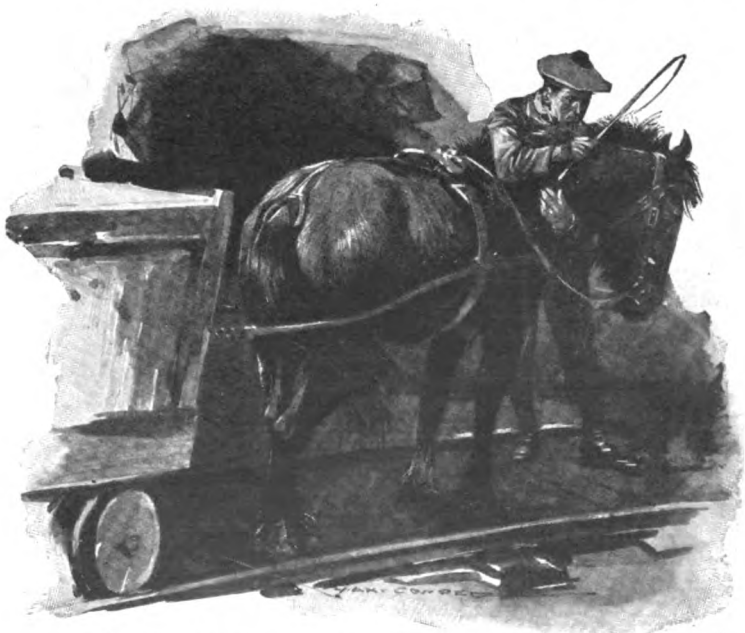
I once had a sweet wee pony called Captain. Standing about eleven hands high, he

was the finest little fellow ever I saw "doon the dook." Everybody liked him, and I loved him. I taught him all sorts of tricks, and I verily believe that if I had had him long enough I could have taught him to speak. He could tell by scratching his fore-foot on the ground how often he had been at the "face" for loads, and no watch was necessary with Captain as a companion to know when "lowsin' time" had arrived.

He could steal, too, thanks to my training, and it was a source of endless amusement to some of the younger men to see me give Captain permission to go on a foraging expedition. He would trot into the little cabin and extract from the jackets hanging there the bread and cheese which had been left over at piece-time. Then he would seize a flask containing tea, passing over all the empty ones, put it between his fore-hoofs, and pull out the cork with his teeth. This done, it was a simple matter for him to raise the flask above his head and drink its contents. If Captain heard a strange step approaching he was out of the cabin like a shot and off to his corn-bin or his yoke of hutches. He was "a droll yin" and no mistake!

Once wee Captain saved my life. We were going towards the coal "face" with a rake of empty hutches and had to pass a "drift" —an old working road that had fallen in and been cut through. It was a very wild-looking chasm of twenty-five or thirty feet wide, and I always shuddered when I passed through it. On this occasion Captain stopped suddenly just as we were about to enter the drift. I did not know what was wrong with him and shouted to him to "gee-up." But he would not stir a step. I then gave him a blow with my whip for his capers, but his answer was to turn sharply round and look in my face with a reproachful expression in his eyes. At that very moment the drift in front of us closed with a tremendous crash. Captain's instinct had told him that something was going to happen; his acute ears had heard warning sounds which to mine were quite unintelligible. When I realized what had taken place the tears came to my eyes. I threw my arms round wee Captain's neck and kissed and cuddled him again and again. He appreciated my gratitude and forgave me that unmerited blow. If he were alive now he wouldn't be driving hutches in a coal-mine!

The man who prevailed upon me to go up to Glasgow and enter one of the competitions for amateurs organized by the Harmonic Society was really the person to whom I am indebted for any popularity I may possess to-day. I took his advice, and when I found that my "talents"—if such they could be called—were much appreciated by a large Glasgow audience, I determined to become a pro-



"I THREW MY ARMS ROUND WEE CAPTAIN'S NECK."

HARRY LAUDER, AGE 25.
From a Photograph.

fessional comedian. Prior to this I had given the subject no thought whatever, and all the singing I had indulged in was to troll out in the dreary darkness of the coal-pit any popular chorus I had picked up. It is true that I had also been prevailed upon to sing at little local concerts or "cookey-shines," but the performers at these functions were all strictly amateurs, and deemed themselves well paid if they "got in for nothing." At this Glasgow competition to which I have referred the song I sang was of a wildly ridiculous nature, but I was dressed up to represent the character, and I must have looked decidedly funny, for everybody screamed when I went on to the platform, and I was awarded the medal. Here is the chorus of the first real comic song I ever sang:—

Twig auld Tooralladdie,
Don't he look immense!
His watch and chain are no his ain,
His claes cost eichteenpence;
Wi' cuffs an' collar shabby,
O' mashers he's the daddy;
Hats aff, stand aside, an' let
Past Tooralladdie.

On returning to the mine on Monday morning I was made much of by my comrades, and was congratulated on all hands, so much so that I really began to have swelled head. That evening I went home full of a great resolve.

"Nance," said I to my wife—I should have told you that I was married some weeks previously—"I'm going to chuck the mine an' go in for the stage! My mind's made up!"

Like the good lass that she always was, and is, my wife discussed the matter in all its bearings with me; but seeing that I was set on the project she said she would put no obstacles in my way. "Please yersel', Harry," was her final dictum.

But though I had made up my mind to become a comedian, it was quite a different matter carrying out the resolve. Like everybody else, a comedian must work to live, and if he cannot get work he must starve. So I wasn't so foolish as to leave the pits straight away. No! I continued at "the face"—hewing the coal from the "seam"—and kept my eyes and ears open for eventualities. By and by I was offered an engagement as "comic" with a small touring concert party, wages thirty-five shillings a week, and duties to include those of baggage man, bill distributor and inspector, and check-taker (at the doors of the hall). I jumped at the offer like, as we say in Scotland, "a cock at a grozer." That trip lasted fourteen weeks, and I had literally to work from early morning till late at night. But the work was delightfully interesting to a young man who had before seen little of his native country and whose existence, for several years, had been confined within the black, dripping walls of a coal-mine. Interesting, did I say? Aye, it was heavenly! and to this day

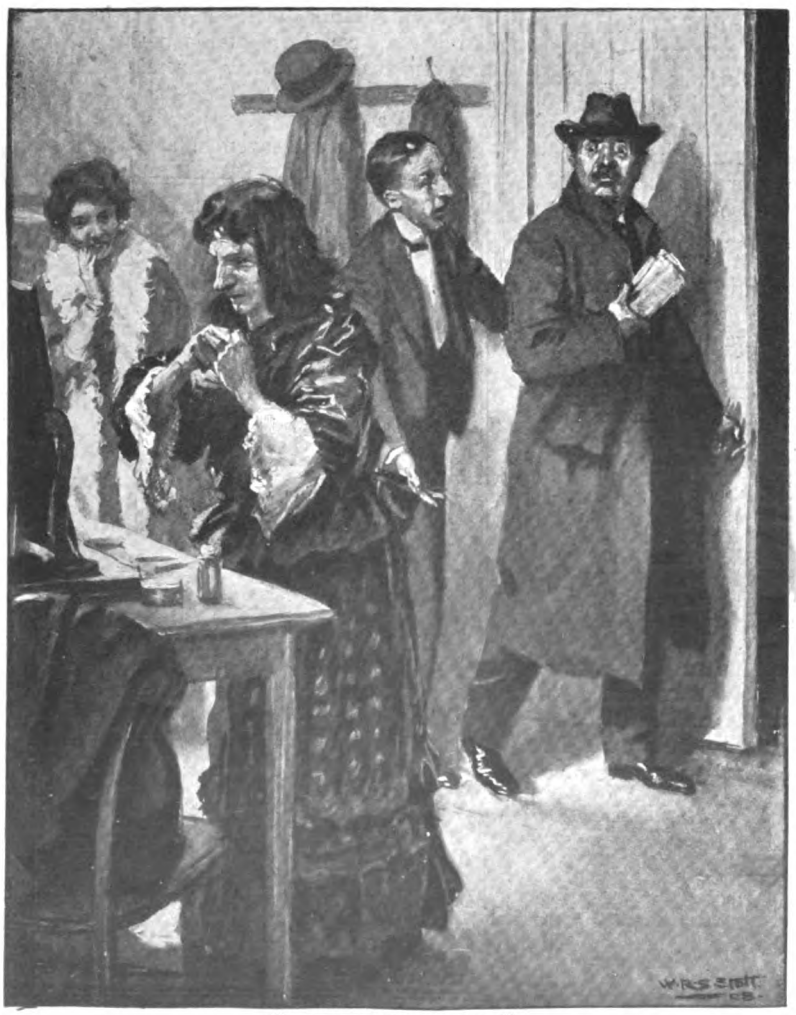
"I TOOK THE PRIZE."
From a Photograph.

I turn with feelings of pleasure to those fourteen weeks of what I then regarded as "glorious life."

I look back with genuine pleasure to those "concert" days of mine, and often when I am glancing over my "future dates" book, and find that I have scarcely a week to myself for many years to come, I cannot help thinking that the struggling uncertainty of the old times had a charm all its own. Every other "job" that came in made me feel a full inch taller, and I remember with what pride and satisfaction I completed the first week in which I had been engaged in a different place every evening.

So successful had I become as a concert comedian that I felt justified in raising my terms, and though on the first occasion that I point-blank refused the offer of a guinea I could have kicked myself immediately afterwards, I persevered in my decision and refused to accept work unless on my "revised terms."

Mention of this recalls to me an incident that happened at a rather big concert arranged by a musical society in a town not a hundred miles from Glasgow. The artistes booked for that occasion consisted of a soprano, a contralto, a tenor, and a basso, with myself as comedian. The ladies and the tenor were very frank and affable when I entered the ante-room, but the basso stared superciliously at me, and his glance developed into positive disgust when he saw me proceed to make-up for one of my female characters. "You can please yourselves," he all at once remarked to the ladies and the tenor, "but I don't appear on the platform to-night. I'm an artiste and value my professional reputation too highly to appear alongside a vulgar comic singer."



"THE SENSITIVE BASSO."

His friends tried to soothe him down, but it was no good. Later the secretary came into the ante-room, and was plumply and plainly told by the offended basso that a choice would have to be made between sacrificing his name on the programme and that of "the supposed comic person in the petticoats."

I was so amused at the whole affair that I went quietly on with my preparations, but I made up my mind that if the secretary prevented me from singing I

would have something to say—and probably do — to the "artiste" before I left the building. However, the secretary refused to decide between us, contenting himself with imploring Mr. R—— to fulfil his part of the programme.

"Never!" ejaculated the sensitive basso, putting on his coat, dramatically rolling up his music, and stalking indignantly from the room. The concert was a great success without him, and I had to respond to half-a-dozen encores. Mr. R——, I should add, soon afterwards became a chorister in a third-class opera company, and only a week or two ago he "touched" me for two shillings in a London side-street.

When the concert tour was over, however, there were no more engagements waiting for me, and the outlook was black. Out of my thirty-five shillings a week I had not only kept myself and sent money home to keep my wife and "one family," but saved twelve pounds, and I was very unwilling to break upon this nest-egg and, in a sense, eat the bread of idleness. So back I went to the mine and hewed away quite cheerfully for several weeks. Then a week's engagement was given me at Greenock Town Hall. This would be the New Year week of 1892, and I contracted to give ten performances for three pounds! Need I add that I would gladly have contracted to give ten performances a day for such a vast and unheard-of salary? At the end of the week I tried to fix up one or two "immediate dates," but failed, so on the Monday following I humbly donned my pit clothes and again went down the mine. My chums were inclined to sneer at me, and more than once I heard the sneering phrase, "Stuck comic!" applied to me. But I paid no heed, determined to work on at my "trade" till another opening on the boards presented itself.

In a few months I got a six weeks' professional tour with the firm of Moss and Thornton, the original "Moss Empires" partners. I opened at Newcastle, then went on to South Shields, West Hartlepool, and Sunderland, and concluded my engagement at the old Scotia in Glasgow. For this trip I got three pounds ten shillings a week, and did fairly well—at all events, they gave me another short tour soon afterwards at an increase of ten shillings weekly, so that I could not have been a failure altogether. On these early tours, however, I had a heart-breaking experience, for I was either first or last on the bill and generally sang my two songs—one sentimental and one comic—to empty houses. If I was first turn, the people were only beginning to come in; if I was last, I saw them all making a rush for the doors! I sometimes wonder what would happen if I was put on "first turn" at the Tivoli, London, nowadays!

I could write a whole book relating to my experiences as a concert comedian in Scotland, but all I will say here on the subject is that I think I laid the foundation of any future success I achieved during my autumn tours through Bonnie Scotland with my old friend and colleague, Mackenzie Murdoch. "Mac" and I ran concert companies for several years together and visited practically every town and village in Scotland. By this time I had a great collection of comic songs, many written by myself, and others gathered from song-writers in different parts of the country. Mackenzie Murdoch played the fiddle—and few can play it like him— I was "star" comedian, and, in addition, we had a very strong little band of artistes. These tours generally opened about July or August and finished up in September or October. During the winter and spring I used to get concert and music-hall engagements, and contrived to earn a very tidy little income. Indeed, at one time I made far more money as a concert comedian in Glasgow than I ever thought I would be able to do on the music-halls. It was nothing unusual for me to be out every night in the week in Glasgow and surrounding districts, and as I was latterly demanding—and getting —a fee of three guineas, you will see that I was by no means "hard up," when circumstances put me in the way of rising to the top of the "Variety" tree in England.

Perhaps you will want me to say something about my introduction to London, and to some extent, at least, fame and fortune. Well, it happened that after a very successful week at Birkenhead—where I had first tried "Tobermory" and "The Lass o' Killiecrankie" on an English audience, with really electrical results—I decided to come up to London and look for any stray contracts that might be floating around for a very humble and quite unknown "Scotch comic," of the name of Harry Lauder. But, alas, I found that there were none; nobody wanted Scotsmen in London — on the boards, at least, however much they had to put up with them elsewhere! I was almost giving up in despair when I got the chance of "deputizing" for a sick artiste at Gatti's Hall, in the Westminster Bridge Road. This hall, by the way, is now shut up, but when I am working

in London I pass it every night on my way home to Tooting, and I always look out of my brougham window at the dear old dirty door and, metaphorically speaking, bestow on the building a silent blessing.

That "deputizing" engagement "made" me in London. "Tobermory" and "The Lass o' Killiecrankie" fairly caught hold of the audience. I was engaged for the rest of the week right off, and from that day—in March, 1900—to the present I have never had an empty book so far as both London and the provinces are concerned.

That is the story in a nutshell. Had I space, I could tell you a hundred and one interesting anecdotes—interesting to me, that is to say, although they might not be so to you—regarding my early experiences in London. Many of the engagements I then entered into were at comparatively small salaries, and I contracted my services for years ahead to several "halls" and firms. The result was that I soon found myself a "star" and "topping the bills" all over the Metropolis at a wage which half-a-dozen third-rate comedians were easily doubling. But I did not, and do not, complain. I was so delighted at scoring a London success that I think I must have put down my name to contracts without ever reading the salaries mentioned therein. Nowadays, however, I think I can safely say that I am earning "a comfortable living"; leastways, that is what I always tell inquisitive people who ask me what my annual income is.

HARRY LAUDER IN "TOBERMORY."
From a Photo. by Cavendish Morton.

One of my earliest hits on the variety stage in London was the burlesque song, "The Man They Left Behind." Many of my friends staunchly hold to the opinion that this has been one of my most successful "studies," and certainly I have been requested over and over again to revive "The Man They Left Behind." I may do so some day. But there was one particular circumstance which helped greatly to make the song the success that it proved at the London Pavilion five or six years ago. I refer to the gallant steed that did duty with me during the run of the song. Londoners will probably remember that steed! I do, most distinctly, and even now I often smile when I think of poor old Scraggy.

On resolving to put on the song at the Pavilion, I had to cast about for a horse of some kind or another, and I dropped a note to a Lambeth horse-dealer with whom I was acquainted, asking him if he had anything in his stables which would suit my purpose. He replied that he had several "choice lots" from which I could make a selection, and next morning I went down to the stables. It turned out that my friend the horse-dealer had only one "choice lot" available, and, as I intended putting on the song that same night, I asked him to let me have a look at the horse.

"He's not much to look at, 'Arry," said the dealer, apologetically, "but he's the real harticle for a comic song, an' I suppose that's wot you want 'im for!"

"All right," says I, "let's see him; he'll surely do for one night at any rate! Lead on, Macduff!"

We adjourned from the courtyard, and in the far corner of the stable I was shown what I was told was a horse! I burst out laughing the instant I saw him. He was "the real harticle" right enough! He was a mere rickle of bones, was standing, leaning motionless against the side of his stall, and his head hung down until his nose almost touched the cobbles.

"Is he a deid yin?" I asked, thinking that the horse-dealer was playing a trick on me.

"Lor' luv' me, no, 'Arry; 'e ain't dead, but I don't know.'ow soon 'e'll die. If 'e only stands up 'e'll do you a treat."

There was no time to look elsewhere for an animal concerning whose ability to "stand

up" there would be less dubiety, so it was arranged that Scraggy—as I dubbed him from the outset—should be sent up to the Pavilion that night.

If the song was a success, Scraggy was a triumph. I had him rigged up with cricket leg-pads on his fore feet, a "moo-poke" was tied to his tail, and an old bit of Axminster matting did service for a saddle. There were shrieks of laughter in the wings as my valet and I put the finishing touches on his accoutrements, but the mirth here was a mere detail compared to the wild outburst among the audience when I "galloped" on to the stage. I felt such a supreme contempt for poor old Scraggy that I never dreamt of trouble, and probably my entry would have passed off all right had not someone in the wings "prodded" my steed with some sharp instrument as he lumbered on to the stage. Scraggy made one spring forward, then stopped dead, and I went shooting over his head like a stone from a catapult. Luckily

"No," said I, rubbing my funny-bone. "I only dae that wance a nicht!"

In the letter which the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE sent me asking me to write this article he suggested that, in addition to giving a brief outline of my "life," I should tell his readers "something about my songs, where I get them, how they are arranged and composed, the lines on which I select subjects, melodies, etc." This is a pretty tall order, because, if I were to give you the history of some of my popular songs and their respective melodies, I would require nearly a full issue of this magazine. Besides, singing these songs every day in my life is really quite enough without writing about them. My wife often says to me, "Harry Lauder, gie songs an' singin' a rest for a while; they'll drive ye daft if ye dinna." I sincerely hope that in this respect Mrs. Lauder is a false prophet. Joking apart, however, I have no hard and fast rules in my selection of songs, but I always lay down one

"SCRAGGY MADE ONE SPRING FORWARD, THEN STOPPED DEAD, AND I WENT SHOOTING OVER HIS HEAD."

I was not hurt, and scrambled to my feet amid terrific yells from the audience, who thought the whole episode had been carefully prepared.

"Do it again, Harry!" cried a voice from the gallery.

or two fixed principles so far as the music of my numbers is concerned. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of songs are submitted to me in the course of a year by authors all over the kingdom and in the Colonies. Many of them are really excellent, but the vast majority are

of no use to me whatever. And when I come to deal with the "excellent" effusions I must frankly state that not one in a hundred "tries" submitted to me for approval is suited to my own particular style. To explain that "style" would be quite impossible for me, because I do not know what constitutes it, or of what ingredients it is really made up. I only know that I possess a peculiar "style" of my own, and I can pick out in an instant the song or chorus that will suit it and suit me. There are several song-writers in different parts of Scotland and England with whom I am on very friendly terms, who know my "style" and who can always be depended on to write up to it—or down to it, if you like that better. Up in Glasgow there are several men who let me have first offer of all the songs they write, while in places so far apart as London and Dundee I have friends who are always trying to find "something that will suit Harry."

My general experience, however, is that few song-writers can write the exact stuff to suit particular comedians, and I have found that a collaboration is advisable and profitable in nearly every case. My most popular songs have all been written by what I might describe as joint effort. For instance, Mr. Gerald Grafton and myself wrote "I Love a Lassie." The idea for such a song was my own, and I suggested a few probable lines for Mr. Grafton to work on, with the result that between us we produced a song which I have sung for three years to delighted audiences both at home and abroad. "Tobermory" was written by Mr. Tom Glen (Dundee) to a plan which I sent him after an amusing experience in the Western Highlands of Scotland. "The Saftest of the Family" was the result of a combination of words and music drafted out and arranged by myself and Mr. J. D. Harper, Glasgow. And so on. While on the subject of songs, I am sure you will forgive me if I rather pridefully hint that I have one or two "clinkers" which I am only waiting opportune moments to "put on" the stage and the market. Two at least of these new songs are

"I LOVE A LASSIE"—MR. AND MRS. HARRY LAUDER.
From a Photo. by W. Henderson.

better than the best that I have ever produced, and I now know my public so well that I am practically certain that they will prove "terrific successes." I must not say any more, for if "walls have ears" the printed page has "eyes," and he is a stupid comedian who gives away anything in the song-writing line in these days of stage piracy.

It has been easy for me to tell you something definite about my songs, so far as the writing of them is concerned. But when I come to deal with the musical aspect of the question I am face to face with a genuine difficulty. I have often been asked, "Where do you get your melodies, Lauder?" and the reply that I invariably make, "Oot o' ma heid, of course!" seems rather vague and unsatisfactory. But what more can I say? If they weren't there they couldn't come out. And that is just what they do. They simply ooze out of me all the time. Since ever I first went on the stage as a comedian I have always been "hummin' awa' tae mysel'." I verily believe I sing in my sleep. When I fix on the words of a song that I think will suit me I at once begin to "hum" or "lilt" a probable melody for the lines. Sometimes I will strike an appropriate theme right away, and again I may have to wait for weeks or months before I can definitely wed a melody to the words. It has been said, and I must admit not incorrectly, that several of my melodies are on similar lines; in other words that I "ring the changes" on a certain style of melody and make it suit my purposes for different songs. But surely there can be no objection to this if the different melodies evolved are pleasing to the ear and lend themselves to being readily "picked up" by the public! My mission in life is not to compose undying music, but to give the people melodies that they will like, melodies that they can easily learn to "hum," sing, or play. I have often heard a new song of mine described as having "a typical Lauder melody." That's just it! If I had always been adopting new ideas in melody my songs would not have been so successful as I am pleased to know they have been. So important do I consider the musical setting of a "Lauder" song that I would not dream of singing the finest—by which I mean the drollest or most humorous—song I ever had in my life unless I had a melody to "clink" with it which pleased me in every detail.

A COMBINATION PHOTOGRAPH—HARRY LAUDER IN "HE WAS VERY, VERY KIND TO ME" AND "THE SAFTEST O' THE FAMILY."
From a Photo. by W. Henderson.

Harry Lauder

The Ill-Laid Scheme of Mr. Ambrose Weare.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

MR. PHILIP LETHERINGCOURT, as he stepped out of his electric brougham and entered the premises of the London and Westminster Banking Company in Lombard Street, had certainly more the air of a man of fashion than of one interested in the everyday affairs of City life. He was immaculately dressed, handsome, debonair, from the tips of his patent boots to the bunch of violets which adorned his buttonhole. He entered the bank with the air of one a little unaccustomed to his surroundings, and, approaching a vacant spot at the counter, drew a cheque from his waistcoat-pocket and carelessly filled it in for five hundred pounds.

"I'd like plenty of ten-pound notes, please," he said, holding it out to one of the clerks, "and one fifty."

The clerk accepted the cheque with a little bow, glanced at the amount, and then palpably hesitated.

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Letheringcourt," he said, turning away. "You want this in notes, I understand?"

Mr. Philip Letheringcourt raised his eyebrows.

"I certainly don't want gold, if that is what you mean," he replied.

The clerk hastened to a desk at the farther end of the bank and talked for a moment to a grey-headed man who sat there apparently entering up a ceaseless stream of amounts into a great ledger. It was clear, even to Philip Letheringcourt—who felt only faintly interested—that the cheque which the clerk held in his hand was the subject of their conversation. The elder gentleman took up a telephone which stood by his side and spoke into it. When he replaced the receiver he nodded curtly to the clerk, who returned to his former place at the desk.

"One fifty, you said, and plenty of tens, I believe, Mr. Letheringcourt?" the latter remarked, beginning to count out the notes.

"That's right," Letheringcourt answered. "Why did you take the cheque up to the old gentleman? You didn't doubt my signature, I suppose?"

"Not in the least, sir," the man answered, civilly. "By the by, Mr. Jarndyse would like to speak to you, if you can spare half a moment."

"I haven't much time," Letheringcourt remarked, doubtfully. "If it's a matter of business, hadn't he better send for Weare? I don't interfere, you know, in the financial part of our affairs."

"I think Mr. Jarndyse would like to see you, sir," the clerk answered, "if you can spare half a minute. He is disengaged now, if you will come this way."

Letheringcourt stuffed the notes into his pocket and followed his guide into the private office of the bank manager. Mr. Jarndyse rose to his feet as they entered, and motioned the clerk to leave them.

"Some time since we met, Mr. Letheringcourt," the banker remarked, pleasantly. "You do not often favour us with a visit."

Letheringcourt smiled.

"Why should I?" he answered. "I leave everything connected with the financial conduct of our business to Weare. Your young man said that you would like to have a word with me."

"Just so, Mr. Letheringcourt," the bank

manager said. "Sit down for a moment, will you?"

Letheringcourt sat down a little unwillingly.

"I'm afraid I can only spare you a moment," he said.

"I shall not detain you," the bank manager answered. "The fact of it is, Mr. Letheringcourt, I was looking into the figures connected with your firm this morning. You have, as doubtless you are aware, an authorized overdraft with us of twenty-five thousand pounds, against which we hold various securities. I find that you are overdrawn at the moment rather more than thirty thousand pounds, and that there is a draft of fifty-five thousand pounds to Cunliffe and Peabody due to-morrow."

Letheringcourt looked across at the manager in blank amazement.

"Really, Mr. Jarndyse," he said, "these are matters in which I never interfere at all. I presume that whatever obligations the firm has entered into will be duly met."

"LETHERINGCOURT LOOKED ACROSS AT THE MANAGER IN BLANK AMAZEMENT."

"I trust so, Mr. Letheringcourt," the bank manager answered. "At the same time I do not think that you should allow matters to be run quite so close. If you will pardon my saying so, I think that you ought to keep a stricter personal control over the financial part of your business."

Letheringcourt was a little taken aback.

"You don't mean to imply, Mr. Jarndyse," he said, "that Ambrose Weare is not so careful as he ought to be? He has been in our employ for over fifteen years, and for the last ten years, at least, he has absolutely controlled our finances."

"I wish to imply nothing," the bank manager answered; "but I do not think it is good financing to leave so large a sum as nearly sixty thousand pounds to be provided on the very day when the draft is due."

Letheringcourt took up his hat.

"I agree with you," he answered. "It doesn't sound exactly the thing. I'll speak to Weare about it. Very likely he has a number of bills of exchange which he did not wish to discount until the last moment. Bank rate's pretty stiff just now, isn't it?"

"There are, no doubt, explanations," the bank manager remarked. "At the same time, Mr. Letheringcourt, if you will pardon my saying so, I think that you would be well advised to take a little more personal interest in your business."

"Thanks!" Letheringcourt answered, a little curtly. "I'll remember what you say."

He was thoughtful during the drive home; he was thoughtful during the one rubber he had time for at his club; and he was even thoughtful over the *tête-à-tête* dinner alone with his wife, for which a series of mischances was responsible. Mrs. Letheringcourt, at the conclusion of the meal, rose to her feet with a little yawn and strolled to the mantelpiece.

"Philip," she remarked, lighting a cigarette, "a dinner *à deux* doesn't seem to amuse you."

He sat up with a little start; he had been gazing fixedly at the tablecloth, speechless, for the last five minutes.

"I am awfully sorry, Joan," he said. "I am afraid that you must have thought me a perfect bear."

"Your conversation certainly hasn't been brilliant," she remarked, quietly. "Please tell me what it is that you have been thinking about."

He shook his head.

"The affairs of Holt and Letheringcourt!" he answered.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Business?" she repeated. "Well, it isn't very often you allow that to trouble you."

"You are quite right," he admitted. "It is very seldom that I think about it at all. And yet this afternoon something happened—just a trifle—which gave me a most unpleasant quarter of an hour."

"Go on," she said. "Tell me about it."

They were sitting in one of the smaller rooms of their house in Berkeley Square, half study, half morning-room. It was an evening on which they had planned to dine out and to go to the theatre, but some friends had disappointed them, and at the last moment Letheringcourt himself had begged for a quiet evening. His wife, always good-natured, had acceded readily enough—it was not often that their social engagements permitted them to spend an evening together. A small dinner had been served to them in an impromptu fashion.

"Tell me, Philip," she said, "exactly what it is that is bothering you."

Letheringcourt threw away the cigar which had burned out between his fingers and lit a cigarette. In a few words he told his wife of his visit to the bank that afternoon. When he had finished she looked across at him with wide-open eyes.

"It certainly seems most odd!" she exclaimed. "What did you say to Mr. Jarndyse, Philip?"

"I told him, of course," Letheringcourt continued, "that for a great many years Ambrose Weare had had the sole control of the finances of my firm, that during all that time no complaint had been made, and that the business generally had been exceedingly prosperous. Yet I don't fancy that he was satisfied. I didn't like the way he twice advised me to take a more personal interest in my own affairs."

"Do you think that he mistrusts Ambrose Weare?" she asked.

"Such an idea is preposterous," Letheringcourt declared.

"You believe in him implicitly yourself, then?" she demanded.

"Implicitly!" Letheringcourt answered. "The man is as honest as the day. I am sure of it."

"I don't know much about business," his wife said, hesitatingly, "but to be thirty thousand pounds overdrawn at your bank and have nearly sixty thousand pounds to find the next day doesn't sound exactly comfortable to me."

"I agree with you," her husband answered. "I didn't like it at all."

"What have you done?" she asked.

"I rang Weare up from the club," Letheringcourt answered, "and asked him to come here to-night."

His wife nodded.

"He didn't make any difficulty, I suppose?" she asked. "He was willing enough to come?"

"Curiously enough, he wasn't," her husband replied. "He reminded me that never during the whole of our association had we transacted any business, or spoken of it, after office hours. He added that he personally, during all that time, had never set foot west of Temple Bar. He asked me to wait until the morning."

"You insisted upon his coming, I hope?" she exclaimed.

"I did," he answered. "He evidently did not like it, but he agreed to be here at half-past nine."

"What a curious sort of person he must be!" Mrs. Letheringcourt remarked. "Tell me, what is he like?"

Letheringcourt smiled faintly.

"He might have stepped out from some book of Dickens's or Anthony Trollope's," he answered. "Trim, grey-headed, old-fashioned, with formal manners; always dressed in black, never been known to be sixpence wrong in any account in his life. Everyone at the office swears by him."

"Ambrose Weare!" she remarked. "It's a singular name."

"He's a singular person," Letheringcourt answered. "I have never heard of his having a friend or a relative; no one even knows where he came from! By the by, there is someone in the hall now. He is coming up, I believe."

Joan Letheringcourt picked up her novel.

"I am going to my room for a little time," she said. "I shall be down again—perhaps before your man has gone. I am rather curious to see him."

She swept out of the room with a little farewell nod—graceful, good-natured, beautiful—a delightful wife and hostess. Outside,

she passed with a pleasant smile a little old man following a tall footman. The little old man started, but she had already gone by. The footman threw open the door.

"Mr. Ambrose Weare, sir, from the office," he announced.

Letheringcourt turned in his chair and welcomed his visitor.

"Come and sit down, Weare," he said. "Will you have a glass of port or some coffee? It is your first visit here and I shall expect you to take something."

The clerk bowed a little stiffly.

"Thank you, sir," he answered. "I am afraid that I must ask you to excuse me."

"As you will," Letheringcourt answered, carelessly. "Sit down there by the table, please. There are just one or two questions I wanted to ask you. I am sorry to have fetched you up after office hours, but the fact is that I have been a little uneasy."

The footman had left them; the two men were alone. Ambrose Weare was certainly a somewhat curious character. His face was white, and dry as parchment. His eyes were very bright, although he wore spectacles, and he had still an abundance of grey hair neatly parted in the middle. His clothes were old-fashioned, considering his position as head cashier of a well-known City firm. He wore a frock-coat, pepper-and-salt trousers, a black satin tie which resembled a stock, and a collar of ancient shape. He folded his gloves deliberately and placed them inside his silk hat. Then he turned towards his employer.

"I have come to answer any questions, sir," he said, "which you may care to ask."

"Oh, I am not going to put you through a catechism!" Letheringcourt declared. "You know much more about the conduct of the business than I do, of course. I will tell you exactly what it is that made me send for you. I happened to go into the bank this afternoon, and Jarndyse called me into his office. He pointed out that our account was thirty thousand pounds overdrawn, and that we had a draft due to-morrow for fifty-five thousand pounds. Of course, he didn't doubt but that it would be all right, for a moment, but he simply thought that it would be a great deal better not to run things so close. I must say that I agreed with him. It didn't seem to me to be exactly in accord with your methods, Weare, to leave so large a sum to be covered on the actual day."

Ambrose Weare inclined his head slowly. His fingers were interlocked. He was leaning a little across the table.

"There is not the slightest chance, sir," he said, "of its being covered!"

Letheringcourt looked at him for a moment as a man might look at a visitant from another world. It was impossible that Ambrose Weare should have said this. His hearing must have played him some strange trick.

"Do you mind repeating that, Weare?" he said.

"Certainly, sir," the clerk answered. "I regret to say that there is not

"LETHERINGCOURT LOOKED AT HIM FOR A MOMENT AS A MAN MIGHT LOOK AT A VISITANT FROM ANOTHER WORLD."

the faintest chance of Messrs. Cunliffe and Peabody's draft for fifty-five thousand pounds being honoured to-morrow morning."

Letheringcourt sat like a man only half conscious of his surroundings.

"I don't understand," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that we are short of money, Weare?—that there is any real difficulty about meeting our engagements?"

"We are very short indeed, sir," the clerk answered. "We have been very short for a long time. The financing of your business has been an exceedingly difficult operation during the last few years. I must admit that the task has now grown beyond me."

Letheringcourt grasped the sides of his chair and looked around him wildly. For a moment he thought that he had fallen asleep and been visited by a nightmare. Everything else about him was as usual. There were all the evidences on every side of his luxurious home. And in the midst of it sat this strange, still figure—the Ambrose Weare whom he had known all these years, and yet—another man!

"If this is a joke," Letheringcourt exclaimed, hoarsely, "it's a—a bad one! Do you know what you're saying, Weare? You should know your place better——"

"I know it far too well," the man interrupted, "to joke upon such a subject. Your firm, sir—the firm of Holt, Letheringcourt, and Company—has been losing money for something like twelve years. Chiefly owing to my efforts, your credit has remained unimpaired. It is impossible, however, to preserve it any longer. To-morrow the crisis comes!"

"You must be mad!" Letheringcourt exclaimed, rising unsteadily to his feet. "Why, no one has ever breathed a word of this to me! You yourself have said nothing! Year by year you have brought me into my private office balance-sheets showing large profits. Last year you told me that we had made seventeen thousand pounds. I have been extravagant, but I have not spent money like this. What has become of it? Where is all this money? Our capital stood at one hundred and seventy thousand pounds seven years ago."

"It is all gone," Ambrose Weare said, calmly. "Perhaps it never was as much as that."

"But the balance-sheets!" Letheringcourt exclaimed—"the balance-sheets! You have brought them to me year by year. Not one has ever shown a loss."

"They were made out, alas," Ambrose Weare answered, "from the ledger of my imagination."

"In plain words, then," Letheringcourt cried, "we are ruined!—we have to fail! Is that what you mean?"

"Precisely!" Ambrose Weare declared. "I have not the figures with me, but I believe that we could not, at the moment, pay a fraction more than two shillings in the pound."

Letheringcourt swayed upon his feet. Then he leaned forward and struck the table before which the other man was sitting.

"Look here!" he said, fiercely, "if you are in earnest, answer me this. Why have you deceived me, year by year, with false balance-sheets? Why have you let me believe that the business was making large profits? Why have you even urged me to spend money—placed sums to my private account, time after time, which I scarcely needed? Tell me why you have done these things, Ambrose Weare?"

"It is a long story," the clerk answered, calmly.

Letheringcourt broke loose. Nothing but the sense of his own great strength and the other man's frail physique prevented his taking him by the throat and shaking the words from his lips.

"Long or short," he cried, "I must have it! Do you know what you have done? For the last ten years I have spent something like fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds a year, believing honestly that I was living within my income. I saved not a penny. Why should I? I knew nothing of the business myself. I have no idea how to do even a clerk's work. What am I to do? What am I to say to my wife?"

Ambrose Weare rose slowly to his feet. There was something almost spectral-like about his long, grey figure as he stood there, leaning slightly forward, his manner unruffled, his tone still calm and even.

"You have no wife!" he said.

Letheringcourt stared at him for a moment and then burst out laughing. After all, perhaps this was the explanation.

"You're mad!" he exclaimed—"mad or drunk, Weare! What is the matter with you, man? Has your mind given way?"

"I am sane enough," Ambrose Weare answered. "Better pray that you remain so. I repeat—you have no wife!"

There was the sound of a trailing skirt. The door was softly opened. Joan Letheringcourt, humming a light tune, came in.

"Philip," she said, "have you nearly

finished your talk? Shall I be in the way? I am tired of being alone."

"Yes, come in!" Letheringcourt answered. "Come here, Joan. Now tell me, Ambrose Weare," he added, pointing to his wife, who was crossing the room towards the two men, "who is that lady if she is not my wife?"

"She is mine!" Ambrose Weare answered, calmly.

Letheringcourt took him by the shoulders, lifted him up, and, finding him as helpless as a baby, flung him back into his chair. His wife ran forward with a little scream.

"Philip!" she cried. "Philip! What is the meaning of this? Who is this person? Why does he say these things?"

"God knows!" Letheringcourt answered eagerly. Ambrose Weare was pale and breathless, but he had strength enough left to rise to his feet. There was still no colour in his cheeks, no sign of emotion save the breath which came in little pants through his clenched teeth.

"Let her look!" he said. "Let her look! Perhaps she will understand."

There was an instant's breathless silence. Then her eyes seemed to be lit with a sudden, strange fear. She staggered back, holding her hands in front of her face as though to shut out some awful sight. She, too, was pale now. She, too, had the air of one who looks upon terrible things.

"No!" she cried. "No; it can't—it couldn't be!"

"'PHILIP!' SHE CRIED. 'WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?'"

"For fifteen years he has called himself Ambrose Weare. If all that he has told me is true, I should say that he is the very Devil himself! Look at him, Joan. Have you ever seen him before?"

She bent forward, scanning his features

"Madam," Ambrose Weare said, "the impossible has happened. You have believed perhaps what you wished to believe—that the Nicholas Seton who died at St. Thomas's Hospital sixteen years ago was the man to whom you had been married. It was not

so. I am Nicholas Seton, and, whatever you may call yourself, you are still my wife."

She shrank away to a corner of the sofa and sat there, sobbing quietly, pale, stricken, absolutely dazed. All the time she was muttering to herself. All the time she kept her back to the man who had told her this terrible thing.

Letheringcourt staggered toward the sideboard and poured himself out some brandy. Then he came back and stood by the table, looking down upon the other man.

"Come," he said, "let us understand this matter. You are the Ambrose Weare who came to my firm as cashier fifteen years ago whilst I was at college. My father trusted you implicitly; my uncle trusted you. When they were dead and I came into the business I found you all-powerful. There wasn't a clerk or a manager in the place who didn't speak of you with respect. I have believed in you—I have believed in the figures you have shown me; I have thought myself always a rich man. Now you sit there and tell me that your connection from the first with the firm has been one long tissue of lies and deceit. Why? What is the meaning of it all? Why has it pleased you to keep silent—to drive me on towards ruin?"

The man turned half round and pointed towards the woman who sat still upon the sofa. He pointed with long, trembling forefinger, but he said nothing.

"I have done you no harm," Letheringcourt cried.

"She was my wife," Ambrose Weare answered.

Letheringcourt was a strong man, and he kept sane.

"Even if this horrible thing were true," he said, "why should you seek to revenge yourself upon me? You deserted her. She had every reason to believe that you were dead. When I first knew her she told me of her former marriage. She honestly believed you dead."

"It is a lie!" Ambrose Weare said, slowly. "She saw luxury, and she stretched out her hands to grasp it. She took her risks. Things have gone her way for a good many years. I wrote to her. I told her that I would return when I had earned enough to keep her and the child in comfort. Her father hated me because I was poor. He allowed them enough to live on so long as I was out of the way."

"I had no letter," she sobbed. "If it came, my father destroyed it. He swore always that you had ruined my life—you knew that."

"So it is for these fancied wrongs that you have set yourself to ruin me!" Letheringcourt said, bitterly. "Well, there shall be a reckoning yet. If my money has gone as you say, where is it?"

"Safe," Ambrose Weare muttered, "in Paris, in Frankfort, in New York—a thousand or so here, a thousand or so there. For twelve years I have stripped the business. There is little enough now left for anyone except the bones. She left me once because I was poor," he cried, pointing to the woman who sat shivering upon the sofa. "To-day I am rich, if I choose, and you are a beggar!"

Letheringcourt laughed harshly. He touched the telephone which stood on the table by his side.

"Do you imagine," he said, "that I shall let you go scot-free? Do you imagine that I shall even let you leave this room?"

"It makes no difference," the clerk answered. "I tell you to your face that I have robbed you, but I am the only one who knows. There are no books, no papers to prove it. On the contrary, there are bundles of accounts in the safe which I shall swear have been submitted to you year by year, and which show a steady loss. Those which it has been necessary to destroy I shall swear that you destroyed. You know you told me not long ago that I was the Napoleon of figures. It is true. I have used them like soldiers, and they have won my battle!"

Some new thing seemed to have come into Letheringcourt's face. Those of his friends who had known him for the last ten years might almost have failed to have recognised him now. At heart he was a man. He stood looking down at the thin, frail figure at the table with a curiosity almost impersonal.

"I wonder," he said, grimly, "that I can stand here and listen to you. I wonder I don't shake the life from your miserable bones. In all the world there cannot breathe a creature so despicable as you! You deserted your wife—you let her believe that you were dead," he added, pointing to the figure upon the sofa. "What kind of a creature can you be to bear an eternal grudge against me because I have tried to make her happy?"

"There was the child," Ambrose Weare said, and for the first time his thin, precise tone seemed to shake. "She deserted him."

The hands fell away from before her face. She looked across the room with blazing eyes.

"It is a lie!" she answered. "My husband has been as good a father to him as ever man could be. He is at Rugby now, captain of the school. Look!"

"AMBROSE WEARE TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPH AND TURNED HIS BACK UPON THEM BOTH."

She sprang to her feet, and, taking a photograph from the mantelpiece, she laid it on the table before him. Ambrose Weare staggered to his feet. He was like a man who has received a blow, but still withholds belief in the thing which he has heard.

"Look!" she cried again. "There is Nicholas! Don't you recognise him? Won't you believe now? He was going into the Army, and now, and now——" She sobbed.

Ambrose Weare took the photograph and turned his back upon them both. For a few moments there was nothing to be heard in the room but the ticking of the clock. Then there was another sound—the sound of a dry, hard sob. Ambrose Weare laid down the photograph and took up his carefully-brushed silk hat and gloves. There was no sign of emotion in his face. It seemed impossible that that sob could have come from him He turned as though in farewell to Letheringcourt. His manner was once more the manner of the confidential clerk of fifteen years' service.

"There has been a mistake," he said. "You will be so kind, sir, as to overlook my rash statements. I have thought it better for the interests of the firm to invest large sums of money abroad. You will find particulars here," he added, laying a roll of papers upon the table. "There are one hundred and forty thousand pounds invested in European banks, and nearly sixty thousand in New York. You can obtain credit to-morrow by cabling. You will excuse me, sir, if I hurry away? There is a little matter—a little matter left."

He was at the door before they could stop him. Husband and wife looked at one another in fear and wonder. The shadow of this terrible thing was still between them—the man who had left the room—Ambrose Weare, her husband!

"In God's name," she cried, "what can we do?"

From outside came the answer to her question. They heard the shot, the sound of a fall, the hurrying of servants. They did not need to be told! A white-faced footman threw open the door.

"The gentleman who has just left, sir!" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

"Well?" Letheringcourt asked.

"He has shot himself in the hall, sir," the man answered. "He is dead!"

The Light Side of Finance.

By HARRY FURNISS.

II.

THOSE who have borne with me in going through these pages may have observed that "Once a financier always a financier" is a true saying. The man who deals in finance and succeeds by being "sharp" is just the same in small matters outside his office.

Here is a story which illustrates the point. W. R. Travers, the American financier and wit, was afflicted with a stutter. Mr. Travers started in life in the grocery business in Baltimore, but disaster overtaking him there he went to New York, where he met with fair prosperity from the start, and soon accumulated wealth. The worst set-back, probably, that he ever received during his career occurred on one occasion on his way home after the business day was over. Being attracted by the display in the window of a bird-fancier and dog-dealer, he was tempted by curiosity to enter the place. One of the conspicuous objects that met his eye was a very large parrot. Mr. Travers inquired of the proprietor of the establishment, who was in attendance, "C-c-can th-th-that p-p-parrot t-t-talk?"

"If it couldn't talk better than you," replied its owner, "I'd cut its head off."

Mr. Travers made up his mind that some time or other he would get even with this dealer in animals and birds. He succeeded most effectually. His coachman made a complaint to him that the stable was overrun with rats. Mr. Travers said, "Well, you m-m-must hunt for a r-r-rat dog." The coachman made it known that Mr. Travers wanted a dog. Among the dog-dealers who responded was the identical man who owned the parrot. Mr. Travers recognised him at once, and told him "i-i-if he w-w-would b-b-be d-d-down at the s-s-stable in the

"C-C-CAN TH-TH-THAT P-P-PARROT T-T-TALK?"

m-morning with t-t-the d-d-dog he would g-g-give him a tr-tr-trial, and if he p-pr-proved to b-b-be a g-g-good r-rat-c-c-catcher would b-b-buy him."

Early next morning Mr. Travers was on hand at the stable, as also was the dog-man with his terrier. Mr. Travers ordered the dog to be put inside the bin, together with a rat, but the latter proved so ferocious and showed such determined fight that it kept the enemy at bay, and after a prolonged combat, which resulted in a draw, it was hard to tell which was the worst hurt, the dog or the rat.

The owner of the dog turned to Mr. Travers: "Now you see what a fine dog that is, won't you buy him?"

"I d-d-don't w-w-want t-t-to b-b-buy the d-d-dog," Mr. Travers replied, "b-b-but I'll b-b-b-buy the r-rat."

This story of a rat-hunt reminds me of an apt similitude employed by a well-known millionaire.

James R. Keene, an American, who won and lost fortunes and who played with millions of dollars as a child would play with a heap of sand, was once asked why, having wealth to satiety, he did not give up the game of money-grubbing and seek peace, comfort, and contentment.

The answer vouchsafed by Keene may be regarded as that which would be offered by many another rich man, if the same question were put to him.

"Why do I want more money?" said Keene. "Why does a dog want another rabbit? Your dog will chase the millionth rabbit as though it were the first he had ever seen. He will strive and strain in the pursuit of it to the point of heart-break; one might suppose his soul's life depended on the capture. And yet, should he overtake it, he will cast it aside when killed and begin quartering the ground to start another. To the last gasp of his breath that dog will chase his rabbit. When you tell me why that dog wants another rabbit I'll tell you why I want more money."

William Marcy Tweed, another millionaire, had a favourite maxim — "The way to have power is to take it," and such men as Tweed was would take the very coat off his best friend's back and finance it. I suppose the way to have anything is to take it. The cleverness of the financial thief lies in making one believe that his victim gains by being robbed. To illustrate my meaning I recall a true story of a gentleman who was quietly sauntering along the Portales, the most crowded thoroughfare of Mexico, his attention being occupied with the variety of wares offered for sale by the small dealers, when suddenly he was stopped in broad daylight by three men, who demanded his cloak. Of course, he very strongly objected to parting with so valuable an article; when two of them placed themselves on either side of him, and the third, seizing the garment, immediately disappeared,

"THE POLITE THIEVES OF MEXICO."

leaving the victim in the grip of his companions. His cloak gone, he naturally imagined that the thieves had no further use for him, and attempted to depart. The vagabonds, however, told him to remain patiently where he was and he would find the result more agreeable than he expected. In the course of fifteen minutes their accomplice returned and, politely bowing, handed the gentleman a *pawnbroker's ticket!* "We wanted thirty dollars, and not the cloak," said the villain. "Here is the ticket, with which you may redeem it for that sum; and as the cloak of such a Caballero is unquestionably worth at least a hundred dollars, you may consider yourself as having made seventy by the transaction. *Vaya Son Dios!*"

This might almost be called a case of philanthropic finance. But real philanthropic finance, if the philanthropist has no sense of the ridiculous, is the most unsatisfactory of all money matters. If rich, and a humorist or a student of human nature, one can afford to laugh at and study the comic side of his fellow-creatures. There can be no better field. In finance the weeds outgrow the golden corn.

A great friend of mine, a popular member of Parliament for many years, had a theory that philanthropy should be run on financial lines, and he put this into practice when the cabman he engaged daily to take him to Westminster appealed to him for assistance in starting in business with a cab of his own, in place of being an underpaid driver for a middleman. This plausible tale touched the tender heart of my friend, and he advanced his cabby sufficient money to purchase a cab, horse, harness, and all things necessary.

The man was to pay off the loan by driving the M.P. everywhere he liked "free" and an instalment on his earnings every week. I am a sceptic, and I chaffed my friend when I discovered, the first time he gave me a "free" ride in "his cab," that he paid the Jehu.

"Yes, I do pay. You see, cabby is right; he cannot meet expenses if I ride for nothing!"

All the opinions I have heard and read as to women's capabilities as financiers have emanated from financiers themselves or experts on the subject, and therefore may be thought biased. As I frankly admit myself hopelessly at sea in the technicalities of finance it cannot be said that I write with any prejudice, and I have been at some pains to discover the true answer to the ever-debatable subject—"Are women successful in business?" It is with regret as a champion of women I have to say that the verdict is entirely against them. In fact, it is with true sympathy I have to record that fact, as I, being an artist, have by nature the disqualification of all artists, whether musicians, actors, writers, or painters. It is the sensitive, impulsive, imaginative qualities that are necessary in the more refined—one might almost say effeminate—composition.

A financier is, after all, only a glorified accountant and should be devoid of all imagination, and if possessed of any should be able to switch off his imaginative light and concentrate his mind on columns of figures and dry facts. Women have not by nature the faculty of concentration. Moreover, in writing on the light side of finance it is impossible to overlook the fact that women's part in it shows less humour than men's. Perhaps, therefore, it clearly shows that one of the reasons why women do not succeed in finance is because they are not endowed to the same extent as men with the sense of humour. But they have in other ways weapons which, used effectively, pierce through the strongholds of the financier's battle-ground, and frequently, when it comes to a palaver, they bring the commercial chief to terms no mere male rival could possibly attempt.

A century ago there was a celebrated financier, Bouret, in France, who, when he was a poor and young man, fell madly in love with a beautiful young actress, Mlle. Gaussin. He had the world before him, but, although ambitious, he had no idea that fortune would smile upon him. So, with a great deal of bombastic flourish, he gave the fascinating actress a blank paper with his signature at the bottom, asking her, should he ever become rich, to fill it up for any amount she liked. He eventually became the most celebrated financier of his time, and in proportion to his prosperity grew his uneasiness. When would that paper come, and what would be written on it? He was a man of his word; his bond, whatever it was, had to be met. Unable to stand the strain any longer, he sent to his early love, reminding her of the bond he had given, with a request that she should now complete it. When it was returned to him it contained only these words, "I promise to love Gaussin as long as I live." Surely this carries out what I have before remarked—that the artist and the woman have no idea of finance.

Actresses are notorious spendthrifts, and often in the course of their profession have to face those in the audience to whom they

"HE GAVE THE FASCINATING ACTRESS A BLANK PAPER WITH HIS SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM."

owe money. A provincial actress was performing a tragic part, and had occasion to deliver the following passage: "When shall I have rest?" She was answered by her washerwoman from the pit, "Never, till you pay me my three and twopence!"

Not long ago the *Daily Telegraph* published some amusing illustrations of the comic side of woman's finance, in which I find it stated that the blunders made by women over banking are various and amusing. It was in order to discover some of the funny things which happen that the writer had a chat with a banker upon the subject. "Most people," said he, "imagine that a banker's life is devoid of humour and necessarily dull, but I have found it anything but that. Indeed, so often do I see the amusing side of the daily happenings of my banking life that I have been led to keep a diary in order to chronicle some of the funny things." It was to this record that he turned when asked for a few stories about women clients and their ways.

"One woman, when informed that her account was overdrawn, wrote saying she was very sorry, and at the same time enclosed a cheque she had drawn on us, and hoped the remittance would set matters right. One other woman client, when visiting us with a friend, was called aside by our cashier and told that her account was overdrawn by a pound. She immediately handed him a sovereign from her purse, saying she sincerely hoped her carelessness had not financially distressed us.

"Another lady called upon a very rich man for a donation towards a certain charity. The object of the charity did not appeal to him, so he declined to give her anything. She then called him mean, stingy, and a money-grubber.

"'My dear madam,' said he, 'you make a great mistake if you think I care for money,' whereupon he wrote a cheque for a thousand pounds, lit a candle, and held the cheque to the flame until it was quite burnt. 'That will show you that money is no object to me,' he said, and his visitor left, feeling quite sure that he had sacrificed a thousand pounds instead of being the loser merely of a penny stamp.

"Married women," went on the banker, closing his diary, "will frequently prefix the name with the word 'Mrs.' when endorsing a cheque. They ignore the fact that in so doing they make the endorsement irregular, causing their writing, by the word 'Mrs.,' to be no signature at all, and therefore not a legal discharge."

A lady entered a well-known bank and presented a crossed cheque to the cashier at the counter, expecting him to cash it. After glancing at it, he looked up and said, very politely, "I'm sorry I cannot pay this across the counter." To which the lady replied

"BURNING A THOUSAND-POUND CHEQUE."

sweetly, "Oh! Shall I come round that side?"

I will turn, in concluding this paper, to another subject which plays a large part in financial matters—the subject of bankruptcy. The light side of such a subject is perhaps not conspicuous; but there are aspects of it which provide rich material for the grim humour of a satirist. One has only to fail for a tremendous amount, do everyone in the eye in a large way, to get off comfortably. Fail for a few pounds and your life is made a misery. It is quite plain, from the number of bankruptcies in these hard times, that if the world exists long enough, the last man—our old friend the New Zealander—must end his days in bankruptcy, and it is from a New Zealander I get the best idea of bankruptcy which has caused such trouble to so many debtors, to so many creditors, and not a few learned people.

A Maori who, having been the unfortunate creditor of a bankrupt, had lost forty pounds or so, was determined to master the system by which he was deprived of his money. Having done so he was able to explain to his friends that he had lost his money because the debtor became "Packarapu." In explanation of this word he laid down that a white man who wants to become a "Packarapu" goes into business and gets lots of goods and does not pay for them. He then gets all the money he can together, say two hundred pounds, and puts it away where no one can get it, all except five pounds. With this he goes to the Judge of the Supreme Court and tells him he wishes to become "Packarapu." The Judge says he is very sorry, but, of course, it cannot be helped, and he then calls all the lawyers together, likewise all the men to whom the "Packarapu" owes money, and he says, "This man is 'Packarapu,' but he wishes to give you all he has got, and so he asked me to divide this among you all."

The Judge thereupon gives four pounds to the lawyers and one pound to the other men, and the "Packarapu" goes home.

The mere aptitude displayed by this child of Nature for going to the root of the matter, and for stripping things of all the conventional euphemism which now conceals them, leads us to hope that the day may yet come when we shall have another Shakespeare who may know what he wants to say and be able to say it plainly.

The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest Ishmael Ameer, known as the "White Prophet," and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands, which are transferred to Colonel Macfarlane. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder. Colonel Macfarlane, while carrying out his orders, is assaulted by Colonel Lord, who, feeling his reputation ruined, decides to remain in hiding.]

FIRST BOOK :—The Crescent and the Cross.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE Mohammedan cemetery of Cairo lies to the north-east of the city, outside the Bab en-Nasr (the Gate of Victory), on the fringe of the desert, and down a dusty road that leads to a group of tomb-mosques of the Caliphas, now old and falling into decay.

No more forlorn and desolate spot ever lay under the zealous blue of the sky. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, not a rill of water, not a bird singing in the empty air. Only an arid waste, dotted over by an irregular encampment of the narrow mansions of the dead, the round hummocks of blistered clay, each with its upright stone, its shahed, capped with turban or tarboosh. The barren nakedness and savage aridity of the place make it a melancholy spectacle by day, but in the silence of night, under the moon's quiet eye, or with the darkness flushed by the white light of the stars, the wild desolation of the city of the dead is an awesome sight to see. Such was the spot in which the people of Cairo had concluded to pass their Night of Lamentation—such was their Gethsemane.

When tidings of their intention passed through the town there were rumblings of thunder in the ever-lowering diplomatic atmosphere. The Consul-General heard it and sent for the Commandant of Police.

"This gathering of great numbers of natives outside the walls," he said, "looks like a ruse for an organized attack on the European inhabitants. Therefore let your plans for their protection be put into operation without delay. As the ostensible object of the demonstration is a funeral you cannot stop it, but see that a sufficient body of policego with it, and that your entire force is in readiness."

After that he called up the officer who was now in command of the Army of Occupation, and advised that troops at Kasr-el-Nil, at the Citadel, and particularly at the barracks of Abbassia, should be strictly confined and kept in readiness for all emergencies.

"If all goes well to-night," he said, "give your men an airing in the streets in the morning. Let their bands go with them, so that when the turbulent gentlemen who are organizing all this hubbub take their walks abroad they may meet one of your companies coming along. If they turn aside to avoid it let them meet another and another. . . . And wait!" said the old man, while his brow contracted and his lip stiffened. "The man Ishmael Ameer has escaped us thus far. He has been lying low and allowing others to get into trouble. But he seems to be putting his head into the noose this time. Follow him, watch him ; don't be afraid."

The bodies of the students who were to be buried that night had been lying in the Mosque of the Sultan Hasan at the foot of the Citadel, and as soon as word came that the Imams had recited the prayer for the dead, asking, "Give your testimony respecting

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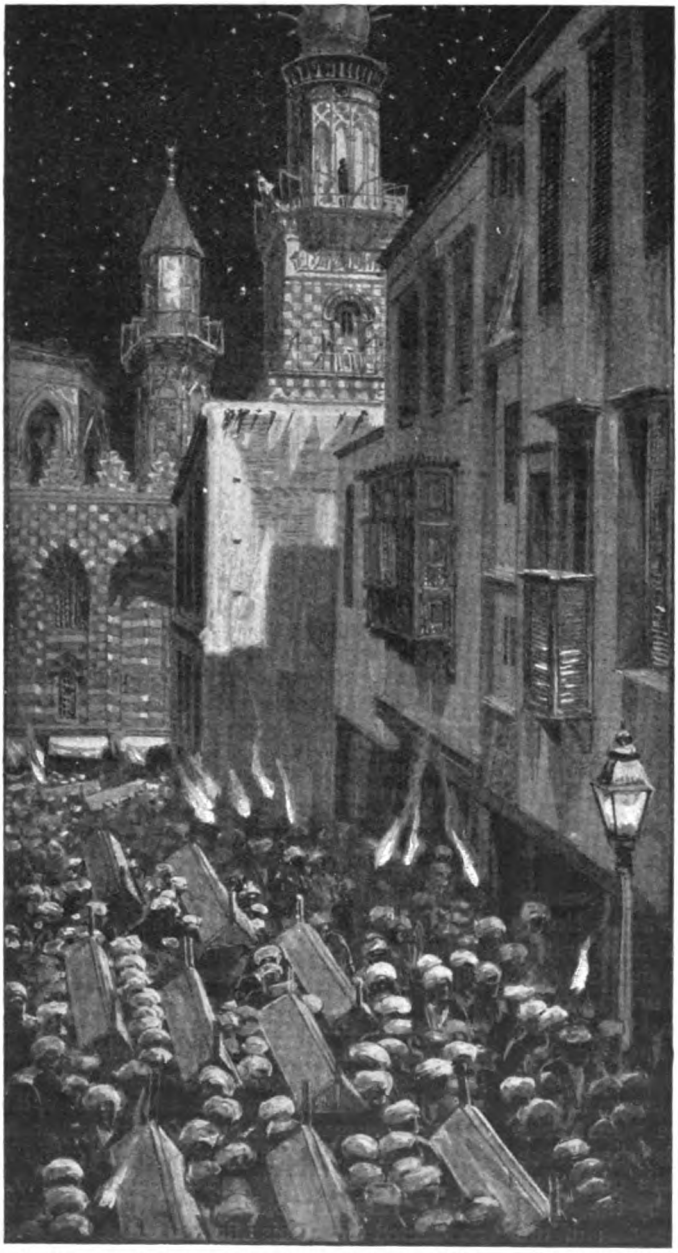


"THUS, LIKE A LONG, SINUOUS STREAM, THEY PASSED THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS OF THE CITY."

them — were they faithful?" and being answered, "Aye, faithful unto death," the cortège started.

First a group of blind men at slow pace chanting the first sura of the Koran; then the biers, a melancholy line of them, covered with red and green cloths and borne head foremost; then schoolboys singing in shrill voices passages from a poem describing the last judgment; then companies of Fikees, reciting the profession of faith; then the female relatives of the dead, shrouded black forms with dishevelled hair, sitting in carriages or squatting on carts; and finally Ishmael Ameer himself and his vast and various following.

Never had anyone seen so great a concourse, not even when the sacred carpet came from Mecca. There were men and women, rich and poor, great and small, religious fraternities with half-furled banners and dervishes with wrapped-up flags, sheikhs in robes and beggars in rags. Boys carried lamps, women carried candles, and young men carried torches and open flares which sent coils of smoke into the windless air.

Their way lay down the broad boulevard of Mohammed Ali, across the wide square of the Bab-el-Khalk, past the Governorat, and the police headquarters. As they walked at slow pace they chanted the sura which says, "O Allah! There is no strength nor power but in God! To God we belong and to Him we must return!" The shops were shut and the mueddins called from the minarets as the procession went by the mosques.

Thus, like a long, sinuous stream, sometimes flowing deep and still, sometimes rumbling in low tones, sometimes breaking into sharp sounds, they passed through the narrow streets of the city and out by the Bab en-Nasr to the Mohammedan cemetery beyond the walls.

As Hafiz approached this place the deep, multitudinous hum of many tongues that came up from it was like the loud sighing of the wind. Calm as the night was, it was the same as if a storm had broken over that spot,

while the desert around lay sleeping under the unclouded glory of the moon. Through a thick haze that floated over the ground there were bubbles and flashes of light, the red and white flames of the lamps and torches spurting and steaming like electrical apparitions from a cauldron.

A cordon of mounted police surrounded the cemetery, and a few were riding inside of it. The funerals were over, and the people were squatting in groups on the bare sand. Hafiz could hear the solemn chanting of the Fikees as they passed their beads through their fingers and recited to the spirits of the dead. Some of the dervishes were dancing and some of the women were swaying their bodies to a slow, monotonous, hypnotic movement that seemed to act on them like a drug.

A number of the Ulema, professors of El Azhar and teachers of the Koran, were passing from group to group, comforting and counselling the people. Behind each of them was a little crowd of followers, and where the crowd of such followers was greatest there always was the erect white figure and pale face of Ishmael Ameer. He stood in his great stature above the heads of the tallest of the men about him, and as he passed from company to company he left hope and inspiration behind him, for his lips seemed to be touched with fire.

"Night has fallen on us, oh, my brothers!" he said, in his throbbing voice. "Our path is desolate, we are encompassed by sorrows, we envy the dead who are in their graves. Oh, ye people of the tombs, you have passed on before us. Peace be to you! Peace be to us also! A woman is here who has lost her husband—the camel of her house is gone. A mother is here who has lost her son—the eye of her heart is blind. Oh, Thou most merciful of those that show mercy, comfort and keep them and send them safely to Thy Paradise! Sleep, oh, servants of God, in the arms of the Mighty and Compassionate!"

"Poor me, poor my children, poor all the people!" cried the women who crouched at his feet.

"Oppressors have risen against us, O God! but let us not cry to Thee for vengeance against them. They are Christians, and it was a Christian who said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

"La ilaha illa-llah!" cried the men, but their faces were dark and stern.

"Oh, sons of Adam," cried Ishmael, "shall the children of one Father fight before His face? To-night the lamps are lit to the Lord on the rock at Mecca. To-night, too, the lamps are burning to God on the Calvary at Jerusalem. So it has been for a thousand years. So it will be for a thousand more. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

At that a great shout went up from the clamorous billow of human beings about him, and "Oh, children of Allah," he cried, "religion is the bread of our souls, and the strangers who have come to us from the West are trying to take it away. Let us fight to preserve it! Let us draw the sword of our spirit against a black, devouring world! By the life of our God, let us be men! By the tombs of our fathers, let us be living souls! By the beard of the Prophet—praise to his name!—let us no longer be mere machines for the making of gold for Europe! Better the mud hut of the fellah with the spirit of God within than the palace of the rich man with the devil's arms on the doorpost. If we cannot be free in the city, let us go out to the desert—out from the empire of man to the empire of Allah! And if we must leave behind our gorgeous mosques, built on the bones of slaves and cemented with the blood of conquest, we shall worship in a vaster and more magnificent temple, the dome whereof is the sky."

By this time the excitement of the people amounted to frenzy. "La ilaha illa-llah!" they shouted, as they followed Ishmael from group to group in an ever-increasing crowd that was like a boiling, surging, rushing river, flashing in fierce brilliance under the light of the lamps and torches.

"Brothers," said Ishmael again, "your homes are here and your wives and children. I am going out into the desert and you cannot all follow me. But give me one hundred men, and your enemies will afflict you no more. One hundred men to carry into every town and village the word of the message of God, and the reign of Mammon will be at an end. Our Prophet—praise to his name!—was driven out of Mecca as a slave, but he returned to it as a conqueror. We are driven out of Cairo in disgrace, but we shall come back in glory. So the years pass and repeat themselves," he cried; and then, in triumphant tone—"Yes, by Allah!"

The emotional Egyptian people were now like children possessed, and the fever in Ishmael's own face seemed to have consumed the natural man.

"I ask for martyrs, not for soldiers," he cried. "Shall not the reward of him who

suffers daily for his brethren's sake be equal to that of the man who dies in battle? I ask for the young and the strong, not the weak and the old. Difficulty is before us, and danger, and perhaps death. I ask for sinners, not saints. Though you are as pure as the sands of the seashore, like the sands of the shore you may be fruitless. But are you sin-laden and suffering? Do the ways of life seem to be closed to you? Does the sweet light of morning bring you no joy? Are you praying for the darkness of death to cover you? Is your repentance deep? In the bitterness of your soul are you calling upon God for a way of redemption? Then come to me, my brothers! Your purification is here! A pilgrimage is before you that will cleanse you of all sin."

"La ilaha illa-llah!" cried the people with one voice, and the cry of their thousand throats in that desolate place was like the quake of breakers on cavernous rocks.

It was one of those moments of life when by a spontaneous impulse humanity shows how divine is the heart of man. In an instant more than five hundred men, some of them looked upon as low and base, leapt out in answer to Ishmael's call, and were struggling, quarrelling, almost fighting to go with him.

For two hours thereafter the professors and teachers were busy selecting one hundred from the five, telling them what they had to do and where they had to go, each man to his allotted place; while the mounted police rode round and through them in a vain effort to find out what was being said.

The night was now near to morning, the lamps and torches were dying out, and a dun streak, like an arrow's barb, was shooting up into the darkness of the sky. In this vague fore-dawn the hundred chosen men were drawn up before the tomb of a sheikh, and Ishmael, standing on the dome of it, with his tall figure against the uncertain light, spoke to them and to the vast company of the people that had gathered about.

"Brothers," he said, "you offer yourselves as messengers of the Compassionate to carry His word to the uttermost ends of this country and as far as the tongue you speak is spoken. You have been told what to say and you will say it without fear. You are no rebels against the State, but if the commandments of the Government are against the commandments of God, you are to tell the people to obey God and not the Government."

At that word the sea of faces seemed to flash white under the heaviness of the sky, but Ishmael only looked down at the hundred men who stood below and said, calmly:—

"You are soldiers of God, therefore you will carry no weapons of the devil with you on your journey. Do you expect to conquer by the sword? Stand back, this pilgrimage is not yours! Do you wish to drive the English out of Egypt, to establish Khedive or Sultan, to found Kingdom or Empire? Go home! This work is not for you! Only one enemy will you drive out, and that is the devil! Only one Sultan will you establish, and that is God!"

The mass of moving heads seemed to sway for a moment, and then, amid the deep breathing of the people, Ishmael said:—

"You will take nothing with you on your way, neither purse, nor scrip, nor second coat. In the city, or the village, or the desert, the Merciful will make your beds, the Compassionate will provide for you. Where the Mussulman is, there is your brother—greet him, he will welcome you. Where his house is, there is your home—enter it, it will shelter you. But you are slaves of God, therefore look for no ease and comfort. Burning heat by day, weary marches by night, hunger and thirst, and toil and pain—these only are the allurements God offers to His servants—these and glory!"

At that last word a loud shout broke from the people, but when Ishmael spoke again the burden of a great awe seemed to fall upon them.

"Say farewell to one another, and to your wives and children. If God wills it you will come back. If He does not will it you will go on, never more to look in each other's faces."

Then, in a louder, shriller voice than before, he cried:—

"But fear nothing! The battle is not yours but God's! You will be purified by your pilgrimage, your sins will be forgiven you, and when death comes that stands at the foot of life's account, Paradise will wait for you and the arms of the Merciful be open! In the name of the Compassionate, Peace!"

"Peace, peace!" cried the vast mass in a voice that seemed to ring through the empty dome of the sky.

The men who had been standing before Ishmael now prostrated themselves with their faces to the east, and then rising to their feet they embraced each other. A subdued murmur passed through the people, and at the next moment the crowd parted in many places, leaving long wide ways that went out

from the foot of the tomb. Down these paths the men passed in twos and threes as if going in different directions, some north, some south, some east, some west.

Thus the hundred messengers set out on their pilgrimage, each his own way and none knowing if they should ever meet again. Though the eager, emotional Egyptian people were ready to sob at sight of them, yet they kept back their cries. Some of the women held out their children to be kissed by their husbands as they passed, but they dried their own eyes lest the men should see them weep.

The dawn was coming up by this time in a thin streak of pink across the eastern sky, and the people watched the men as they passed away—beyond the ruined tombs of the Caliphas, towards the barracks of the soldiers at Abbassia, and over the reddening crest of the Mokattam hills—until they could be seen no more.

Then slowly as the grand mass of the crowd had opened it closed again, and while women sobbed and men broke down in tears, the tall figure of Ishmael, forgotten for a moment, was seen standing in the mystic light of the dawn above the multitude of moving heads, and his throbbing voice was heard pealing over them.

"Oh children of God," he cried, "be comforted! Go back to your homes and wait! Be patient! Is not that what Islam means? Shed no tears for those who have gone away from you. As sure as the sun will rise your brethren will return. Look! Already it is gilding the fringes of the clouds; it is sending away the spirits of darkness; it is approaching the gates of morning! Even so in life or in death, in the spirit or in the flesh, those who have left you will return, and when they come back our Egypt will be God's."

With that, amid an answering cry from the people, he stepped down from the tomb. Then the crowd parted as before and he passed through them towards the town in the direction of the Bab en-Nasr, the Gate of Victory. There was no shouting or waving of banners as he went away, but only the silent, Eastern greeting of hands to the lips and forehead, with hardly a noise as loud as the sound of human breath.

The sun was now rising above the yellow Mokattam hills, the day was reddening over the desert, the gleaming streak of the Nile was shooting out of the mist, and in the radiance of morning the crowd began to break up and return to the city. Their eyes were shining with a new light, a new joy, a new hope. They had come out to mourn and they were going back rejoicing.

Hafiz was among the first to go. With a mouth full of a fresh message he was flying back to Gordon. As he passed through the echoing streets he met the band of one of the British battalions, and it was playing a march from the latest opera.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GORDON, lying in his bed, heard the voice of Hafiz in the hall.

"Only me, Michael! All right! Don't get up yet."

At the next moment Hafiz himself, puffing and blowing, and with the cool air of morning in his clothes, came dashing into the room.

"Halloa! Thought I was never coming back, I suppose! Couldn't tear myself away—had to see it through—only just over. Tell you what, though—I do believe . . . yes, I do really believe that brute of a Macfarlane has set the trackers on to you! Coming down by El Azhar, behold two damned blacks—Soudanese, I mean—poking their noses into the soft ground as if looking for footsteps. But no matter! We'll dish the devil yet!"

Thus the good fellow, after the night-long flight of his spirit among sacred things, was giving way to the natural man, with chuckles and crows and shouts of joy, and even harmless oaths that had no bitterness behind them.

"Lord God, you should have seen it, Gordon! Just like one of the 'Nights of the Prophet,' only bigger—yes, by my soul, bigger!"

Then, sitting on the side of the bed, he described the doings of the night—how Ishmael had passed from group to group, comforting the mourners and laying a soothing hand on every mother's sorrow, every father's grief.

"Can't tell what the deuce it is in the man—whether it's the prophet or the poet or the diviner—but he doesn't need that anybody should tell him anything, because he *knows*."

It was not at first that Gordon, coming out of the long night of his sufferings, caught the contagion of Hafiz's good spirits, but his weary, bloodshot eyes began to shine when Hafiz described Ishmael's appeal to the people to leave everything behind them and go with him into the desert—out of the empire of man into the empire of Allah.

"It was thrilling! You had to hear it, though. It was not so much what he said

as something in the man himself that set all your nerves tingling."

And when Hafiz went on to tell of Ishmael's appeal for help, not to the saints—the men whom God had cleansed of all sins, the souls that were as pure as the sands of the sea-shore and as fruitless—but to the sinners—the sin-laden and sin-stained, to whom the peace of life and the repose of death were both denied—he felt Gordon's hand clutching at his own and his whole body quivering.

"Sinners, not saints! Did he say that, Hafiz?"

"Yes! 'Come to me, my brothers,' he said; 'your purification is here. A pilgrimage is before you that will cleanse you from all sin.' They took him at his word, too. Good Lord! You never saw such scrambling! Such a crew! Sinners, by Jove! Some of them the most notorious scoundrels in Cairo—rich rascals who have been living for themselves all their lives and beggaring everybody about them. Assassins, too, or men who have been suspected of being so. Yet there they were, fighting for a chance of going out to starvation and danger and death."

Gordon's eyes were running over by this time, but they were glistening, too, like the sun when it shines through a cloud of rain.

"Open the curtains, Hafiz," he said, and when Hafiz had done so it was almost as if an angel of hope had parted them and come sweeping with a stream of sunlight into the room.

Then Hafiz told of the going away of the hundred messengers, of Ishmael's triumphant prediction that they would come back, and finally of the return of the people to their homes with the flow as of a great tide, filled with a new spirit, comforted, changed, transformed, transfigured.

"And Ishmael himself?" asked Gordon.

"He has gone also," said Hafiz.

"Where has he gone to?"

"That was kept quiet, but the Chancellor was there, and I got it out of him. He has gone to Khartoum."

"Khartoum?"

"That's where he comes from—where he lived in his youth, at all events. He has to take the early train for Upper Egypt, so he'll be on his way already. Oh, something is going to happen! Wait—you'll see! Couldn't find out exactly what the men were told to do, but Government has its work cut out for it."

"There was to be no resistance to the rule of England—do you say he said that, Hafiz?"

"That's true. 'Do you wish to drive England out of Egypt? Go home,' he said; 'this pilgrimage is not yours. Do you expect to conquer by the sword? Stand back! This work is not for you.' All the same, there'll be a mighty stir at the Ministry of the Interior. Omdehs and Mouders, and all the miscellaneous blackguards will be watching Ishmael and his men. So much the better for us, my boy. Now's your time! Now's your opportunity!"

While Gordon listened, a great burden seemed to fall from him; his prayers seemed to be answered; the bright glory of a new hope seemed to be born within him, and he thought he saw his way at last.

Though his career as a soldier was at an end; though his father, his mother, and Helena were gone from him; though he had lost everything he had loved and been proud of; though the ways of life seemed to be for ever closed to him and the world had no use for him any longer, and he was beaten and broken and alone, there was One who was with him still—there was God!

"With our God is forgiveness," and in the immensity and majesty of His compassion the Almighty had willed it that he, even he, might yet do something.

He would join the forces of the new prophet!

Why not? Their cause was a good one. It was not a crusade of Egypt against England, but of right against wrong, of justice against injustice, of belief against unbelief, of God against the world.

A traitor to his Church and country?

No, for that was the great universal war—the war of an empire that had no boundaries, the holy war that had been waged all the earth over and all the ages through—the war of religion and truth against the powers of darkness and death.

So, thinking God's hand was leading him, he saw himself following Ishmael Ameer into the desert, working by his side, and then coming back at last when his sin had been forgiven and his redemption won.

He could not think of his father at the same time that he thought of his return, but he remembered his mother and saw himself taking her in his arms and saying, "Mother, I've come back to you, as you always said I would. I only meant to do what was right, and if I did what was wrong God has pardoned me."

And then far off, very far, hardly daring to see itself yet, in his awakened soul there was a hope of Helena. Somehow and somewhere he would meet her again—he knew

not how, or where, or when, but Heaven knew everything, and the end would be with God.

Thus, with a quivering heart, and with bleared eyes that were running over, he sat on his bed, looking into the stream of sunlight that was pouring into the room, while Hafiz, still tuning his speech to the spirit of the natural man, was chuckling and crowing over his new chance of getting Gordon out of the country.

"Damn it all, man, we'll beat them yet, if you'll only leave yourself to me. And you will, I know you will!"

"Hafiz," said Gordon, "you thought last night you could help me to get away from here. Do you still think you could?"

"Certainly! Isn't that what I'm saying?"

"Do you think you could do it now?"

"Why not . . . That is to say, if you are well enough . . . It's your hand, isn't it?"

"That's nothing—only a sore finger, you know."

"God! A sore finger, and old Michael says it's gone—half of it anyway! But if it had been half your arm it wouldn't have stopped you. I know that quite well. So if you're game I'm ready. The sooner the better, too! The dear old Patriarch will close his eyes, and as for Michael . . ."

"What day is this, Hafiz?" said Gordon—he had lost count of time.

"Monday—that's the worst of it. The steamer doesn't sail until Saturday, and you'll have to stay in Alexandria until . . . Or wait. Why not take a foreign boat? The French one to Marseilles, or—let me think—the Italian boat to Naples. The very thing! She sails on Wednesday. You can join the P. and O. at Brindisi. Splendid! Better than joining her at Alexandria. There's Helena, you know."

"Helena?"

"A woman's a woman after all, my boy. Mind, I don't say Helena would give you away, but she might, not having seen you since her father's death, and then coming so unexpectedly upon you at Alexandria—at the ship's side perhaps. Better not risk it. Get out of the country before you meet her—away from that brute of a Macfarlane and all the tags and bobs of the Intelligence Department."

"I'll want a disguise of some sort, Hafiz."

"Good idea!" said Hafiz, slapping his knee. "You can't set foot in the streets of Cairo without being recognised. Then if I'm right about the trackers . . . but we'll not talk about that. Something Eastern, eh? What do you say to a Coptic priest? Old Michael could lend us a black gown and a black turban. Or, no, a Bedouin, going to Naples for ammunition! Why, it happens every day! Splendid costume! Covers your head and nearly all your face, you know . . . Oh, we'll lick him, the big, bloated, blithering . . . Ha, ha! Effendina thinks he holds the field, and he is walking about the city like a leopard among dogs. But wait! We'll see!"

Then, getting up from the side of the bed and walking to and fro in the room, Hafiz laughed out loud in his savage joy at the thought of defeating Macfarlane, until Gordon said:—

"I shall want a man to go with me. Can you find me a man, Hafiz?" and at that the good fellow's spirits dropped suddenly and his laughing mouth began to lag.

"A man? To go with you? Well, I . . . I thought of doing that myself, Gordon . . . as far as the boat, I mean . . . just to see the last of you . . . not knowing when I may . . . But perhaps you're right. I might cause you to be suspected, and then . . . Yes, I must give that up, I suppose."

"That's all right, Hafiz—we'll meet again somewhere," said Gordon; and when Hafiz's face had brightened afresh, he added:—

"I'll want camels, Hafiz—two good, strong camels."

"Camels? Why, what the deuce . . . Ah, of course! What a fool I am! Every station watched! Wonder I never thought of that before! The jackals are all along the line, and if you had gone by train, damn it, man, where should we have been? In Macfarlane's mousetraps in no time! Oh, yes, camels, of course. I'll get you camels. Good ones, too. Bedouins always have good camels. Ha, ha! Effendina will go to the place he is fit for, and God increase the might of Islam!"

"I'll want money too, Hafiz."

"Don't trouble about that. I've got a little myself—all you'll want to get away."

"I'll want a good deal, Hafiz. There's a bundle of bank-notes in the top drawer of my desk at the barracks. You'll find the key in my trousers pocket, and if you can only contrive . . ."

"Of course I can. Your soldier-boy has been asking after you ever since you went away. He'll manage it! Macfarlane's bloodhounds are beating about the barracks, of course; but Tommy—trust Tommy to get the money for you . . . In your trousers pocket, you say? . . . All right! Here's

the key! . . . Let me see, now—you'll want your berth booked—to Naples, I mean. I'll do that myself and give you whatever's left . . . I must keep out of people's way until after Wednesday, though. No calling at the Agency—not if I know it! My mother must be told I've been sent off somewhere, and as for the Consul-General and the telephone—I'll break the blessed receiver, that's what I'll do! . . . Never mind about my not seeing you off. Lord alive, that's nothing! Hope to get leave before long, and then I'll slip over to England. So I'll not be saying good-bye to you when you go away, Gordon. Not altogether, you know—not for good, I mean. And if all goes well with you and Helena . . ."

But the chuckling and the crowing and the laughing out loud in savage exultation at the thought of beating Macfarlane were beginning to break down; and then Gordon, unable to keep back the truth any longer, said, in a voice that chilled the ear of Hafiz:—

"Hafiz, old fellow!"

"Well?"

"I don't intend to go back to England."

"You don't intend to go back . . ."

"No."

"Then where the . . . Where are you going to, Charlie?"

"I'm going to Khartoum."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DURING the earlier hours of the Night of Desolation Helena sat in her room looking over bundles of old letters and tying them up with ribbon. The letters were nearly all from Gordon, but, being written under different conditions and meant to be read in happier hours, every playful passage in them stung and every word of affection scorched.

She was waiting for the black boy to come back from the demonstration and thinking out a course of conduct. Instead of returning to England she was to remain in Cairo, and, by help of the new evidence, she was to compel the law to arrest and convict the guilty man. It was her right to do so, and since the authorities, thinking of other things, were shirking their responsibility, it was her duty, her solemn and sacred duty.

What did State considerations matter to her? Nothing! She remembered the predicament of the Army surgeon without compunction, and even when she thought of the position of the Consul-General she did not care. Her father was dead, Gordon was lost to her, she was a woman and she was alone, and nothing else was of the smallest consequence. Thus seeing to the bottom of her own misery, she had now no pity for anybody else.

At midnight the black boy had not returned, and being worn out with sleeplessness, and assured by her other servants that Mosie was well able to take care of himself, she went to bed. But the moonlight filtered through the white window blind, and she lay for some time with wide-open eyes thinking what she would do next day. She would go down to the Ministry of the Interior and set the law in motion. There would be no time to lose, for if Ishmael escaped the consequences of to-night's proceedings he might leave Cairo without delay.

She slept a few hours only, and when she awoke the sun was flecking with fiery bars a window that faced to the east. While she lay on her back, with her arm under her head, looking at the ceiling and working herself up into a still greater hatred of Ishmael, there came a timid knock at the door, and the black boy entered the room. He was breathless and dishevelled, and full of apologies.

"Lady angry with Mosie? Mosie stop all night to tell lady everything," he said; and then he told her what had happened in the Mohammedan cemetery—a wild, disordered, delirious story of the departure of the hundred men.

"But the prophet himself—what has become of him?" asked Helena, raising her head from her pillow.

"White Prophet gone," said Mosie.

"Gone?"

"Mosie follow him to station. White Prophet go by train, lady."

"By train?"

"Yes, lady. White Prophet go by train to Upper Egypt," said Mosie, and then Helena heard no more.

Her head fell back to her pillow, and she covered her eyes with her hands. The guilty man was gone, the authorities had allowed him to go, and if the evil-doer was to be punished there was nothing left but personal vengeance.

In the delirium of her hatred of the Egyptian and the tragic tangle of her awful error, every tender impulse of her heart was now dead. Overwhelmed as by a new burden and haunted by a dark responsibility—that of seeing God's vengeance brought down upon her father's murderer—she saw herself at one moment prompting Gordon to kill Ishmael. Why not? There was no other way. Gordon should kill Ishmael Ameer

because Ishmael Ameer had killed her father!

At the next moment the recollection that Gordon had gone took her back once more to the bitterest part of her suffering. She had always thought that when God made Gordon He had made him without fear, yet he had run away from the consequences of being court-martialled. It was intensely painful to her to despise Gordon, but do what she would she could not help feeling a growing contempt for him. If he had only stood up to his punishment she would have been proud of him, and even if he had been drummed out of the Army, or any fate had befallen him less terrible than death, he would have found her standing by his side.

But he had fled, he had left her, and being useless to all purposes of righteous vengeance, a woman without a man behind her, she could do nothing now but go back to England.

During the next three days she was kept busy by the mechanical preparations for her departure. There was not much she had to do, for the contents of the General's house belonged to the Army, and beyond her own and her father's personal possessions there was little to pack up, yet the black boy was always beside her, with a helping hand but a lagging lip and many plaintive lamentations.

"Lady not want Mosie any more now—no?"

On the Thursday he came running into Helena's room to say that Lady Nuneham with her Egyptian maid had come to call on her.

Helena met Gordon's mother at the door, the sweet old soul with her pale, spiritual face, suffering visibly, but bearing herself bravely as she stepped out of her closely-curtained carriage and crossed the garden path, under the white heat of the noonday sun, with one arm through Fatimah's arm, and the other trembling hand on the ebony handle of a walking-stick.

As soon as she reached the hall the old lady lifted her veil and stretched out her arms to Helena and kissed her, and then patted her shoulder with her mittened hand as if Helena had been a child and she had come to comfort her.

"My poor Helena! It's hard for you, I know, but if God sends the Cross he sends the strength to carry it. I've always found it so, my dear," she said, and when she was seated on the sofa with Helena beside her, she began to talk of her own father, how they had been everything to each other, and when he had died she had thought she could not live without him, but God had been good—He had sent her her husband, and then . . ."

But that was a blind alley down which she could walk no farther, for there was one name that was trembling on the lips of both women, and neither of them could yet bring herself to speak it.

"When my mother died, too—I was married then, and living here in Cairo, but mother couldn't leave the old home in Massachusetts, where I was brought up as a child . . . Poor mother! she used to play blind man's buff in the hall with me, I remember, for we were far away from other people, and I had no little playmates . . . When she died I thought I should have died, too, but God was good to me again—He sent me my own child, my boy, my . . ."

It was just as if all roads converged to one centre, and to escape from it the old lady began to talk of little things, asking simple questions and giving motherly advice, while Helena held down her head and drew the hem of her handkerchief through her fingers.

"You are sailing on Saturday, are you not?"

"Yes, on Saturday."

"You must take good care of yourself, dearest. It is hot in Cairo, but it may be cool in Alexandria, and even cold on the sea. Put some warm clothing on, dear; some nice warm underclothing, you know."

She was sure to meet pleasant people on the steamer and they would see her safely into the train at Marseilles. It would be such an agreeable break to travel overland through Paris, and when she reached London . . .

"Have you anybody to meet you in London, Helena?"

Still drawing the hem of her handkerchief through her fingers Helena shook her head.

"I'm sorry for that, dear; very sorry."

Landing in London was so trying, so bewildering, especially if you were a woman. Such crowds, such confusion! It always made her feel so helpless. And then she had the Consul-General to look after her, and once Gordon had come to meet her, too. He was at Aldershot at that time, and before she alighted from the carriage she had seen him forging his way down the platform, and he kissed his hand to her . . .

But the sweet old thing could bear up no longer, and while Helena pressed her handkerchief to her lips, she said:—

"Oh, Helena, how happy we might have been! It's wrong of me—I know it's wrong

—but I can't reconcile myself to it even yet. 'Why is my life prolonged?' I have often thought, and then I have told myself it was because God intended that I should live to see my dear children happy. Ah, my darling, it would have been so beautiful! My children and, perhaps, my children's children. If I could only have seen them all together once! It would have been so easy to go then. But now my son is gone—I don't know what has become of him—and my daughter—my sweet daughter that was to be . . ."

Helena sank to her knees. "Mother!" she said, and burying her face in Lady Nuneham's shoulder she felt, for the first time in her life, that a mother's heart was beating against her own.

After a while the old lady, whose arms had been about Helena's neck, began to stroke her forehead and the top of her head, and to say, in a calmer voice:—

"It was wrong of me to repine, dear. Happiness does not depend on us. It depends on God, and we should leave everything to Him. He will do what is best. I'm sure He will."

Then, in a nervous way, she attempted to defend Gordon. They were not to be too hard on him. No doubt he thought he was doing what was right.

"And he was, too, wasn't he? In a sense at least. Don't you think so, Helena?"

Helena could not answer, but she made a helpless motion with her head.

They were not to suppose he meant to forsake them either, and if he had fled away, he was not thinking of himself only; they might be sure of that. He never did—never had done—never once since he was a child.

"You couldn't give him a handful of sweets when he was a boy but he asked for another for Hafiz."

Perhaps he was thinking of his father—that if he gave himself up and there was an inquiry, a court-martial, the Consul-General would suffer in his influence in Egypt and his esteem in England. Perhaps he was thinking of Helena herself—that it might seem as if her father's death had been hastened by the painful scene with himself. And perhaps he was thinking a little of his mother, too—of the pain she would suffer at sight of her husband and her son at war before the world.

However this might be, he would come back. She knew he would. Oh, yes, she knew quite well he would come back. For four days she had asked God, and He had answered her at last.

"'Help me, O God, for Christ's sake!' I said. 'Will my dear son come back to me? Shall I see him again? O God, give me a sign!' And He did, my dear. Yes, it was just before dawn this morning. 'Janet!' said a voice, and I was not afraid. 'Be patient, Janet! All will be well!'"

Helena dared not look up, being afraid to penetrate by so much as a glance the sanctity of the sweet old lady's soul.

"So you see it's wrong to repine, dear. Everything will work out for the best. You are going to England, but that doesn't matter in the least. We'll all come together again yet. And when my dear ones are united—my sweet daughter and my boy—my brave, brave boy . . ."

The old lady's voice was quivering with the excitement of her joy, when Fatimah, who had stood aside in silence, stepped forward and said:—

"Better go home now, my lady. His lordship will be waiting for his lunch."

Lady Nuneham took Helena's head between her hands and kissed her on the forehead; then dropped her veil and rose to her feet by help of Fatimah's arm on the one side and her stick on the other.

"Good-bye for the present, Helena! Be sure you write as soon as you get to England. Take good care of yourself on the voyage, dear. And don't forget to put on some nice warm underclothing, you know. Good-bye!"

Helena saw her back to the door, the sweet, helpless old child, living by the life of her beautiful love. As she passed down the path she waved her delicate hand in its silken mitten, and Helena said farewell to her with her eyes, knowing she would see her no more.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER a while Helena began to think tenderly of Gordon, and to conjure up the beautiful moments of their love—the moment in the harbour before he set off for Alexandria, the moment in his quarters when she had to slip off her glove and dip her finger in the glass from which he drank her health, and above all the moment of their first meeting, when he said he loved Egypt and the Egyptians and everything and everybody, and they laughed and looked into each other's eyes, and smiled without speaking, and he took her hand and kept on holding it, and a world of warm impulses coursed through her veins, and something whispered to her, "It is he!"

But thinking like this about Gordon only made her remember with even more bitterness than before the man who had taken him away from her. Presently she saw that there was a kind of dishonour to Gordon in hating the Egyptian for that, and though she tried to justify herself by thinking of Gordon's mother, and of the beautiful blind faith that was doomed to death, she was compelled to go back at length to the one sure ground on which she could continue to hate Ishmael and keep a good conscience—that the man had killed her father.

So intensely did she work up her feeling on this subject that, awaking in the middle of the night after Lady Nuneham's visit, she held out her hands in bed and prayed to God to let His vengeance fall on the Egyptian.

"Punish him, O God, punish him, punish him! My father is dead! My dear father is dead! He was so weak, so ill, so old! O God, let Thy vengeance fall on the coward who killed him! Let Thy hand be on him as long as he lives! Follow him wherever he goes! Destroy him whatever he does! Let him never know another happy hour! Let him be an exile and an outcast to the last hour of his life! O God, hear me, hear me!"

"PUNISH HIM, O GOD, PUNISH HIM, PUNISH HIM!"

Next morning she felt ashamed of this outburst, but less because of its bitterness than its futility, and then with a sense of utter helplessness she began to feel the misery of being a woman. It was a part of the cruel scheme of Nature that, however injured and outraged, a woman could do nothing. In the East above all she was useless—useless to all purposes of justice or vengeance or revenge.

On the Friday afternoon, having made the last preparations for her departure, she was sitting at her desk, writing labels for her trunks and portmanteaux, when Mosie dashed in upon her to say that the Princess Nazimah, with outriders and footmen and eunuchs, was driving up to her door. A moment later the Princess entered the room. Her plump person, redolent of perfume, was clad in a tussore silk gown, and under the latest of Paris hats her powdered face was plainly visible through the thinnest of chiffon veils.

"I hear you are leaving Egypt, so I've come to bid good-bye to you," she said, and then, taking Helena by the shoulders and looking into her face, she cried:—

"Merciful powers, what has become of your eyes, my beauty? What have you been doing to yourself, my moon?"

"Nothing," said Helena.

"Nothing? Don't tell me. You are not sleeping, no, nor eating neither. Come, sit down and tell me all about it," and sitting heavily on the sofa, with Helena beside her, she proceeded to do the talking herself.

"But my dear creature, my good girl, this is nonsense. Excuse the word—nonsense! Good God! Is a girl to kill herself because her father dies before her? Fathers do, and why shouldn't they? Mine did. He was a

beast. Excuse the word—a beast. Forty wives—or was it fifty? but he died, nevertheless."

With that she lifted her veil, used a smelling bottle, and then began again:—

"I see what it is, though—your ways are not our ways, and all this comes of your religion. It makes you think about death and the grave, whereas ours tells us to think about life. Your Christianity is a funeral mute, my dear, while Islam is a dancing girl, God bless her! You groan and weep when your kindred die. We laugh and are happy, or if we are not we ought to be. I'm sure I was when my first husband died. 'Thank the Lord he's gone,' I said. It's true I hadn't lived on the best of terms with him, but then . . ."

"It's not my father's death only," began Helena, haltingly, whereupon the Princess said:—

"Yes, of course! I've heard all about it. He's gone, and I suppose you know no more than anybody else what has become of him. No?"

"No!"

"Ah, my dear, my moon, my beauty, all this wouldn't have happened if you had taken my advice. When your Gordon began to oppose his father you should have stopped him. Yes, *you* could have done it—of course, you could."

"I couldn't, Princess," said Helena.

"What! You mean to say you tried to and you couldn't? You couldn't get him to give up that ridiculous holy man for a girl like . . . Then God have mercy upon us! What are you moaning about? Whoever heard of such a thing? A young woman like you eating her heart out for the loss of a man who prefers . . . Well, upon my word!"

The Princess put her smelling bottle to both nostrils in quick succession, and then said:—

"It's true I thought him the best of the bunch. In fact, I simply lost my heart to him. But if he had been the only man in the world . . . Oh, I know. You think he *is* the only one. I thought that myself when my first husband left me. It wasn't a Mahdi in his case. Only a milliner, and I was ready to die of shame. But I didn't. I just put some kohl on my eyes and looked round for another. It's true my second wasn't much of a man, but a donkey of your own is better than a horse of somebody else's."

Again the smelling bottle, and then:—

"Listen to me, my dear. I'm a woman of experience, at all events. Have a good cry and get him out of your head. Why not? He's gone, isn't he? He can never come back to the Army, and his career as a soldier is at an end. The felled tree doesn't bear any more dates, so what's the good of him, anyway? Oh, *I* know! You needn't tell *me!* Love is sweet in the suckling and bitter in the weaning, and you think you can't do it, but you can. You are going back to England, I hear. So much the better! Far from the eyes, far from the heart, and quite right, too. Get married as soon as possible and have some big, bouncing babies. I haven't had any myself, certainly, but that's different—I thought I wouldn't repeat the crime of my mother, God forgive her!"

Helena's head was down—she was hardly listening.

"Lose no time either, my dear. Time is money, they say, and perhaps it is, though it has different prices on the bourse, I notice. I've known days that would have been dear at two piastres and a few quarters of an hour that I wouldn't have parted with for millions of money. Perhaps you've felt like that, my beauty. But perhaps you haven't. You're only a child yet, my chicken."

"The man Ishmael has gone, hasn't he?" asked Helena.

"Yes, they've let him go, the stupids! Back to the Soudan—to Khartoum they tell me."

"Khartoum?"

"Just like you English! Dunces! Excuse the word. I say what I think. You judge of the East by the West, and can't see that force is the only thing these people understand. I stood it for five days, boiling all over inside, and then I went down to the Agency. 'Good gracious,' I said, 'why has the Government allowed these men to slip through their fingers?' And when Nuneham said he had laid a hundred and fifty of them by the heels, I said, 'Tut! Taking water by drops will never fill the water-skin. You should have laid hold of a hundred and fifty thousand, and that man Ishmael above all. But you've let him go—him and his hundred messengers—and now you'll have to take the consequences. Serve you right, too! What was the use of putting down the Arabic Press if you let the Arabic preachers go unmolested?'"

"What did he say to that, Princess?"

"He said he had scotched the snake, but he was not forgetting the scorpion. It's no use talking, though. Nuneham is a great man, but he has lost his nerve and is always asking himself what they are saying about

him in England. Boobies in Parliament, I suppose; and he wants to be ready to reply to them. But, goodness me, if you throw a missile at every dog that barks at you the stones in your street will be as precious as jewels soon. Oh, I know! I'm a woman of experience."

Helena was staring straight before her.

"I see what is going to happen," said the Princess. "This man will sow sedition all over the country, and meantime preach peace in Khartoum and throw dust in the eyes of Europe."

"He is a scoundrel, a hypocrite . . ."

"Of course he is, my dear, but when people are bad they always pretend that they want to make other people better."

"Can the Government do nothing to stop him, to destroy him . . .?"

"No, my dear. There is only one thing that can do that now."

"What?"

"A woman!"

"A woman?"

"Why not? Follow the holy man no farther than his threshold, they say. But some woman always does so. Always! Even the Prophet himself—praise to his name . . ."

Helena's staring eyes with their far-away look had come back to the Princess's face. The Princess was beating her hand and laughing.

"You English think woman has no power in the East. Rubbish! She is more powerful here than anywhere else. Even polygamy gives her power—for a time at all events. While she is first favourite she rules everything, and when she ceases to be that . . ." The Princess laughed again, closed her eyes, and said, "She who doesn't take her revenge has an ass for uncle."

Helena's heart began to beat so violently that she could scarcely speak, but she said:—

"You mean that some woman will betray this man . . ."

"What is more likely? They all fall that way sooner or later, my beauty. This one has taken a kind of vow of celibacy, they say. But what matter? When I was as young as you are there was nothing I loved so much as to meet with a man of that sort. It was child's play, my darling."

All the blood in Helena's body was now boiling under the poison of a new thought.

"I hear he says he will come back in glory, and then Egypt will be at his feet. Bismillah!" said the Princess, raising her eyes in mock reverence, and then, laughing gaily, she added, "Perhaps—who knows?—before that time comes some woman of the harem may find her opportunity. Jealousy—envy—revenge—one may see how the world goes without eyes, my beauty!"

Helena sat motionless; she was scarcely able to breathe.

"Good luck to her, I say!" said the Princess. "She'll do more for Egypt than all the Nunehams and Sirdars put together."

Then she looked round at Helena and said:—

"I've shocked you, haven't I, my dear? Women in the West don't do these things, do they? No, they are civilized; and when they have been wronged by men they take them into the courts and make them pay. Faugh! There can be no red blood in women's veins in your countries."

The Princess rummaged in her bag for her powder-puff, used it vigorously, put away her smelling bottle, and then rose to go, saying:—

"I don't mean you, my dear. Your mother was Jewish, wasn't she? And it was a Jewish woman who destroyed the captain of the Assyrians and smote off his head with her own falchion. Women can't fight their battles with swords, though. But"—laughing and patting Helena's hand again—"what has Allah given them such big black eyes for? Adieu, my dear! Adieu!"

Helena stood in the middle of the floor where the Princess had left her and slowly looked round. For a long time she remained there thinking. Was woman so utterly helpless as she had supposed? And when she was deeply wronged, when her dear ones were torn from her, when she was a victim of cruel violence and heartless hypocrisy, and the law failed her, and the State, having its own ends to serve, tried to shuffle her off, was she not justified in using against her enemy the only weapons which God had given her?

At that she grew hot and then cold, and then a sense of shame came over her and she covered her face with her hands. "What am I thinking of?" she asked herself, and the floor seemed to slide from under her feet. The thought which the Princess had put into her mind was treason to her love for Gordon. That love was a sacred thing to her, and it would always remain so, even though she might never see Gordon again. Love itself was sacred, and she who gave it away for any gain of vengeance or revenge was a bad woman.

Helena sat down with her elbows on the desk and her chin resting on her hands and stared out of the window. After a while a

kind of relief came to her. She began to recall some of the Princess's parting words. "She will do more for Egypt than all the Nunehams and Sirdars put together." That seemed to justify the thought that had taken possession of her. She began to feel herself the champion of justice, and to find the good conscience for which she sought.

This man Ishmael, who had killed her father and by hypocritical pretences had deceived Gordon and caused him to be carried away from her, was an impostor who would turn England out of Egypt by playing on the fanaticism of an ignorant populace. He was another Mahdi who, with words of peace in his mouth, would devastate the country and sow the very sands of its deserts with blood. When law failed to defeat an enemy like that, and the machinery of civilized government proved to be impotent against him, were there any means, any arts, which it was not proper to use?

Love? It was quite unnecessary to think about that. This man pretended to be an emancipator of the Eastern woman. Therefore a woman might go to him and offer to help him, and while helping him she might possess herself of all his secrets. "Follow the holy man no farther than his threshold," said the Arabs. She would do it nevertheless, and in doing it she would be serving England and Egypt—even the world.

Thus she fought with herself in a fierce effort to hold on to her good conscience. But, staring out of the window, she felt as if something from the river were stretching out its evil hands to her. The red streak in the rising Nile was now wider than before, and it looked more than ever like blood.

Ishmael Ameer would not know her. During the single moment in which she had stood in the same room with him he had never so much as looked in her direction. The Sirdar and the British officers of the Soudan had not yet seen her. If there were any danger of their asking questions the Consul-General could set them at rest. "I can do it," she thought. "I can and I will."

The black boy, who had been creeping in and out of her room, looking more and more miserable as he found her always in the same position, now approached her and said, pointing to the labels under her elbows:—

"Mosie tie them on to boxes, lady?"

She looked round at him, and the utter slavishness in his little soul touched her pity.

"'MOSIE,' SHE SAID, 'WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO AWAY WITH ME?'"

It also stirred her caution, for she told herself that she might need the boy's help, and that he would die for her if need be.

"Mosie," she said, "would you like to go away with me?"

Mosie, in his delirious joy, could hardly believe his ears.

"Lady take Mosie to England with her?"

"No, to your own country—to the Soudan."

Mosie first leapt off the floor as if he wanted to fly up to the ceiling, and then began to make himself big, saying Mosie was a good boy; he was lady's own boy from one hand to the other, and what would have become of lady if she had gone away without him?

"Then bring up two cabs immediately, one for the luggage and the other for ourselves, and don't say a syllable to anybody," said Helena, who had risen to consult a railway time-table and was now tearing up her labels.

Hugging himself with delight, the black boy shot away instantly. Helena heard his joyous laughter as it rippled like a river along the garden-path, and then she sat down at the desk to write to the Consul-General.

CHAPTER XLI.

GORDON, in the meantime, living on the heights of his new resolve, had been waiting impatiently for the opportunity of departure. No prisoner looking forward to the hour of his escape ever suffered more from the slow passage of time. He lost all appetite for food, sleep deserted him, and as the week went on he was in an ever-increasing fever of excitement. On the Tuesday he received through Michael a letter from Hafiz, saying:—

"We must be careful. I'll tell you why. I was right about the trackers. That beast Macfarlane, having sworn that he would find you if you were above ground, and being sure that you were still in Cairo and that the people were concealing you, employed the services of a couple of serpents from the Soudan. These human reptiles, with green eyes like the eyes of boa-constrictors, had no difficulty in tracing your footsteps to a side street in the neighbourhood of El Azhar, but there your footsteps failed them as absolutely as if you had sunk into the earth.

"Perplexed and baffled, they were on the point of giving up the search, when in the soft mud of the disgusting thoroughfare they found the marks of horses' hoofs and of the hoops of wheels, and from these they concluded that you had been carried off in a conveyance of some sort. But track of the carriage was lost the moment they reached the paved way which passes through the Muski, and now they are again bewildered.

"In this extremity, however, they have thought of another device for your discovery, which is—what do you think?—to watch *me!* Under the impression that I know where you are, they are dogging my footsteps every moment I am off duty. No matter! I'll beat the beasts! As a bloodhound is nothing but a nose, so a tracker is nothing but an eye, and he has hardly as much brain as would stuff a mushroom. Therefore, wait! Trust yourself to Hafiz. Why not? You cannot depend on a better man."

Next day, Wednesday, the doctor, with his bright face and cheery voice, came again to dress the wounded finger.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "Almost healed already! That's what youth and decent living does for a man!"

Gordon would not require the services of a surgeon any more, and as for the finger, being the third of the left hand, he would hardly miss the little of it that was gone.

"Why, I've known a man to lose as much as that without his best friend being aware of it for nearly a year."

"I have no money at present, doctor," said Gordon, "but I expect to receive some very soon, and before I go your fee will be paid."

"Of course it will—when I ask for it. But 'go'? Not yet, I think."

The streets were like a sackful of eyes, and every eye seemed to be looking for Gordon—either to attack or to protect him.

"But wait! Things don't seem to be going too smoothly for the Government."

Cables at the clubs made it clear that England was not very pleased with the turn events had taken in Cairo. There had been questions in Parliament, and the Foreign Minister at his wits' end to defend the Consul-General. Mention of Gordon himself, too, and some of the Liberal Opposition up in arms for him.

"So wait, I say! Who knows?—you may walk out without danger by and by."

Thursday passed heavily with Gordon, who was alone all day long, save for the visits of old Michael when bringing the food, which went away untouched; but towards midnight Hafiz arrived, with his eyes full of mischief and his fat cheeks wreathed in smiles.

"Look!" he said, "that's the way to beat the brutes," and, holding up one foot, he pointed to a native yellow slipper which he wore over his military boots. He had made

a circuit of six miles to get there, though; it was like taking a country walk in order to cross the street.

"But no matter! Trust yourself to Hafiz."

He carried a small bundle under his arm, and, throwing it on a chair, he said:—

"Your Bedouin clothes, my boy; you'll find them all right, I think."

Gordon caught the flame of his eagerness and was asking a dozen questions at once, when Hafiz said:—

"A moment, old chap! Let us speak of everything in its place. First," taking a roll of bank-notes out of his pocket, "here's your money—short of what I've spent for you. Tommy got it. Couldn't get anything else, though."

Thinking civilian clothes might be useful, Hafiz had told Gordon's soldier servant to smuggle a suit out also, but it had been found impossible to do so.

"That comes of taking up your quarters in a barracks instead of at the club or at a private house, as staff officers always do," said Hafiz, and when Gordon gave some hint of explanation he added, "Oh, I know! You wanted to make common cause with the men, but now you have to pay the price of it."

"What about the man to go with me?" asked Gordon.

"I've got him. You remember the two sheikhs who went with us to Alexandria? It's one of them."

His name was Osman. He had been tutor to the Khedive's children, but he wished to become a teacher of Mohammedan law in the college at Khartoum, so the journey suited his book exactly.

"And the camels?"

"I've got them also. Young ones, too, with ripping big humps! They'll want their humps before they've crossed the desert."

"Where and when am I to meet them, Hafiz?"

"At the first village beyond the fort on the Gebel Mokattam, at eleven o'clock to-morrow night. But I'll come for you at ten and see you safely started."

Gordon looked up in alarm.

"Don't be afraid for me. Leave everything to Hafiz. You can't depend on a better man."

"I'm sure I can't," said Gordon, and then in a lower tone, "But, Hafiz?"

"Well?"

"What about Helena?"

"Packed up and ready to go. The Consul-General's secretary booked her berth to-day, and she sails, as I said she would, on Saturday."

Next day, Friday, the hours went by with feet of lead, but Gordon's impatience to get away from Cairo had now begun to abate. More easily could he have reconciled himself to go if Helena had gone before him, but to leave her behind, if only for a few hours, was like cowardice. Little by little his spirit fell from the elevation on which it had lived for the better part of a week, and in the face of his flight he felt ashamed.

Towards nightfall, nevertheless, he began to make mechanical preparations for his departure, and, opening the bundle of clothes which Hafiz had left for him, he found that they consisted of a Bedouin's outer garments only—caftan, skull-cap, head-shawl, and head-rope, but no underclothing and no slippers. This seemed for a moment like an insurmountable difficulty, but at the next instant, with the sense of a higher power ruling everything, he saw the finger of God in it, compelling him to wear his soldier's clothes and military boots beneath his Bedouin costume, lest leaving them behind him might lead to trouble for the good people who had befriended him.

By ten o'clock he had finished his dressing, and then the door of his room was opened by a man in the flowing silk garments of a sheikh, with the light of a smile on his chubby face and a cautionary finger to his lip. It was Hafiz, tingling with excitement but chuckling with joy, and having looked at Gordon in his head-shawl descending to his shoulders, with the head-rope coiled about it, he said:—

"Marvellous! Your own father wouldn't know you."

The disguise was none too good, though, for the trackers were keenly on the trail that night, having got it into their heads that Gordon would try to leave Egypt with Helena in the morning.

"So the sooner we are on the safe side of the Gebel Mokattam the better, my boy . . . One moment, though."

"What is it?"

"Remember—your name is Omar."

"Omar."

The last moment having come, Gordon, who, for reasons which Hafiz could not comprehend, seemed now to catch at every straw that would delay his departure, was unwilling to leave the house that had been his refuge without bidding farewell to the Patriarch. Hafiz tried to dissuade him from doing so, saying that the Patriarch, who knew all, wished to be blind to what was going on. But Gordon was not to be gainsaid, and after

a while Michael was called, and he led the way to the Patriarch's room.

The old man had just finished his frugal supper of spinach and egg, and he was lifting his horn-rimmed spectacles from his nose to wipe his rheumy eyes with his red-print handkerchief when Michael opened the door.

"A poor traveller asks your blessing, Patriarch," said Michael, and then Gordon, in his Bedouin costume, stepped forward and knelt at the old priest's feet.

The Patriarch rose and stood for a moment with a look of perplexity on his wrinkled face. Then, lending himself to the transparent deception, the saintly old man laid his bony hand, trembling visibly, on Gordon's head, and speaking in a faltering voice, with breath that came quickly through his toothless jaws, he said:—

"God bless you, my son, and send you safely to your journey's end and to your own place and people."

But seeing at the next instant how pathetic was the error which, in his momentary confusion, he had unwittingly made, he corrected himself and added:—

"Fear not, my son, neither in the days of thy life nor in the hour of death, for God will go with thee and *He will bring thee back.*"

A moment later Gordon, with Hafiz by his side, had passed out of the echoing harbour of the little cathedral close into the running tides of the streets without.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE Coptic Cathedral stands in the midst of the most ancient part of Cairo, and it is coiled about by a cobweb of close and narrow thoroughfares. Through these thoroughfares, which are lit by tin lanterns and open candles only, and dense with a various throng of native people — hawkers, pedlars, water-carriers, fruit-sellers, the shrouded black forms of women gliding noiselessly along, and the blue figures of men lounging at coffee-stalls or squatting at the open mouths of shops— Gordon, in his Bedouin costume, walked with a long, slow step and the indifference to danger which he had learned in war; while Hafiz, who was now quivering with impatience and trembling with the dread of detection, slackened his speed to keep pace with him.

"Can't we go faster?" whispered Hafiz, but Gordon did not seem to hear. Slowly, steadily, with a rhythmic stride that might have come out of the desert itself, he pushed his way through the throng of town-dwellers, always answering the pious ejaculations of the passers-by and returning their Eastern greetings.

Before Hafiz was aware of the direction they were taking they had passed out of the dim-lit native streets, where people moved like shadows in a mist, into the coarse flare of the Esbekiah (the European) quarter, where multitudes of men in Western dress sat drinking at tables on the pavement, while girls in gold brocade and with painted faces smiled down at them from upper windows.

"Why should we go this way?" said Hafiz in Arabic, but still Gordon made no reply.

Two mounted police who were standing at guard by the entrance to a dark alley craned forward to peer into their faces, and a group of young British officers, smoking cigarettes on the balcony of an hotel, watched them while they passed and broke into a subdued trill of laughter when they were gone.

"Are we not exposing ourselves unnecessarily?" whispered Hafiz, whose heart was beating violently; but Gordon only gripped the hand that hung by his side and went on without speaking.

Presently they crossed the Opera Square and turned down an avenue that led to the Nile, and then Hafiz's impatience could contain itself no longer.

"We are going in the wrong direction," he whispered. "It's nearly eleven o'clock, and Osman is waiting for us."

"Come on," said Gordon, and he continued to walk steadily forward.

At length it dawned on Hafiz that, in spite of all possible consequences, Gordon intended to go to the Agency before he left Cairo, and, having assured himself that this was so, he began to pour out a running whisper of passionate entreaties.

"But, Gordon! My dear Gordon! This is madness. It cannot be done," he said.

"It must!" said Gordon.

"The trackers will be there if they are anywhere."

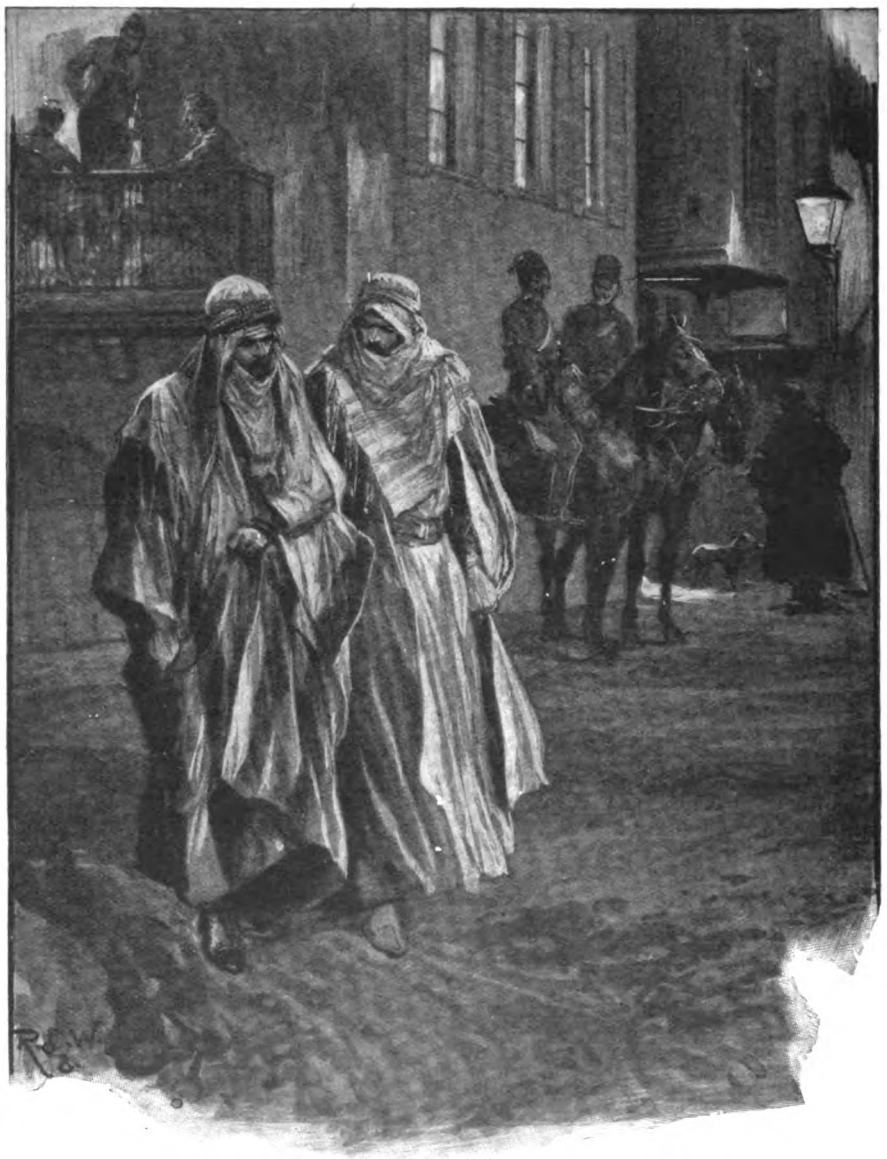
"Hush!"

"It is the one place they'll keep watch upon to-night."

"I can't help that," said Gordon, without stopping, and Hafiz had no choice but to follow on.

A few minutes later the good fellow, whose heart was now panting to his throat, walked close to Gordon's side and whispered, in a breaking voice:—

"If you have any message to send to your mother I'll take it—I'll take it after you are gone."



"'ARE WE NOT EXPOSING OURSELVES UNNECESSARILY?' WHISPERED HAFIZ."

"I must see her myself," said Gordon, and then Hafiz could say no more.

They passed through populous places into thoroughfares that were less and less crowded, and came out at last by the barracks on the banks of the Nile. There the broad street was empty and silent, and the white moonlight lay over the river, which flowed like liquid steel. Under the dark window of his own quarters Gordon paused for a moment, for it was the spot on which he had first seen Helena. He could see it still as he saw it then, with its tide of clamorous traffic from the bridge—the camels, the cameleers, the blue-shirted fellaheen, the women with tattooed chins and children astride on their shoulders, and then the girl driving the automobile with the veil of light chiffon about her head and the ruddy glow of the sunset kissing her upturned face as she lifted her eyes to look at him.

Hafiz was choking with emotion by this time, but his sense of Gordon's danger came uppermost again when they turned into the

road that led to the Consul-General's house and caught sight of a group of men who were standing at the gate of it.

"There they are," he whispered. "What did I tell you? Let us go back. Gordon, I implore you! I entreat you! By all you love and who love you . . ."

"Come on," said Gordon again, and, though quaking with fear, Hafiz continued to walk by his side.

There were only three men at the gate of the Agency, and two of them were the native porters of the house, but the third was a lean and lank Soudanese, who carried by a cord about his neck a small, round lantern, whereof the light was turned against his breast. A cold glitter in the black man's eyes was like the gleam of a dagger to Hafiz, but Gordon paid no heed to it. He saluted the porters, saying he had come to see Ibrahim, the Consul-General's servant, and then, without waiting for permission, he walked through.

Hafiz followed him into the garden, where the moonlight lay over the silent trees and made blotches of shadow on the path.

"Stay here," he said, and leaving Hafiz in the darkness he stepped up to the door.

Ibrahim himself opened it, and the moment he had done so Gordon entered the outer hall.

"Tell Fatimah I come from her son and wish to see her at once," he said.

Ibrahim looked searchingly at the stranger, and a shade of doubt and anger crossed his face.

"I can't do that, my man," he answered.

"Why can't you?" asked Gordon.

"I won't," said Ibrahim.

There was a little lodge at the right of the hall where visitors to the Consul-General wrote their names in a book. Into this lodge Gordon drew Ibrahim by the arm and whispered a few hasty words in his ear. The man's lips whitened and quivered in an instant, and he began to stutter and stammer in his fright.

"Are you, then . . . can it be . . . is it really . . ."

"Hush! Yes. Ibrahim," said Gordon. "I wish to see my mother."

Ibrahim began to wring his hands. It was impossible. Yes, impossible. Quite impossible. Her ladyship was ill.

"Ill?"

"She went up to the Citadel yesterday, sir, and came home utterly exhausted."

"Do you mean that my mother is very ill —dangerously ill, Ibrahim?"

"I don't know, sir. I can't say, sir. I fear she is, sir."

"Then all the more I wish to see her," said Gordon.

But again Ibrahim wrung his hands. The doctor had been there four times that day and ordered absolute rest and quiet. Only Fatimah was permitted to enter the patient's room, except the Consul-General, and he went up to it every hour.

"It would be a shock to her, sir. It might kill her, sir. I beg of you not to attempt it, sir."

Ibrahim was right, plainly right, but never until that moment had Gordon known the full bitterness of the cup he had to drink from. Because his mother was ill, dangerously ill, dying perhaps, therefore he must not see her—he of all others. He was going far and might never see her again. Was another blank wall to be built about his life? It was monstrous, it was impossible, it should not be!

In the agony of his revolt a wild thought came to him—he would see his father! Why not? Back to his memory, across the bridge of so many years, came the words which his father had written to him when he came of age. "You are twenty-one years of age, Gordon, and your mother and I have been recalling the incidents of the day on which you were born . . . From this day forward I am no longer your father—I am your friend; perhaps the best friend you will ever have; let nothing and no man come between us." Then why not? What was there to be afraid of?

"Ibrahim," said Gordon, "where is the Consul-General now?"

"In the library with his secretary, sir," replied Ibrahim.

"Then tell him . . ." began Gordon, but just at that moment there was a flat and deadened step on the soft carpet of the landing above, and then a cold voice that chilled his ear came from the upper hall.

"Ibrahim!"

It was the Consul-General himself with a letter in his hand.

"Hush!" said Ibrahim, and, leaving the lodge, he walked up the three or four steps to meet his master.

"Take this to the office of the Commandant of Police—take it yourself and see it safely delivered."

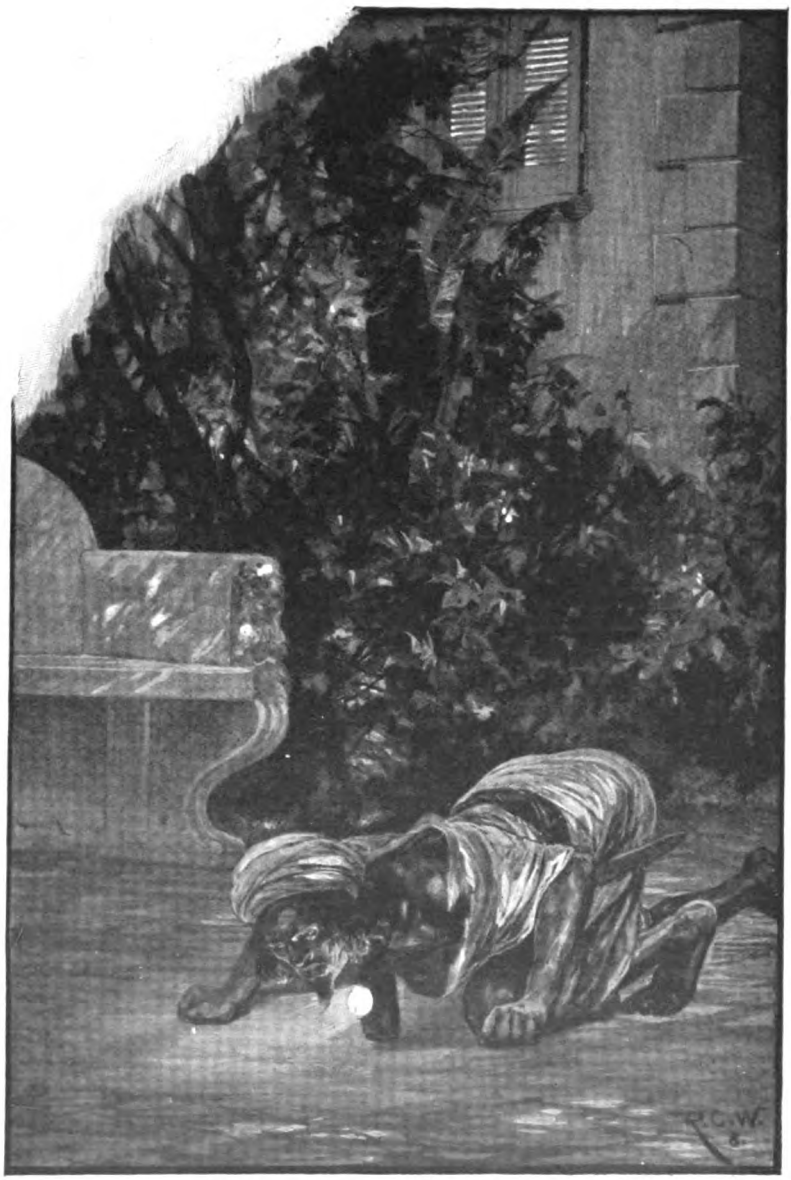
"Yes, my lord."

"If the Commandant has gone home for the night you will ask for his Deputy and say my answer is: 'Yes; I let nothing come

between me and the law. If you suspect that the person you refer to is still in Cairo, you will deal with him as you would deal with anybody else.' You understand me?"

fumbling the letter until it almost fell out of his fingers, seemed unable to reply.

The wild thought had gone from Gordon by this time, and he said in a voice which he did not recognise as his own, "Tell



"HE CREPT ALONG THE PATH LIKE A SERPENT, HALF DOUBLED UP AND WITH HIS EYES AND HIS LANTERN TO THE GROUND."

"Yes, my lord," said Ibrahim, but he was staring stupidly at the letter as if he had lost his wits.

"Who is that in the lodge with you?" asked the Consul-General, and then Ibrahim,

Fatimah that her brother will come again to see her," and then, feeling ashamed of his sorry masquerade, and less than a servant in his father's house, he stumbled out into the garden.

Hafiz was waiting for him there, and he was in a state of still greater terror than before. The moment Gordon had gone a light footstep, trying to make itself noiseless, had come crackling over the gravel from the direction of the gate. It was that of the Soudanese, and he had crept along the path like a serpent, half doubled up and with his eyes and his lantern to the ground. After a while he had returned to where he came from, and Hafiz had followed him, walking stealthily in the shadow of the trees, in order to hear what he had to say. "Your Bedouin is a child of Cairo and his boots were made in England," he had said, and then, chuckling to himself, he had hurried away.

"Are you wearing your military boots, Gordon? Did you forget the slippers, or was it Osman who forgot them? It can't be helped, though. The man was a tracker—I told you so—and now he has gone for the others, and we shall be followed by the whole troop of them. Let us be off."

But still Gordon was in no hurry to go. The sense of stealing like a stranger from a spot that was dear to him by a thousand memories seemed to be more than he could bear. Leaving Hafiz on the path, he went round the house until he reached a place from which he could see the light in his mother's window. His mother — his sweet and sainted mother — innocent of everything, yet the victim of all. God forgive him! Was it worth while to go away at all? A gentle breeze had risen by this time, and Hafiz was starting at every leaf that rustled over his head.

When at length they had left the Agency they were going in the right direction, but Gordon was once more choosing the lighter and more crowded thoroughfares. Again the hawkers, the pedlars, the water-carriers, the shrouded black forms of women, and the blue figures of men. Again the salutations, the pious ejaculations, the silent Eastern greetings. It was almost as if Gordon were tempting Providence, as if he were trying to leave time for the trackers to overtake him.

"Every moment we lose fills me with fear. Can't we go faster now?" whispered Hafiz in English, but Gordon continued to walk with the same even step.

"I know it might look like fright and arouse suspicion, but still . . ."

As often as he dared to do so Hafiz looked back to see if they were pursued.

"Nothing in sight yet—God has delivered us thus far; but must we walk so slow?"

In the agony of his impatience, every noise in the streets was like the sound of a pursuer. If a boy shouted to his playmate he shuddered; if a hawker yelled over his tray he trembled. When they had passed out of the busy thoroughfares into the darker streets, where watchmen call to each other through the hours of the night, the cry of a Gaffir far ahead ("Wahhed") seemed to Hafiz like the bay of a bloodhound, and the answer of another close behind was like the shrill voice of someone who was pouncing upon his shoulders.

"It would be a pity to be taken now—at the last moment, too," he whispered, and he strained his ear to catch the faintest sound of footsteps behind them.

After that no more was said until they came to the open space under the heights of the Citadel where one path goes up to the Mokattam hills and another crosses the arid land that lies on the east bank of the Nile. Then suddenly Hafiz, who had been panting and gasping, began to laugh and crow.

"I know what we've got to do," he said. "Good Lord alive, why didn't I think of it before?"

With that he stooped and whipped off the slippers he wore over his boots, and called on Gordon to hold up his foot.

"What for?" asked Gordon.

"I have a reason—a good one. Hold up! The other one! Quick!"

In a moment the slippers he had taken off his own boots had been pulled over Gordon's.

"Right! And now, my dear Gordon, you and I are going to part company."

"Here?" said Gordon.

"Yes, here," said Hafiz, and then pointing with one hand to the hill and with the other to the waste, he said, "You are going that way—I am going this."

"Why so?"

"Why? Do you ask me why? Because the trackers are after us, because they may be here at any moment, because they know there are two of us, but when they find we have separated they'll follow up the man who wears the military boots."

"Hafiz!"

"Well, I wear them, don't I?"

"Do you mean it, Hafiz—that you are going to turn the trackers on to yourself?"

"Why shouldn't I? Lord God! what can they do to me? If they catch me I'll only laugh in their dirty black faces. I'll give them a run before that, though. Bedrashen, Sakkara, Mena, Gizeh—a man wants some fun after a night like this, you know."

"WHY DON'T YOU GO? I'M GOING, ANYWAY! IT'S A RACE FOR LIFE OR DEATH."

He was laughing as if he were beside himself with excitement.

"By that time you'll be far away from here, please God! Six hours at least—I'll see it's six, Gordon—six hours' start on good camels—across the desert, too—and not a black devil of them all to know what the dickens has become of you."

His fear was as great as ever, but it had suddenly become heroic.

"Hafiz!" said Gordon. His voice was faltering and he was holding out both hands, but Hafiz, unable to trust himself, was pretending not to hear or see.

"No time to lose, though! Time is life, brother, and you mustn't stay here a moment longer. Over the hill—first village beyond the fort—Osman will be waiting for you."

"Hafiz!"

"Can't wait for farewells, Gordon. Besides, you're not going for good, you know. Lord, no, not a bit of it! You'll come back some day—Ishmael too—and then there'll be the deuce to pay by some of them."

He was running a few paces away, then stepping back again.

"Why don't you go? I'm going, anyway! It's a race for life or death to-night, my boy! Such fun! I'll beat the brutes! Didn't I tell you to leave everything to Hafiz? I said you couldn't depend on a better man."

"Hafiz!"

"Good night, old chap! Good night, Charlie! Charlie Gordon Lord has been a good old chum to me; but, damn it all, I'm going to be quits with him!"

With that he went bounding away, laughing and crying and swearing and sobbing at the same time, and in a moment he had disappeared in the darkness.

(*To be continued.*)

The Whirligig Beetle and Some of Its Neighbours.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," etc. Illustrated with photographs by the Author.

THERE are certain familiar objects of the country-side with which, as they appear in their due seasons, every rambler is more or less acquainted. Indeed, it is impossible for anyone with eyes to walk in the country at springtime without meeting with some reminder that Nature is closely observing her calendar. Here, in this quiet part of the river, beneath the overhanging bank, is an attraction familiar to the eye. Three of those amusing whirlwig, or whirligig, beetles are gyrating at a reckless pace around an imaginary track of some two inches diameter on the surface of the water. So quickly do they move that the eye becomes bewildered as it endeavours to follow their pirouettes in interlacing circles, while their polished corselets continually twinkle as the rapid movements expose them to the sunlight. Later in the season, as autumn approaches, their numbers are largely increased; parties of ten or twenty may then be seen together carrying on their mazy evolutions with marvellous velocity.

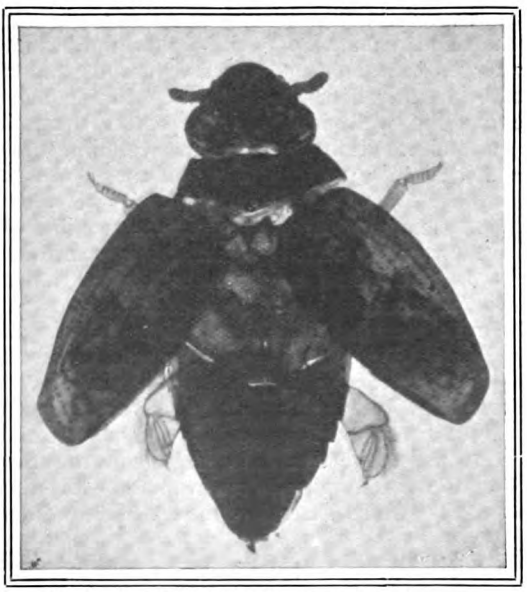


Fig. 1.—The Whirligig Beetle, magnified ten diameters.

Naturally, one desires to know what the excitement is all about. That, however, is not an easy question to decide. Some authorities consider that the object of their continuous circling is to obtain food, but I am inclined to regard that suggestion as very unlikely; indeed, almost absurd. Their appearance on the surface of the water is doubtless for that purpose, but it is evident that they do not feed while gyrating. If a gnat or fly happens to fall from the overhanging trees and alights upon the surface of the water near one of these circling groups, the dance is instantly stopped and the beetles congregate around the fly, which is quickly devoured; after which they again resume their merry whirling.

Apparently there is no object other than playfulness in their lively manœuvres; these merry little beetles are as full of the joy of life as the children that play in the meadow, and the moment the sunbeams touch the surface of the water they rise from the depths and commence to frolic. Nevertheless, the agile movements in which, during sunlight, they seem never too tired to indulge may have their function in the economy of the species.

During the early months of the year the beetles are seen gyrating only in small parties, usually in twos and threes; but, as I previously stated, in larger numbers later in the season. The small groups represent those individuals who have spent the winter buried in the mud at the bottom of the pool or river. Early in the year (sometimes in January) they wake up from their torpor, and bright sunlight will then often tempt them to the surface to recommence their sports.

At this season love-making begins, and

when only two beetles appear they are usually male and female; when three are seen together, they include more often two males than two females. These beetles are the survivors from the larger companies seen disporting themselves in the previous autumn months, the greater number of their fellows having, probably, become prey for their enemies. These survivors, however, have developed sufficient powers of keen watchfulness and rapidity of movement during their past summer manœuvres to have outwitted their foes; consequently, they represent what Darwin would term the "survival of the fittest"; and it is these successful individuals that provide the generation of the future.

It follows, therefore, that the aquatic gymnastics indulged in so freely during the summer months, though impulsively performed in the effervescence and joyousness of life, may yet be full of possibilities for the good of the race. How keenly watchful they are is at once apparent when we approach them as they gyrate; the sudden falling of our shadow upon the water is often sufficient to cause them all to dive instantly beneath the surface, each one carrying with it a silvery air-bubble to sustain it until the danger is past and it can again rise to the surface.

Their gyratory movements may also serve another function. I have previously stated that their prey consists of small dead or injured flies that fall into the water. I may mention, however, that a fly thrown towards them is left severely alone; indeed, so watchful are they that such an action is generally sufficient to drive them to another part of the pool. Seeing that their whirling dance is performed almost the entire time they are on the surface of the water, apparently with only little pauses from sheer fatigue, it is probable that their rapid movements may serve to protect them from some of their below-water enemies while they are waiting for their prey, which is continually falling from the trees during sunlight.

In the pond and river there are insect larvæ and other enemies that slowly approach their prey until within striking distance, and then make a sudden dash upon it. Perhaps the rapid and continual movement of the little whirligig beetles makes them invisible to such enemies below, or, at least, renders the aim of the latter difficult and uncertain, just as a rapidly-moving object presents difficulties for the gun of the sportsman.

As no plausible explanation of the extraordinary movements of these insects has, to my knowledge, been advanced, and the "Why?" of them has been so frequently asked, I offer these suggestions. Also, I may add that there is a feature in the anatomy of these insects that lends point to the above theory.

Instead of the usual pair of eye-masses characteristic of beetles, these whirligig beetles have each eye divided into two parts, their antennæ, or feelers, being interposed between them. Owing to this division of each eye, one part falls below the head and the other above, an arrangement that suggests the perfect adaptability of these insects to their environment on the surface of the water, since they possess eyes for vision downwards into the water and others for use upwards into the air. My suggestion that the whirling movements of the beetles is to protect themselves from below-water enemies certainly derives support from the fact that they possess eyes beneath the head.

Although we are unable to definitely explain the meaning of the gyrations of these beetles, we can, nevertheless, understand how their rapid movements are performed. A glance at the anatomy of the insect at once sheds light in this direction. The beetles, in actual size, are about a quarter of an inch in length. In Fig. 1 I have shown one magnified ten diameters, and the photograph clearly shows a great difference between the fore-legs and the hind ones. The former retain more or less the characteristic feature of the leg of an ordinary beetle, although, in

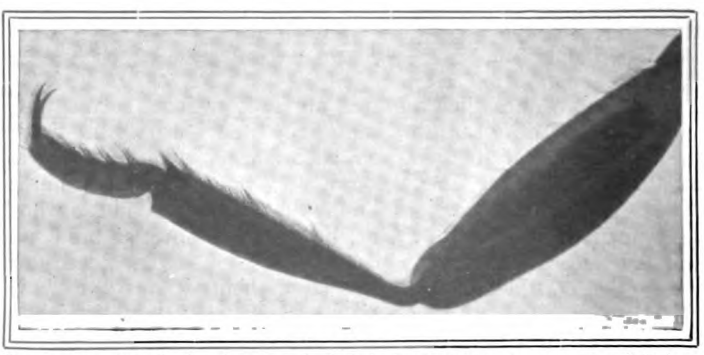


Fig. 2.—One of the forelegs, by means of which the beetle captures its prey; magnified about thirty diameters.

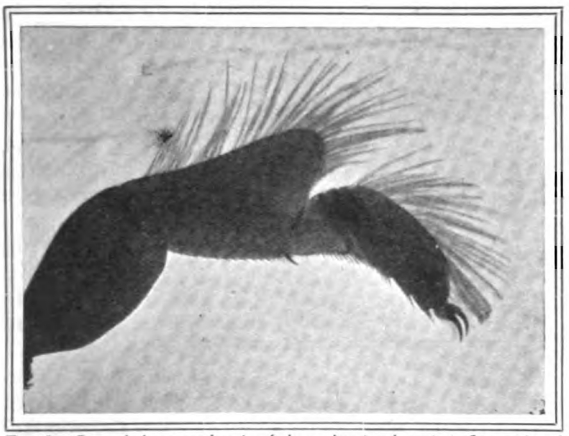


Fig. 3.—One of the second pair of legs, showing how it is flattened and modified for aquatic locomotion; magnified about thirty diameters.

the water, they serve a different function, being used not for walking but as hands for the capture of the prey. In Fig. 2 one of these legs is shown more in detail.

The second pair of legs are, in Fig. 1, hidden beneath the expanded wing-covers, but in Fig. 3 one appears much enlarged. Now in an ordinary garden beetle the second pair of legs are very much like the fore-legs, but in the case of the whirligig it is obvious that they are very different. The joints have become flattened out into plates and are fringed with curious broad hairs. Turning now to the hind pair, we find these same features evolved to a marvellous degree of perfection. These legs have become very large and broad, and likewise the hairs have increased in thickness (Fig. 4).

It is by means of these hind and second pairs of legs that the merry and rapid movements of these insects are performed. The hind legs are, indeed, powerful paddles of extraordinary complexity. They not only serve as strong oars, dealing with their broad blades effective strokes in the water, but their lowermost joints form a kind of expanding fan, which opens and closes with astonishing rapidity; and it is probably by means of the quick action of this organ that the insects are enabled to avoid each other in their swift interlacing movements. Also, when diving, the hind legs make a powerful stroke and are then turned edgewise, when they offer little or no resistance to the insect's course through the water, steered by its long fore-legs.

The anatomy of the insect is, throughout, wonderfully and beautifully adapted for aquatic movement. Its smooth and polished wing-covers and its boat-like form also greatly assist its evolutions. Yet, with all these highly-developed features for aquatic locomotion, the distant ancestors of this insect were once, perhaps, ordinary land beetles. Its complex oars and paddles may be evolved and perfected from the legs of the land beetle, adaptations resulting from the enterprise of the species when, in seeking for food, it trespassed from its natural domain, the atmosphere, to the surface of the water.

It may be asked, What proof exists that the atmosphere was the natural home of these insects? Part of the answer to that question is illustrated in Fig. 5, where one of the large and powerful wings of this beetle is shown. A pair of these wings are hidden beneath the strong wing-covers, and by them completely protected from the water. When the brook or pool dries up the beetles climb the stems of the water-plants and take to their wings to seek fields and pastures new.

This feature of highly-developed wings, combined with the fact that these insects are air-breathers, having to continually visit the surface of the water to take in air, strongly points to the conclusion that the atmosphere

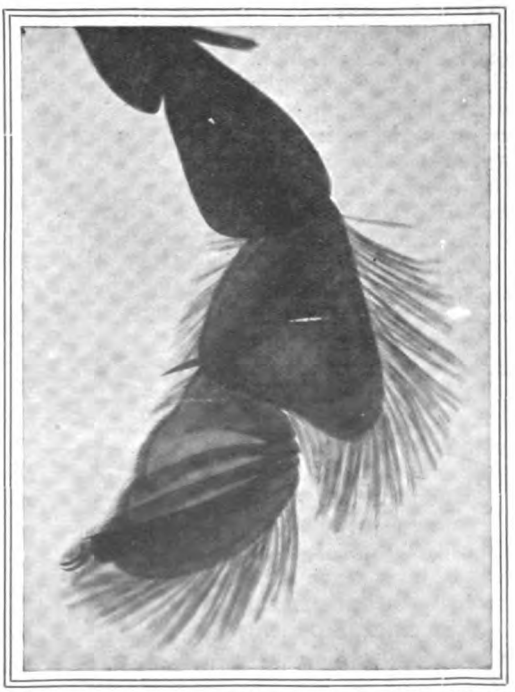


Fig. 4.—One of the hind paddle-legs, by means of which the beetle performs its mazy turnings upon the surface of the water: magnified about thirty diameters.

was once their true domain; but, seeing that occasionally they had to move to new waters, the species could not afford to sacrifice its wings and powers of atmospheric respiration. The walking legs, however, could with advantage be modified, as the surface of the water offered better feeding quarters than the land.

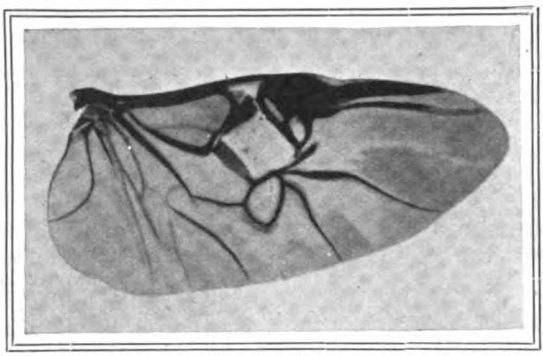


Fig. 5.—One of the large and powerful wings, magnified about eight diameters.

The more generally accepted view is, I think, that the beetle evolved from its watery home and afterwards added the atmosphere to its domains, but to my mind the weight of evidence is against that suggestion. It is true that, in its larval stage, it possesses a kind of gills adapted for breathing air from water, and thus is enabled to lead an entirely aquatic life. Seeing, however, that as the beetles learned to approach the waters they would deposit their eggs about the leaves of the plants amongst which they moved (as they do to-day), the larva that emerged, being a more simple stage of the organism, would readily adapt itself to its new circumstances, and while the beetles were slowly evolving their legs into complex oars to assist them in capturing their prey, the larvæ likewise adapted themselves in their simple fashion to a still more aquatic life. As they completed their larval stage and prepared to become a pupa or chrysalis, they climbed the stems of the water-plants (as they do to-day) to make their cocoon in a place suitable for the emergence of the beetle. But there would seem to be no necessity for thus placing the cocoons above the water, now that the beetles have acquired aquatic habits and could perhaps emerge as naturally in the water as in the air; thus the chrysalis placed above the water becomes a further evidence that the atmosphere was originally their natural home.

In view, then, of what has been shown here, these little beetles may be looked upon as very highly evolved insects, and their merry movements upon the surface of the water may be regarded as a feature of their complex evolution.

As showing the remarkable adaptations of insects to aquatic surroundings, we may, in conclusion, briefly glance at one or two other forms that will probably be seen while seeking for our whirligig friends.

In Fig. 6 is shown the water-boatman, who rests on his back with oars outstretched near the surface of the water, waiting patiently until a fly or some small prey alights near it, when its oars are suddenly flashed, and it disappears below, reappearing again a moment later beneath its prey, and at once driving into it its sharp suctorial proboscis. One of its beautiful oars is shown enlarged in the illustration.

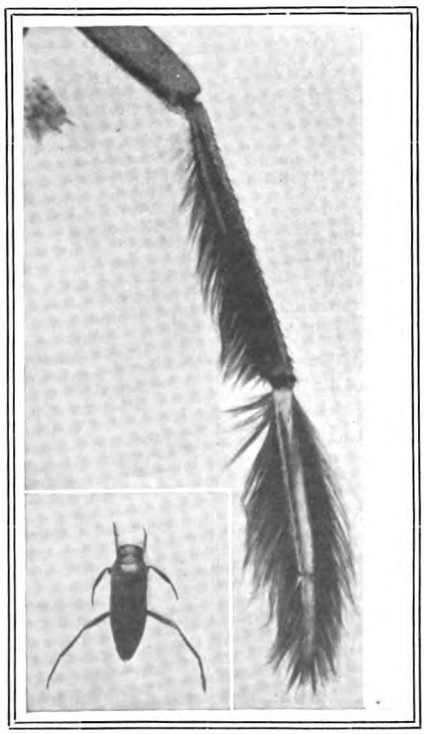


Fig. 6.—A magnified view of one of the oars of the Water-Boatman—The oars are shown at natural size in the inset picture below.

Then there are the curious pond-skaters (Fig. 7), who are likewise ever on the look-out for tiny flies that get injured and fall from the trees. Their methods of approach, however, are very different. They simply run along the surface film of the water, their light forms dimpling its surface without breaking it, and, consequently, they keep quite dry.

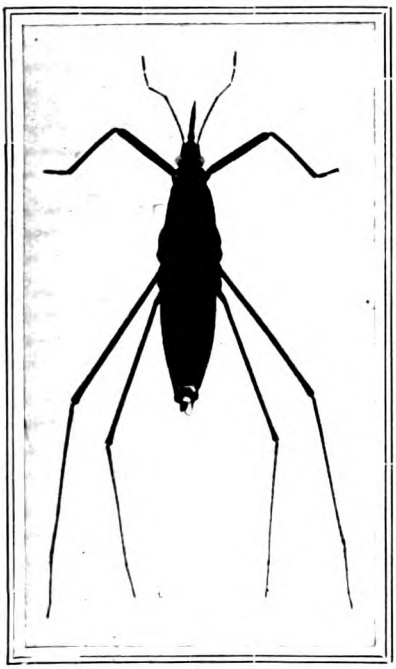


Fig. 7.—A Pond-Skater, magnified two diameters.

Both the limbs and body of these insects are clothed with minute hairs; so thick are they that they form a pile which completely repulses the water.

Finally, amongst the large floating leaves of the pond-weed, we may find some quaint caterpillars dragging their way over the leaves while three-fourths of their body is enveloped in a curious case, made by attaching two pieces of the leaves together (Fig. 8). In this manner the larva protects itself from its enemies, and, what is more remarkable, by the same means it is enabled to breathe air. Like other moth caterpillars, it requires atmospheric air for respiration, and, as it frequently gets submerged, it cuts two pieces of leaves and joins them together, so that they become water-tight and also retain air. Although the caterpillar continually pushes out its head to feed upon the leaves, yet the water cannot enter its sheath. Eventually it climbs the stem of a water-plant, and fastens its case by its edges to the stem or the edge of a leaf, and there changes to a chrysalis (Fig. 9), after which the moth appears, as shown inset in Fig. 8

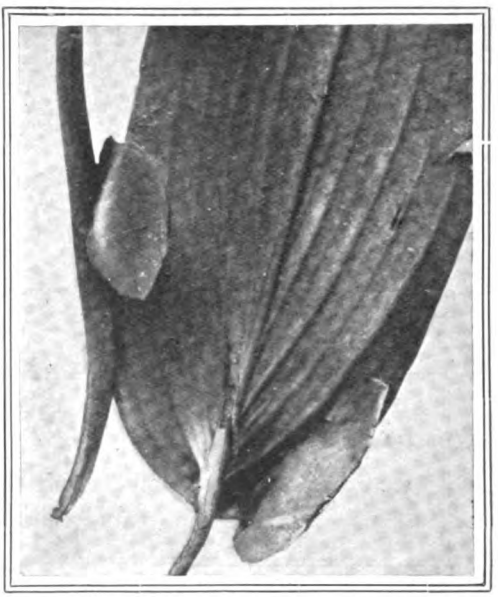


Fig. 9.—When the China Marks larva is about to become a chrysalis it attaches its case by its edge to a stem or leaf that eventually rises from the water, so the moth is enabled to emerge.

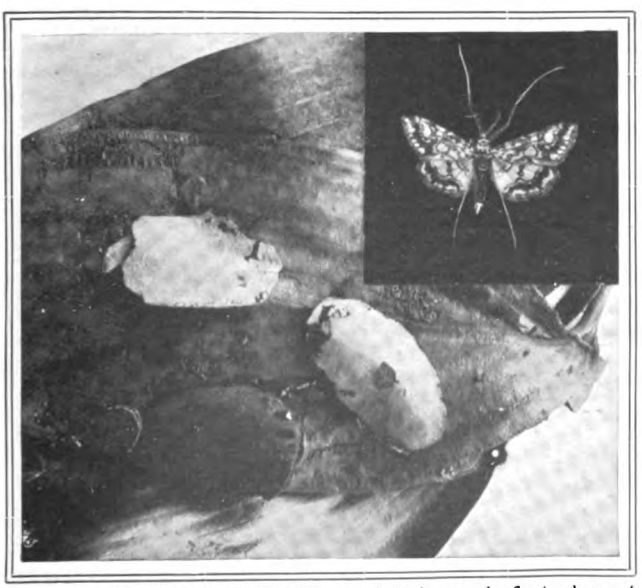


Fig. 8.—Larvæ of the Brown China Marks moth feeding on the floating leaves of the pond-weed and dragging behind them their protective case—The moth is shown at natural size above.

BENDIGO IN THE RING.

BENDY'S SERMON.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

A STORY IN VERSE.

Reproduced in facsimile from the author's original manuscript.

BENDIGO AS A PREACHER.

Bendy's Sermon

[Bendigo, the well known Nottingham prize fighter, became converted to religion and preached at revival meetings throughout the country]

You didn't know of Bendigo! Well, that knocks me out!
Who's your board school teacher? What's he been about?
Chock-a-block with fairy tales – full of useless cram,
And never heard o' Bendigo, the pride of Nottingham!

Bendy's short for Bendigo. You should see him peel!
Half of him was whalebone, half of him was steel,
Fightin' weight eleven ten, five foot nine in height,
Always ready to oblige if you want a fight.

Copyright, 1909, by Arthur Conan Doyle.

I could talk of Bendigo from here to kingdom come,
I guess before I ended you would wish your dad was dumb,
I'd tell you how he fought Ben Caunt, and how the Deaf 'un fell,
But the game is done, and the men are gone — and maybe it's as well.

Bendy he turned Methodist — said he felt a call,
He stumped the country preachin' and you bet he filled the hall,
If you seed him in the Pulpit, a bleatin' like a lamb,
You'd never know bold Bendigo, the pride of Nottingham.

His hat was like a funeral, he'd got a cowlick's coat,
With a Hallelujah collar and a choker round his throat,
His Pals would laugh and say in chaff that Bendigo was right,
In takin' on the Devil, since he'd no one else to fight.

But he was very earnest, improvin' day by day,
A workin' and a'preachin' just as his duty lay,
But the Devil he was waitin' and in the final bout,
He hit him hard below his guard & knocked poor Bendy out.

Now I'll tell you how it happened. He was preachin' down at Brum,
He was billed just like a circus, you should see the people come,
The Chapel it was crowded, and in the foremost row,
There was half a dozen bruisers who'd a grudge at Bendigo.

There was Tommy Platt of Bradford, Solly Jones of Perry Barr,
Long Connor from the Bull Ring, the same wot drew with Carr,
Jack Ball the fightin' Gunsmith, Joe Murphy from the Mews,
And Sky Moss, the fightin' boss, the Champion of the Jews.

A very pretty handful a-sittin' in a string,
Full of beer and impudence, ripe for anything,
Sittin' in a string there, right under Bendy's nose,
If his message was for sinners, he could make a start on those.

Soon he heard them chaffin'. "Hi, Bendy! Here's a go!"
"How much are you coppin' by this Jump to Glory show?"
"Stow it, Bendy! Left the ring! Mighty spry of you!
Didn't every body know the ring was leavin' you"

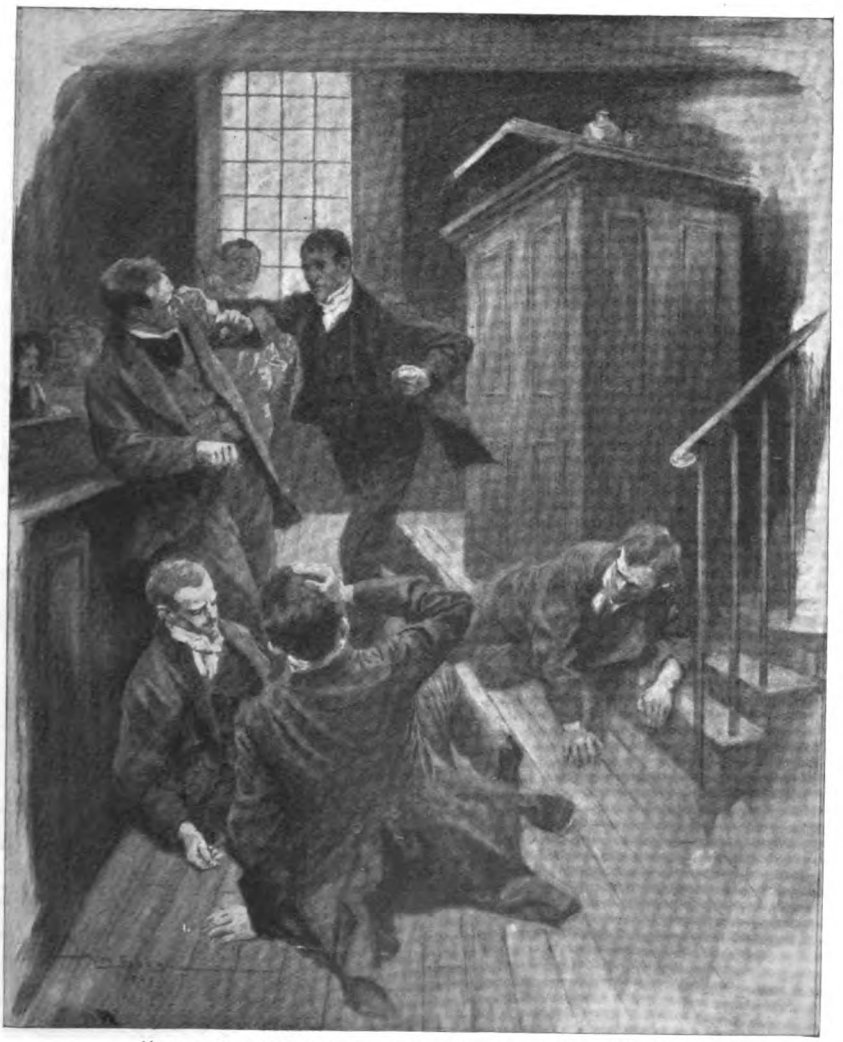
Bendy gravely sweated as he stood above and prayed,
"Look down, oh Lord, and grip me with a strangle hold!" he said
"Fix me with a strangle hold! Put a stop on me!
"I'm slippin', Lord, I'm slippin' and I'm clingin' hard to Thee!"

But the Roughs they kept on chaffin', the uproar it was such,
That the preacher in the pulpit might be talkin' double Dutch,
Till a workin' man he shouted out, a Jumpin' to his feet,
"Give us a lead, your reverence, and heave 'im in the street"

Then Bendy said 'Good Lord, since first I left my simple ways,
Thou knowest that to Thee alone I've given up my days,
But now, dear Lord," and here he laid his Bible on the shelf,
"I'll take with Your permission, just five minutes for myself"

He vaulted from the Pulpit like a Tiger from a den,
They say it was a lovely sight to see him floor his men;
Right and left, and left and right, straight a time a hard
Till the Ebenezer Chapel looked more like a Knacker's Yard.

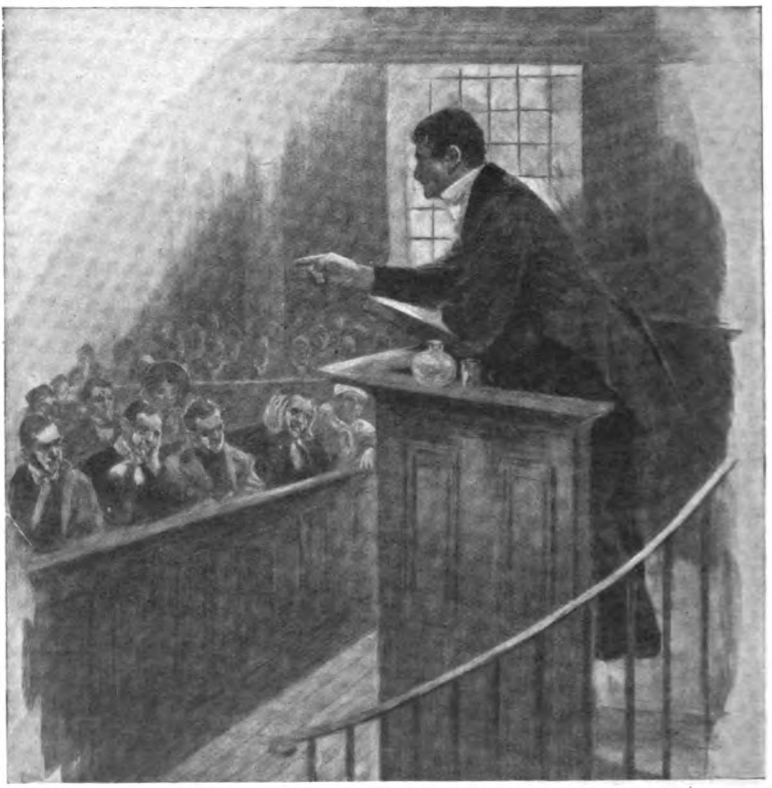
Platt was standin on his back and lookin' at his toes,
Solly Jones of Perry Bar was feelin' for his nose,
Connor of the Bull Ring had all that he could do
Rakin' for his ivories that lay about the Pews.



"IT WAS A LOVELY SIGHT TO SEE HIM FLOOR HIS MEN."

Jack Ball the fightin Gunsmith was in a peaceful sleep,
Joe Murphy lay across him, all tied up in a heap,
Five of them was twisted in a tangle on the floor,
And Hay Moss, the bettin' boss, had sprinted for the door.

Five repentant fightin' men, sittin' in a row,
Listenin' to words of Grace from Mister Bendigo,
Listenin' to his reverence – all as good as gold,
Pretty little Baa-lambs, gathered to the fold.



"LISTENIN' TO WORDS OF GRACE FROM MISTER BENDIGO."

So that's the way that Bendy ran his mission in the Slum,
And preached the Holy Gospel to the fightin' men of Brum,
"The Lord" said he "has given me his message from on high,
And if you interrupt Him, I will know the reason why"

But to think of all your schoolin', clean wasted, thrown away,
Darned if I can make out what you're learnin' all the day,
Grubbin' up old fairy tales, fillin' up with cram,
And didn't know of Bendigo, the pride of Nottingham.

Arthur Conan Doyle

ODD MAN OUT

BY

W·W·JACOBS

THE night watchman pursed up his lips and shook his head. Friendship, he said, decidedly, is a deloosion and a snare. I've 'ad more friendships in my life than most people—owing to being took a fancy to for some reason or other—and they nearly all came to a sudden ending.

I remember one man who used to think I couldn't do wrong: everything I did was right to 'im; and now if I pass 'im in the street he makes a face as if he'd got a hair in 'is mouth. All because I told 'im the truth one day when he was thinking of getting married. Being a bit uneasy-like in his mind, he asked me 'ow, supposing I was a gal, his looks would strike me.

It was an orkard question, and I told him that he 'ad got a good 'art and that no man could 'ave a better pal. I said he 'ad got a good temper and was free with 'is money. O' course, that didn't satisfy 'im, and at last he told me to take a good look at 'im and tell him wot I thought of 'is looks. There was no getting out of it, and at last I 'ad to tell him plain that everybody 'ad diff rent ideas about looks; that looks wasn't everything; and that 'andsome is as 'andsome does. Even then 'e wasn't satisfied, and at last I told 'im, speaking as a pal to a pal, that if I was a gal and he came along trying to court me, I should go to the police about it.

I remember two young fellers that was shipmates with me some years ago, and they was such out-and-out pals that everybody called 'em the Siamese twins. They always shipped together and shared lodgings together when they was ashore, and Ted Denver would no more 'ave thought of going out without Charlie Brice than Charlie Brice would 'ave thought of going out without 'im.

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They shared their baccy and their money and everything else, and it's my opinion that if they 'ad only 'ad one pair o' boots between 'em they'd 'ave hopped along in one each.

They 'ad been like it for years, and they kept it up when they left the sea and got berths ashore. Anybody knowing them would ha' thought that nothing but death could part 'em; but it happened otherwise.

There was a gal in it, of course. A gal that Ted Denver got into conversation with on top of a bus, owing to her steadying 'erself by putting her hand on 'is shoulder as she passed 'im. Bright, lively sort o' gal she seemed, and, afore Ted knew where he was, they was talking away as though they 'ad known each other for years.

Charlie didn't seem to care much for it at fust, but he didn't raise no objection; and when the gal got up to go he stopped the bus for 'er by poking the driver in the back, and they all got off together. Ted went fust to break her fall, in case the bus started off too sudden, and Charlie 'elped her down behind by catching hold of a lace collar she was wearing. When she turned to speak to 'im about it, she knocked the conductor's hat off with 'er umbrella, and there was so much unpleasantness that by the time they 'ad got to the pavement she told Charlie that she never wanted to see his silly fat face agin.

"It ain't fat," ses Ted, speaking up for 'im; "it's the shape of it."

"And it ain't silly," ses Charlie, speaking very quick; "mind that!"

"It's a bit o' real lace," ses the gal, twisting her 'ead round to look at the collar; "it cost me one and two-three only last night."

"One an' *wot?*" ses Charlie, who, not being a married man, didn't understand 'er.

"One shilling," ses the gal, "two pennies, and three farthings. D'ye understand that?"

"Yes," ses Charlie.

"He's cleverer than he looks," ses the gal, turning to Ted. "I s'pose you're right, and it is the shape after all."

Ted walked along one side of 'er and Charlie the other, till they came to the corner of the road where she lived, and then Ted and 'er stood there talking till Charlie got sick and tired of it, and kept tugging at Ted's coat for 'im to come away.

"I'm coming," ses Ted at last. "I s'pose you won't be this way to-morrow night?" he ses, turning to the gal.

"I might if I thought there was no chance of seeing you," she ses, tossing her 'ead.

"You needn't be alarmed," ses Charlie, shoving in his oar; "we're going to a music-'all to-morrow night."

"Oh, go to your blessed music-'all," ses the gal to Ted; "I don't want you."

She turned round and a'most ran up the road, with Ted follering 'er and begging of 'er not to be so hasty, and afore they parted she told 'im that 'er name was Emma White, and promised to meet 'im there the next night at seven.

O' course Mr. Charlie Brice turned up alongside o' Ted the next night, and at fust Emma said she was going straight off 'ome agin. She did go part o' the way, and then, when she found that Ted wouldn't send his mate off, she came back and, woman-like, said as 'ow she wasn't going to go 'ome just to please Charlie Brice. She wouldn't speak a word to 'im, and when they all went to the music-'all together she sat with her face turned away from 'im and her elbow sticking in 'is chest. Doing that and watching the performance at the same time gave 'er a stiff neck, and she got in such a temper over it she wouldn't hardly speak to Ted, and when Charlie—meaning well—told 'er to rub it with a bit o' mutton-fat she nearly went off her 'ead.

"Who asked you to come with us?" she ses, as soon as she could speak. "'Ow dare you force yourself where you ain't wanted?"

"Ted wants me," ses Charlie.

"We've been together for years," ses Ted. "You'll like Charlie when you get used to 'im—everybody does."

"Not me!" ses Emma, with a shiver. "It gives me the fair creeps to look at him. You'll 'ave to choose between us. If he comes, I sha'n't. Which is it to be?"

Neither of 'em answered 'er, but the next night they both turned up as usual, and Emma White stood there looking at 'em and nearly crying with temper.

"'Ow would you like it if I brought another young lady with me?" she ses to Ted.

"It wouldn't make no difference to me," ses Ted. "Any friend o' yours is welcome."

Emma stood looking at 'em, and then she patted 'er eyes with a pocket-'ankercher and began to look more cheerful.

"You ain't the only one that has got a dear friend," she says, looking at 'im and wiping 'er lips with the 'ankercher. "I've got one, and if Charlie Brice don't promise to stay at 'ome to-morrow night I'll bring her with me."

"Bring 'er, and welcome," ses Ted.

"I sha'n't stay at 'ome for fifty dear friends," ses Charlie.

"Have it your own way," ses Emma. "If you come, Sophy Jennings comes, that's all."

She was as good as 'er word, too, and next night when they turned up they found Emma and 'er friend waiting for them. Charlie thought it was the friend's mother at fust, but he found out arterwards that she was a widder-woman. She had 'ad two husbands, and both of 'em 'ad passed away with a smile on their face. She seemed to take a fancy to Charlie the moment she set eyes on 'im, and two or three times they'd 'ave lost Ted and Emma if it hadn't been for 'im.

"WHEN THEY TURNED UP THEY FOUND EMMA AND 'ER FRIEND WAITING FOR THEM."

They did lose 'em the next night, and Charlie Brice 'ad Mrs. Jennings all alone to himself for over a couple of hours walking up and down the Commercial Road talking about the weather; Charlie saying 'ow wet and cold it was, and thinking p'r'aps they 'ad better go off 'ome afore she got a chill.

He complained to Ted about it when 'e got 'ome, and Ted promised as it shouldn't 'appen agin. He said that 'im and Emma 'ad been so busy talking about getting married that he 'ad forgotten to keep an eye on him.

"Married!" ses Charlie, very upset. "Married! And wot's to become o' me?"

"Come and lodge with us," ses Ted.

They shook hands on it, but Ted said they 'ad both better keep it to themselves a bit and wait until Emma 'ad got more used to Charlie afore they told her. Ted let 'er get used to 'im for three days more afore he broke the news to 'er, and the way she went on was alarming. She went on for over ten minutes without taking breath, and she was just going to start again when Mrs. Jennings stopped her.

"He's all right," she ses. "You leave 'im alone."

"I'm not touching 'im," ses Emma, very scornful.

"You leave 'im alone," ses Mrs. Jennings, taking hold of Charlie's arm. "I don't say things about your young man."

Charlie Brice started as if he 'ad been shot, and twice he opened 'is mouth to speak and show Mrs. Jennings 'er mistake; but, wot with trying to find 'is voice in the fust place, and then finding words to use it with in the second, he didn't say anything. He

just walked along gasping, with 'is mouth open like a fish.

"Don't take no notice of 'er, Charlie," ses Mrs. Jennings.

"I—I don't mind wot she ses," ses pore Charlie; "but you're making a great——"

"She's quick-tempered, is Emma," ses Mrs. Jennings. "But, there, so am I. Wot you might call a generous temper, but quick."

Charlie went cold all over.

"Treat me well and I treat other people well," ses Mrs. Jennings. "I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

Charlie said "Nobody could," and then 'e walked along with her hanging on to 'is arm, arf wondering whether it would be wrong to shove 'er under a bus that was passing, and arf wondering whether 'e could do it if it wasn't.

"As for Emma saying she won't 'ave you for a lodger," ses Mrs. Jennings, "let 'er wait till she's asked. She'll wait a long time if I 'ave my say."

Charlie didn't answer her. He walked along with 'is mouth shut, his idea being that the least said the soonest mended. Even Emma asked 'im at last whether he 'ad lost is tongue, and said it was curious 'ow different love took different people.

He talked fast enough going 'ome with Ted, though, and pretty near lost 'is temper with 'im when Ted asked 'im why he didn't tell Mrs. Jennings straight that she 'ad made a mistake.

"She knows well enough," he says, grinding 'is teeth; "she was just trying it on. That's 'ow it is widders get married agin. You'll 'ave to choose between going out with me or Emma, Ted. I can't face Mrs. Jennings again. I didn't think anybody could 'ave parted us like that."

Ted said it was all nonsense, but it was no good, and the next night he went off alone and came back very cross, saying that Mrs. Jennings 'ad been with 'em all the time, and when 'e spoke to Emma about it she said it was just tit for tat, and reminded 'im 'ow she had 'ad to put up with Charlie. For four nights running 'e went out for walks, with Emma holding one of 'is arms and Mrs. Jennings the other.

"It's miserable for you all alone 'ere by yourself, Charlie," he ses. "Why not come? She can't marry you against your will. Besides, I miss you."

Charlie shook 'ands with 'im, but he said 'e wouldn't walk out with Mrs. Jennings for a fortune. And all that Ted could say made no difference. He stayed indoors of an evening reading the paper, or going for little walks by 'imself, until at last Ted came 'ome one evening, smiling all over his face, and told 'im they had both been making fools of themselves for nothing.

"Mrs. Jennings is going to be married," he ses, clapping Charlie in the back.

"*Wot?*" ses Charlie.

Ted nodded. "Her and Emma 'ad words to-night," he ses, laughing, "and it all come out. She's been keeping company for some time. He's away at present, and they're going to be married as soon as 'e comes back."

"Well," ses Charlie, "why did she——"

"To oblige Emma," ses Ted, "to frighten you into staying at 'ome. I'd 'ad my suspicions for some time, from one or two things I picked up."

"Ho!" ses Charlie. "Well, it'll be my turn to laugh to-morrow night. We'll see whether she can shake me off agin."

Ted looked at 'im a bit worried. "It's a bit orkard," he ses, speaking very slow. "You see, they made it up arterwards, and then they both made me promise not to tell you, and if you come, they'll know I 'ave."

Charlie did a bit o' thinking. "Not if I pretend to make love to Mrs. Jennings?" he ses, at last, winking at 'im. "And it'll serve her right for being deceitful. We'll see 'ow she likes it. Wot sort o' chap is the young man—big?"

"Can't be," ses Ted; "cos Emma called 'im a little shrimp."

"I'll come," ses Charlie; "and it'll be your own fault if they find out you told me about it."

They fell asleep talking of it, and the next evening Charlie put on a new neck-tie he 'ad bought, and arter letting Ted have arf an hour's start went out and met 'em accidental. The fust Mrs. Jennings knew of 'is being there was by finding an arm put round 'er waist.

"Good evening, Sophy," he ses.

"'Ow—'ow dare you?" ses Mrs. Jennings, giving a scream and pushing him away.

Charlie looked surprised.

"Why, ain't you pleased to see me?" he ses. "I've 'ad the raging toothache for over a week; I've got it now a bit, but I couldn't stay away from you any longer."

"You behave yourself," ses Mrs. Jennings.

"Ted didn't say anything about your toothache," ses Emma.

"I wouldn't let 'im, for fear of alarming Sophy," ses Charlie.

Mrs. Jennings gave a sort of laugh and a sniff mixed.

"Ain't you pleased to see me agin?" ses Charlie.

"I don't want to see you," ses Mrs. Jennings. "Wot d'ye think I want to see you for?"

"Change your mind pretty quick, don't you?" ses Charlie. "It's blow 'ot and blow cold with you seemingly. Why, I've been counting the minutes till I should see *you* agin."

Mrs. Jennings told 'im not to make a fool of 'imself, and Charlie saw 'er look at Emma in a puzzled sort of way, as if she didn't know wot to make of it. She kept drawing away from 'im and he kept drawing close to 'er; other people on the pavement dodging and trying to get out of their way, and asking them which side they was going and to stick to it.

"Why don't you behave yourself?" ses Emma, at last.

"We're all right," ses Charlie; "you look arter your own young man. We can look arter ourselves."

"Speak for yourself," ses Mrs. Jennings, very sharp.

Charlie laughed, and the more Mrs. Jennings showed 'er dislike for 'is nonsense the more he gave way to it. Even Ted thought it was going too far, and tried to interfere when he put his arm round Mrs Jennings's waist and made 'er dance to a piano-organ, but there was no stopping 'im, and at last Mrs. Jennings said she had 'ad enough of it, and told Emma she was going off 'ome.

"Don't take no notice of 'im," ses Emma.

"I must," ses Mrs. Jennings, who was 'arf crying with rage.

"Well, if you go 'ome I shall go," ses Emma. "I don't want 'is company. I believe he's doing it on purpose."

"HE PUT HIS ARM ROUND MRS. JENNINGS'S WAIST AND MADE 'ER DANCE TO A PIANO-ORGAN."

"Behave yourself, Charlie," ses Ted.

"All right, old man," ses Charlie. "You look arter your young woman and I'll look arter mine."

"Your wot?" ses Mrs. Jennings, very loud.

"My young woman," ses Charlie.

"Look 'ere," ses Emma. "You may as well know first as last—Sophy 'as got a young man."

"O' course she 'as," ses Charlie. "Twenty-seven on the second of next January, he is; same as me."

"She's going to be married," ses Emma, very solemn.

"Yes, to me," ses Charlie, pretending to be surprised "Didn't you know that?"

He looked so pleased with 'imself at his cleverness that Emma 'arf put up her 'and, and then she thought better of it and turned away.

"He's just doing it to get rid of you," she ses to Mrs. Jennings, "and if you give way you're a bigger silly than I took you for. Let 'im go on and 'ave his own way, and tell your intended about 'im when you see 'im. Arter all, you started it."

"I was only 'aving a bit o' fun," ses Mrs. Jennings.

"Well, so is he," ses Emma.

"Not me!" ses Charlie, turning his eyes up. "I'm in dead earnest; and so is she. It's only shyness on 'er part: it'll soon wear off."

He took 'old of Mrs. Jennings's arm agin and began to tell 'er 'ow lonely 'is life was afore she came acrost his path like an angel that had lost its way. And he went on like that till she told Emma that she'd either 'ave to go off 'ome or scream. Ted interfered agin then, and, arter listening to wot he 'ad got to say, Charlie said as 'ow he'd try and keep his love under control a bit more.

"She won't stand much more of it," he ses to Ted, arter they 'ad got 'ome that night. "I shouldn't be surprised if she don't turn up to-morrow."

Ted shook his 'ead. "She'll turn up to oblige Emma," he ses; "but there's no need for you to overdo it, Charlie. If her young man 'appened to get to 'ear of it it might cause trouble."

"I ain't afraid of 'im," ses Charlie, "not if your description of 'im is right."

"Emma knows 'im," ses Ted, "and I know she don't think much of 'im. She says he ain't as big as I am."

Charlie smiled to himself and laid awake for a little while thinking of pet names to surprise Mrs. Jennings with. He called 'er a fresh one every night for a week, and every night he took 'er a little bunch o' flowers with 'is love. When she flung 'em on the pavement he pretended to think she 'ad dropped 'em; but, do wot he would, 'e couldn't frighten 'er into staying away, and 'is share of music-'alls and bus rides and things like that was more than 'e cared to think of All the time Ted was as happy as a sand-boy, and one evening when Emma asked 'im to go 'ome to supper 'e was so pleased 'e could 'ardly speak

"Father thought he'd like to see you," ses Emma.

"I shall be proud to shake 'im by the 'and," ses Ted, going red with joy.

"And you're to come, too, Sophy," ses Emma, turning to Mrs. Jennings.

Charlie coughed, feeling a bit orkard-like, and Emma stood there as if waiting for 'im to go.

"Well, so long," ses Charlie at last. "Take care o' my little prize packet."

"You can come, too, if you like," ses Emma. "Father said I was to bring you. Don't 'ave none of your nonsense there, that's all."

Charlie thanked 'er, and they was all walking along, him and Mrs. Jennings behind, when Emma looked over 'er shoulder.

"Sophy's young man is coming," she ses.

"Ho!" ses Charlie. He walked along doing a bit o' thinking, and by and by 'e gives a little laugh, and he ses, "I—I don't think p'r'aps I'll come arter all."

"Afraid?" ses Emma, with a nasty laugh.

"No," ses Charlie.

"Well, it looks like it," ses Emma.

"He's brave enough where wimmen are concerned," ses Mrs. Jennings.

"I was thinking of you," ses Charlie.

"You needn't trouble about me," ses Mrs. Jennings. "I can look after myself, thank you."

Charlie looked round, but there was no help for it. He got as far away from Mrs. Jennings as possible, and when they got to Emma's house he went in last.

Emma's father and mother was there and two or three of 'er brothers and sisters, but the fust thing that Charlie noticed was a great lump of a man standing by the mantelpiece staring at 'im.

"Come in, and make yourselves at 'ome," ses Mr. White. "I'm glad to see you both. Emma 'as told me all about you."

Charlie's 'art went down into 'is boots, but everybody was so busy drawing their chairs up to the table that they didn't notice 'ow pale he 'ad gone. He sat between Mr. White and Mrs. Jennings, and by and by, when everybody was talking, he turned to 'im in a whisper, and asked 'im who the big chap was.

"Mrs. Jennings's brother," ses Mr. White; "brewer's drayman he is."

Charlie said "Oh!" and went on eating, a bit relieved in 'is mind.

"Your friend and my gal 'll make a nice couple," ses Mr. White, looking at Ted and Emma, sitting 'and in 'and.

"She couldn't 'ave a better husband," ses Charlie, whispering again; "but where is Mrs. Jennings's young man? I 'eard he was to be here."

Mr. White put down 'is knife and fork. "Eh?" he ses, staring at 'im.

"Mrs. Jennings's intended?" ses Charlie.

"Who are you getting at?" ses Mr. White, winking at 'im.

"But she 'as got one, ain't she?" ses Charlie.

"That'll do," ses Mr. White, with another wink. "Try it on somebody else."

"Wot are you two talking about?" ses Emma, who 'ad been watching 'em.

"He's trying to pull my leg," ses 'er father, smiling all over his face. "Been asking me where Mrs. Jennings's young man is. P'r'aps you oughtn't to 'ave told us yet, Emma."

"It's all right," ses Emma. "He's got a very jealous disposition, poor fellow; and me and Sophy have been telling 'im about a young man just to tease 'im. We've been describing him to 'imself all along, and he thought it was somebody else."

She caught Charlie's eye, and all in a flash he saw 'ow he 'ad been done. Some of 'em began to laugh, and Mrs. Jennings put her 'and on his and gave it a squeeze. He sat there struck all of a heap, wondering wot he was going to do, and just at that moment there was a knock at the street-door.

"I'll open it," he ses.

He jumped up before anybody could stop 'im and went to the door. Two seconds arter Ted Denver followed 'im, and the last he ever saw of Charlie Brice, he was running down the road without 'is hat as hard as he could run.

"HE WAS RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD WITHOUT 'IS HAT AS HARD AS HE COULD RUN."

"The Song I Most Enjoy Singing."

The Selections of Some Famous Concert Singers.

Mme. Clara Butt.

THE question is a very difficult one, and I find it impossible to choose any one song. "Abide with Me," as set by S. Liddle, is one of which I am particularly fond, and which I frequently sing, and I may say that it is one of which the public seem just as fond as I am myself. Of course it is only natural that a singer should get to like songs that the public appreciate. For this reason I cannot fail to mention as another of my favourites, "Land of Hope and Glory," which proved, I think, the favourite number with Australians during the tour in the Antipodes from which my husband and I have recently returned. "Softly Awakes My Heart" ("Mon cœur s'ouvre à ton voix"), from "Samson and Delilah," is another very great favourite of mine, and I think I may safely divide favouritism beween these three.

Clara Butt-Rumford.

Mme. Ada Crossley.

The song that I most enjoy singing is "Caro Mio Ben." This is a song which has the pleasantest associations for me, as it was the first solo I ever sang before the late Queen Victoria, and has also always been a particular favourite with the general public, not only in this country but in Australia as well. Her late Majesty appeared to be as fond of the song as I myself am, for whenever I sang before her afterwards she always asked for it. I may add that my husband joins me in his preference for this particular composition.

Ada Crossley-Mucklé

Mme. Edna Thornton.

One of the most beautiful songs that I sing is, in my opinion, "Softly Awakes My Heart," from "Samson and Delilah," and it is also one with which I always seem to make a success. Perhaps this partly accounts for the fact that I enjoy singing it so much, but not altogether so, for it is in itself a most lovely composition. Another song of which I am exceedingly fond is the witch's song from "Un Ballo in Maschera."

Edna Thornton

Mme. Agnes Nicholls.

It is almost impossible for an artiste to name a favourite song, because one's attention is constantly being concentrated upon the particular songs or works that have to be prepared for a given concert, and these are almost bound to become for the time being uppermost in one's mind. Among ballads, however, I have a special corner in my heart for "Robin Adair," which has been a great favourite of mine since the very first time I sang it—somewhat an unusual occurrence, since it frequently happens that one does not fully appreciate a song until one's acquaintance with it has grown into familiarity.

Agnes Nicholls Harty

Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

I do not find it very difficult to decide on the song I most enjoy singing, and will name "Three Fishers Went Sailing" without hesitation; to give a reason for its being my favourite is a different matter. It is a song I have sung frequently for several years past,

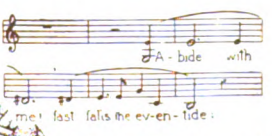
"ABIDE WITH ME."

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide

The darkness deepens Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail and comforts flee

Help of the helpless O abide with me!

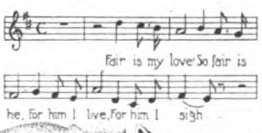


MME.
CLARA BUTT.
From a Photograph by Lafayette, Melbourne.

"CARO MIO BEN"
(Fair is My Love).

Fair is my love!
So fair is he,
For him I live,
For him I sigh.

Hope still shall reign
Where'er I rove,
No time can change
My constant love.

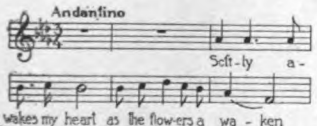


MME. ADA CROSSLEY.
From a Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

"SOFTLY AWAKES MY HEART."

(From "Samson and Delilah.")

Softly awakes my heart,
As the flowers awaken
To Aurora's tender zephyr!
But say, O well belov'd,
No more I'll be forsaken.
Speak again, O speak for ever!
O say that from Delilah
You never will part!
Your burning vows repeat;
Vows so dear to my heart.



MME. EDNA THORNTON.

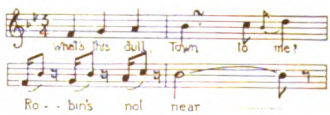
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

MME. AGNES NICHOLLS.

From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

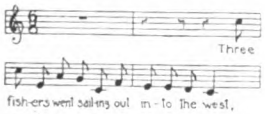
ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull Town to me?
Robin's not near,
What was't I wished to see,
What wished to hear,
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made this Town a Heav'n on Earth,
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.



THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.

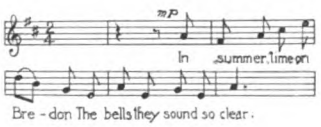


MME. KIRKBY LUNN.

From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

BREDON HILL

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.
Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

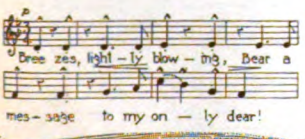


MISS GLEESON-WHITE.

From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

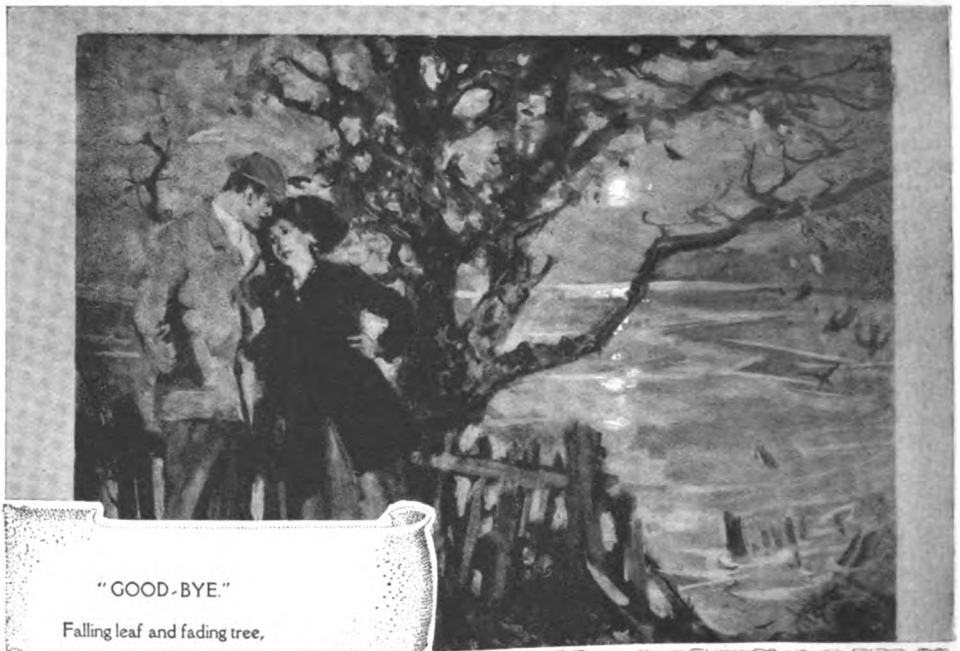
IL BACIO.

Breezes, lightly blowing,
Bear a message to my only dear!
When you meet him, softly greet him
From the one who lingers here!



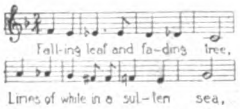
MME. ELLA RUSSELL.

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.



"GOOD-BYE."

Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me.
The swallows are making them ready to fly
Wheeling out on a windy sky.
Good-bye, summer, good-bye!



MME.
ALICE ESTY.

From a Photograph by
Ellis & Walery.

and, perhaps, its popularity with my audiences may help to endear it to me. Apart from this, however, it has a special appeal for me, and is, besides, for ever associated in my mind with an incident that occurred after I sang it a few years back at a concert of Mme. Patti's at the Albert Hall. A lady wrote to me some time afterwards to tell me that my singing of that song on that occasion had had a wonderfully soothing effect upon her son, who had been overcome by grief at the loss of his wife within a month of their marriage. She said that the refrain of the song particularly affected him, and that she had helped him to recover by occasionally playing this over to him. Her object in writing was to ask me to sing the song at a concert at which I was advertised to appear.

Kirkby Lunn

Miss Gleeson-White.

It is not possible, I fear, to give a very satisfactory answer as to the song I most enjoy singing, as it is so difficult to decide on any one song. I distinctly lean towards songs of a dramatic character or operatic works. However, in concert work I think I take as much pleasure in singing the beautiful soliloquy of the Virgin Mary in Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio "The Kingdom" as in anything I do. The music is wonderfully expressive, the words are founded on Truth, and the whole is so inspired that it takes me completely out of myself, the orchestration having a large share in the effect also. Among songs that I enjoy singing, I must also mention Dalhousie Young's "Bredon Hill," from the singing of which I derive greater pleasure than anything else of the same kind.

Cicely Gleeson-White

Mme. Ella Russell.

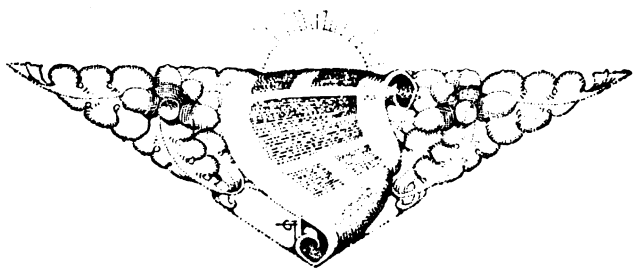
I think, perhaps, the song I enjoy singing more than any other is that old friend, "Il Bacio" (The Kiss). It is such a delightful song, and so cheerful and melodious that the very thought of it raises one's spirits! And besides, the public like it so! You may say what you like, but a singer must get more satisfaction out of singing a song that the public really appreciate. When the opening bars of "Il Bacio" are struck up the audience invariably start to clap, and this puts one in a good humour right away.

Ella Russell

Mme. Alice Esty.

It is not so easy to say straight away what song I most enjoy singing, there are so many that I like. For instance, I am very fond of all Schubert's songs and love to sing them, while another song which is a great favourite of mine is by Frank Lambert, and is called "Forethought." And yet I suppose that an artiste is naturally apt to grow most fond of the song with which she has made the greatest success, and in my case this has been Tosti's "Good-Bye." I have found the public always most susceptible to the haunting charm of this song, and have upon innumerable occasions received requests before a concert that I should sing it. I therefore give my vote accordingly, for truly I do not think that there is any other song that I more enjoy singing.

Alice Esty



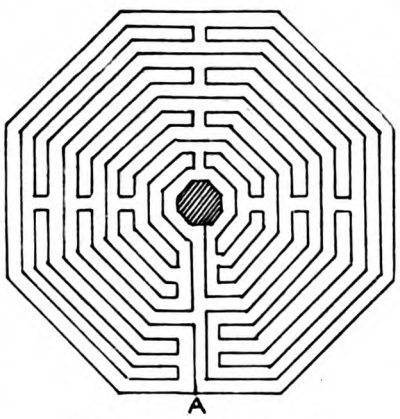
The extracts from songs in this article are made by permission of the following publishers: Messrs. Boosey & Co., for "Abide with Me"; Messrs. J. B. Cramer, for "Caro Mio Ben"; Messrs. A. Durand & Fils, Paris, for "Softly Awakes My Heart"; Messrs. Chappell & Co., for "Bredon Hill"; Messrs. Edwin Ashdown, for "Il Bacio"; Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co., for "Good-Bye."

Mazes, and How to Thread Them.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY,

Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles: and Other Curious Problems."

THE word "labyrinth" is derived from a Greek word signifying the passages of a mine. The ancient mines of Greece, and elsewhere, inspired fear and awe on account of their darkness and the danger of getting lost in their intricate passages. Legend was afterwards built round these mazes. The most familiar instance is the labyrinth made by Dædalus in Crete for King Minos. In the centre was placed the Minotaur, and no one who entered could find his way out again, but became the prey of the monster. Seven youths and seven maidens were sent regularly by the Athenians and were duly devoured, until Theseus slew the monster and escaped from the maze by aid of the clue of thread provided by Ariadne, which accounts for our using to-day the expression, "threading a maze."



1.—MAZE AT ST. QUENTIN.

The various forms of construction of mazes include complicated ranges of caverns, architectural labyrinths or sepulchral buildings, tortuous devices indicated by coloured marbles and tiled pavements, winding paths cut in the turf, and topiary mazes formed by clipped hedges. As a matter of fact, they may be said to have descended to us in precisely this order of variety.

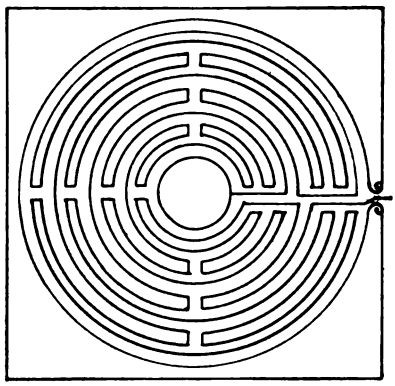
Mazes were used as ornaments on the state robes of Christian emperors before the ninth century, and were soon adopted in the decoration of cathedrals and other churches. The original idea was doubtless to employ them as symbols of the complicated folds of sin by which man is surrounded. They began to abound in the early part of the twelfth century, and I give an illustration of one of this period in the parish church at St. Quentin (Fig. 1). It forms a pavement of the nave, and its diameter is thirty-four and a half feet. The path here is the line itself. If you place your pencil at the point A, and ignore the enclosing line, the path leads you to the centre by a long route over the entire area; but you never have any option as to direction during your course. As we shall find in similar cases, these early ecclesiastical mazes were generally not of a puzzle nature, but simply long, winding paths that took you over practically all the ground enclosed.

In the abbey church of St. Bertin, at St. Omer, there is another of these curious floors, representing the Temple of Jerusalem, with stations for pilgrims. These mazes were actually visited and traversed by them as a compromise for not going to the Holy Land in fulfilment of a vow. They were also used as a means of penance, the penitent frequently being directed to go the whole course of the maze on hands and knees.

2.—MAZE IN CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

The maze in Chartres Cathedral, of which I give an illustration (Fig. 2), is forty feet across, and was used by penitents following the procession of Calvary. A labyrinth in Amiens Cathedral was octagonal, similar to that at St. Quentin, measuring forty-two feet across. It bore the date 1288, but was destroyed in 1708. In the chapter-house at Bayeux is a labyrinth formed of tiles, red,

black, and encaustic, with a pattern of brown and yellow. Dr. Ducarel, in his "Tour Through Part of Normandy" (printed in 1767), mentions the floor of the great guard-chamber in the abbey of St. Stephen's, at Caen, "the middle whereof represents a maze or labyrinth about ten feet diameter, and so artfully contrived that, were we to suppose a man following all the intricate meanders of its volutes, he could not travel less than a mile before he got from one end to the other."

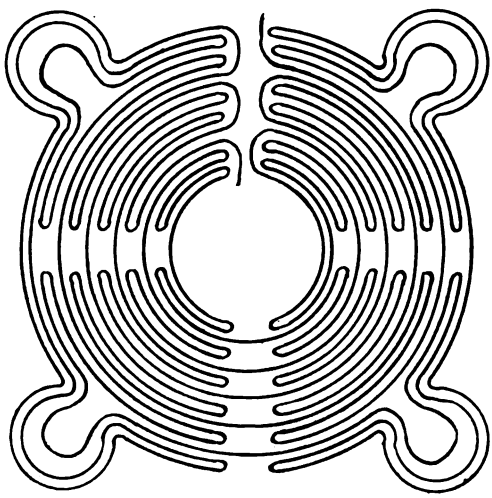


3.—MAZE IN LUCCA CATHEDRAL.

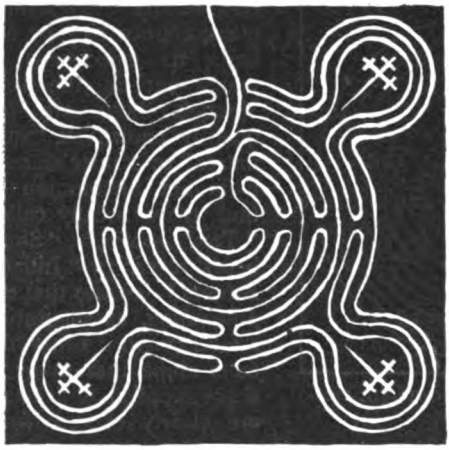
Then these mazes were sometimes reduced in size and represented on a single tile (Fig. 3). I give an example from Lucca Cathedral. It is on one of the porch piers, and is nineteen inches and a half in diameter. A writer in 1858 says that, "from the continual attrition it has received from thousands of tracing fingers, the central group of Theseus and the Minotaur has now been very nearly effaced." Other examples were, and perhaps still are, to be found in the Abbey of Toussarts, at Châlons-sur Marne, in the very ancient church of St. Michele at Pavia, at Aix in Provence, in the cathedrals of Poitiers, Rheims, and Arras, in the church of Santa Maria in Aquiro in Rome, in San Vitale at Ravenna, in the Roman mosaic pavement found at Salzburg, and elsewhere. These mazes were sometimes called "Chemins de Jerusalem," as being emblematical of the difficulties attending a journey to the earthly Jerusalem and of those encountered by the Christian before he can reach the heavenly Jerusalem — where the centre was frequently called "Ciel."

Common as these mazes were upon the Continent, it is probable that no example is to be found in any English church, at least I am not aware of the existence of any. But almost every county has, or has had, its specimens of mazes cut in the turf. Though these are frequently known as "miz-mazes" or "mize-mazes," it is not uncommon to find them locally called "Troy - towns," "Shepherds' races," or "Julians' Bowers"—names that are misleading, as suggesting a false origin. From the facts alone that many of these English turf mazes are clearly copied from those in the Continental churches, and practically all are found close to some ecclesiastical building or near the site of an ancient one, we may regard it as certain that they were of church origin and not invented by the shepherds or other rustics. And, curiously enough, these turf mazes are apparently unknown on the Continent. They are distinctly mentioned by Shakespeare: "The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud, And the quaint mazes in the wanton green For lack of tread are undistinguishable" ("A Midsummer Night's Dream," ii., 1). "My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders!" ("The Tempest," iii., 3).

There was such a maze at Comberton, in Cambridgeshire, and another, locally called the "miz-maze," at Leigh, in Dorset. The latter was on the highest part of a field on the top of a hill, a quarter of a mile from the village, and was slightly hollow in the middle and enclosed by a bank about three feet high. It was circular and thirty paces in diameter. In 1868 the turf had grown over the little trenches, and it was then impossible to trace the paths of the maze. The Comberton one was at the same date believed to be perfect, but whether either or both have now disappeared I cannot say. Nor have I been able to verify



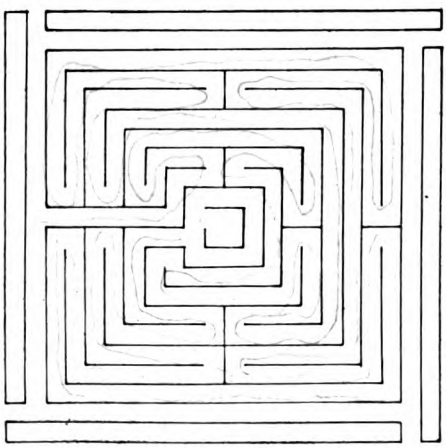
4.—MAZE AT SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX.



5.—MAZE AT SNEINTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

the existence or non-existence of the other examples of which I am able to give illustrations. I shall therefore write of them all in the past tense, retaining the hope that some are still preserved.

In the next two mazes given—that at Saffron Walden, Essex (a hundred and ten feet in diameter, Fig. 4), and the one near St. Anne's Well, at Sneinton, Nottinghamshire (Fig. 5), which was ploughed up on February 27th, 1797 (fifty-one feet in diameter, with a path five hundred and

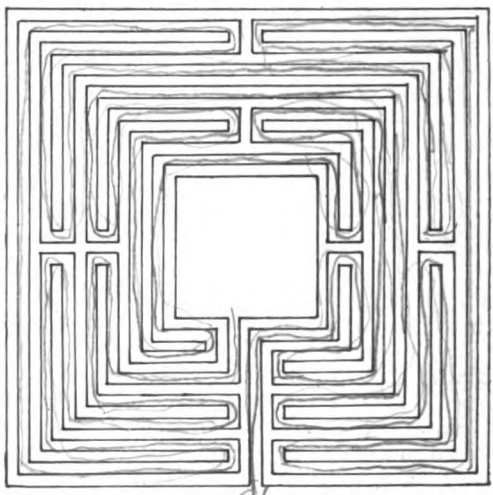


6.—MAZE AT THEOBALDS, HERTFORDSHIRE.

thirty-five yards long)—the paths must in each case be understood to be on the lines, black or white, as the case may be.

The maze at Alkborough, Lincolnshire, was a mere winding path. The maze at Boughton Green, in Northamptonshire, was an example of a direct route to the centre. The maze that was on St. Catherine's Hill, Winchester, was a poor thing, since there was one short direct route to the centre, while all the other turnings brought you to a stop at the end of some blind alley.

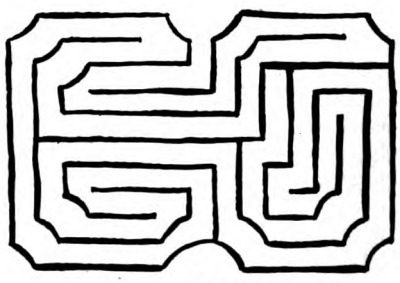
In the case of the maze at Theobalds, Hertfordshire, after you have found the entrance within the four enclosing hedges, the path is direct (Fig. 6). As further illustrations of this class of maze, I give one taken from an Italian work on architecture by Serlio, published in 1537 (Fig. 7), and one by London and Wise, the designers of



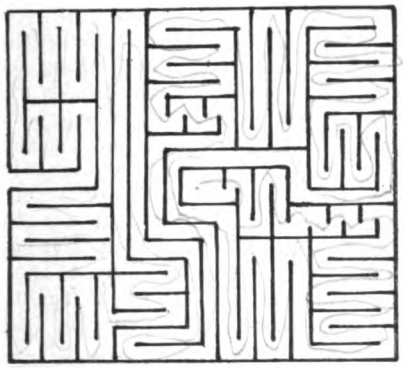
7.—ITALIAN MAZE OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

the Hampton Court maze, from their book, "The Retir'd Gard'ner," published in 1706 (Fig. 8). Also, I add a Dutch maze (Fig. 9).

So far our mazes have been of historical interest, but they have presented no difficulty in threading. After the Reformation period we find mazes converted into mediums for recreation, and they generally consisted of labyrinthine paths enclosed by thick and carefully-trimmed hedges. These topiary hedges were known to the Romans, with whom the topiarius was the ornamental gardener. This type of maze has of late

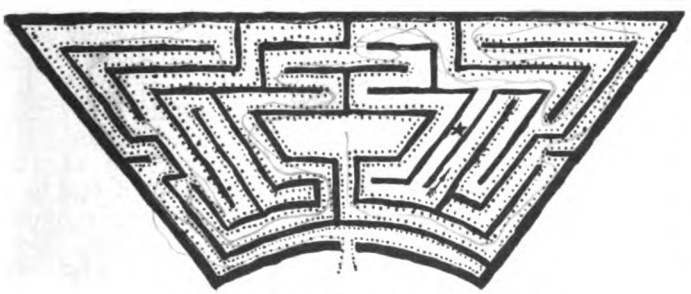


8.—BY THE DESIGNERS OF HAMPTON COURT MAZE.



9.—A DUTCH MAZE.

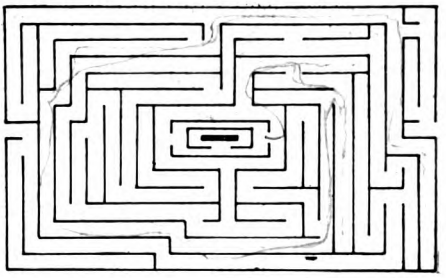
years degenerated into the seaside "Puzzle Gardens. Teas, sixpence, including admission to the Maze." The Hampton Court maze, sometimes called the "Wilderness," at the Royal palace was designed, as I have said, by London and Wise for William III., who had a liking for such things (Fig. 10). I have before me some three or four versions of it, all slightly different from one another, but the plan I select is taken from an old guide-book



10.—MAZE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

to the palace, and therefore ought to be trustworthy. The meaning of the dotted lines, etc., will be explained later on.

The maze at Hatfield House (Fig. 11), the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, like so many labyrinths, is not difficult on paper, but both this and the Hampton Court maze may prove very puzzling to actually thread without knowing the plan. One reason is that one is so apt to go down the same blind alleys over and over again, if one proceeds without method. The maze planned by the desire of the Prince Consort for the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at South Kensington was allowed to go to ruin and was then destroyed —no great loss, for it was a feeble thing. It will be seen that there were three entrances from the outside (Fig. 12), but the only way to the centre is past the point marked A. I include a German maze that is graceful, but not difficult to thread on paper (Fig. 13). The example of a labyrinth formerly existing at Pimperne, in Dorset, is in a class by itself (Fig. 14). It was formed of small ridges about a foot high, and covered nearly an acre of ground, but it was, unfortunately, ploughed up in 1730.



11.—MAZE AT HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTS.

We will now pass to the interesting subject of how to thread any maze. While being necessarily brief, I will try to make the matter clear to readers who have no knowledge of mathematics. And first of all we will assume that we are trying to enter a maze (that is, get to the "centre") of which we have no plan and about which we know nothing. The first rule is this: If a maze has no parts of its hedges detached from the rest, then if we always keep in touch with the hedge with the right hand (or always touch it with the left), going down to the stop in every blind alley and coming back on the other side, we shall pass through every part of the maze and make our exit where we went in. Therefore we must at some time or other enter the centre, and every alley will be traversed twice.

12.—MAZE FORMERLY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

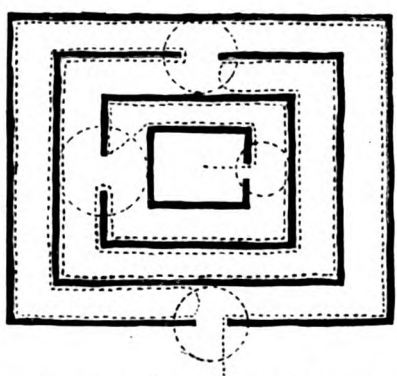
13.—A GERMAN MAZE.

Now look at the Hampton Court plan. Follow, say to the right, the path indicated by the dotted line, and what I have said is clearly correct if we obliterate the two detached parts, or "islands" situated on each side of the star. But as these islands are there you cannot by this method traverse every part of the maze, and if it had been so planned that the "centre" was, like the star, between the two islands, you would never pass through the "centre" at all. A glance at the Hatfield maze will show that there are three of these detached hedges or islands at the centre, so this method will never take you to the "centre" of that one. But the rule will, at least, always bring you safely out again unless you blunder in the following way. Suppose, when you were going in the direction of the arrow in the Hampton Court maze, that you could not distinctly see the turning at the bottom, that you imagined you were in a blind alley and, to save time, crossed at once to the opposite hedge, then you would go round and round that U-shaped island with your right hand still always on the hedge—for ever after!

14.—MAZE AT PIMPERNE, DORSET.

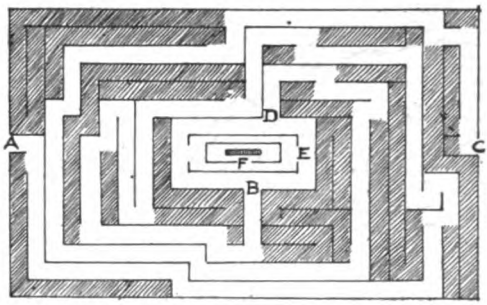
This blunder happened to me a short time ago in a little maze on the Isle of Caldey, South Wales. I knew the maze was a small one, but after a very long walk I was amazed to find that I did not either reach the "centre" or get out again. So I threw a piece of paper on the ground and soon came round to it, from which I knew that I had blundered over a supposed blind alley and was going round and round an island. Crossing to the opposite hedge, and using more care, I was quickly at the centre and out again. Now, if I had made a similar mistake at Hampton Court, and discovered the error when at the star, I should merely have passed from one island to another! And if I had again discovered that I was on a detached part I might with ill luck have recrossed to the first island again! We thus see that this "touching the hedge" method should always bring us safely out of a maze that we have entered; it may happen to take us through the "centre," and if we miss the centre we shall know there must be islands. But it has to be done with a little care, and in no case can we be sure that we have traversed every alley or that there are no detached parts.

If the maze has many islands the traversing of the whole of it may be a matter of considerable difficulty. Here is a method for solving any maze, due to M. Trémaux, but it necessitates carefully marking in some way your entrances and exits where the galleys fork. I give a diagram of an imaginary maze of a very simple character that will serve our purpose just as well as something more complex (Fig. 15). The circles at the regions where we have a choice of turnings we may call nodes. A "new" path or node is one that has not been entered before on the route; an "old" path or node is one that has already been entered. (1) No path may be traversed more than twice. (2) When you come to a new node take any path you



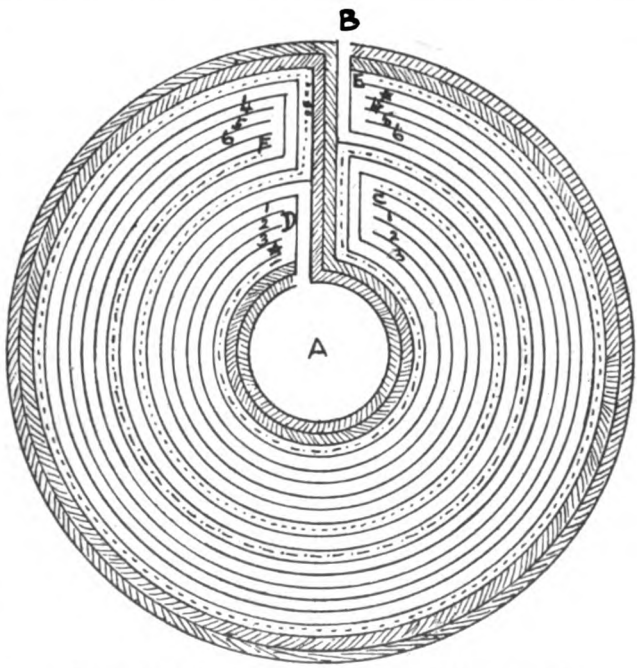
15.—M. TRÉMAUX'S METHOD OF SOLUTION.

like. (3) When by a new path you come to an old node or to the stop of a blind alley, return by the path you came. (4) When by an old path you come to an old node, take a new path if there is one; if not, an old path. The route indicated by the dotted line in the diagram is taken in accordance with these simple rules, and it will be seen that it leads us to the centre, although the maze consists of four islands.



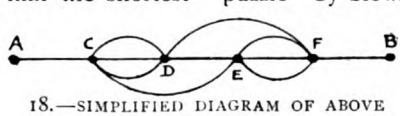
16.—HOW TO THREAD THE HATFIELD MAZE.

Neither of the methods I have given will disclose to us the shortest way to the centre, nor the number of the different routes. But we can easily settle these points with a plan. Let us take the Hatfield maze (Fig. 16). It will be seen that I have suppressed all the blind alleys by the shading. I begin at the stop and work backwards until the path forks. These shaded parts, therefore, can never be entered without our having to retrace our steps. Then it is very clearly seen that if we enter at A we must come out at B; if we enter at C we must come out at D. Then we have merely to determine whether A, B, E, or C, D, E, is the shorter route. As a matter of fact it will be found by rough measurement or calculation that the shortest route to the centre is by way of C, D, E, F.



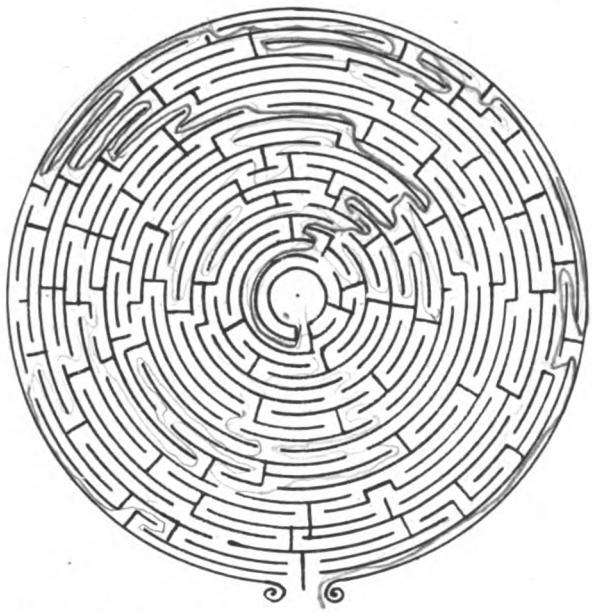
17.—THE PHILADELPHIA MAZE, AND ITS SOLUTION.

I will now give three mazes that are simply puzzles on paper, for, so far as I know, they have never been constructed in any other way. The first I will call the Philadelphia maze (Fig. 17). About six years ago a travelling salesman, living in Philadelphia, U.S.A., developed a curiously unrestrained passion for puzzles. He neglected his business, and soon his position was taken from him. His days and nights were now passed with the subject that fascinated him, and this little maze seems to have driven him into insanity. He had been puzzling over it for some time, and finally it sent him mad and caused him to fire a bullet through his brain. Goodness knows what his difficulties could have been! But there can be little doubt that he had a disordered mind, and that if this little puzzle had not caused him to lose his mental balance some other more or less trivial thing would in time have done so. There is no moral in the story, unless it be that of the Irish maxim, which applies to every occupation of life as much as to the solving of puzzles: "Take things aisy; if you can't take them aisy, take them as aisy as you can." And it is a bad and empirical way of solving any puzzle—by blowing your brains out.



18.—SIMPLIFIED DIAGRAM OF ABOVE ROUTES.

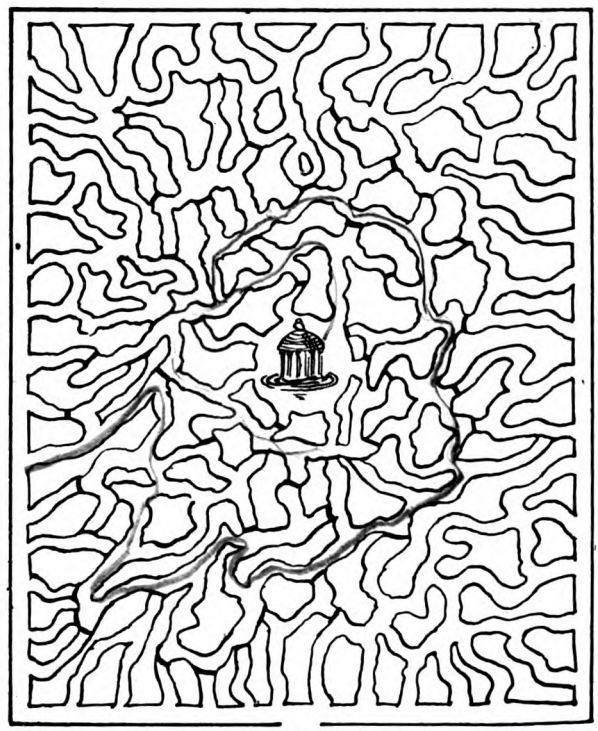
Now, how many different routes are there from A to B in this maze if we must never in any route go along the same passage



19.—CAN YOU FIND THE SHORTEST WAY TO CENTRE?

twice? The four open spaces where four passages end are not reckoned as "passages." In the solution diagram (Fig. 17), it will be seen that I have again suppressed the blind alleys. It will be found that, in any case, we must go from A to C, and also from F to B. But when we have arrived at C there are three ways, marked 1, 2, 3, of getting to D. Similarly, when we get to E there are three ways, marked 4, 5, 6, of getting to F. We have also the dotted route from C to E, the other dotted route from D to F, and the passage from D to E, indicated by stars. We can, therefore, express the position of affairs by the little diagram annexed (Fig. 18). Here every condition of route exactly corresponds to that in the circular maze, only it is much less confusing to the eye. Now, the number of routes, under the conditions, from A to B on this simplified diagram is 640, and that is the required answer to the maze puzzle.

Finally, I will leave two easy maze puzzles (Figs. 19—20), for my more juvenile readers to solve for themselves. The puzzle in each case is to find the shortest possible route to the centre. Everybody knows the story of Fair Rosamund and the Woodstock maze. What the maze was like or whether it ever existed except in imagination is not known, many writers believing that it was simply a badly-constructed house with a large number of confusing rooms and passages. At any rate my sketch lacks the authority of the other mazes in this article. My "Rosamund's Bower" is simply designed to show that where you have the plan before you it often happens that the easiest way to find a route into a maze is by working backwards and first finding a way out.



20.—ROSAMUND'S BOWER.

WHY SAM WAS DISSATISFIED.

By
Lloyd Williams.

"I AM a believer in fresh air, Mrs. Chester," said Samuel.

"Hair, sir?" replied the excellent woman, with a confident smile; "there's no part of London where the hair's fresher than it is round here. They says it comes from Brighton; but, as I says, it don't make no manner of difference to me whether it comes from Brighton or Margate, so long as it's fresh. My son's the same as yourself, sir. 'Fresh hair, mother,' he says, 'and I don't care if you toasts my bacon or fries it.' My son's away from home jest now."

"I'm sorry I have missed him," said Samuel, with the dignity and politeness that are associated with gentlemen in the employment of the Bank of England.

"You'd like to see the bedroom, sir?" suggested Mrs. Chester.

She led him to an apartment at the back of the house and flung the door open in triumph.

"And a very comfortable room it is, though I says it who shouldn't," she remarked. "French windows opening into the garden. On a clear day, sir, you can see right across the brickfield to Tottenham."

Samuel nodded his high approval of the French windows. "You have a large garden," he said. "What is that building at the other end?"

"Well, it's just a small place where my son keeps his things," she replied, vaguely. "This is his favourite room, and when he's at home he often sleeps here himself. You'd like some hot water in the morning for shaving?"

"At half-past seven, please. Do these windows open easily?"

"Oh, bless you, yes. On a warm night, such as we're having now, my son often and often sleeps with his windows wide open. He's a rare one for the hair."

"What is that curious circle on the lawn, Mrs. Chester?" asked Samuel, stepping into the garden.

"Which, sir?"

Samuel looked at her in surprise. There was only one circle, and that was clearly marked. The lawn was a large one, and the grass had been worn away in a circle all round it.

"You mean that little mark on the grass?" said Mrs. Chester. "Well, I don't hardly know what it is, sir. Most likely my son's been playing some game. What time would you like your supper, sir?"

Samuel settled the details of his tenancy, gave orders for supper, and announced his intention of entering into possession of his new apartments at seven o'clock the same evening.

He was pleased with himself. The house was large and important-looking; Mrs. Chester, though loquacious, was respectfully maternal in manner; and, above all, his bedroom had French windows leading out into

the garden. This last fact pleased him greatly. It was a pleasant detail to mention to the fellows in his office.

Samuel was a methodical little man. He arranged his sitting-room with great care—the banjo-case in one corner, golf-sticks in another, and tennis-racket in a third. On one side of the mantelpiece he placed a photograph of the lady upon whom he had arranged to bestow his hand in matrimony, and on the other side a photograph of a lady to whom he had been engaged five years before.

At ten o'clock, Greenwich time—Samuel was particular about the precise hour, as he was particular about all small matters—he retired to rest. First he read a passage from Shakespeare, according to his self-imposed habit. It happened to be the scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" where Bottom wears an ass's head. Afterwards, Samuel remembered this as a curious coincidence in view of what followed. Then he punched his exercise ball for fifteen minutes, Greenwich time; finally, he went through a short course of Sandow, and at last sprang into bed blowing like a puny little grampus.

The French windows were ajar, and Samuel felt that all night he would be inhaling the fresh air which would some day convert his skinny little frame into a mass of muscle and sinews.

He must have slept for a couple of hours, when he awoke with the odd sensation that something—something quite unusual—was happening.

He strained his ears, and became aware of a trampling sound on the lawn outside, combined with heavy breathing. Samuel sat up in bed and frowned.

Then he heard the crunching of feet on the gravel path just outside his window.

Samuel shivered with terror. The muscle that he had worked so hard to develop seemed to be of no consequence now. The little man quivered and stared at the French windows in the dim light.

Why had he been such an idiot as to leave them open?

They were pushed slowly aside and a dark object began to appear. Samuel sprang lightly out of bed by the other side and "took cover." Even in the moment of his terror the thought that he was "taking cover," and not merely hiding, comforted him.

"A DARK OBJECT BEGAN TO APPEAR."

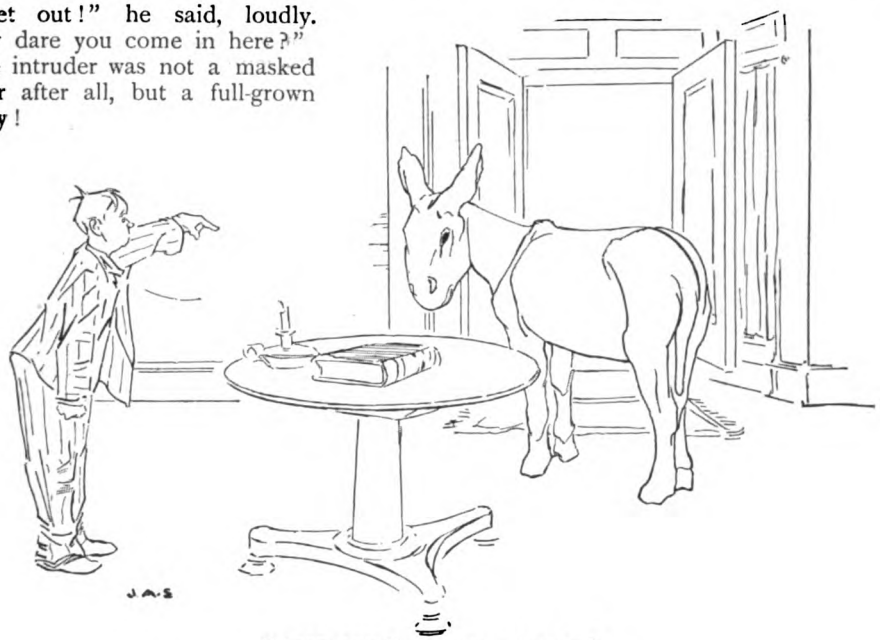
The dark object pushed its way into the room, growing bigger and bigger, and Samuel gasped for breath. He carried a revolver in his Gladstone bag. Where was the Gladstone bag? In his panic he could not remember.

Now the French windows stood wide open, and the intruder stepped heavily into the room.

Samuel coughed hysterically and rose to his feet.

"Get out!" he said, loudly. "How dare you come in here?"

The intruder was not a masked burglar after all, but a full-grown donkey!



"'GET OUT!' HE SAID, LOUDLY."

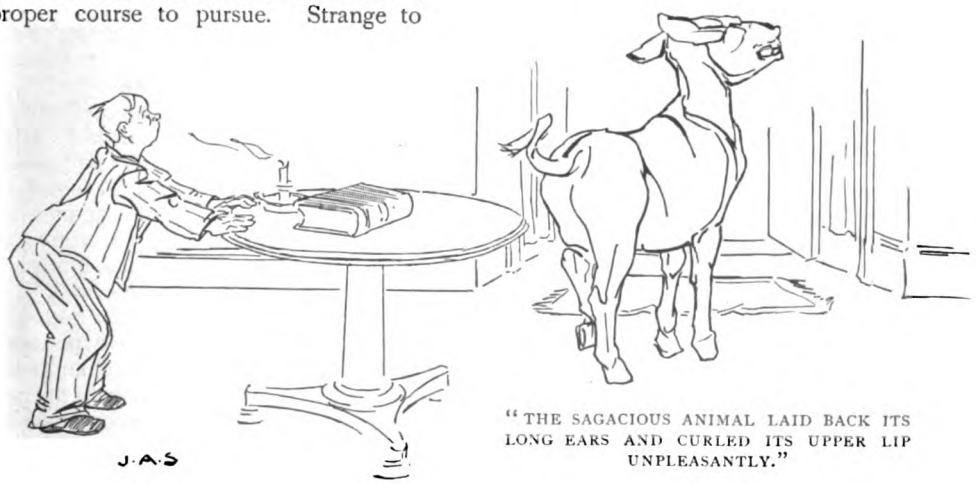
Samuel's courage returned with a rush. He lighted a candle. The donkey was a grey one, and it looked at him with an air of surprise.

"Look here, my friend," said Samuel, boldly. "This won't do. I won't have it. Clear out."

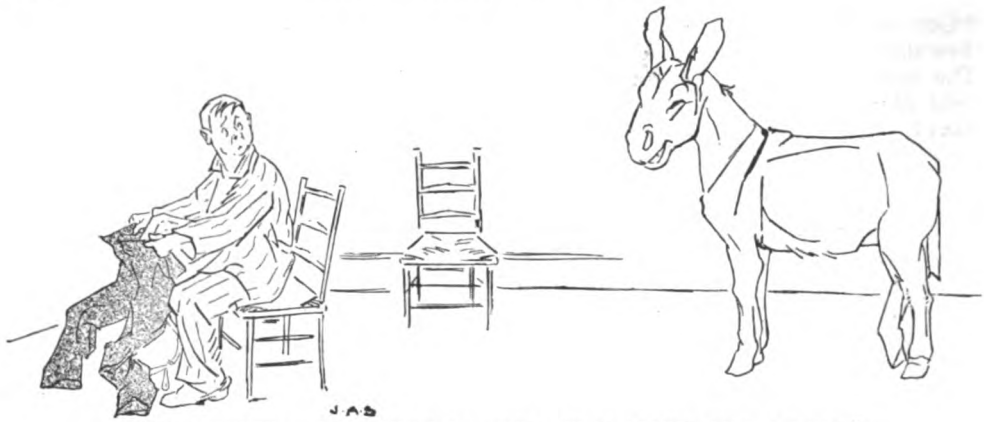
The sagacious animal laid back its long ears and curled its upper lip unpleasantly, showing an even line of yellowish teeth. At the same time it shifted its position slightly, so that its heels came into the line of fire, so to speak.

Samuel hesitated as to what was the proper course to pursue. Strange to say, although he had been associated with the banking world for fifteen years, he had had no experience of donkeys. On the whole he decided not to be foolhardy. His clothes were within reach—likewise the door. He began to pull on his socks and trousers, and endeavoured to do so with a dignified air of detachment, though the fact that the donkey was watching him with what looked very like a smile of amusement was embarrassing.

At last he was sufficiently clothed to make a journey to the next floor possible, and he found his way to Mrs. Chester's room.



"THE SAGACIOUS ANIMAL LAID BACK ITS LONG EARS AND CURLED ITS UPPER LIP UNPLEASANTLY."



"THE DONKEY WAS WATCHING HIM WITH WHAT LOOKED LIKE A SMILE."

He rapped upon the door sharply.

"Who's there?" asked a sleepy voice.

"It's I," said Samuel, mindful of his grammar even in these distressing circumstances. "There's a donkey in my room."

"A what?"

"A donkey," said Samuel, sharply.

"Oh, dear, dear, how provoking!" remarked Mrs. Chester. "That must be Mrs. Pankhurst."

"I don't care what her name is," said Samuel, irritably. "But I shall be glad if you will take immediate steps to remove the animal."

"Couldn't you turn her out, sir?"

"I have already made a suggestion to that effect," said Samuel, frigidly, "but she disregards it. Whose donkey is it?"

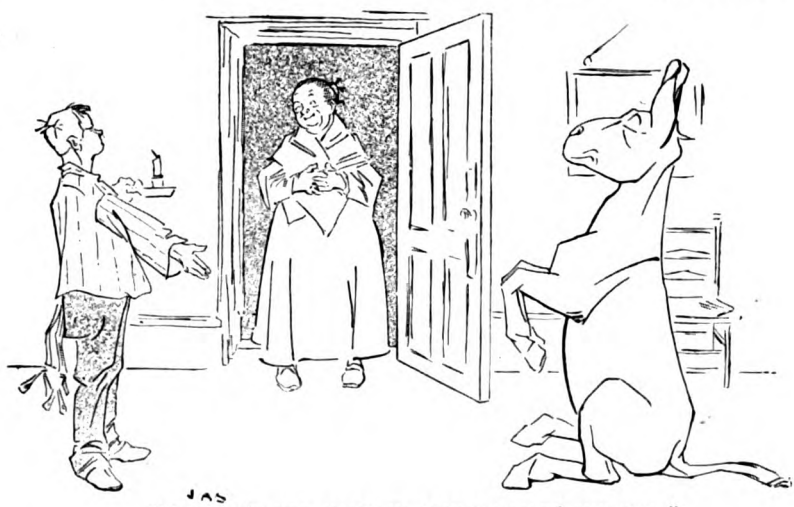
"It belongs to my son. If you'll wait a moment I'll slip on some clothes and come down. It's very naughty of her to come out of her nice warm bed in the middle of the night."

Samuel returned to his room, and, poking his head cautiously round the door, was surprised to see that his visitor was sitting on her haunches and begging like a dog.

Mrs. Chester joined him before he could quite make up his mind to enter. She was wideawake now and extremely cheerful and optimistic.

"You see, she belongs to my son," she said. "She's a performing donkey, and goes with him on his engagements. My son's in the profession. He gets his five pounds a week in Jingle's Circus by himself, and seven pounds when he takes his donkey."

She led the way into the room, and her face beamed with gratification when she saw the intelligent animal was begging.



"'DOLLIE'S HER NAME IN PRIVATE LIFE,' SHE SAID."

"SHE'S DYING FOR HER COUNTRY. DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A LOVELY ANIMAL?"

"There, now," she said. "There's a picture! She's rehearsing. Oh, Dollie, you're a naughty darling—you are, really!"

Then she turned to Samuel, who was speechless with indignation.

"Dollie's her name in private life," she said. "But she's 'Mrs. Pankhurst' on the bills, because it amuses the children."

"Most disrespectful," said Samuel, loftily.

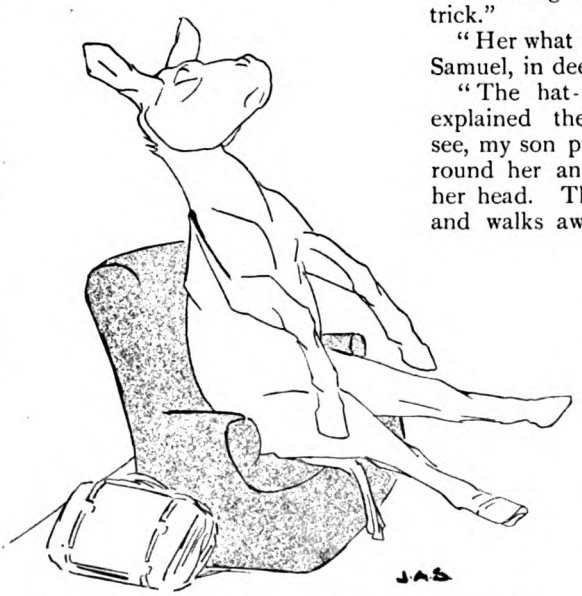
"Bless you, my son's as keen as mustard on this here suffrage business. Why, he offered to go in one of their processions, and wear his full clown's dress with paint and all. But they said it wasn't necessary. Now, Dollie, dear, you must go to bed. Did she want a bit of sugar?"

A piece of sugar was pushed between the darling's lips and she munched it noisily.

"And now she must really go to bed," said Mrs. Chester, coaxingly. "Good Dollie!"

But Dollie, instead of going to bed, stretched herself out on the floor.

"She's dying for her country. Did you ever see such a lovely animal? My son's taught her himself. She's a Territorial now."



"DOLLIE VERY DELIBERATELY SEATED HERSELF IN AN ARM-CHAIR."

"Mrs. Chester, I must insist on an end being put to this tomfoolery," said Samuel, angrily. "I am losing my rest, and—and I won't have performing donkeys in my room at night."

"You're quite right, sir," said the excellent woman, warmly "As I says, enough's as good as a feast. Now, Dollie, off you go!"

Dollie arose with an air of excessive weariness and very deliberately seated herself in an arm-chair.

"Now, that's tiresome," said Mrs. Chester, gravely. "I wish she hadn't thought of that. She's doing her hat-and-coat trick."

"Her what trick?" inquired Samuel, in deep disgust.

"The hat-and-coat trick," explained the lady. "You see, my son puts his overcoat round her and a top hat on her head. Then she gets up and walks away on her hind legs as large as life. It's as good as a pantomime to see her."

"Well, for goodness' sake, put on the hat and coat and let her walk away quickly," said Samuel. "I have never been treated so disrespectfully in my life."

Mrs. Chester hesitated.

"What are you waiting for?" inquired Samuel.

"Well, you see, I haven't a hat and coat now my son's away," she explained.

Samuel was in despair. "Then what's to be done?"

"Unless you'd lend yours," she said, suggestively.

"Me? Lend my silk hat and overcoat for a donkey to wear? I'm surprised at you, Mrs. Chester."

She shook her head. "It's no good talking. Dollie won't stop a trick in the middle. Unless she has a hat and coat, she'll stop here till morning."

Samuel groaned. But after a moment's hesitation he stepped into the hall, and returned with his immaculate silk hat and frock overcoat.

"Here you are," he said, gloomily.

"Now you just watch," said Mrs. Chester, with pride. "This fairly brings down the house." Then she turned to the donkey, buttoned the overcoat round the creature's shoulders, and balanced the hat upon its head. "Mrs. Pankhurst," she said, in a tone of authority, "here comes the Prime Minister."

With that the donkey rose to her hind legs with an air of insufferable hauteur and walked out of the room into the garden.

That concluded the performance.

The following morning Samuel had to go to the City in a straw hat, because Dollie had had the misfortune to sleep on his silk one.

"This will occasion remark, Mrs. Chester," he said, coldly. "Straw hats are not being worn yet."

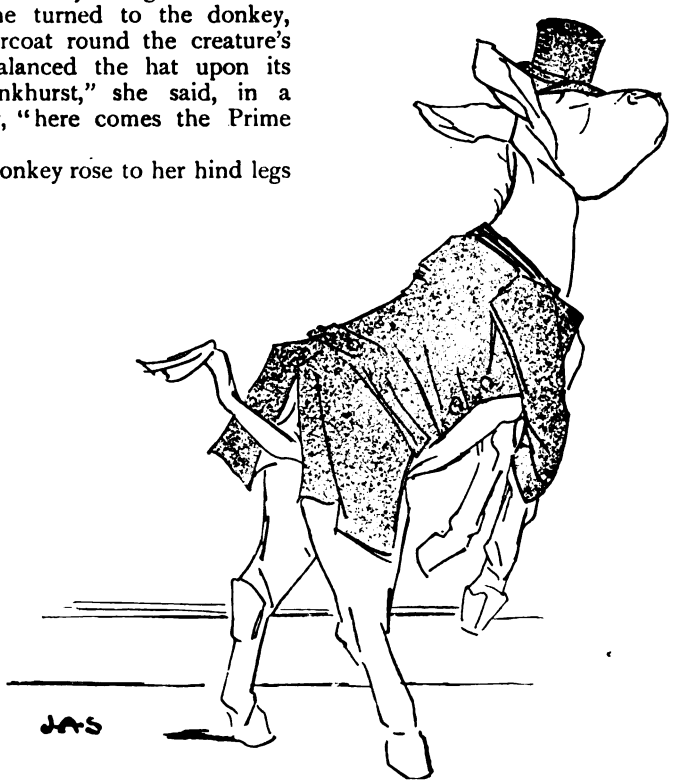
"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir," said the good woman, apologetically. "But you see we look upon Dollie as quite one of the family. That's why her stable door is never locked."

Samuel looked at his own reflection in the hall glass with a frown.

"Mrs. Chester," he said, with his most majestic air, "I am prepared to make allowances, but it is only fair to say that at present I am dissatisfied."

He strode to the door with regal dignity.

"*Extremely dissatisfied*," he added.



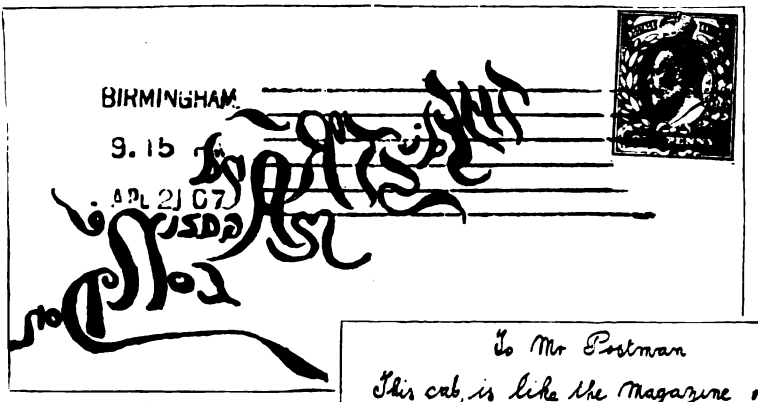
"THE HAT-AND-COAT TRICK."

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Compendium of Short Articles.

VI.—Some Postal Puzzles.

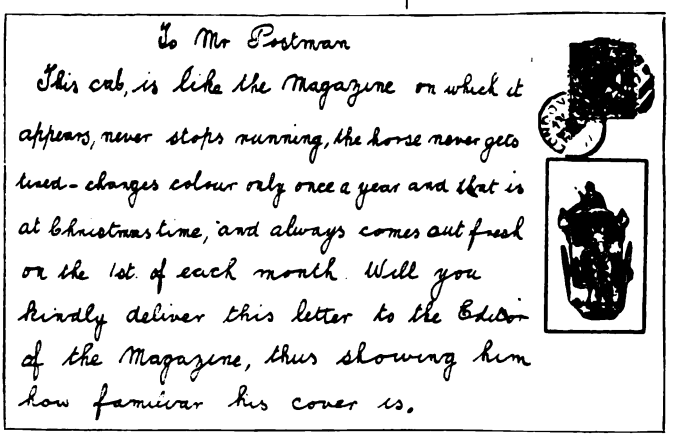
THE Post Office has recently announced that it will no longer undertake to decipher those ingeniously-addressed letters which, puzzling though they may be to the postman, are a joy to the recipient. This decision will lend added interest to the following pages, in which are reproduced a few of the many puzzle addresses which have recently been forwarded to us by contributors or have reached us direct.



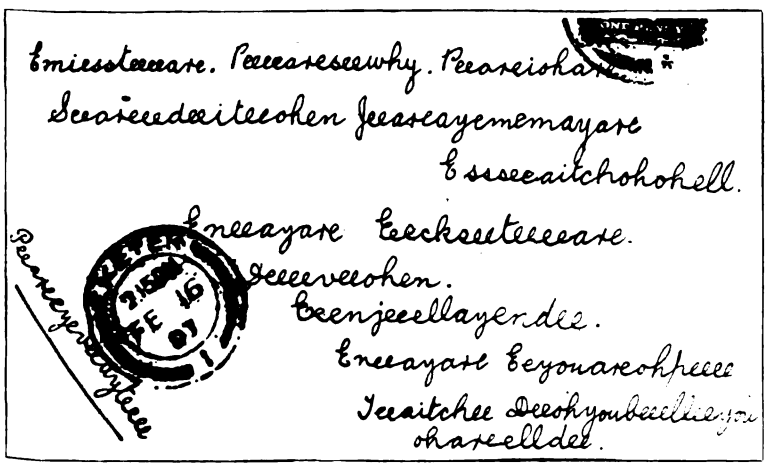
1.

The address on No. 1 is not written in Greek, as at first sight might be supposed, nor do the characters represent the Chinese or Hebrew alphabet. All that need be done to solve the mystery is to look at the inscription as reflected in a mirror.

Both amusing and ingenious is the superscription on No. 2, while the fact that it



2.



3.

reached us without delay is welcome evidence that THE STRAND is a familiar friend of the postal officials.

No. 3, puzzling though it looks, is really very easy of solution. Take, for instance, the first word of the address — Emiesssteeeeare. Em stands for M, i for I, ess for S, tee for T, ee for E, and are for R, the complete

4.

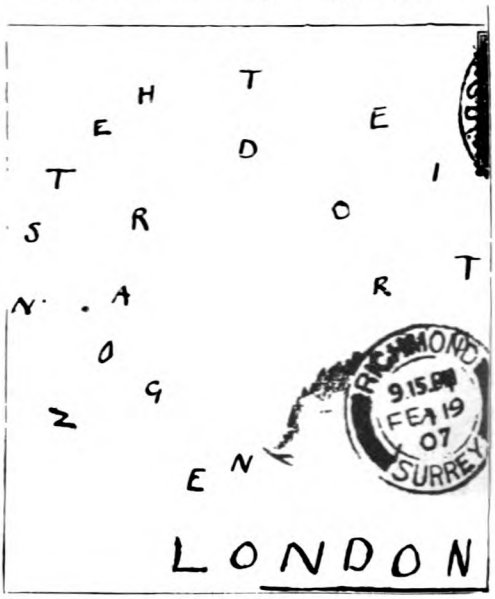
word being "Mister." With this clue, readers will be able to solve with ease the rest of the address.

In sending us the address shown in No. 4, our contributor mentions that a friend of his left his eyeglasses and photograph at a village ten or twelve miles from Ulverston. Next morning he received them back, the packet having his photograph and the word Ulverston as the only address.

In No. 5 the scattered letters merely need placing in their proper order to produce

No. 7 is an example of the well-known method of denoting the letters A to Z by the numbers 1 to 26.

A tourist in East Anglia happening to see,



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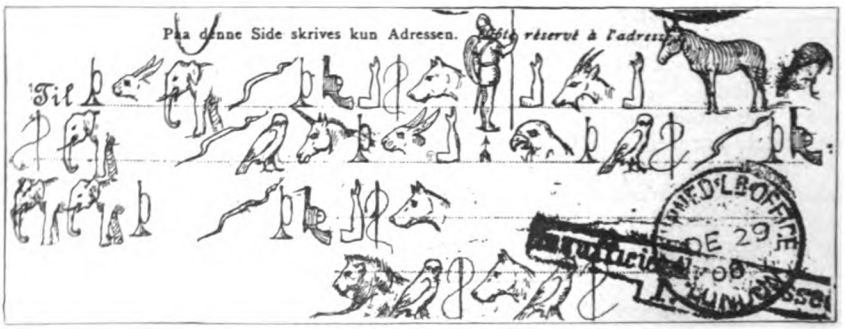
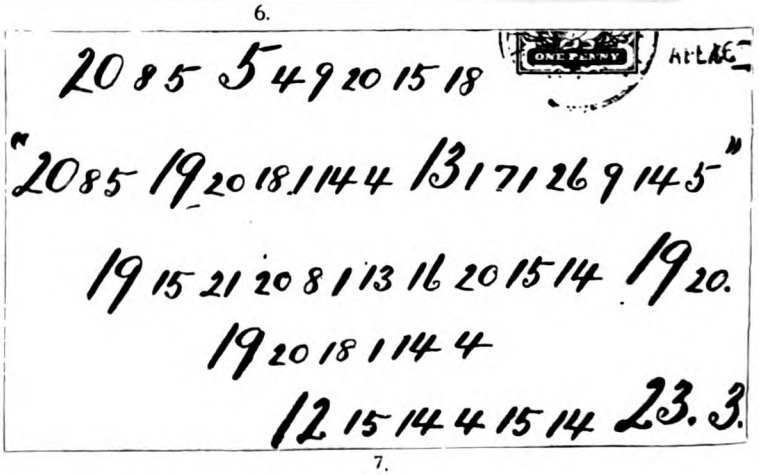


6.

the following address: The Editor, STRAND MAGAZINE, London. In the next example the first letter only of each of the objects drawn is to be used. Thus the first three —trumpet, hare, and elephant — give us T H E. With a little ingenuity the rest of this cleverly-conceived address may easily be deciphered; while



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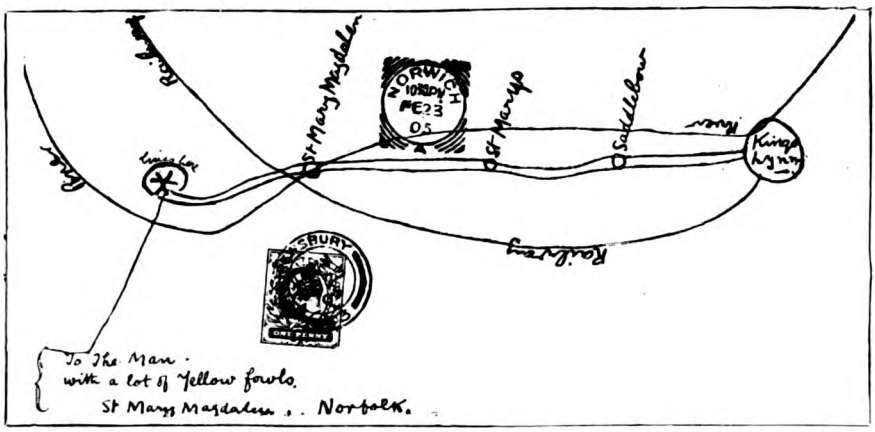
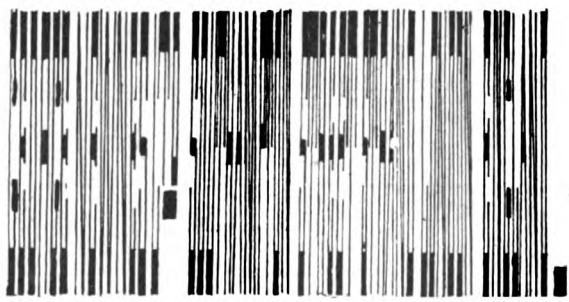


8.

at Magdalen, some buff Orpingtons to which he took a fancy, and not knowing the owner's name, adopted the ingenious method of address shown in No. 8. Not only was the letter safely delivered, but a good order resulted.

To read No. 9 the page should be held horizontally on a level with the eyes, when the London address of this magazine will be clearly seen.



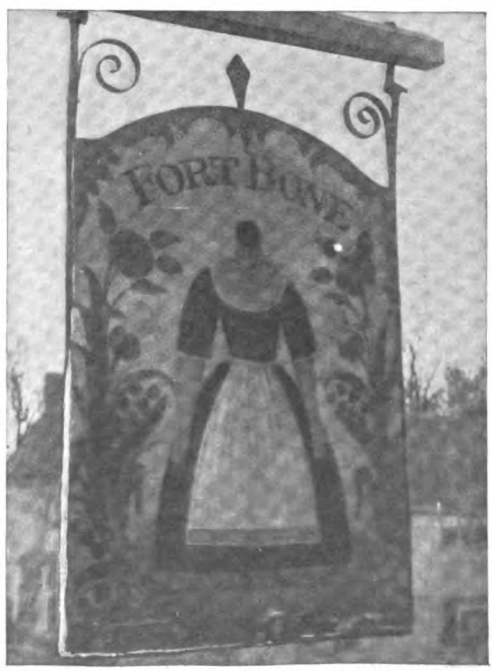
9.

VII.—**Some Curious Inn Signs.**

THE tall sign-post outside a village inn, sometimes with a half-obliterated figure of bird or beast or man, is always an interesting feature on a country road. Occasionally we find a trace of history or of heraldry; now and then we come across a gleam of irony or humour in the quaint device, with its accompanying doggerel verses. Nearly two hundred years ago Dean Swift and Lord High Treasurer Harley used to amuse themselves by trying

> To read the lines
> Writ underneath the country signs.

Such an amusement would be rather difficult nowadays when many of the signs, once useful for the guidance of travellers, have been thrown away.



THE GOOD OR QUIET WOMAN AT WIDFORD, IN ESSEX.

It is worth while pointing out some of the curious pictorial signs which are still to be found scattered about in nooks and corners, and illustrating their peculiarities before they vanish and are forgotten.

The ancient sign of the Good or Quiet Woman is not uncommon. It may be found at Pershore and at other places. The illustration given here is taken from an inn at the village of Widford, in Essex, which is jocularly said to be "the only good woman

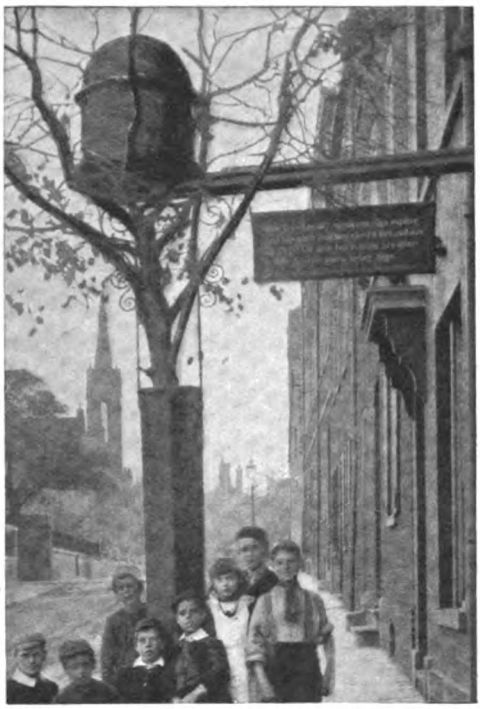
in Essex." The idea is that a woman can only be silenced by being deprived of her head. She is then *fort bone*—very good.

Very interesting is the "living sign" at Grantham—the well-known Bee-Hive. The signboard swinging below thus draws attention to Grantham's two attractions :—

Stop, traveller, this wondrous sign explore
And say when thou hast viewed it o'er and o'er,
GRANTHAM now two rarities are thine—
A lofty steeple and a living sign.

One of the most humorous is The Man Loaded with Mischief, which is found about a mile from Cambridge, on the Madingley Road. The original Mischief was designed by Hogarth for a public-house in Oxford Street. It is needless to say that the signboard, and even the name, has long ago disappeared from the busy London thoroughfare, but the quaint device must have been extensively copied by country sign-painters. There is a Mischief at Wallingford, and a Load of Mischief at Norwich. The inn on the Madingley Road, which is quite a small one, exhibits the sign in its original form. Though the colours are much faded from exposure to the weather, traces of Hogarthian humour can be detected. A man is staggering under the weight of a woman, who is on his back. She is holding a glass of gin in her hand; a chain and padlock are round the man's neck, labelled "Wedlock." On one shoulder is perched a magpie, on the other a monkey. On the roof of a shed two cats are disporting themselves; underneath is a sow asleep, with the words, "She's as drunk as a sow." On the right-hand side is the shop of "S. Gripe, Pawnbroker," and a carpenter is just going in to pledge his tools. Under the original sign were the lines :—

A monkey, a magpie, and a wife
Is the true emblem of strife.



A "LIVING SIGN"—THE BEE-HIVE, AT GRANTHAM.

THE MAN LOADED WITH MISCHIEF.

No such rhyme, however, appears on the Cambridgeshire Mischief. Perhaps it was thought too pointed. A unique and very cheerful sign is The Merry Maidens at the village of Shinfield, near Reading. The peculiarity of these maidens is that it would be almost impossible to remove them. Each of the four half-length stone figures is fitted into its own niche and crowned with a basket of flowers. The maidens look stout and buxom, as if they had enjoyed plenty of good cheer. A humorous sign is The Three Loggerheads, which represents two silly-

looking faces, with the words, "We three loggerheads be!" the unsuspicious reader making the third.

The origin of the quaint sign of the Now Thus, at Barton-on-Irwell, near Manchester, is found in the following story concerning William Trafford, the Royalist owner of South Lamley Hall. When the troops of the Parliament were heard approaching, he caused all his servants and farm stock to be hidden in a glen called "Solomon's Hollow." This accomplished, he collected his jewellery and other valuables, and, having buried them, disguised himself as a farm labourer. When the Roundheads arrived he was busily engaged in threshing corn over the spot where his valuables were hidden. As they entered the barn they heard Trafford repeating at intervals the words, "Now thus," and although he was questioned by the officers, who took him for a servant, they could get nothing else out of him but "Now thus." Believing that they were talking to a lunatic they went their way, and the estate was saved. On the sign the words "Now Thus" appear on the uplifted flail.

THE MERRY MAIDENS, AT SHINFIELD, NEAR READING.

THE SIGN OF THE THREE LOGGERHEADS. WHO IS THE THIRD?

The famous sign of The Five Alls is found principally in the South of England. The illustration which we give is The Five Alls at Marlborough. The five standing figures are as follows: Queen — I rule all; Bishop—I pray for all; Lawyer — I plead for all; Soldier—I fight for all; Farmer—I pay for all. The Alls is a very old sign, which may be seen not only in England, but under the blue skies of Malta, in the sunny streets of La Valetta.

THE NOW THUS, A SIGN WITH A CURIOUS HISTORY.

THE FAMOUS SIGN OF THE FIVE ALLS, AT MARLBOROUGH.

VIII.—Which is the Finest Statue in the World?

THE OPINIONS OF FAMOUS SCULPTORS.

In an art which has made such strides as sculpture has in this country of late, where its professors annually increase in numbers, skill, and importance, the value of a universal ideal cannot well be over-estimated. "What is the finest statue in the world?" What indicates the high-water mark of Greek, Latin, French, German, and British sculpture? On this question we cannot expect the critics—we cannot expect the greatest artists—wholly to agree. And as to the average man in the library, he is more than likely to go hopelessly astray in a verdict. Take Ruskin's dictum. Did he choose the Venus de Milo, the Venus Aphrodite, the Apollo Belvedere, or the Hermes of Praxiteles? Not at all. With all the masterpieces from Phidias to Flaxman before him in his mind's eye he wrote, soberly: "Beyond question, the St. George of Donatello is the finest achievement of sculpture in the whole world."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "NIGHT."

The late Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., arrived at a somewhat similar judgment, for he wrote:—

"In the absence of the chryselephantine sculptures of ancient Greece, it is not easy for us to say to-day what is the high-water mark achieved by sculpture, and, after all, the sculptures of the Parthenon are only fragments, from which we may only guess their beauty as a whole. Putting these aside, I should say the three finest statues in the world are: 1, Donatello's St. George; 2, the Colleoni, by Verrocchio; 3, Michael Angelo's Night."

THE "THESEUS."

The eminent French master, M. Auguste Rodin, thus writes: "It is very difficult to designate for you a single one or even three *chefs-d'œuvre* as being the finest of all sculpture. To tell you the truth, I see rather three epochs, each of which is full of masterpieces. Amongst these masterpieces it hardly seems to me possible to choose one rather than another.

"All the antique is admirable and all the Gothic and all the Renaissance also; and in all countries and down to the nineteenth century inclusive.

"After that, save some rare exceptions of recent date, it is even more difficult to select anything as best."

Pressed further, M. Rodin, in an interview, thought that if all but a trio of the masterpieces of all the epochs were to be doomed to destruction, he would most wish spared the Niké of Samothrace, Donatello's St. George, and Michael Angelo's Night.

But that does not mean that the Venus de Milo is without votaries, or that she is to take second rank. Three French sculptors of great distinction—MM. Dalon, Carries, and Gérôme—pronounced her "on her pedestal alone, unapproachable, indisputable sovereign." What do our British masters say to our question?

"If," writes Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., "you ask for the masterpieces of sculpture, 'Our Lady of Melos, to whom we all pray,' as Browning puts it, rises before me. And then the equally marvellous

statues from the two pediments of the Parthenon, notably the Three Fates, the Theseus, and the Ilissos.

"Nothing in Italian Renaissance work reaches so high a level as these; but, of course, Donatello's statue of St. George at Florence and the Colleoni at Venice are masterpieces."

Mr. W. Goscombe John, R.A., gives first place to the Three Fates. He writes:—

"My choice would be as follows: 1, the Three Fates; 2, the Theseus; 3, the Ilissos (in the British Museum). 4, Victory of Samothrace; 5, Venus of Milo (in the Louvre). 6, Belvedere Torso (in the Vatican). 7, Hermes of Praxiteles (Olympia). 8, Kneeling Youth (National Museum, Rome); and if you like to add a later work, the Twilight of Michael Angelo (in the Medici Tomb).

"It would be impossible to name *one* work that would alone sum up all that was finest in sculpture. I think that there are many fine things in modern sculpture (viz., from Michael Angelo to our own day) that would stand honestly by the side of the great works of antiquity. It is as difficult as it would be to name 'the finest book' ever written. Perhaps 'the hundred best statues' would be too inclusive, but at least one wants pretty well a dozen to do justice to antiquity alone in the matter of its chief masterpieces."

THE "VENUS DE MILO."

DONATELLO'S "ST. GEORGE."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "MOSES."

"I have much pleasure," writes the eminent sculptor, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., "in replying, for although I know that to describe 'what is the finest statue in the world' would mean writing an elaborate paper on the history of Art, yet I feel that some good may be done if a brief note of the principal works of sculpture in the world were placed before your readers. The Theseus, the Ilissos, and the Three Fates are, in my opinion, the finest works of the sculptor's art in the world, and were the crowning glory of the temple devoted to the worship of beauty. The Niké of Samothrace, in the Louvre, Paris; the Venus of Milo, in the same galleries; and the Torso Belvedere, in Rome, also belong to the best epoch of Greek art—500 B.C. The next great period of sculpture was the Italian Renaissance, with its more human interest, and the student is at once arrested by the character and beauty of the works of Donatello. His statues of St. George, and the Prophet, called Il Zuccone, are the flowers of this exquisite period, followed by the mighty works of Michael Angelo. Many of the works of Michael Angelo were never completed, so I have selected one or two of his finished statues—the divine Pieta in St. Peter's, Rome; the mighty statue of Moses on the monument to Pope Julius II. in the Church of St. Pietro, in Vinculi, Rome; and the Medici monuments in the 'Sagrestia Nuova,' Florence."

Mr. J. M. Swan, R.A., writes:—

"I consider Greek sculpture the highest expression of art the world has ever seen; the works of Phidias from the isolated marble fragments we possess are the noblest ruins left by antiquity. Christianity never sought to embody the soul and beauty expressed in these wonderful works. The stupendous might and force of the Belvedere Torso, the grace and suppleness of the male figure expressed by Praxiteles in the Dionysus, the grandeur and nobility of conception of female beauty that we feel in the Niké of Samothrace and the Venus de Milo are all varied elements of life in its highest expression of nobility and beauty of form, and it is difficult to select one as better than another. But if I am to choose the highest in expression of the human form and the most subtle and perfect in workman-

ship, I should select the Ilissos for male beauty and the Niké of Samothrace for the conception of female divinity. The soul that breathes in the art warms the spectator to a new life; the religion or mind that wrought it one feels dead in this commercial age.

"The Niké of Samothrace stands alone; clad with drapery, the proud form gains yet another victory. The Venus de Milo is alone—Michael Angelo's individual expression stands alone. And so with Donatello, the Della Robbias in child-like grace and purity of symbol; but the large sense of life, the breath from the heavens, the open-air of life, and the harmony of a grand physical and intellectual race is with the Greek."

"THE NIKÉ" OF SAMOTHRACE.

Sir George J. Frampton, R.A., on the other hand, would give the Venus de Milo the first place amongst statues. After that his choice is in agreement with most of our great sculptors, "but," he writes, "I would rather place The Victory in the Louvre (Niké of Samothrace) before the Colleoni. Then would come Michael Angelo's Night and Donatello's St. George."

THE "COLLEONI."

In selecting the Venus de Milo, the Colleoni, and Michael Angelo's Night, Mr. W. R. Colton, A.R.A., makes this comment:—

"I shall be extremely interested to learn which is the finest statue in the world. I trust you may be able to solve the problem in your article.

THE "THREE FATES."

"What is the most beautiful flower in the world? This is just as easy of solution. Hundreds of statues exist that I would give my soul to have executed."

Which is interesting in its revelation of personality and aspiration, but hardly likely to aid the man in our now plentifully-besculptured streets in his quest of the finest statue in the world.

"Your question," writes Mr. Henry Pegram, A.R.A., "poses me by its width. It is impossible to say what is the finest piece of sculpture in the world—there is so much variety of purpose and treatment, and one's preferences depend upon one's temperament.

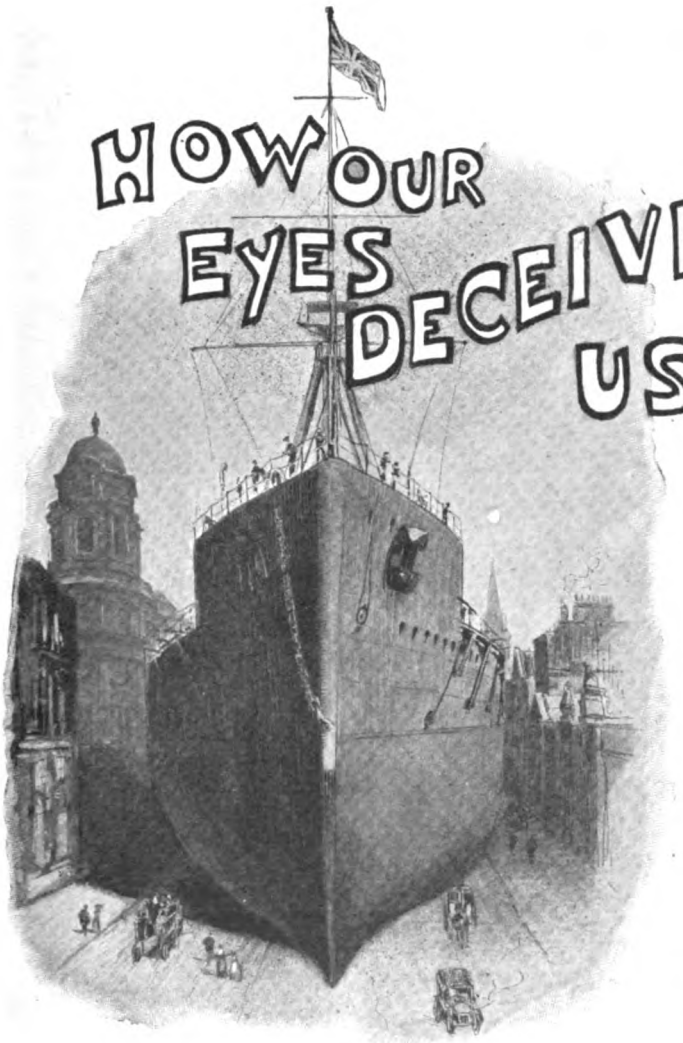
"It seems to me that among *single figures* the Theseus and the Iris, from the pediment of the Parthenon, show equal nobility of feeling and matchless power of execution; with all its great beauty, I think the Venus de Milo is not on quite so high a level as these two.

"Night, by Michael Angelo, must certainly rank as one of the greatest figures in existence. Among *groups*, the Three Fates and the Demeter and Persephone from the above pediment are, I think, the greatest works in existence."

As far, then, as it is possible for the most famous living exponents of sculpture in England to solve the question of what is the finest statue in the world, their verdict has thus been given.

HOW OUR EYES DECEIVE US

By ARTHUR BEALE, M.A.



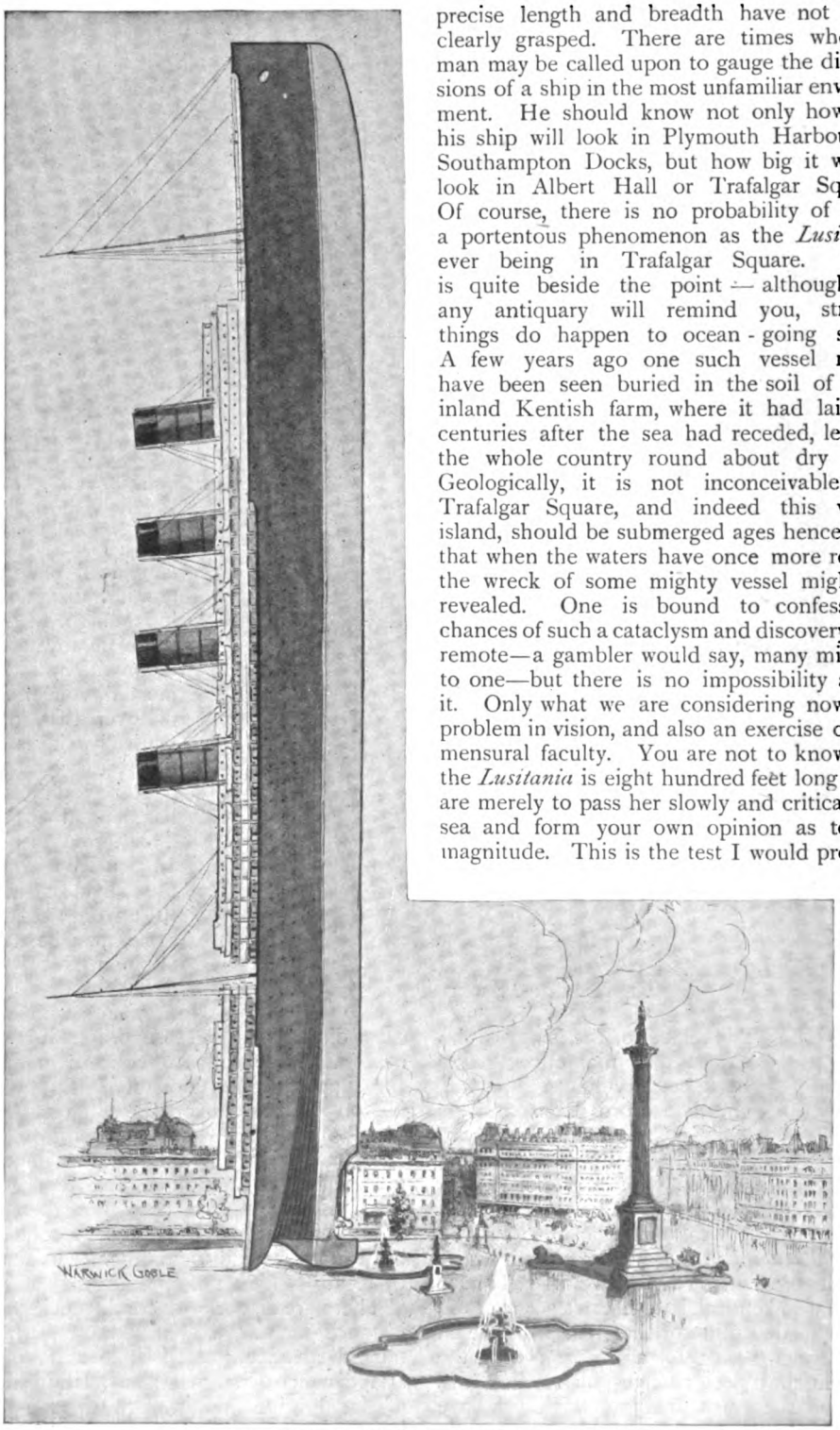
A BATTLESHIP AT WHITEHALL.

IT is related of the famous John Stuart Mill that once staying at a country house someone, the late Lord Rowton, it is believed, wagered that he could not tell the height of his hat to an inch if placed on the ground. Mill accepted the wager, and, although boasting a trained mathematical and logical eye, lost by nearly three inches. The next morning he said at breakfast, "Do you know I have passed a wakeful night? I can't get over the ridiculous deception of that hat. We are all of us such slaves to association that the moment an object changes its relationships it becomes for us a different thing. I have worn that hat for years, and am perfectly convinced that in its relationships it is ten inches high. Logically, therefore, my hat is ten inches high, and it is most disconcerting to discover that, mathematically, it is only seven."

Some philosopher has defined dirt to be "matter out of place." In its place it gives not the slightest trouble to anyone; and the same may be said of those objects with which the eye is familiar, and with whose exact dimensions and proportions it is never necessary practically to concern ourselves. But suppose it were necessary? Suppose the Nelson Monument or the Victoria Tower were to fall by reason of an earthquake or structural defects, would it not be important to estimate the tract of possible damage and danger? In its place the ball on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral causes us no solicitude; but what if we had to contract for its removal by means of a fleet of airships?

There are all sorts of contingencies, as for instance in war, on land or sea, where a trained eye, accustomed to measure objects and distances in unfamiliar relationships, is of signal value. How many disasters have happened because in manœuvring a ship her

precise length and breadth have not been clearly grasped. There are times when a man may be called upon to gauge the dimensions of a ship in the most unfamiliar environment. He should know not only how big his ship will look in Plymouth Harbour or Southampton Docks, but how big it would look in Albert Hall or Trafalgar Square. Of course, there is no probability of such a portentous phenomenon as the *Lusitania* ever being in Trafalgar Square. That is quite beside the point — although, as any antiquary will remind you, strange things do happen to ocean-going ships. A few years ago one such vessel might have been seen buried in the soil of a far inland Kentish farm, where it had lain for centuries after the sea had receded, leaving the whole country round about dry land. Geologically, it is not inconceivable that Trafalgar Square, and indeed this whole island, should be submerged ages hence, and that when the waters have once more retired the wreck of some mighty vessel might be revealed. One is bound to confess the chances of such a cataclysm and discovery very remote—a gambler would say, many millions to one—but there is no impossibility about it. Only what we are considering now is a problem in vision, and also an exercise of the mensural faculty. You are not to know that the *Lusitania* is eight hundred feet long; you are merely to pass her slowly and critically at sea and form your own opinion as to her magnitude. This is the test I would propose



THE "LUSITANIA" IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

for naval students at Osborne and Dartmouth: Atlantic liner to starboard; sight her carefully, and say whether she could steam through Westminster Abbey. Or: Enemy's battleship off the lee bows; state her capacity for giving us the slip through Whitehall.

It is most entertaining to find what practice in this kind of mental exercise will accomplish.

"How big is that buoy?" a man once asked me in the Solent, pointing to a black object in the water a hundred and fifty yards away.

"Eight feet in circumference," I answered.

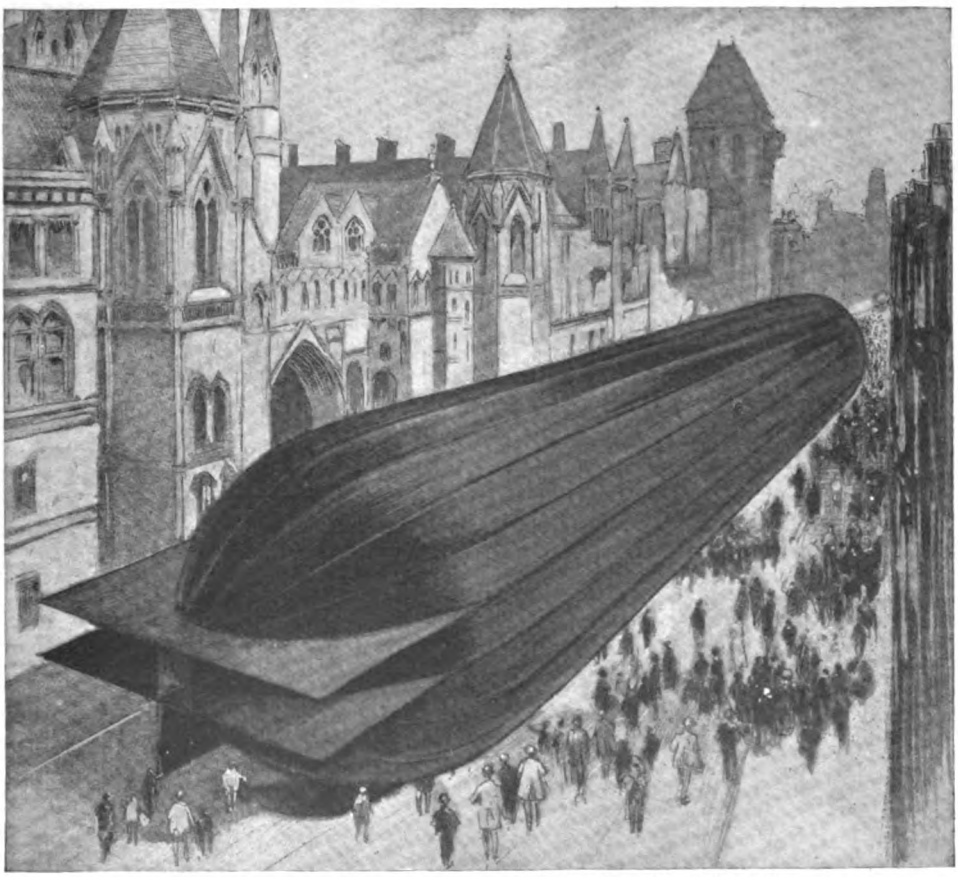
"Humph!" he said. "I thought you'd say at least twelve. How did you make such a near shot?"

"I measured it by the waves," I replied.

"By the waves? I never heard of such a thing."

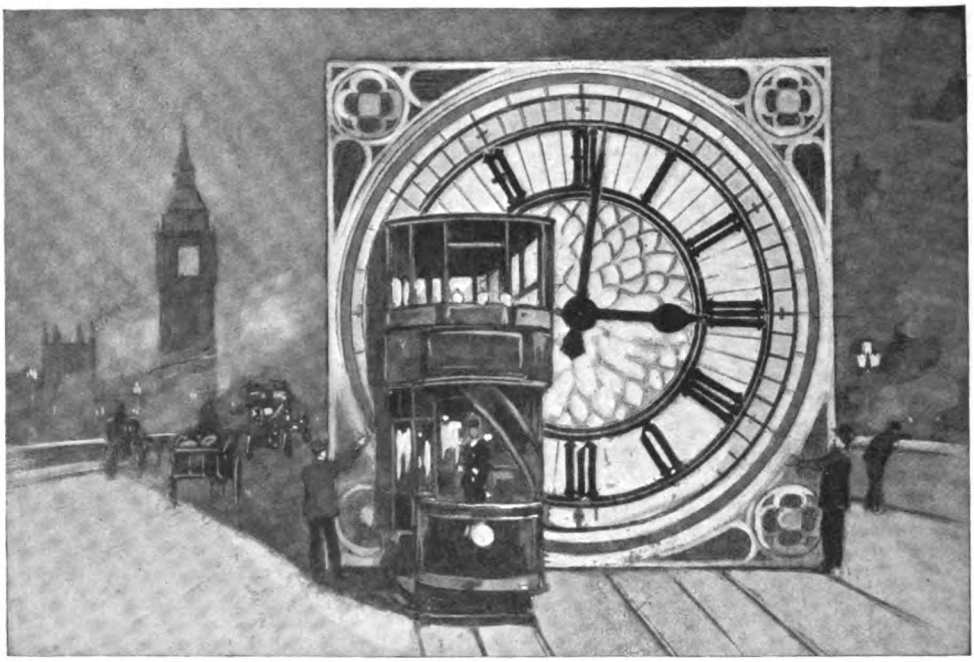
"Perhaps not. But those are three-foot waves now moving. Waves are always of regular lengths, and you have only to look over the side of any boat at anchor to find out the size."

My interlocutor told me the buoy was two feet four and a half inches in diameter, as his firm had cast the buoys, and he had probably seen this very one in the foundry. Owing to their colour and shape, their isolation, and the way they rode the water, they looked much larger than they really were.



THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP IN THE STRAND OPPOSITE THE LAW COURTS.

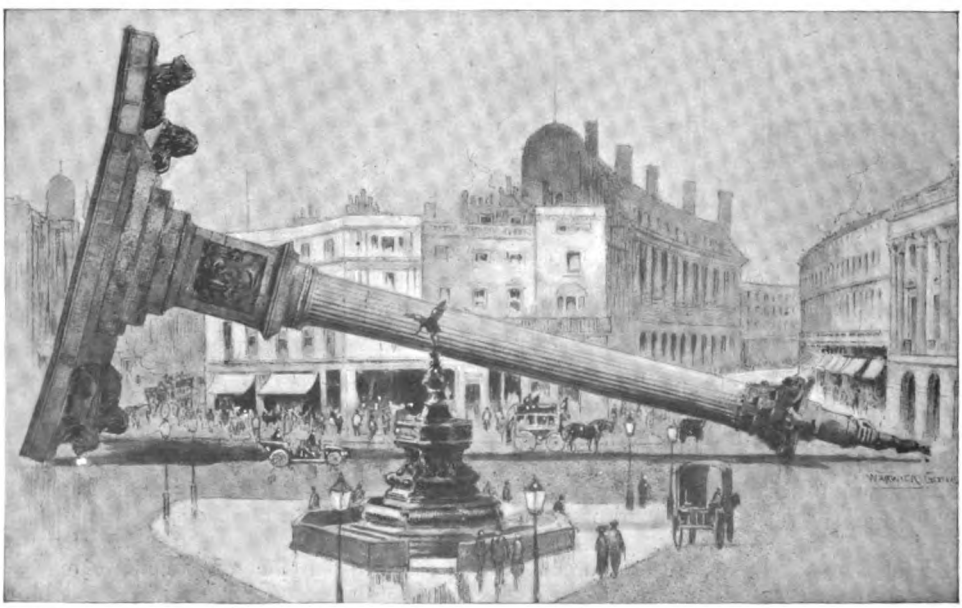
I could have told him that when waves fail, and if something is absolutely necessary as a guide, there are clouds—estimating them not by the furlong or mile, but by the inch or foot, by a scale regulated by distance. It is said Ruskin could estimate the real and not the apparent size of cirrus and cumulus; but it is the modern aeronaut, especially Count Zeppelin, who dwells on the possible future importance of a correct knowledge of clouds. For in that day when we may see "aerial navies grappling in the central blue" the whole safety of an airship and its crew



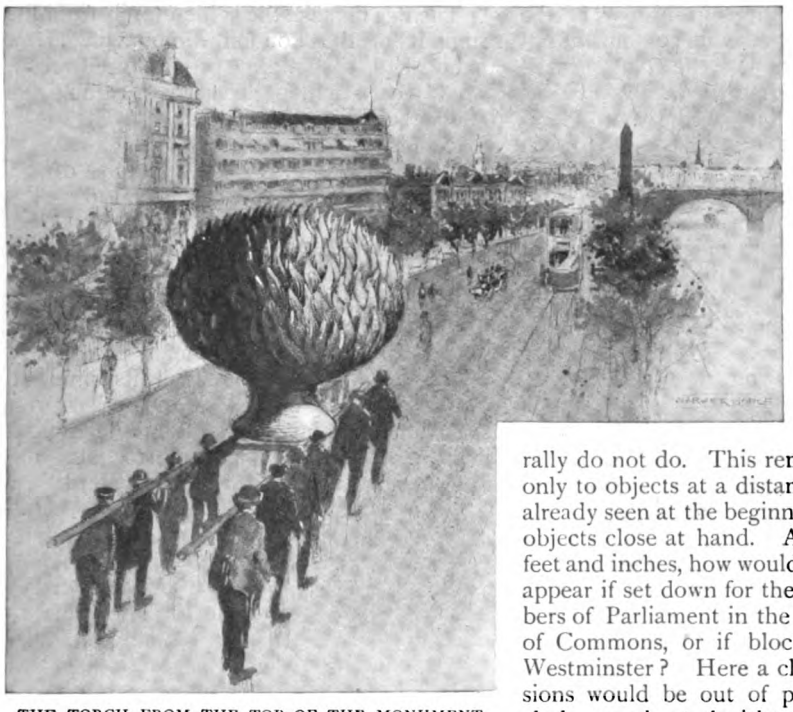
BIG BEN'S DIAL ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

may depend upon the more marked features of the sky-scape.

Just as it is vital to a soldier or sailor to know his hills and harbours, so it will be essential to an aeronaut to know his clouds. It will be essential to aerial strategy that the size and density of a nebular bank be correctly divined, as well as the degree of shelter it will afford the enemy. Indispensable, too, will be the faculty of gauging quickly the size of every aerial vessel, from one such as Mr. Wright's aeroplane to the last Zeppelin creation. It would puzzle many of us, seeing a cylindrical machine four hundred feet



THE NELSON COLUMN IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

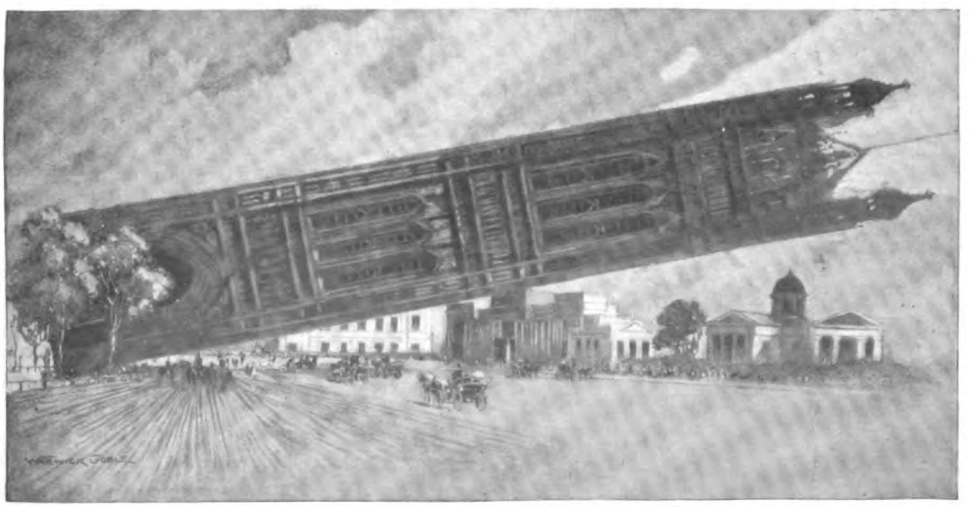


THE TORCH FROM THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT.

long, careering two hundred and fifty feet above St. Paul's, to guess its length. It seems almost incredible that this moving object, making due allowance for its remoteness, could possibly fill the Strand from St. Clement's Church to the end of the Law Courts.

One wonders how many bets have been lost and won over the diameter of Big Ben's dial. Ask the first man you see with his eyes fixed on it as he crosses Parliament Square or Westminster Bridge, and see if he guesses within half-a-dozen feet of the truth. Yet it ought to be a simple problem for the man who uses his eyes scientifically. Unfortunately, that is what people generally do not do. This remark does not apply only to objects at a distance, but, as we have already seen at the beginning of this article, to objects close at hand. Apart from technical feet and inches, how would the dial of Big Ben appear if set down for the inspection of members of Parliament in the lobby of the House of Commons, or if blocking free access to Westminster? Here a clock of such dimensions would be out of place. No hurrying clerk, merchant, legislator, or artisan would like to be reminded in quite such overwhelming fashion of the strides of the great enemy of the human race, Time. A paltry minute's unpunctuality on such a scale of record would seem as gross a dereliction as ten on an ordinary dial. Return the clock to its lofty tower, and all becomes normal and familiar again.

Safe enough for many centuries seems the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. Yet

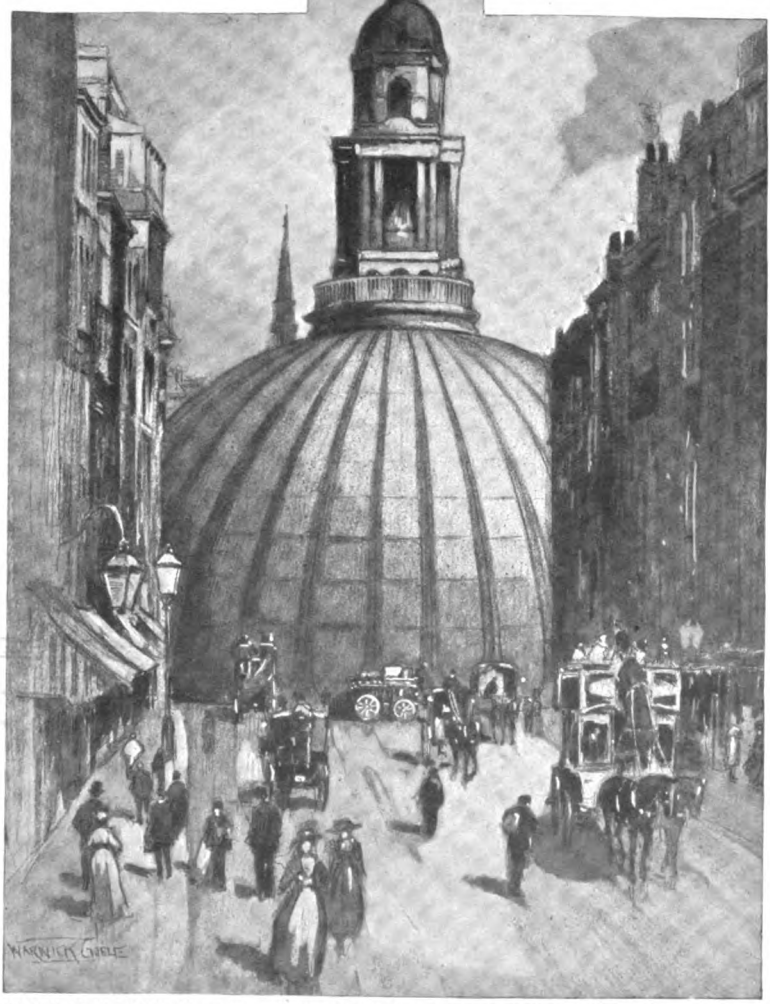


THE VICTORIA TOWER AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

there are many instances in history of the destruction in a single day of columns of not inferior altitude. Suppose the column razed to the ground and carried, not as was Cleopatra's Needle, but overhead to Piccadilly Circus, would its bearers be able to turn with it up Regent Street? You are to judge this by the eye alone. There are to be no linear measurements consulted. Could it be done? Would Nelson's effigy be obliged or not to plunge through the façade of the London and County Bank? Of course, when you know that the column is a hundred and seventy-seven feet long, and you have the width of the Circus, the problem becomes much simplified. This isn't using your eyes.

Then again, take the golden torch from the summit of the London Monument. How many men, each lifting two hundredweight, would be required to carry it along the Embankment, supposing the torch to be made of plaster?

Returning again to the purlieus of St. Stephen's, we are all so accustomed to see the magnificent proportions of the Victoria Tower as it stands *in situ* that we should very likely be thrown completely out in our calculations were we to see it in a horizontal position and lying, let us say, across St. George's Square, Hyde Park. I have heard many persons say that if the Victoria Tower fell its pinnacle would cross the Thames, and other wild speculations. But here, as elsewhere, a blind man can use figures. You are to guess the exact height of the Victoria Tower, and then stroll over to Hyde Park Corner and see what your mensural judgment makes of the problem.



WHAT THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S WOULD LOOK LIKE IF LEVEL WITH THE GROUND.

Some years ago the Metropolis was horrified to be told by geological and architectural experts that St. Paul's Cathedral was slowly subsiding into the treacherous alluvium upon which its foundations lay. An estimate was thereupon formed, based upon a subsidence of half an inch in twenty years, that in so many centuries, sufficiently remote as to occasion neither ourselves nor our great-grandchildren any alarm, the lower rim of the dome would be on a level with the street. Imagine the dismay of a London cabman, revisiting his ancient haunts in A.D. 3500 to come across such a spectacle, familiar and yet astounding, as our artist has depicted!

HARDINGS' LUCK

BY E. NESBIT

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH WAS THE DREAM?

THE two crossed triangles of white seeds, in the midst of which Tinkler and the white seal lay on the floor of the little empty house, grew dim and faint before Dickie's gaze, and his eyes suddenly smarted and felt tired, so that he was very glad to shut them. He had an absurd fancy that he could see, through his closed eyelids, something moving in the middle of the star that the two triangles made. But he knew that this must be nonsense, because, of course, you cannot see through your eyelids. His eyelids felt so heavy that he could not take the trouble to lift them, even when a voice spoke quite near him. He had no doubt that it was the policeman, come to "take him up" for being in a house that was not his.

"Let him!" said Dickie to himself. He was too sleepy to be afraid.

But for a policeman, who is usually of quite a large pattern, the voice was unusually soft and small. It said briskly:—

"Now, then, where do you want to go to?"

"I ain't particular," said Dickie, who supposed himself to be listening to an offer of a choice of police-stations.

There were whispers—two small and soft voices. They made a sleepy music.

"He's more yours than mine," said one.

"You're more his than I am," said the other.

"You're older than I am," said the first.

"You're stronger than I am," said the second.

"Let's spin for it," said the first voice; and there was a humming sound ending in a little tinkling fall.

"That settles it," said the second voice; "here?"

"And when?"

"Three's a good number."

Then everything was very quiet, and sleep wrapped Dickie like a soft cloak. When he awoke his eyelids no longer felt heavy, so he

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opened them. "That was a rum dream," he told himself, as he blinked in bright daylight.

He lay in bed—a big, strange bed, in a room that he had never seen before. The windows were low and long, with small panes, and the light was broken by upright stone divisions. The floor was of dark wood, strewn strangely with flowers and green rushes, and the bed was a four-post bed like the one he had slept in at Talbot House; and in the green curtains was woven a white pattern, very like the thing that was engraved on Tinkler and on the white seal. On the coverlet lavender and other herbs were laid. And the wall was hung with pictures done in needlework—tapestry in fact, though Dickie did not know that this was its name. All the furniture was strongly built, of wood heavily carved. An enormous dark cupboard, or wardrobe, loomed against one wall. High-backed chairs with tapestry seats were ranged in a row against another. The third wall was almost all window, and in the fourth wall the fireplace was set with a high-hooded chimney and wide, open hearth.

Near the bed stood a stool, or table, with cups and bottles on it, and on the necks of the bottles were tied parchment labels that stuck out stiffly. A stout woman in very full skirts sat in a large arm-chair at the foot of the bed. She wore a queer white cap, the like of which Dickie had never seen, and round her neck was a ruff which reminded him of the cut-paper frills in the ham and beef shops in the New Cross Road.

"What a curious dream!" said Dickie.

The woman looked at him.

"So thou'st found thy tongue," she said; "folk must look to have curious dreams who fall sick of the fever. But thou'st found thy tongue at last—thine own tongue, not the wandering tongue that has wagged so fast these last days."

"But I thought I was in the front room at——" Dickie began.

"Thou'rt here," said she; "the other is the dream. Forget it. And do not talk of it. To talk of such dreams brings misfortune. And 'tis time for thy posset."

She took a pipkin from the hearth where a small fire burned, though it was summer weather, as Dickie could see by the green tree-tops that swayed and moved outside in the sun, and poured some gruel out into a silver basin. It had wrought roses on it and "Drink me and drink again" in queer letters round the rim, but this Dickie only noticed later. She poured white wine into the gruel, and having stirred it with a silver spoon fed Dickie as one feeds a baby, blowing on each spoonful to cool it. The gruel was very sweet and pleasant. Dickie stretched in the downy bed, felt extremely comfortable, and fell asleep again.

Next time he awoke it was with many questions. "How'd I come 'ere? 'Ave I bin run over agen? Is it a hospital? Who are you?"

"Now don't you begin to wander again," said the woman in the cap. "You're here at home in the best bed in your father's house at Deptford. And you've had the plague-fever, and you're better—or ought to be. But if you don't know your own old nurse——"

"I never 'ad no nurse," said Dickie, "old or new; so there. You're a takin' me for some other chap, that's what it is. Where did you get hold of me? I never bin here before."

"Don't wander, I tell you," repeated the nurse, briskly. "You lie still and think, and you'll see you'll remember me very well. Forget your old nurse! Why, you will tell me next that you've forgotten your own name."

"No, I haven't," said Dickie.

"What is it, then?" the nurse asked, laughing a fat, comfortable laugh.

Dickie's reply was, naturally, "Dickie Harding."

"Why," said the nurse, opening wide eyes at him under grey brows, "you *have* forgotten it. They do say that the fever hurts the memory, but this beats all. Dost mean to tell me the fever has mazed thy poor brains till thou knoweth not that thy name's Richard ——," and Dickie heard a name that did not sound to him at all like Harding.

"Is that my name?" he asked.

"It is indeed," she answered.

Dickie felt an odd sensation of fixedness. He had expected when he went to sleep that the dream would, in sleep, end, and that he would wake to find himself alone in the empty house at New Cross. But he had wakened to the same dream once more, and now he began to wonder whether he really belonged here, and whether this were the real life, and the other, the old, sordid, dirty, New Cross life, merely a horrid dream, the consequence of his fever. He lay and thought, and looked at the rich, pleasant room, the kind, clear face of the nurse, the green, green branches of the trees, the tapestry, and the rushes. At last he spoke.

"Nurse," said he.

"Ah! I thought you'd come to yourself," she said. "What is it, my dearie?"

"If I am really the name you said, I've forgotten it. Tell me all about myself, will you, nurse?"

"I thought as much," she muttered, and then began to tell him wonderful things.

She told him how his father was Sir Richard—the King had made him a knight only last year—and how this place where they now were was his father's country house. "It lies," said the nurse, "among the pleasant fields and orchards of Deptford." And how he, Dickie, had been very sick of the pestilential fever, but was now, thanks to the blessing and to the ministrations of good Dr. Carey, on the high road to health.

"And when you are strong enough," said she, "and the house purged of the contagion, your cousins from Sussex shall come and stay awhile here with you; and afterwards you shall go with them to their town house and see the sights of London. And now," she added, looking out of the window, "I spy the good doctor a-coming. Make the best of thyself, dear heart, lest he bleed thee and drench thee yet again, which I know in my heart thou'rt too weak for it. But what do these doctors know of babes? Their medicines are for strong men."

The idea of bleeding was not pleasant to Dickie, though he did not at all know what it meant. He sat up in bed, and was surprised to find that he was not nearly so tired as he thought. The excitement of all these happenings had brought a pink flush to his face, and when the doctor, in a full black robe and black stockings and a pointed hat, stood by his bedside and felt his pulse, the doctor had to own that Dickie was almost well.

"We have wrought a cure, Goody," he said. "Thou and I, we have wrought a cure. Now kitchen physic it is that he needs; good broth and gruel and panada; and wine, the Rhenish and the French, and the juice of the orange and the lemon; or, failing those, fresh apple-juice squeezed from the fruit when you shall have brayed it in a mortar. Ha! my cure pleases thee. Well, smell to it then. 'Tis many a day since thou hadst the heart to."

He reached the gold knob of his cane to Dickie's nose, and Dickie was surprised to find that it smelt sweet and strong, something like grocers' shops and something like the chemist's. There were little holes in the gold knob, such as you see in the tops of pepper-casters, and the scent seemed to come through them.

"What is it?" Dickie asked.

"He has forgotten everything," said the nurse, quickly. "'Tis the good doctor's

"HE REACHED THE GOLD KNOB OF HIS CANE TO DICKIE'S NOSE, AND DICKIE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT IT SMELT SWEET AND STRONG."

pomander, with spices and perfumes in it to avert contagion."

"As it warms in the hand the perfumes give forth," said the doctor. "Now the fever is past there must be a fumigatory. Make a good brew, Goody, make a good brew — amber and nitre and wormwood, vinegar and quinces and myrrh, with wormwood, camphor, and the fresh flowers of the camomile. And musk—forget not musk — a strong thing against contagion. Let the vapour of it pass to and fro through the chamber; burn the herbs from the floor and all sweepings on this hearth; strew fresh herbs and flowers and set all clean and in order, and give thanks that you are not setting all in order for a burying."

With which agreeable words the black-gowned doctor nodded and smiled at the little patient and went out.

And now Dickie literally did not know where he was. It was all so difficult. Was he Dickie Harding who had lived at New Cross and sown the artistic parrot seed and taken the open road with Mr. Beale? Or was he that boy with the other name whose father was a knight, and who lived in a house in Deptford with green trees outside the windows? He could not remember any house in Deptford that had green trees in its garden. And the nurse had said something about the pleasant fields and orchards. Those, at any rate, were not in the Deptford he knew. Perhaps there were two Deptfords. He knew there were two Bromptons and two Richmonds (one in Yorkshire). There was something about the way things happened at this place which reminded him of that nice Lady Talbot who had wanted him to stay and be her little boy. Perhaps this new boy whose place he seemed to have taken had a real mother of his own, as nice as that nice lady.

The nurse had dropped all sorts of things into an iron pot with three legs, and had set it to boil in the hot ashes. Now it had boiled, and two maids were carrying it to and fro in the room, as the doctor had said. Puffs of sweet, strong, spicy steam rose out of it as they jerked it this way and that.

"Nurse," Dickie called; and she came quickly. "Nurse, have I got a mother?"

She hugged him. "Indeed thou hast," she said, "but she lies sick at your father's other house. And you have a baby brother, Richard."

"Then," said Dickie, "I think I will stay here and try to remember who I am—I mean who you say I am—and not try to dream any more about New Cross and Mr. Beale. If this is a dream it's a better dream than the other. I want to stay here, nurse. Let me stay here and see my mother and my little brother."

"Thou shalt, my lamb—thou shalt," the nurse said.

And after that there were more food and more sleep, and nights and days, and talks and silences, and very gradually, yet very quickly, Dickie learned about this new boy who was, and wasn't, himself. He told the nurse quite plainly that he remembered nothing about himself, and after he had told her she would sit by his side by the hour and tell him of things that had happened in the short life of the boy whose place he filled, the boy whose name was *not* Dickie Harding. And as soon as she had told him a thing he found he remembered it—not as one remembers a tale that is told, but as one remembers a real thing that has happened.

And days went on, and he became surer and surer that he was really this other Richard, and that he had only dreamed all that old life in New Cross with his aunt, and in the pleasant country roads with Mr. Beale. And he wondered how he could ever have dreamed such things.

Quite soon came the day when nurse dressed him in clothes strange but very comfortable and fine, and carried him to the window, from which, as he sat in a big oak chair, he could see the green fields that sloped down to the river, and the rigging and the masts of the ships that went up and down. The rigging looked familiar, but the shape of the ships was quite different. They were shorter and broader than the ships that Dickie Harding had been used to see, and they most of them rose up much higher out of the water.

"I should like to go and look at them closer," he told the nurse.

"Once thou'rt healed," she said, "thou'lt be for ever running down to the dockyard. Thy old way—I know thee, hearing the master mariners' tales and setting thy purpose for a galleon of thine own and the golden South Americas."

"What's a galleon?" said Dickie. And he was told. The nurse was very patient with his forgettings.

He was very happy. There seemed somehow to be more room in this new life than in the old one, and more time. No one was in a hurry, and there was not another house within a quarter of a mile—all green fields; also he was a person of consequence. The

servants called him "Master Richard," and he felt, as he heard them, that being called Master Richard meant not only that the servants respected him as their master's son, but that he was somebody from whom great things were expected: that he had duties of kindness and protection to the servants, that he was expected to grow up brave and noble and generous and unselfish, to care for those who called him master. He felt now very fully what he had felt vaguely and dimly at Talbot Court, that he was not the sort of person who ought to do anything mean and dishonourable, such as being a burglar, and climbing in at pantry windows; that when he grew up he would be expected to look after his servants and labourers and all the men and women whom he would have under him, that their happiness and well-being would be his charge. And the thought swelled his heart and it seemed that he was born to a great destiny. He—little lame Dickie Harding, of Deptford—he would hold these people's lives in his hand. Well, he knew what poor people wanted; he had been poor—or he had dreamed that he was poor; it was all the same. Dreams and real life were so very much alike.

So Dickie changed, every hour of every day and every moment of every hour, from the little boy who lived at New Cross among the yellow houses and the ugliness, who tramped the white roads and slept at the Inn of the Silver Moon, to Richard of the other name, who lived well and slept softly, and knew himself called to a destiny of power and helpful kindness. For his nurse had told him that his father was a rich man; and that father's riches would be his one day to deal with for the good of the men under him, for their happiness and the glory of God. It was a great and beautiful thought, and Dickie loved it.

He loved, indeed, everything in this new life—the shapes and colours of furniture and hangings, the kind old nurse, the friendly laughing maids, the old doctor with his long speeches and short smiles, his bed, his room, the ships, the river, the trees, the gardens; the very sky seemed cleaner and brighter than the sky that had been over the Deptford that Dickie Harding had known.

And then came the day when the nurse, having dressed him, bade him walk to the window, instead of being carried, as, so far, he had been.

"Where," he asked, hesitatingly, "where's my—— Where have you put the crutch?"

Then the old nurse laughed.

"Crutch?" she said. "Come out of thy dreams, thou silly boy. Thou wants no crutch with two fine straight, strong legs like thou'st got. Come, use them and walk."

Dickie looked down at his feet. In the old New Cross days he had not liked to look at his feet. He had not looked at them in these new days. Now he looked—hesitated.

"Come," said the nurse, encouragingly.

He slid from the high bed. One might as well try. Nurse seemed to think . . . He touched the ground with both feet—felt the floor firm and even under them—as firm and even under the one foot as under the other. He stood up straight, moved the foot that he had been used to move, then the other—the one that he had never moved. He took two steps, three, four—and then he turned suddenly and flung himself against the side of the bed and hid his face in his arms.

"What, weeping, my lamb?" the nurse said, and came to him.

"Oh, nurse," he cried, clinging to her with all his might, "I dreamed that I was lame! And I thought it was true. And it isn't—it isn't—it isn't!"

Quite soon Dickie was able to walk downstairs and out into the garden, along the grassy walks and long alleys, where fruit trees trained over trellises made such pleasant green shade, and even to try to learn to play at bowls on the long bowling-green behind the house. The house was by far the finest Dickie had ever been in, and the garden was more beautiful even than the garden at Talbot Court. But it was not only the beauty of the house and garden that made Dickie's life a new and full delight. To limp along the leafy ways, to crawl up and down the carved staircase, would have been a pleasure greater than any Dickie had ever known; but he could leap up and down the stairs three at a time, he could run in the arched alleys—run and jump as he had seen other children do, and as he had never thought to do himself. Imagine what you would feel if you had lived wingless all your life among people who could fly. That is how lame people feel among us who can walk and run. And now Dickie was lame no more.

His feet seemed not only to be strong and active, but clever, on their own account. They carried him quite without mistake to the blacksmith's at the village on the hill; to the centre of the maze of clipped hedges that was the centre of the garden; and, last of all, they carried him to the dockyard.

Girls like dolls and tea-parties and picture-books, but boys like to see things made and done; else how is it that any boy worth his salt will leave the newest and brightest toys to follow a carpenter or a plumber round the house, fiddle with his tools, ask him a thousand questions, and watch him ply his trade? Dickie, at New Cross, had spent many an hour watching those interesting men who open square trap-doors in the pavement and drag out from them yards and yards of wire. I do not know why the men do this, but every London boy who reads this will know.

And when he got to the dockyard his obliging feet carried him to a man in a big leather apron, busy with great beams of wood and tools that Dickie had never seen. And the man greeted him as an old friend, kissed him on both cheeks—which he didn't expect and felt much too old for—and spread a sack for him that he might sit in the sun on a big balk of timber.

"Thou'rt a sight for sore eyes, Master Richard," he said. "It's many a long day since thou wast here to pester me with thy questions. And all's strong again—no bones broken? And now I'll teach thee to make a galleon, like as I promised."

"Will you, indeed?" said Dickie, trembling with joy and pride.

"That will I," said the man, and threw up his pointed beard in a jolly laugh. "And see what I've made thee while thou'st been lazying in bed—a real English ship of war."

He laid down the auger he held and went into a low, rough shed, and next moment came out with a little ship in his hand—a perfect model of the strange, high-built ships Dickie could see on the river.

"'Tis the picture," he said, proudly, "of my old ship, *The Golden Venture*, that I sailed in with Master Raleigh, and helped to sink the accursed Armada, and clip the King of Spain his wings and singe his beard."

"The Armada?" said Dickie, with a new and quite strange feeling rather like going down unexpectedly in a lift. "The *Spanish* Armada?"

"What other?" asked the shipbuilder. "Thou'st heard the story a thousand times."

"I want to hear it again," Dickie said; and heard the story of England's great danger and her great escape. It was just the same story as the one you read in your history book—and yet how different when it was told by a man who had been there, who had felt the danger, known the escape! Dickie held his breath.

"'"'TIS THE PICTURE,' HE SAID, PROUDLY, 'OF MY OLD SHIP, "THE GOLDEN VENTURE."'"

"And so," the story ended, "the breath of the Lord went forth, and the storm blew and fell on the Fleet of Spain and scattered them; and they went down in our very waters—they and their arms and their treasure, their guns and their gunners, their mariners and their men-of-war. And the remnant was scattered and driven northward; and some were wrecked on the rocks, and some our ships met and dealt with, and some poor few made shift to get back across the sea, trailing home like wounded mallards to tell the King, their master, what the Lord had done for England."

"How long ago was it, all this?" Dickie asked. If his memory served, it was hundreds of years ago—three, five—he could not remember how many, but hundreds. Could this man whose hair was only just touched with grey be hundreds of years old?

"How long?—a matter of twenty years or thereabouts," said the shipbuilder. "See, the pretty little ship; and thy very own, for I made it for thee."

It was indeed a pretty little ship, being a perfect model of an Elizabethan ship, built up high at bow and stern, "for," as Sebastian explained, "majesty and terror of the enemy, and with deck and orlop, waist and poop, hold and masts—all complete with forecastle and cabin, masts and spars, port-holes and guns, sails, anchor, and carved figure-head. The woodwork was painted in white and green and red, and at bow and stern was richly carved and gilded.

"For me?" Dickie said. "Really for me? And you made it yourself?"

"Truth to tell, I began it long since in the long winter evenings," said his friend, "and now 'tis done, and 'tis thine. See, I shall put an apron on thee and thou shalt be my 'prentice and learn to build another quaint ship like her—to be her consort—and we will sail them together in the pond in thy father's garden."

Dickie, still devouring the little *Golden Venture* with his eyes, submitted to the leather apron, and felt in his hand the smooth handle of the tool Sebastian put there.

"But," he said, "I don't understand. You remember the Armada—twenty years ago. I thought it was hundreds and hundreds."

"Twenty years ago—or nearer eighteen," said Sebastian. "Thou'lt have to learn to reckon better than that if thou'st to be my 'prentice. 'Twas in the year of grace 1588, and we are now in the year 1606. That makes it eighteen years, to my reckoning."

"It was 1906 in my dream," said Dickie—"I mean in my fever."

"In fever," Sebastian nodded, "folk travel far. Now, hold the wood so, and the knife thus."

Then every day Dickie went down to the dockyard when lessons were done. For there were lessons now, with a sour-faced tutor in a black gown, whom Dickie disliked extremely. The tutor did not seem to like Dickie either. "The child hath forgot in his fever all that he ever learned of me," he complained to the old nurse, who nodded wisely and said he would soon learn all afresh. And he did, very quickly, learn a great deal, and always it was more like remembering than learning. And a second tutor, very smart in red velvet and gold, with breeches like balloons and a short cloak and a ruff, who was an extremely jolly fellow, came in the mornings to teach him to fence, to dance, and to run and to leap and to play bowls, and promised in due time to teach him wrestling, catching, archery, pall mall, rackets, riding, tennis, and all sports and games proper for a youth of gentle blood.

And weeks went by, and still his father and mother had not come, and he had learned a little Greek and more Latin, could carve a box with the arms of his house on the lid, and make that lid fit, could bow like a courtier and speak like a gentleman, and play a simple air on the viol that hung in the parlour for guests to amuse themselves with while they waited to see the master or mistress.

And then came the day when old nurse dressed him in his best—a suit of cut velvet, purple slashed with gold colour, and a belt with a little sword to it, and a flat cap; and Master Henry, the Games Master, took him in a little boat to a gilded galley full of gentlemen and ladies all finely dressed, who kissed him and made much of him, and said how he was grown since the fever. And one gentleman, very fine indeed, appeared to be his uncle, and a most charming lady in blue and silver seemed to be his aunt, and a very jolly little boy and girl who sat by him and talked merrily all the while were his little cousins. Cups of wine and silver dishes of fruit and cakes were handed round; the galley was decked with fresh flowers, and from another boat quite near came the sound of music. The sun shone overhead and the clear river sparkled, and more and more boats, all gilded and flower-wreathed, appeared

"THE GALLEY WAS DECKED WITH FRESH FLOWERS."

on the water. Then there was a sound of shouting, the river suddenly grew alive with the glitter of drawn swords, the butterfly glitter of ladies' waved scarves and handkerchiefs, and a great gilded barge came slowly down stream, followed by a procession of smaller craft. Everyone in the galley stood up; the gentlemen saluted with their drawn swords, the ladies fluttered their scarves.

"His Majesty and the Queen," the little cousins whispered as the State barge went by.

Then all the galleys fell into places behind the King's barge, and the long, beautiful procession went slowly on down the river.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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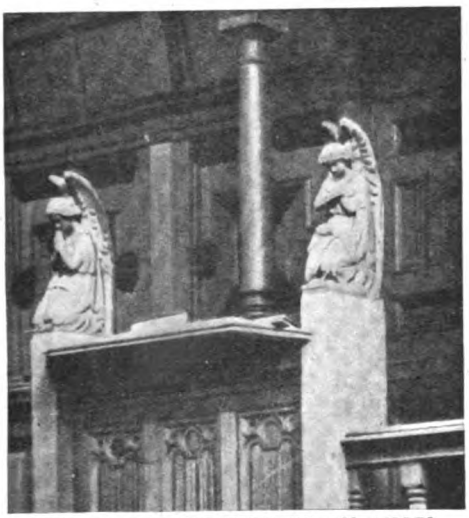


THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN ANGEL.

WHILE looking at this photograph, taken in a chapel in Sussex, I was startled to see, in place of the nearer of the two carved figures, the features of an old man of a none too angelic cast of countenance. — Mr. F. E. Elliot, 5, Grosvenor Terrace, Teignmouth, Devon.

A LEOPARD AS A PET.

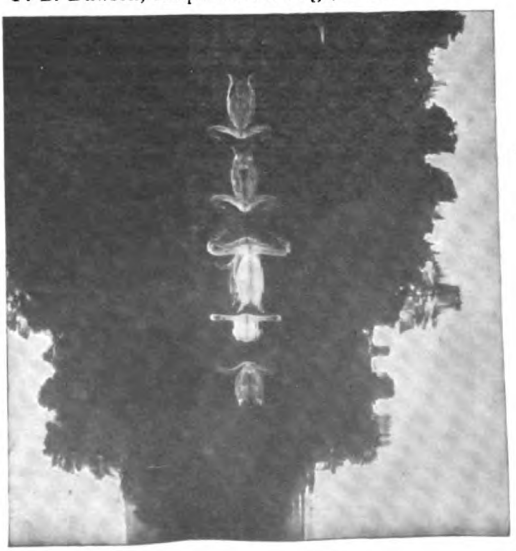
I SEND you a photograph showing one of my Siamese friends, Nai Lut, driving with one of his pet leopards in the streets of Bangkok. This animal is three years old and is a very fine specimen. His master plays with him just as one would play with a cat. He is, however, averse to strangers, and only lately tore a big lump of flesh from one of the natives who came too near him.—Mr. Emile Pilpel, The Bangkok Dock Co.,.Limited, Bangkok, Siam.

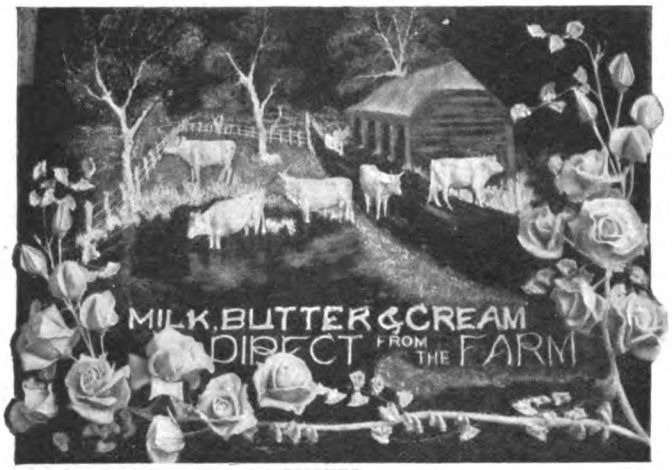
WHAT A ROPE CAN DO.

ON the Regent's Canal, in London, there are certain bends or turns in the towpath, causing the barge-ropes to cut deep grooves, or furrows, in the walls. In order to prevent this a solid piece of steel is built into a corner of the wall, but, as will be seen by the photograph I send you, the friction of such a frail thing as a rope will cut deep furrows into solid steel. By reversing the picture a curious optical effect is shown, for the grooves then appear convex instead of concave. —Mr. W. N. Beal, 155, Thorold Road, Ilford.

WHAT IS THIS?

MANY people have admired this photograph without noticing that they were holding it the wrong way up. It was taken on Fairfax Lake, near Ampleforth College, York, and is noteworthy for the beautiful form assumed by the reflections, which bear a remarkable resemblance to bishops' mitres. — Mr. F. B. Dawson, Ampleforth College, York.





A PICTURE IN BUTTER.

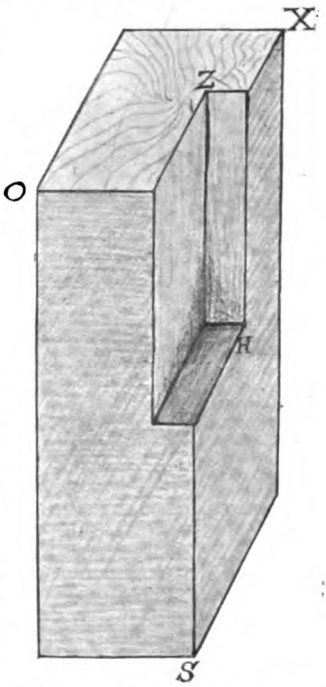
THIS very pretty rural scene, which was made in butter on black velvet, is a convincing proof of the possibilities of butter as a medium for modelling. It was designed for advertising purposes and, needless to say, proved very attractive.—Mr. A. H. Clark, 15, Tower Gardens Rd., Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.

AN UMBRELLA AGAINST THE DEVIL.

HERE is a photograph of a Chinese grave with an umbrella over it, not as a protection against the rain—although a Chinaman is not over-fond of water—but to keep off the devil! The photograph was taken by Mr. W. Howell, of Shanghai.—Mr. A. G. Howell, 181, Pear Tree Road, Derby.

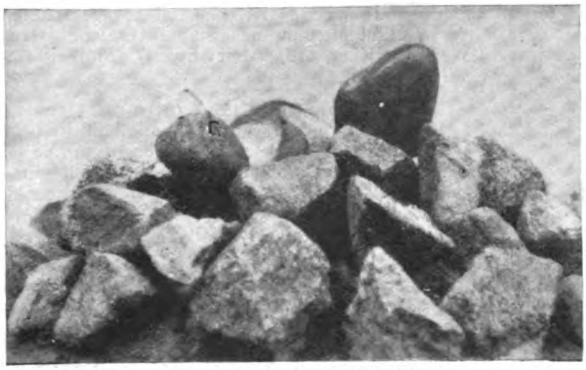
A REMARKABLE ILLUSION.

WHILE drawing the accompanying sketch to show the block ZH cut out of the corner of the timber OXS, I was surprised to see that an optical illusion had developed, whereby the block ZH at times appears to extend outward and upward from the face OS of the timber. By inverting the figure the block ZH sometimes looks like a block standing on the plane XO, and again takes the position that was intended—that is, to show a corner of the timber cut away.—Mr. Charles C. Neale, 112, Flour Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.



WILD DUCKS THAT ANSWER A BUGLE CALL.

IT may seem incredible that creatures of such a shy disposition as the wild duck could be taught to answer a bugle call, yet such is not only possible but is practised daily in a certain district known to the writer. The photograph shows some hundreds of these birds, who, having answered the summons by bugle, are receiving their reward in the form of a distribution of grain.—Mr. A. Sutherland Grant, 5, Bridge Street, Kirkcudbright.



MIMICRY IN PLANT LIFE.

THE above photograph represents two mature plants of *Mesembryanthemum bulosii*, from South Africa, growing amongst loose pieces of rock. On the kopjes and other stony places where this remarkable plant grows it so strikingly resembles the fragments of stone surrounding it that it is thus protected from being eaten by animals. It only has two bulbous leaves, and when new ones grow the old ones wither away.—Mr. Edward Lorett, Outram Road, Croydon.

A JAPANESE TOBACCO-BOX.

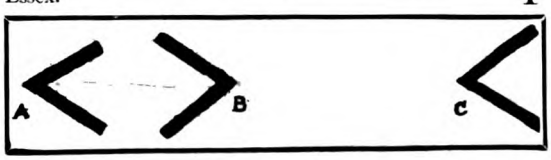
AT first sight one might naturally suppose this figure to be some dreadful cannibal god howling for human food. Such, however, is not the case, as it is only a little carved Japanese tobacco-box, of which the face forms the lid. The Japanese indulge pretty freely in a mild tobacco, but in very small amounts, for the bowl of the pipe is only sufficient to hold a pinch the size of a pea. The smoke is inhaled into the lungs, and this action completely consumes the tobacco, the ashes being then knocked out and the pipe replaced in its holder, after which the smoke is slowly puffed out. A Jap will smoke as many as forty of these pipefuls in a morning.—Mr. H. W. Haines, 23, Hampton Place, Brighton.

LIVING SCAFFOLDING POLES.

DURING last summer the scaffolding poles round a house in course of erection in the parish of Hadleigh, in Essex, took root and sprouted, and the accompanying illustration shows each of the poles bearing bunches of twigs and leaves. The photograph was taken by Mr. A. Kranshaar, of Rayleigh.—The Rev. W. H. K. Ward, Asthall, Burford, Oxon.

STILL ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

I AM sending an optical illusion which I think has not appeared in THE STRAND before. Most people would say that the distance between the points B and C was much greater than that between B and A, but, as a matter of fact, the distance in each case is the same.—Mr. E. F. L. Taylor, Felsted School, Essex.



SOMETHING NEW IN SPORTS.

I AM sending you a photograph taken at the sports held on this estate during Hari Raya, the Mohammedan New Year. It shows some of the Javanese coolies trying to bite five-cent pieces out of a swinging cocoa-nut—a pastime which, to judge from their expressions, they find extremely amusing.—Dr. Walter Pritchard, Melalap Estate, near Tenom, British North Borneo.

THE ROCK THAT MOSES STRUCK.

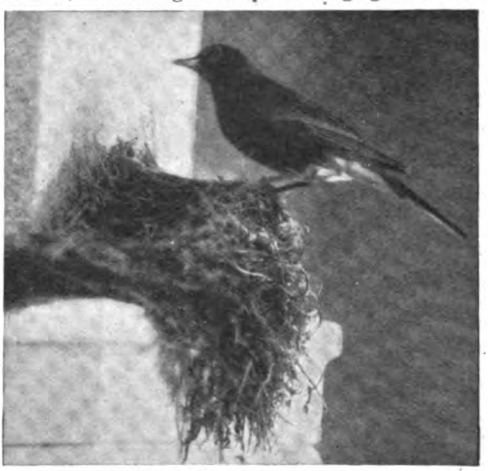
THE "Rock of Moses" lies in the wild valley of the Leja at the base of Jebel Musa, the Mount of the Law, in the Peninsula of Sinai. The rock is eighteen or twenty feet high, slightly inclined, a rough indentation running over each side, which is intersected here and there with slits, and the stone is worn away in places as if from the effects of running water. It is beyond doubt the oldest known legendary object in the vicinity. The Koran refers to this rock more than once, and from these allusions arose the reverence of the Bedouins, who hold it sacred. From the Middle Ages onward it has been visited by Christian pilgrims, who have carved rude crosses in its sides. Of all the objects in the desert it is most closely bound up with the simple faith of its wild inhabitants and of its early visitants.—Mr. R. J. Robinson, Assiut Training College, Assiut, Egypt.

A UNIQUE MONUMENT.

THIS statue, hewn out of the solid rock, has just been completed by a Motherwell man who has had no training in sculptural work. It was a strenuous and laborious task, but his was, as he says, a labour of love, as it commemorates the life's work of the late Mr. John Colville, M.P., of Cleland House, Motherwell, N.B., who was universally admired for his beneficent work. The statue, which is a very clever representation of the late member for N.E. Lanark, is six feet in height, and stands on a pedestal two feet high, in a beautiful glen in the Estate of Cleland.—Mr. James A. King, 18, Muir Street, Motherwell, Scotland, N.B.

A BIRD'S NEST IN A CHURCH.

THE bird shown in this photograph built its nest immediately above the hymn board on one of the pillars in the church at Lumsden, near Regina, Canada, and during worship the congregation could



see the mother endeavouring to teach the young birds to fly. They were hatched out in the church, and advanced through the various stages to maturity without any mishap. The nest was not disturbed, and the bird never seemed frightened during the services. Photo. by W. M. Legart.—Mr. Walter McInnis, the *Regina Standard*, Regina, Canada.

SOLUTION OF BRIDGE PROBLEM

THE bridge problem left for solution in Mr. Dalton's article last month was, briefly, as follows. A bridge player, in dealing, found himself with the following hand: Ace, king, queen, knave, nine, eight, seven, of hearts; ace of diamonds, single; three small clubs; and two small spades. The three other players, who were sharpers, had passed upon him a prepared pack, and instead of making two over-tricks in hearts, as he fully expected, the odd trick was theirs from the start. The problem given was this: What hands were held by the sharpers to make the above result inevitable? Mr. Dalton gives the following two solutions: Five trumps to the ten in one opponent's hand and no diamonds in the other one would always do it. A more artistic arrangement would be:—

Hearts—None.
Diamonds—King, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 10, 9.
Spades—Queen, knave, 10.

Hearts—10, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, knave, 10, 9, 6.
Clubs—5, 2.
Spades—9, 7.

Y
A B
(dealer)
Z

Hearts—6, 5.
Diamonds—None.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 4, 3.
Spades—Ace, king, 8, 6, 3, 2.

Hearts—Ace, king, queen, knave, 9, 8, 7.
Diamonds—Ace.
Clubs—8, 7, 6.
Spades—5, 4.

If the queen of diamonds is led first, with this arrangement of the cards, the dealer must lose the odd trick.

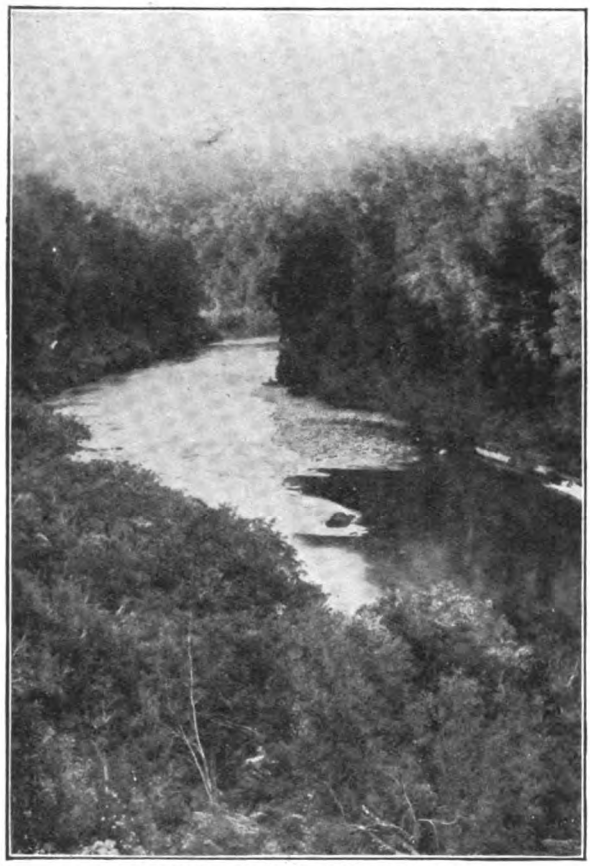
sheep's backs, they dug an underground room to protect themselves from the fierce glare of the sun, the leader went blind, and one of the little party died there in the desert. It reads like a description of one of the most uninhabitable spots on the face of the earth—an Inferno; but the thriving town of Broken Hill, with 29,000 inhabitants, stands there now!

VIEW OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, SHOWING PORTION OF HARBOUR.

The same story is told of the coast of Western Australia. Sir George Grey, who is only just dead, travelled along it and pronounced it barren, waterless, and unproductive. He had no eyes for the wonderful flowers, for the magnificent timber, for the immense possibilities, and barren the coast of Western Australia has remained in the minds of men up to this century, when it is being recognised that it is sheer waste to use this land for sheep-runs; this land that produces such a wealth of flowers is magnificent for fruit-farming, for dairying, for every description of closer settlement.

It is on the question of the rainfall of Australia that perhaps the biggest mistakes of all are made, the biggest misconceptions have arisen. And yet, as Bishop Moorhouse pointed out long ago, the rainfall should be ample; 779,181 square miles have a mean annual rainfall of between twenty and forty inches, and 177,345 square miles have an annual rainfall of over forty inches, and from the eastern mountains pours down such a torrent of water as, properly expended and conserved, would make the fortune of even so great a continent as Australia. "Oh, lock your river," sang the poet more than ten years ago; but the Darling and the Murray and the Murrumbidgee and the Lachlan still waste their ample water supply, the fertile plains of the Riverina are desolated with drought at one season, and a waste of waters at another.

But the time is coming, and coming swiftly, when this shall be changed. The man must arise soon who will see the wealth that is going to waste all for the want of some capital and the knowledge to apply it properly. Australia is ready for him now if she never was before. Everywhere there is solid prosperity. Exports and imports are increasing, and local industries are steadily growing. For 1907 the Australian imports were £51,809,033, while the exports were worth £72,824,247, showing that she is living well within her



TASMANIA—PIEMAN RIVER SCENERY.

income. Her railways, for instance, are built with money borrowed at 3½ per cent., but those railways pay 4½ per cent., and they are built not for profit, but to carry the produce of the people as cheaply as possible. To show that they do this one has only to consider the butter trade. This is a staple product from Queensland to Western Australia, but in spite of the fact that much of it is train-borne from the interior to the coast, it is yet delivered in London at less cost than it takes to deliver butter from Ireland. And this, be it remembered, is not done by cutting down the employés to starvation rates, for wages are high and the standard of living for the working man is far higher in Australia than it is in England.

And this brings me to another factor that makes for prosperity in Australia. Perhaps it comes from her immense distances, perhaps from the loneliness of their fathers, but the Australian of the new generation, the native-born, has learned, as the Mother Country has yet to learn, the immense value of co-operation. Again I take as an example the butter industry. In 1906 Australia exported butter over 75¾ million pounds weight, worth 3¼ million pounds sterling — exported it mostly to England, where, I fear me, it came on the market as best English dairy.

In every State from Queensland to Western Australia are dotted butter factories run on the co-operative system, owned by the farmers themselves, and these factories not only show the value of co-operation but the wonderful fertility of the land so long counted barren. Roughly speaking, there are usually fifty

VARIETIES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIAN FRUIT.

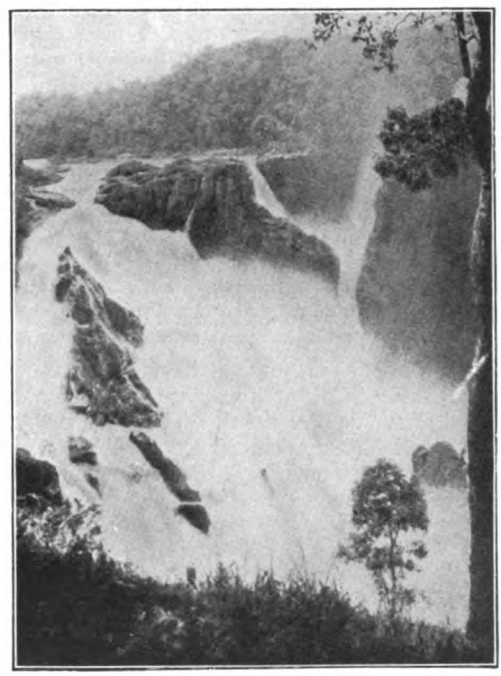
farmers to a factory, which costs about £5,000, and the farmers own land seldom exceeding 300 acres in extent and very often not more than 100 acres. It is then a poor man's industry. I have before me the returns for 1906 of the Colac factory, close to a town about 90 miles from Melbourne. These farmers paid themselves for milk alone over £146,000 in the year. And to show that this does not give by any means a high average, I may quote some of the earnings of the farmers round the pleasant little town of Warrnambool, in the same State.

One man, the owner of Glenrose Farm, keeps 85 acres out of his 155 exclusively for dairying purposes, and received from the creamery for milk for the year £385 7s. 2d.; another, at Yangery Park, who has 167 acres, reserving 102 for dairy purposes, received for his milk £531 8s. 4d, his pigs he sold for £200, and his poultry added another £26 to the yearly income. But this success is achieved by the new men, the native-born sons of the soil, who are beginning to understand Australian conditions; for these prosperous dairying lands in the western district of Victoria were settled by men only sixty years ago whose names now are but memories. They have gone—failed. I remember talking to an old man who told me how far back in the 'forties he had gone to look at these lands and declined to take them up, though he could have had them for the proverbial old song. "Couldn't get enough," he said. "You can't get enough land to make it pay in a cabbage garden like Victoria," Victoria being about the size of England, Scotland, and Wales put together. "Where are the men who did settle there?"

Gone, certainly. But the men who have followed in their footsteps have profited by their mistakes, and the land is acknowledged to be some of the richest in the world.

That story may be repeated again and again and yet again all over Australia. From the wealthy tropical island of Papua, half of which England, to the bitter disgust of Australia, has handed over to the Germans, to the beautiful and temperate island of Tasmania, England without its rigours and its raw cold, there is land and room in plenty in the south there, room for everyone except —and I suppose this is a big exception—for the man who desires to wear a black coat and drive a pen. There is rubber to be grown in Papua, rubber in the unexplored, unexploited Northern Territories—rubber, cotton, rice, sugar, all over the north. Wool I need hardly mention. The United Kingdom imported in 1906 twenty-seven million odd pounds worth of wool, and £11,514,733 came from Australia, £6,959,836 from New Zealand, and the rest from all the other countries of the world put together. And wool comes from all the States—wool and wheat and wine and frozen mutton, which, like the butter, Englishmen mostly eat as best Southdown; and there is timber and there is fruit and there are gold and silver and tin.

All this from the land that our fathers called barren, of which troubled Governor



BARRON FALLS, QUEENSLAND.

Phillip wrote a little over a hundred years ago: "All my sheep are dead. Sheep do not thrive in this country."

But he was an exile, he and the men who came with him, ever turning their eyes to the north, longing for the days to pass when they might go home. But these new men are a new nation. It is no longer in the making; it is made. They have not the longing for the land of the north tugging at their heart strings; they would not count themselves more blessed to be in England —they are no exiles. Theirs are the blue skies and the golden sunshine, the warm winds and the air like champagne. This is their country, to be loved with an abiding love, and they would have it great among the nations of the Empire and the world.

The New West.

An Awakening and a Lesson.

By JAMES BURNLEY.

IT is on the vast British territory on the North American continent that the New West is rapidly and prosperously shaping itself. The Canada of the old romantic aloofness—of the quaint, quiet ways and remote picturesqueness—seems almost to have dropped out of the prospect, and in its place a new land, a new people, a new life have sprung into existence. This marvellous transformation, however, sudden as it has seemed, has in reality been of that long, slow, and sure preparation which makes for permanency, and represents the patient and persistent effort of far-seeing leaders, pioneers, and statesmen. While the stream of emigration has in the past been flowing steadily in other directions and the outer world has remained in ignorance of the true Canada, these men have been setting the scene, making the working properties, and arranging the lights. Then, when all is in readiness, the curtain goes up, and it is no longer the chilling song of Our Lady of the Snows that we hear, but a new Song of Sunrise that breathes the spirit of a splendid awakening.

Its joyous murmurings were first heard in the United States, theretofore regarded as the ideal land for the emigrant and settler; and soon it echoed and re echoed, until the people of Great Britain, the Motherland itself, caught up the strain and listened with a new but absorbed interest. During all the period of preparation—the making of railways, the opening up of virgin territories, the tapping of rich underground wealth at many points, the building and expansion of cities, the founding and development of new industries, and the setting apart of the greatest harvest-lands of grain in the world—there were some Englishmen who knew of what was going on, and watched the progress that was being made with interest; but not until the awakening took place did the many begin to realize what it was that Canada had to offer them.

Not until the dawn of the twentieth century did this awakening take place, and now, in less than a decade, Canada has made an emigration record that shows an in-coming of a far larger number of immigrants than reached Canadian shores in all the previous years of its history. Nearly a million people have flocked into the Dominion in nine years, and there is still room for countless millions more. From the United States alone over 300,000 people have crossed to settle in the Dominion—and these are people to whom the older West of the States is familiar ground, and who would not have been likely to forsake the flag of the Stars and Stripes unless convinced that the change meant an increased material prosperity for them. Continental Europe sent during the same period about the same number; while from the United Kingdom over 300,000 persons have passed to Canada.

There is nothing in the entire history of emigration to quite equal this. It recalls some of the rushes to the early goldfields of Australia and California, except that the rush to Canada has been of a more peaceful kind, representing not a wild race for gold, but a quiet settling that means not only personal but national prosperity. The majority of the new-comers have been home-seekers in the true sense, not adventurers or wastrels, and wherever the people have been of the right home-creating, land-handling type, the prospects have been good. From this stock the future of Canada will be largely built. These are the people for whom the makers of the new Canada have been preparing the way—making paths through the wilderness, scaling the mountain heights with railways, linking ocean to ocean and state to state, and providing those water resources by which the barren tracts of the past are turned into rich, cultivable lands. These are the settlers who, as well as those who come after them, will venerate the names of the wise and indomitable men who have mainly wrought this awakening of Canada. Now that the light has broken in, all see what only a few saw in days gone by—the opening out of a new Golden West.

The awakening, however, has not been *all* a golden glory; for some, indeed, there has been an awakening of another and ruder kind in venturing upon the New West. Canada, with all its resources and opportu-

nities, cannot make careers for such as are incapable of making careers for themselves; and at the present time it has on its hands a large number of the class that, without training or natural aptitude for outdoor life entailing strenuous work, find Canada anything but a golden dream. Canada rightly resents the presence of these undesirables, and the undesirables wrongly resent the fact that Canada, no more than any other country, is unable to help those who have not the capacity to help themselves. It is the old story. Thousands of struggling people in England—people of hand-to-mouth existence, they have been able to get so far—they betake themselves to the cities and are soon lost among the submerged or crawl back to England as best they can, and thenceforth rail against Canada as the country *not* to succeed in.

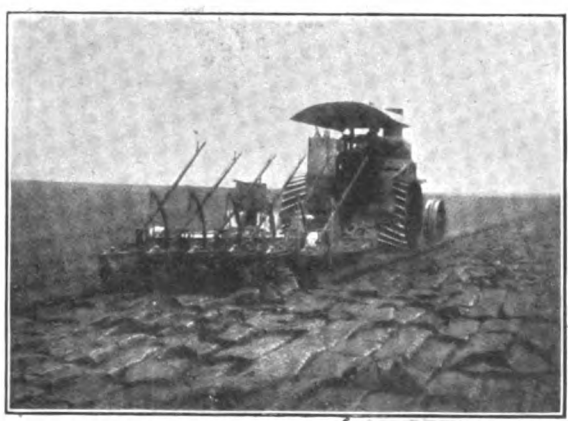
This is the inevitable experience, however, when new lands are being opened up; and only time can rectify it. It is the lesson that Canada is learning at the present time, and will not be lost upon her, however it may be with the undesirables themselves. All that is necessary is a clearer understanding of the actualities. The Dominion Government

MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

accustomed to mean occupations or the drudgery of the desk—have their imaginations fired by stories of successful new careers in the New West, and, without realizing their unfitness for the conditions of the country, scrape a few pounds together and pass into the Canada-flowing current. They might in the majority of cases just as well have gone to the Congo Free State or Lapland or Madagascar. They would be equally helpless in any country, for they belong to the class of the old grooves and the old inanimate efforts, and after a short spell in the Canadian farm regions—if and also the different Provincial Governments have been active in providing much reliable literature in regard to the conditions and prospects of the various territories and localities; and the several organizations for spreading information are excellently equipped and prosecute their work with great diligence; so that there is really no excuse for misunderstanding, and the people who do not grasp the fact that the New West is altogether a proposition of new conditions are wronging themselves no less than Canada itself. In this useful and necessary work of spreading

accurate knowledge THE STRAND hopes to be of good service, and will spare no effort to present true pictures of things as they are, always preferring the practical point of view to that of fancy, and dealing fairly and fearlessly with all that concerns Canadian development and the mutual interests of the Dominion and the Homeland.

The Canadian outlook embraces most of the elements of national success. That is a truth which is well reflected in its cities, for it is the wealth of the country that creates the cities. Therefore, whether we look on the ancient commercial capital, Montreal, the magnificence of the parliamentary city of Ottawa, the far-spreading streets and palatial business buildings of Toronto, the historic city of Quebec, or the newer evidences that give such beauty and picturesqueness, such present fulfilment and future promise to Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Victoria, and even to the many cities in embryo that are now in the making, there is the true sign of greatness impressed upon them all. They reflect the prosperity of the lands of which they form the centre and ornament.



BREAKING VIRGIN PRAIRIE LAND NEAR MOOSE JAW.
From a Photo. by Rice.

In future numbers we shall be able to set forth the various phases of Canadian life, labour, and effort in such detail and from such first-hand sources as will enable our readers to comprehend clearly what developments are taking place in different parts of the Dominion. While leaving to the newspapers the task of giving the news of the day in regard to what is going on in Canada—a task which they perform so well and adequately—we shall endeavour to fill out the record with the fuller descriptions and illustrations which come more within the province of a popular magazine.

We shall tell in this amplified way the present-day story of the several Provinces, Territories, and Districts into which this great British possession is divided; and along with this shall give personal sketches of the lives of the men who have been, and are, the most prominent in the building up of the Dominion's prosperity, no matter in what field they have been working—whether that of politics or that of railway construction, whether as agriculturists or explorers, financiers or captains of industry—for in this making of the New Canada the true patriotic spirit seems to have been dominant in both individual and combined effort.

During the last ten years facts and figures relating to Canada have been accumulating at a pace that it is difficult to keep up with. Since the present expansion-impetus set in each fresh year's record has so much over-topped preceding records that the totals have been astounding. A few of these facts and figures will be an index of what is going forward, and show not only the lie of the land but the direction of its varied prospects and opportunities.

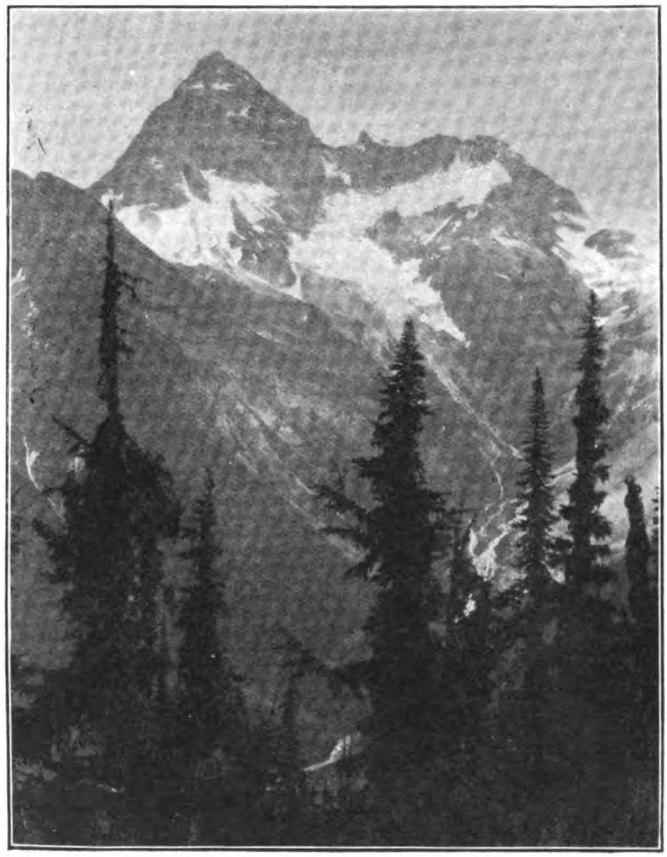
The population of Canada has increased from 3,500,000 in 1867 to over 7,000,000 at the present time,

REAPING IN WESTERN CANADA.

of whom 95 per cent. are British born, that is, Canadian and British born, over 1,649,371 being of French descent, presenting a happy and interesting mingling of races that has counted for much in the building up of Canada, the French population being quite as much attached to the British flag as the British element itself. As to future population, Lord Strathcona, who in the past has proved himself so far-seeing, thinks that ere this century runs out Canada will have a population of 80,000,000.

The indications of rapid expansion show themselves on every hand, and perhaps most significantly of all in the activity that is being displayed in the planning and construction of new railways. The opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway brought the country abreast with the true modernizing spirit, and when the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental line, linking with the Grand Trunk system, and the Canadian Northern Railway (of all of which we shall have more to say in future articles), have completed their present plans—to say nothing of what further extensions they may make—there will be an opening up of new territory that will doubtless attract very large numbers of settlers. With three Transcontinental services, as will ere long be a veritable realization, and a general linking-up of all the services as far as possible, the New West will become more accessible to the emigrant and home-seeker than ever, and when the great grain provinces become adequately provisioned in this respect the progress will indeed be rapid.

When once they start upon a project in Canada they do not permit grass to grow under their feet. A patch of barren prairie that seems of little or no account one year may be a fair-sized town the next. Take the town of Outlook, in Saskatchewan, for example. In the midsummer of 1908 the Canadian Pacific Railway were selling sites in that region by auction, and a number of buyers, reckoning on future possibilities, invested in lots. Moreover, they began to build without delay. They had done all the necessary considering beforehand, as is the habit of the shrewd men of the New West, and on August 26th the first tent was erected on the spot. This was the starting signal. In December, within four months of this opening of operations, Outlook had over a hundred buildings, including three banks, five restaurants, several general stores, and private dwellings to accommodate a population of 500.



CANADIAN ROCKIES—VIEW OF SIR DONALD PEAK.

The New West—or, more strictly speaking, North West—at present may be said to embrace the three great prairie provinces of Manitoba, with an area of 73,732 square miles; Saskatchewan, 250,650; and Alberta, 253,540, making a total of 577,922 square miles.

According to recent statistics, Manitoba, has between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 acres under cultivation, leaving 20,000,000 uncultivated, of which a million is open to homesteaders. The total grain crop of Manitoba

for 1908 was 113,058,268 bushels, made up as follows (in round numbers): 49,200,000 bushels of wheat; 44,600,000 bushels of oats; 18,100,000 bushels of barley; and nearly a million bushels of flax, rye, and peas.

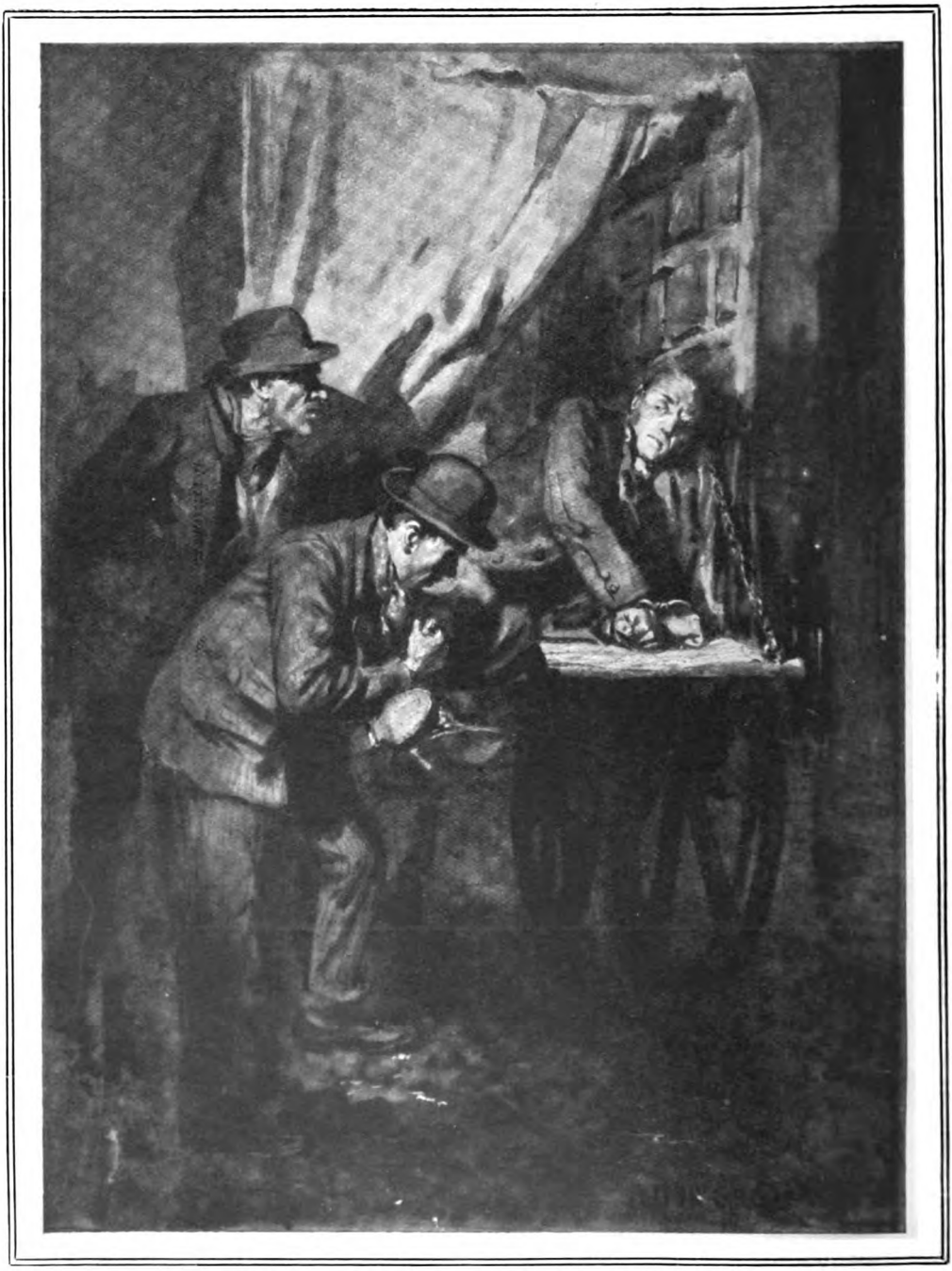
Saskatchewan's total grain yield is 87,891,207 bushels, of which nearly one-half is wheat. The flax production of the province for 1908 was 1,570,106 bushels. The famous Saskatchewan Valley, which not so many years ago was mostly wild prairie, is now yielding the finest wheat crops in the world. The soil of this favoured region is rich beyond the conception of the European farmer, being richer than the black earth of Russia, heretofore regarded as the most fertile in the world.

Alberta, "sunny Alberta," as it is called, with the Rocky Mountains to the west as a background and the international boundary separating Canada from the United States to the south as a base, extends north and east over an area greater than that of any country in Europe save Russia, and more than twice the combined areas of Great Britain and Ireland. It has a total grain-yield of over 20,000,000 bushels. It has over 30,000 farms, 250,000 horses, about 1,000,000 head of cattle, over 150,000 sheep, and over 100,000 swine; and on the vast plains over which the buffalo and the elk once roamed in such large numbers there now are prosperous agricultural settlements, and room enough for thousands more, the original scenic beauty of the region being greatly enhanced by the glowing fields of grain – the never-failing gold—that now meet the eye at every turn.

These are the provinces of the New West towards which all who take an interest in farming will longingly turn when meditating a change from the overworked fields of Europe to the immense virgin tracts of this richer West. But there is a Farther West still, to which men with trading instincts will eagerly aspire—British Columbia, the largest of all the Canadian provinces. This land, with its 7,000 miles of coast-line, its 200,000 square miles of mountains, its gigantic salmon and seal fisheries, its rich goldfields and over 600 mining companies, its world-largest area of merchantable timber, and its great shipping trade through the port of Vancouver, is the field of fields for the man with progressive business ideas or business adaptability. Even now, while yet the province is in its first infancy of development, its trade is the largest in the world per head of population.

FRUIT AND MIXED FARMING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

These are but some of the fair and promiseful provinces that offer of their rich natural bounty to the settler under conditions of the most favourable kind. These are but some of the phases of Canadian life which in future articles we shall be able to describe and discuss in suitable detail.



"HE CUT ADRIFT THE LASHINGS ON PETER'S ANKLES."

(*See page* 504.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Man With the Nose.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

IN London there must have been another man with a nose resembling that of the Rev. Peter Francillon, but no one in Billington-Bungay knew anything about him. They were amply satisfied with their vicar's nose, and so was he, for it resembled and exaggerated the most remarkable feature of the Iron Duke's very remarkable countenance. It was sharp, aquiline, pronounced, and very painful when punched, as all such noses are. This was so obviously the case that he was excused from fighting at Rugby. The fifth and sixth form boys decided in conclave that such a nose was too great a handicap. It was, in fact, as bad as two noses. They called him "Naso" and told him to be civil to others, lest the worst should befall his saving feature. He accepted the epithet peaceably, and the possession of this vulnerable point possibly influenced him in the choice of a profession, it being understood that the clergy generally may quarrel, but do not fight. He enjoyed peace, and it became a habit, even though a certain spirit of adventure lingered in him, as we are told it does in the soul of the meanest Englishman. He married the quietest daughter of a quiet squire, played quiet whist, even when bridge became popular, and enjoyed a game of golf every Monday and Friday. In spite of the delicacy of his nose, he drove a fairly long ball and, when he timed his stroke properly, hit a real screamer with much satisfaction. He showed courage on the greens, and to do that is a great test of man, for he never trembled at a two-foot putt. This indicates that he might have faced tigers if occasion had presented itself. There were none in the neighbourhood, however, and the greatest spectacle there was the vicar's nose.

Once every year Peter Francillon, Mrs. Francillon, and his two little girls spent three weeks in Felixstowe. On their return, or shortly afterwards, he would say to his wife:—

"I shall take my usual week in town, Edith. It keeps me in touch with things, and I really think it necessary."

"You will take care of yourself, dear?" said his wife, anxiously.

"Of course, of course," replied Peter. He rubbed his nose.

"I am always nervous when you are away, though I know it is foolish," said Mrs. Francillon.

He explained to her, as he did every year, that there was no danger in London provided a man did not go to sleep as he crossed the road. His club was preposterously quiet, and a walk through the South Kensington and British Museums did not seem risky.

"Positively the most dangerous thing I do is to walk down Wardour Street," said Peter. "I might be tempted to buy a modern antique at modern prices."

Perhaps he was a little disingenuous in making Wardour Street stand, by a figure of speech, for the whole of Soho. But a married man is justified at times in practising a certain economy of truth. His love of Soho (he owned to himself that he loved it) might have disturbed his consort's mind. Wardour Street was all very well, but Greek Street, for instance, would have suggested certain dangers to her, unless she had believed that the whole thoroughfare was devoted to Greek literature. This is not the case, and Peter knew it just as well as he knew his Greek Testament, which he carried up to London with him in case he felt dull at any time.

Not disdaining comfort, and being more

than moderately well off, he put up in Half-Moon Street, in very comfortable rooms kept by a former butler of his father, which were near his quiet club. In town he moderated the severity of his clerical attire by the substitution of a short black jacket for a coat with ecclesiastic skirts, and he wore a slouch hat which was not positively indicative of the Church. If he retained his white tie it was of modest dimensions and most frequently hidden, as the weather was chilly, with a muffler of silk. In this costume he went round to his club, greeted the elderly waiters with correct geniality, shook hands warmly with three men who remembered his nose and felt almost intimate with him on that account, though they had to ask the porter his name, and dined all by himself in a room measuring forty feet by sixty, with a ceiling almost the height of the church in which he officiated.

After dinner, which included a large glass of port, he smoked a carefully chosen cigarette in the smoking-room. This year he took a Turkish cigarette, for he imagined that his last year's choice of an American had disagreed with him. On his saying so to the waiter, that admirable person admitted American cigarettes were a mistake, and this made Peter Francillon feel that he knew something about tobacco. By the time he had smoked half his annual cigarette he found himself alone. It was then nearly nine o'clock, and when he walked to the window and looked out across Piccadilly and St. James's Park the evening seemed fine and the electric lights sparkled invitingly. London said, as plainly as if it spoke the words, "Come out and take a walk," and, after a moment's hesitation between Town and the *Times*, which he had not seen that day, he walked into the hall, put on his hat, and went into Piccadilly with his best umbrella, which was reserved for London. He felt very happy and comfortable; the cigarette agreed with him, and the large glass of port gave him a pleasant sensation of well-being.

"I will go into Soho," said Peter Francillon.

He had not yet been much abroad, but he some day promised himself and Mrs. Francillon a Grand Tour through Europe. In the meantime Soho was a microcosm of it; it pleased him—arrided him, as he might have said—to hear the various tongues of the Latin races as he walked. Even German did not disturb him; it suggested Heidelberg, the Rhine, the Lorelei, and the easier works of Schiller, with whom he had a bowing acquaintance.

In Wardour Street he inspected some shops in which furniture of an uncertain origin was exposed for sale to Americans, examined some strange pipes in a manufacturer's window, and presently found himself by St. Anne's Church, in which he had once listened to Bach's Mass in B minor. Having some musical memory he recalled a bar or two, and from it diverged into more popular Handel. He hummed Harapha's "So mean a triumph I disdain," which somehow made him feel as if he could drive two hundred yards against the wind on any golf links.

"I'm really enjoying myself," he said. He heard French spoken as he walked, but more Italian and something he believed to be Spanish. On very insufficient evidence he decided that some other men spoke Magyar. He found himself in one street which is always busy and full of costers' barrows. After walking down it boldly, he turned into a quieter way and presently lost himself in a network of alleys. It did not disturb him in the least; he was a man of courage, in spite of his nose.

It was true that the smells of Soho displeased that delicate organ, but he found some pleasure in using it. It distinguished swiftly between scents, and warned him fifty feet away of fried fish. He came out of a narrow lane into a very quiet street, and, not knowing which way to go, turned instinctively towards a mouldy odour of oranges rather than towards the acrid smell of pickles. On such small details may adventure, fortune or disaster, hang. Peter Francillon's nose led him as Destiny may, and like other people he followed it.

He did not remember having been in this particular street and could not read its name. It was narrow, and the houses were high. There was, to say the truth, a peculiar sombreness about it, such as Méryon might have etched, getting its character no one knows how, biting it in perhaps in the acid of his perceptive, grim mind. It looked as if few people lived there. He saw a girl cross it rapidly at the next turning. A van with a horse in it stood close to the kerb on his right as he walked westward. The horse reached its head almost to the roadway, as if it wished to lip some banana-skin. But when Peter Francillon passed it the animal seemed merely bored. Something, he knew not what, told him that inside the vehicle there was a man who might naturally be as much bored as the horse, in spite of the fact

that Soho was such an interesting place. And then very suddenly, and without so much warning as a preliminary spot, it began to rain very heavily.

"Dear me, how annoying!" said Peter Francillon. Other men might have drawn more largely on the comminatory resources of his mother tongue. Peter never did, even when he lost his ball in sand. Yet there was one rule in golf which tried him severely. It was the one which forbids a player in competitions to take shelter from the rain. It pleased him to think that he was not now playing in a competition, and was therefore not compelled to expose his best umbrella to the downpour. He stepped sideways into the shelter of a door. As he did so he thought he saw the whitish blur of a man's face, or perhaps of two men's faces, in the van.

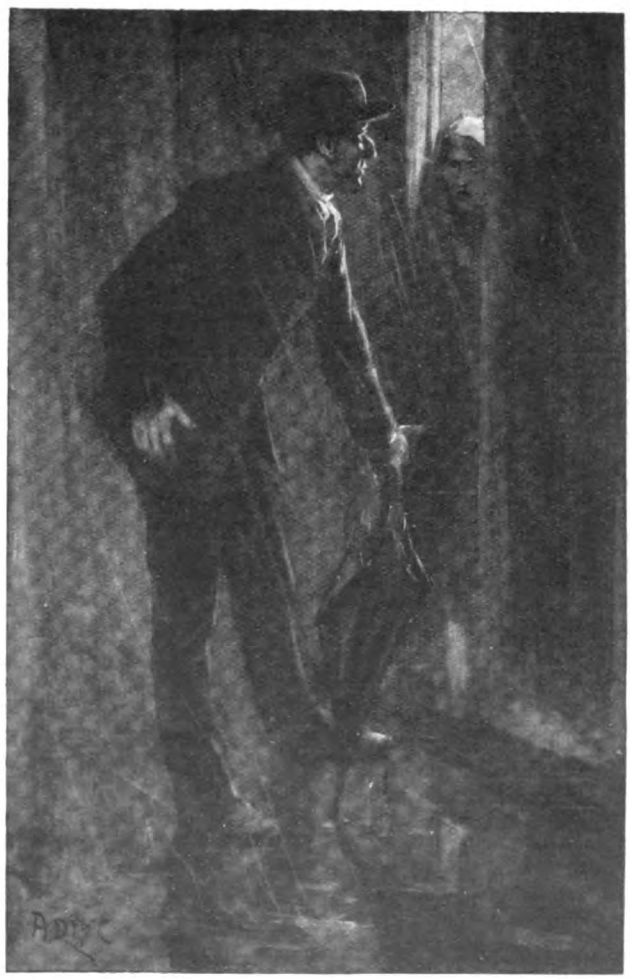
The doorway in which he stood was that of a dwelling-house, perhaps the only one in the street. There was, at any rate, no light in any of the houses opposite. They probably manufactured things there for foreigners. But by the glimmer on an opposing window he saw there was a light in a room over his head. He leant against the wall and watched the rain. Now he saw no one in the van; but he heard the horse rattle his bit or some harness. And his umbrella slipped out of his hand. Instead of its falling into the street, which he feared, it fell backwards and gave a hard single knock upon the door. Again he saw a whitish blur in the shadow of the van. A figure, obscure in the darkness and the rain, slipped from it and walked up the street on the opposite side. But there was still a white blur in the shadow. He heard steps inside the house.

"I must explain and apologize," said Peter. "I trust they speak English."

Then the door opened suddenly. He turned and saw a face in the six-inch opening, but before he could open his mouth he heard a woman's voice. It was hurried, lamentable, terrified, and it made Peter's blood run cold even before he gathered the meaning of the words hissed at him in a strange accent.

"Go, go, for God's sake! He knows everything," said the voice. The door was shut again, and he heard a bolt clang. He stepped upon the pavement; and then a Cockney spoke curiously, and used strange words in an accent of London, much altered, it might be, by long life abroad or among foreigners.

"Pipe his boko! That's his nibs!" said the Cockney. Peter seemed to know that this man also spoke Italian, and, by a piece of knowledge not strange in a man whose nose had been almost as much of a trial to him as if he had been Cyrano de Bergerac,



"'GO, GO, FOR GOD'S SAKE! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING,' SAID THE VOICE."

he was aware that "boko" meant nose. This man marked it, jeered at it, as so many had done. And before Peter could so much as resent it in his mind he heard an Italian say, "Maladetto porco," and something struck him heavily upon the back of his head and neck. Even as he thought that "That's his nibs!" probably meant "It's he!" he lay insensible upon the pavement.

How long it was ere he became conscious he could not tell. But he was aware of peculiar discomfort long before he reached the stage of consciousness which uses words. He dreamed as a man does who wakes from an anæsthetic and is dimly aware of a burden of pain. It appeared to him that he moved rapidly through space, but where or how or why he did not know, and at last he groaned as if he had a nightmare. He felt that this was the explanation and struggled to awake, being sure that he was at home and that his wife would push him. Presently she did so, but her push was more like a punch, and he resented her unwifely violence. He heard her say in a hoarse voice:—

"Lie quiet, you swab, or I'll kick the stuffing out of you." And still he was rattled through space vehemently. He wondered how it was that she used such language to him when his head ached so violently. He struggled hard to get hold of words, and some drifted through his mind. It was as though he heard them spoken. The word "watch" was one of them, and another "posh," and also "a thick 'un," and then he caught a sentence, or at least part of one. It was this: "Nosey won't want 'em again, Carlo." He wondered who would not want what. Then it suddenly flashed upon him that he was "Nosey," and consciousness returned.

He spoke feebly.

"Where am I?"

"'Ere you are," said a Cockney voice that he seemed to know.

"What has happened?"

"'Is nibs 'as woke up, Carlo," said the Cockney. "Shut up, Nosey. You'll soon diskiver what 'as happened."

The unfortunate parson shook his head, for things were wonderfully obscure. Then he saw again the silent street in Soho, grim as a Méryon etching of a sombre part of Paris, and remembered the rain, the doorway, the falling umbrella, the knock, and the strange answer. What did it mean? He lay quiet and considered it.

"She said, 'Go, go, for God's sake! He knows everything.' Who knows, and who was 'she'? Where am I? Why, I'm—I'm—in the van!"

Again he saw the dark van in the street, the sleepy horse, the blur of white faces.

"Did an accident happen?" he asked, suddenly.

"Accident be blowed," said the Cockney. "It was a dead plant and you're Pinsuti's meat now. You'll never see Giulietta ag'in, my son."

"I don't understand," said Peter Francillon. "Why, I'm being driven somewhere! Good God, I'm handcuffed!"

"That's wot," said the Cockney. "'E's findin' out wot's 'appened bit by bit, Carlo."

"Maladetto serpente," snarled the Italian, who was driving.

"That's Pinsuti's brother wot's speakin'," said the Cockney. "And maybe you don't know that Giulietta is like to die after the way Pinsuti served 'er."

"Stop!" said Peter. "There's some mistake. I'm a clergyman."

"So much the worse for you. The old 'un 'ates priests," returned the Cockney. "Don't be scared; there's no mistake made. We savvied you by your nose."

"My nose?" said Peter.

"Your conk's a dead give-away," said the Cockney. "Did you hever see another bloke with a jib like that?"

Naturally enough, Peter knew that "conk" and "jib" referred to his nose. In fact, there was no word in the vocabulary of schoolboys' slang referring to noses of which he was ignorant.

"No, I never did," he said.

"No more 'ave I; nor no other cove ever did. And I spotted it myself the day afore yesterday, when you went to Giulietta's last. I wonder wot she seed in a cove like you. If I'd a conk like your'n I'd cut it off."

"I don't in the least understand," said Peter. "I'm a clergyman and a married man."

"The more shame for you. So am I," said the Cockney. He lighted a pipe and, holding the match close to Peter's face, apparently inspected his nose. He blew the light out and added:—

"You're wife's a widow, cocky!"

"It's a mistake, a wretched, miserable mistake," said Peter Francillon. He began to see that the matter was serious. "You wouldn't murder me?"

"Wot! Me! Not much! You can settle it with Pinsuti," said the Cockney. "I'm not sayin' I wouldn't ha' settled you if you'd ha' come after my missis, but you didn't,

and she'd 'ave belted you on the conk if you 'ad."

"I came up to London this morning," said Peter.

"Liar!" said the Cockney. "I saw you myself the night afore last"

"I was at home in Billington-Bungay," said Peter, hopelessly "I assure you I was."

"If you lie agin I'll spoil you afore Pinsuti gets 'is 'ands on you," said the Cockney. "So shut up."

The van went rapidly, for the Italian was a wicked driver, as they mostly are. But Peter Francillon had not the least idea as to where he was being driven. Nor could he think of any plan by which to escape By now he knew that his legs were tied. Yet he won dered what would happen if he called out or screamed. He was in a lighted street and heard other traffic—other human voices Perhaps he showed signs of doing something, or his keeper had intuitions, for the Cockney produced a short iron bar.

"If you opens your mouth to squeal, I'll flatten you with this," he said, quietly.

"Take my watch and money and let me go," said Peter.

"Carlo's got your watch and I've got your money," returned the Cockney. He spoke to Carlo in Italian, and Carlo laughed.

"I was in Naples three years," said the Cockney, confidentially; "that's 'ow I learnt to parlare Italiano. I speaks it like a bloomin' native. Do you speak it, cocky?"

"No," said Peter. "I'll give you a hundred pounds to let me go."

"You ain't got it on you, I knows that," said the other.

"I'll give it to you to-morrow," said Peter.

"To-morrow? Why, you won't be 'ere to-morrow!" said the Cockney, brutally, and Peter shivered.

"Do you mean—really mean—that I shall be dead?" he asked.

"I know nothin'. Pinsuti wanted you and 'e gets you, and when 'e's got you I'm through with it," said his captor.

"But I'm innocent—innocent!"

"Tell that to Pinsuti," said the Cockney.

Peter Francillon had never had an adventure in his life. So far as he could remember he had never run a risk beyond that of visiting the sick when an epidemic of scarlet fever struck Billington-Bungay. But it was his profession to administer consolation to the dying, and he wondered now, with a dazed mind, why it was that he did not think of religion. In no sense did he regret the consolations he had offered to others, for they seemed something that did not touch his own peculiar and monstrous case. So strange an accident robbed him of the sense of full life. The thing was a dream—a curious and very horrible nightmare. He spoke.

"Edith!" he called out. Edith was his wife.

"Who's Edith?" said the Cockney.

"She's my wife," said Peter.

"Dry up," said the Cockney, "or else I'll knock you stiff."

"Tell me where I am!" said Peter. But the Cockney smoked his pipe. Again he said something in Italian to Carlo. And Carlo laughed bitterly.

"I wish I'd learnt Italian," said Peter to himself. "I will begin to-morrow. Why can't I wake—wake?"

But he knew too well that he was not sleeping. He wondered what had become of his umbrella. It was almost new, or certainly as good as new.

"I'm thinking of my umbrella," he said. But he knew he was in a cart, being driven—where?

"Somewhere—to a man called Pinsuti," said Peter. "It's absurd; monstrous! I wish I had screamed just now."

For they were in quieter ways, roads that were less well lighted, roads that led to Death!

"Has this man Pinsuti ever seen the man you think I am?" he asked, presently.

"Not as I knows of. No, 'e 'asn't," said the Cockney.

"Then when he sees me, tell him I'm different," said Peter.

He was confused, but the Cockney was acute.

"If 'e's never seed you, 'ow will 'e know you ain't 'im?"

"But I'm a clergyman—a country clergyman!"

"It's the nose does it," said the Cockney. "We reco'nised you by it. Giulietta's girl said as much. Besides, didn't I pipe you the day before yesterday?"

"Pipe me?"

"Seed you—spotted you—knowed you," said the Cockney. "There ain't two beaks like your'n in London. You savvy that good and plenty."

While at school his nose had been a trial, a humiliation, and a curse to him. Even at the University it had been a source of disquiet and vexation and the cause of epigrams. But when Edith married him and he was made vicar of Billington-Bungay he grew

proud of it, especially when he discovered that he was a very distant cousin of the Iron Duke. Its outline, its delicacy, its resemblance to a curve in conics, and its being, as it were, unique, utterly unparalleled by the noses of the neighbourhood, give him peculiar pride in it. Now it appeared that a similar nose belonged to a haunter of the purlieus of Soho who knew a Giulietta Pinsuti only too well. He wondered where the other man was and what he was doing. Perhaps he had knocked at the same door that very night after Peter had done so. And what was Giulietta like?

"We're nearly there," said the Cockney.

"Won't you let me go?" said Peter, desperately. "Believe me—pray, pray believe me, you're wrong, quite wrong. Let me go."

"Carlo won't, and they'd knife me if I did," said the Cockney. "And I won't, anyway. You got Giulietta into trouble, poor thing, and I don't blame Pinsuti a cent. You'd better say your prayers."

Peter Francillon could say no prayers. All he could do was to think of his wife and his little girls. Now they were all asleep in their peaceful village under the shelter of his pretty church, and knew nothing of what was happening. When would they know? Would they ever know? They would never hear—never, never!

"I wish I'd not had this nose," he said, lamentably.

"It was the deadest give-away," remarked the Cockney.

"I'm a clergyman; it's all impossible, ridiculous! Man, man, you are wrong—all wrong."

As he spoke he heard a steamer's whistle. They were, then, near the river.

"They'll put me in it," said Peter. He sweated ice already; the cold water ran on him. The place they were in was very quiet. Then suddenly the van turned abruptly, went down a slope, and stopped.

"We're there!" said the Cockney.

"Where—where?" asked Peter, wildly.

The Cockney answered sullenly:—

"Where you gave a bid to be, Nosey—at Tommaso Pinsuti's place. You'd better by 'arf 'ave left poor Giulietta alone."

And Peter said nothing. There was nothing to say to such a man. But, surely—surely this Pinsuti—Tommaso Pinsuti, who had some far-off, horrible place down by the river, would see at once how absurd, how incredible, how infinitely ridiculous the accusation was!

He heard another voice, not that of the silent Carlo, but that of another man who spoke also Italian. Peter guessed at the meaning of the unknown words in an agony of sweat. The voice was harsh.

"He says, 'Have you got him?' And Carlo says, 'Yes,' and this awful Cockney says so, too! I hear 'Naso, naso.' That's my nose! Was that 'Bring him in?' Good God, I wish I could pray. I've never done any harm! It's awful, awful!"

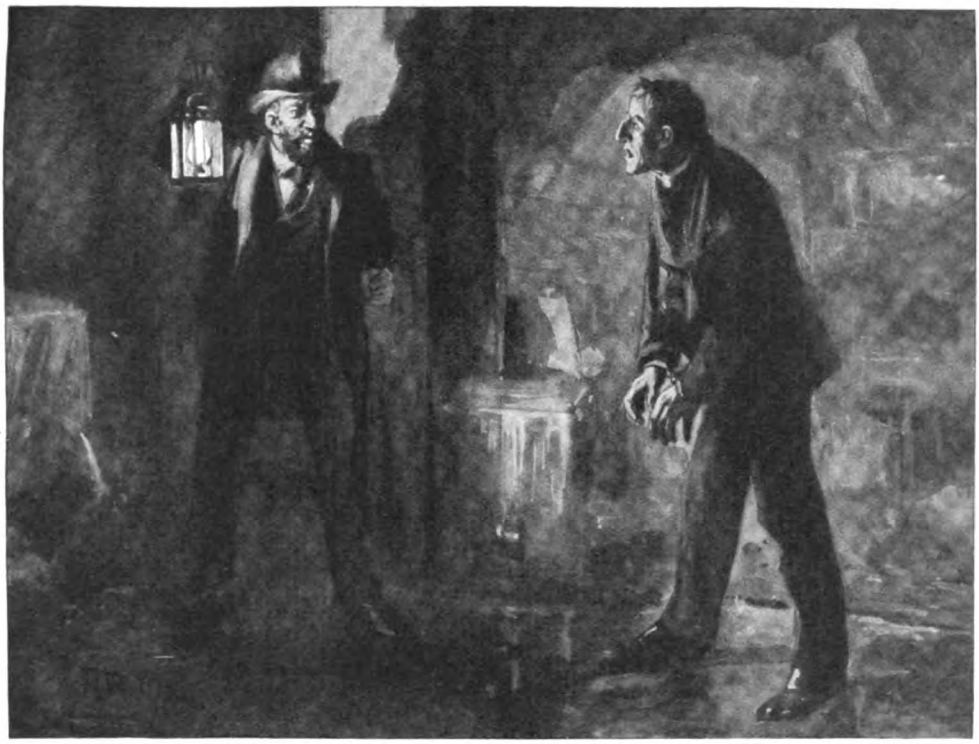
The van opened at the rear, and the Cockney caught him by the ankles and dragged him out till he was sitting on the tail-board. Then he cut adrift the lashings on Peter's ankles. They had not been drawn so tightly that he could not now walk. Carlo was with the Cockney, and when Peter stood upon his feet he could see no one else.

"Where's this Mr. Pinsuti?" he asked. "I want to see him."

He was urgent to see him, urgent to finish, to be free, but they answered him nothing at all. They took him inside the open door. A light twinkled there, a little oil-lamp that smelt and smoked. A cold blast of air chilled him as he entered. And then he saw that he was in an ice-store, a place where ice, which came from far away, was kept till it was needed in London. He saw the big, square blocks glittering, though some were covered with sacking, some half-smothered in sawdust. The floor ran water; drops fell, he heard them fall slowly. And there was another door, and another light shone inside it. But still he saw no one but his captors.

"Where's Mr. Pinsuti?" said Peter. "Where's Mr. Pinsuti?"

He did not know his own voice, for it did not tremble, and was strangely cold and clear. But they dragged him to the inner door and thrust him in, shutting it behind him. He stood staggering, but still he stood. And he saw the man he had been brought to see, a big Italian with a black beard, who stood with a lamp in his hand. The light fell upon his face, and Peter recognised, not the man, but, rather, Destiny, with whom there is no reasoning, and from whom there is no appeal. This man, deluded and cheated by appearance into murder, would not flinch at murder. Though he flamed with the fire of hate, even before he spoke, the great glittering cubes of ice behind him would not be colder to any plea of mercy, and Peter Francillon knew it. But Peter saw his wife and children, and he also saw life as he had never seen it in the security of his seclusion. Now life was a sweet fruit upon a windy bough; it was a great glow that passed swiftly; it was a gift,



"HE SAW THE MAN HE HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO SEE."

precious and many-coloured, hanging by a hair above a gulf unsounded by the fears of man. He saw it like a pageant, dear, most wistfully dear, divine and sweet, and hungered for its bright continuance, its delicate and ruder joys, its songs, its splendour and vigour, its hours of genial companionship, its high thoughts, its warm intimacy with his sound body that might endure like a rooted tree. And here in front of him stood one to shatter this triumph that man's life was, for all its failures and its sins. So some rude hand might break the divine glory of stained glass in an ancient church. Peter stood upon the verge of nothingness and resented it wildly—resented its empty lack of form, its cold disorder. He wished to live, to endure; he ached for diuturnity, for perpetuation. And here and now the sweetness of the bland and suave little soul within him was as nothing, and he marvelled. He wished to go nowhither into the empty universe, for it was chiller than the glittering ice, when he looked where it loomed, even then before him.

"I wish to live," he told himself; "I want to live!"

"You hound!" said the Italian.

Their eyes had met like swords in swift engagement, but Peter's never fell. He was manacled, the other free. Peter had but his mind, he thought, if he could save himself therewith. His blue eyes took on an air of calm, of innocence, of surprise.

"This is a mistake, a very dreadful mistake," said Peter. "You do not know me, surely you do not?"

"I never saw you, but these months past I knew you existed, you dog," said Pinsuti. "I felt you everywhere—at home. Now I know you, see you, and can touch you!"

He stepped close to Peter and tapped him with his fingers.

"Listen," said Peter. "I tell you this is a mistake. I am a clergyman from a little village in Norfolk. I come to London for a week once a year. I came to town yesterday afternoon, and had not been there for a whole year."

"You lie," said Pinsuti. He went to the door, opened it, and called "Carlo!"

And Carlo came in. Tommaso spoke rapidly in Italian.

"I do not understand your language," said Peter.

"I will speak in English," said Tommaso.

"Say, then, Carlo, did the man with the nose knock at my door to-night?"

"He knocked, Tommaso," said Carlo.

"Had you seen him before?"

"Three times I saw him, and he knocked the same way," said Carlo.

"You cannot be mistaken, Carlo?"

"I cannot. Look at his nose!"

"That will do," said Tommaso. "Send in Bob."

And Bob entered, still with his sullen air.

"Have I been your friend, Bob, here and in Napoli? Would you deceive me into killing the innocent?"

"You're all right," said Bob. "That's the man, and that's his nose. Is there another like it? And I saw the bloke go to your door and knock. Someone came and spoke. 'Twas Giacinta. She opened the door and spoke and shut it."

"That will do," said Tommaso. He followed Bob to the door, and shut and locked it after him.

"You liar!" said Tommaso.

"I do not lie; I speak the exact truth. Keep me here; send a man to Billington-Bungay and ask if I have been in London till to-day for a year," said Peter. "I've a wife and children there."

"I had a wife," said Tommaso, fiercely. "Maybe she's dead now. I stabbed her. Shall I, then, spare you?"

"Spare me? Good God," said Peter, "don't you know you're sparing the other man? Do I look like a man to hunt round Soho for your wife or another's? I *could* not do such a thing."

But Tommaso laughed.

"Giacinta, when I got her by the throat, told me about you, about your nose, about Giulietta, and how and when you came. It's useless for you to speak, you dog. This is your last night. D'ye know what's outside?"

Peter heard the lap of running tides. Again a steamer's whistle blew.

"The river?"

"Aye, the river, the river; you'll sleep there to-night. Is it true you're a priest, you hound?"

"That's true," said Peter, thickly. "It's quite true. I'm a clergyman in a little Norfolk village. I've a wife and two little girls. I came up to-day——"

"To go to Soho? You'll say you were not in Soho next, nor in my street—that you did not even knock!"

Peter had been glad his new umbrella had not fallen on the pavement. He remembered that he had turned to the left rather than to the right on account of the smell of oranges. The acrid smell of pickles was in his nostrils now.

"Oh, God!" he said. An immense weariness oppressed him, choked him, drowned him. He was a point of fatigue, of strain, in the universe. The light of the lamp danced, he saw the glittering ice-blocks move. Water dripped slowly like blood. Tommaso swelled before him—became gigantic; but his eyes were steady points of fire. Peter tried to pray, and found he had no words. He appealed dumbly to someone—to something—to the sky, the river, the ice, to the old wild gods of man. He was afraid; and yet he was not. A species of fury came on him that he did not understand, that astounded his quiet soul. Had his hands been free he would have sprung upon Pinsuti, have sought his throat with his hands, his very teeth. He saw his wife come across the little lawn and heard his children singing. He heard himself speak in a high key, and heard strange, incredible words—words of provocation, rage.

"Damn you, kill me, then!" said Peter. It seemed to him that he was mad, and that a little calm, bland soul inside him watched and wondered. Perhaps it directed him. Who could tell? But he was mad, the outside Peter, the body Peter. So strange the world was that now it seemed to him that, perhaps, he did know poor wounded Giulietta, perhaps he did love her. With a shriek he taunted Tommaso.

"Kill me, then; your wife hates you!" he cried. And Tommaso screamed mad, foul Italian at him, and Peter saw in the light of the lamp which his jailer had set down upon a block of ice the glitter of a knife. He saw Tommaso run upon him, and it seemed so long ere he got near. But Peter cried out, "Edith! Edith!" and lifted up his fettered hands and struck blindly at the knife, so that Tommaso's blow failed. And again he struck, and Peter felt the man's leg against him, and struck back blindly. Something touched his hand, and then he felt that the knife was loose in the air, even as his clenched hands struck it. And Tommaso struggled backwards, and Peter saw him with his hand to his breast. His mouth was open as he clutched at his heart, where the haft of the knife showed, and a terrible scream came out of his opened mouth, slowly, very slowly, so slowly that it seemed like the dripping of blood. And then he fell upon his knees and rolled over, and Peter saw him quivering, stretched out in puddles and sawdust from the melting ice-blocks.

"I've—I've killed him," said Peter. Now his soul was very quiet, and he saw clearly and keenly and made no noise, uttered no loud word; for the other men were outside listening, and trembling, or perhaps laughing, at the scream that the man with the nose gave when he died. He moved swiftly to the dead man, even as some Norse ancestor might have done, and without a tremor wrenched the knife from the dead breast. Even as he did so he saw the barrel of a revolver protruding from Tommaso's side-pocket. He dropped the bloody knife upon the man's still heart and drew out the other weapon.

There came a knock upon the door—a timid knock, as if one asked something fearfully.

"Tommaso!" said a voice, the changed voice of his brother. But Tommaso did not hear. And Peter smiled fiercely, and thought of his wife and children and his little church.

Once and once only had he fired a revolver at the youthful solicitation of a cousin in the Service, and then had missed an easy mark. But something told him that he would miss nothing now, and that he must not. He feared nothing, for fear disabled; fear killed, destroyed. Fear was and would be death.

"Tommaso!" quavered the voice outside; "parla, mio fratre."

But his brother would speak no more. Tommaso's mouth was dumb; he grinned. A red wound should speak for him.

"They'll kill me if they can," said Peter. He cocked the revolver and held it in his right hand. With his left he clutched his wrist and the steel of the handcuff that still held him.

"Tommaso! Tommaso!" cried Carlo. And he battered madly at the door. But Peter blew out the light, and then saw a gleam of the other light in the cracks of the walls. He went swiftly to the door and turned the key, wondering that he dared do it. But now he dared anything, for he had killed a man. He threw the door open, and, with the muzzle of the revolver pointing before him and his finger on the trigger, stepped into the opening. Bob, the Cockney, was seated on a plank, and for a moment did not see him. But Carlo did, and uttered as horrible a cry as that of Tommaso, who would cry out no more. And Bob turned his head, and saw the man with the nose even as Carlo saw him. And both drew their knives as Bob leapt to his feet.

Tommaso had showed to Peter like a gigantic figure, something monstrous, wavering and awful as a vision. But hope sat with Peter's soul now, hand in hand with it, comforting his spirit. He still felt as if the world was a dream and that this was a nightmare in the dream. But he was hard and clear and cold. So desperation works, or may work, and out of death, death given or death avoided, strength can come. So Peter saw them move upon him, drawn by hate, or perhaps by fear—for fear is a great mover of men towards action when it comes suddenly, and when those whom it moves are not cowards. And he heard a shot ring out, and then another. But after that there was no sound, not even a word or a groan. But he saw Carlo fling up his hands and stand for an instant, which seemed very long. And then he pitched upon the floor and rolled over. But Bob stood and worked a useless and silent mouth. Peter thought he seemed surprised. But there is a surprise of the body that is not surprise. Then his face seemed to shut up, and he sank upon his knees and lay down very quietly, while Peter grinned curiously at him.

"I've killed both of them," said Peter—"both! And also Tommaso!"

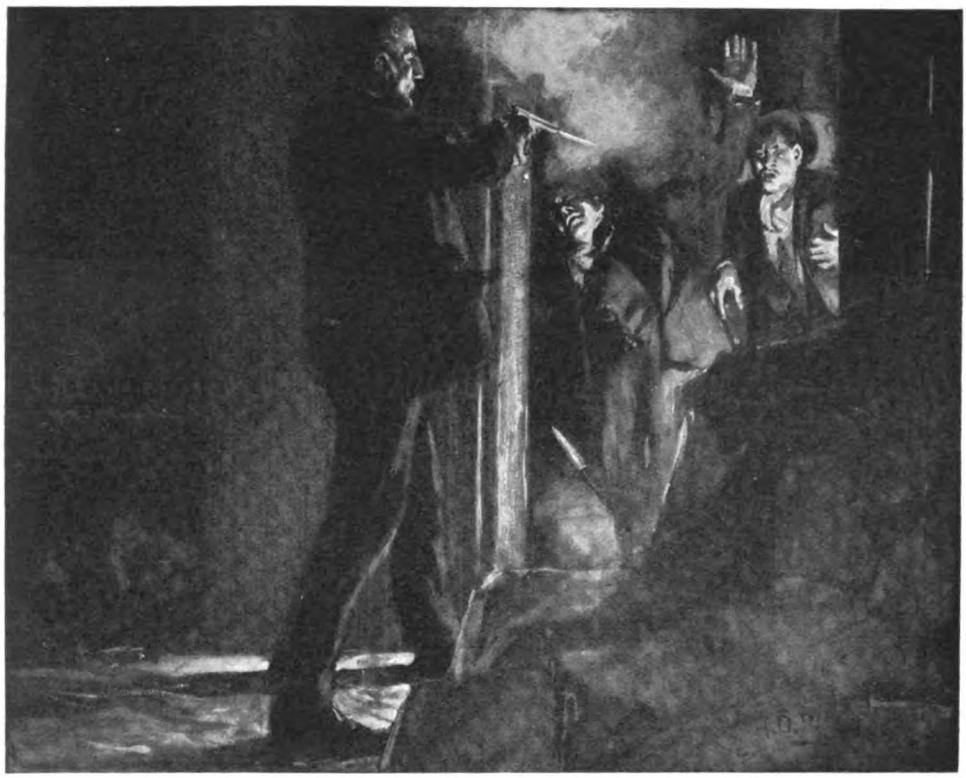
Neither of them moved, and Peter did not move either. But he heard a clock strike across the water. He counted the strokes; it was just eleven.

"I left the club before nine," said Peter. "I believe it was before nine."

He heard voices outside. Two men talked and Peter listened. He wished they would go away. He heard the clink of harness as the horse outside shook his head. Peter wondered if anyone had heard the sound of shots. He heard one man say, "Well, good night!"

"Oh, go home!" said Peter, with a sense of irritation. He was still holding the revolver and his right wrist. He looked down and saw the handcuffs. He knew they came off with a key, for the village constable at Billington-Bungay had explained them to him with a proper pride in such professional implements.

"One of them probably has the key," said Peter. He put the revolver down on the plank from which Bob had risen, and went first to Carlo. He found the cuffs made him very clumsy indeed, but he was surprised to find that he had no reluctance to handle the dead man. It seemed to him that he had been killing men ever since he remembered. Besides, it was like a dream. He did not find the key, but he found his watch. He remembered that Bob had said that Carlo



"HE HEARD A SHOT RING OUT, AND THEN ANOTHER."

had it. He took it out of Carlo's pocket and laid it by the revolver. Then he turned to Bob, and very soon discovered the key in the pocket of the Cockney's velveteen waistcoat. With difficulty he unlocked the handcuffs and slipped them into his pocket. They were essentially of the nature of a trophy.

"And Bob has my money; he said so," thought the vicar of Billington-Bungay. He looked for his purse and found it. Then he put the revolver and the watch into different pockets.

"That's all," said Peter. But he shut the door upon Tommaso, wondering as he did so how Giulietta was, and what the other man with the nose was thinking about. Then he opened the outer door. There was no one about, and the sky was now perfectly clear. Looking up he saw the North Star. He was tolerably familiar with the heavens, for he sometimes gave little lectures on astronomy in his own and other villages.

"Polaris," he said. It pleased him to think he knew that name, but he could not say why. The horse shook his head and the bit jingled.

"Poor thing," said Peter. "They might have put his nosebag on. If there is one, I'll do it."

He found a nosebag half full.

"No, I'd better drive," said Peter. He shut the warehouse-door, and finding the key in the lock turned it mechanically. Then he went to the horse's head, turned him round, climbed up into the seat, and clicked encouragingly to the animal as he did to his own pony.

"I'm bareheaded. I wonder where my hat is?" he said. Then he seemed to remember that he had had it in the van, but had come out of it bareheaded. He stooped backwards and found it lying behind him. The horse went easily, climbed the little rise, turned to the left as if he knew the way, and went at a slow trot.

"Its stable is possibly in Soho," said Peter. "But to-night I've killed three men."

He thought he could not think, for he did not do it in the ordinary manner. The calm little stream of his usual thoughts of happiness was now like a rapid river, broken by rocks. He remembered Edith as if she were a dead woman, once very much loved. Yet that

very morning she had said, "I hope you'll take care of yourself, Peter, dear." That seemed very long ago. His children, too, were like a dim memory.

"I've killed three men," said the vicar. "Three — Tommaso and Carlo Pinsuti, dealers apparently in ice, and a man called Bob. I shall tell no one about it."

He was surprised to learn that he meant to tell no one about it, for he could not see why. They deserved death, and there had been nothing else to do but kill them. And deep within him, somewhere, there was an awful sense of pride in him that he had been able to do it, though he recognised that the death of Tommaso was practically an accident.

"I abused him, though, and I said 'damn,'" thought Peter. He remembered the story about Leigh Hunt, who, as a little boy, used to say, when he received favours from his elders, "Ah, they little think I'm the boy who said 'damn'!" That was very amusing, though, of course, no one should say "damn," least of all a little boy or a vicar.

"I used language I did not think I knew," said Peter. "I must have been mad. Still, I dare say I acted for the best. If I had not enraged him I might have been dead, as he is. Three of them! I'm—I'm a very remarkable man, a very strange man. I wonder if many are like me? I don't mean my nose. I sha'n't came to London again—at least, not to Soho."

The horse seemed to know his way, and Peter, who had no sense of earthly topography, though he knew Ursa Polaris when he saw it, let him go where he would. But the clouds came up again and more rain came down, and when he reached the better lighted parts of East London the streets were very empty. But he saw some policemen at intervals.

"They little think I'm the man who has killed three men to-night," said Peter. "I won't tell anyone. I wonder what the Bishop would say? He would be very much disturbed, I'm sure."

But Peter loved his Bishop.

"Still, I won't tell him or anyone; certainly not Edith. I wonder where I am?"

Presently he discovered that he was in the Commercial Road, though, naturally enough, he did not know where that was. But when he found himself in Leadenhall Street he knew that he was in the City, and felt nearer home.

"I shall go home to-morrow. I shall be in Billington-Bungay. But I shall know I killed three men to-day. Now I'm in Cheapside. What shall I do with the van?"

That was a puzzle.

But when he came to St. Paul's Churchyard he saw the dim length of Paternoster Row in front of him. He knew it, for he had been there several times to see a publisher who was doing something for the Bishop because his lordship wrote beautiful English and was an authority on it.

"I'll leave the van there," said Peter. For now the lane looked dark and deserted.

"I trust I shall not meet a policeman," said Peter.

He met no one. The lane was silent, as silent as and even more deserted than the street in which Giulietta lived or died. Peter pulled up at the office of the publisher who had printed the episcopal sermons, and getting out slipped the strap of the nose-bag over the horse's ears. He was a very kind man.

"But I've killed three men to-day," said Peter, as he walked to the west-end of the lane and turned into Ludgate Hill. There he picked up a taxi-cab.

"Drive me to Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly," said Peter.

"All right, sir," said the driver.

"And stop at a chemist's, if you know one that's open," said Peter.

"Any will open if you want them, sir," said the driver.

"Very well," said Peter, and he got in. He felt the revolver and the handcuffs in his pockets, and had a monstrous and remarkable pride in them.

"I must be a remarkable character," said Peter. "I never suspected it."

When they came to Leicester Square, the driver found a chemist who was not yet in bed and Peter went into the shop.

"I want a sleeping-draught," said Peter.

The chemist looked at him, and thought he had never seen so remarkable a nose. It took his attention from Peter Francillon's attire, which had suffered on the floor of the van.

"What do you usually take, sir?" asked the chemist.

"I never take any, but I fancy I sha'n't sleep to-night if I don't," said Peter.

"You might try fifteen grains of chloral," said the chemist.

"I'll try fifteen grains of chloral," said Peter.

"Dissolve it in water and drink it as you undress," said the chemist.

"Dissolve it in water and drink it as I undress," repeated the vicar. He took the dose, paid for it, and went out.

"A wonderful nose," said the chemist, as he yawned.

When Peter came to his lodgings in Half-Moon Street the driver said the same as he took his fare and a sixpence over.

"I'm in Half-Moon Street," said Peter, as he climbed the stairs. "No one knows I've killed three men. I wonder if fifteen grains of chloral dissolved in water and drunk as I undress will make me sleep?"

He took the handcuffs from one pocket and the revolver from the other and put them on his dressing-table. He wound up his watch, which was still going and now marked ten minutes after midnight.

"A great deal can happen in a very little while," said Peter. He dissolved the chloral and drank it.

"Nothing on earth can make me sleep if I'm not asleep already," he said, as he swallowed it.

He folded his clothes carefully and put them on a chair.

"If I'm dreaming they're not dirty, and if they're really dirty I'll wear others to-morrow," said Peter. "But I sha'n't sleep. Fifteen grains of chloral dissolved in water and drunk as I undress can't make me sleep."

He turned out the light and got into bed. Then he saw Bob and Carlo on the floor of the ice-house. He went through the scene with Tommaso.

"Fifteen grains can't possibly make me sleep," said Peter. He said it again and again, and at last, just as he said "Fifteen grains can't possibly——" he fell out of the world and slept like a dead man.

It was just eight o'clock in the morning when he woke and saw the sun shine into his window. He lay perfectly still for a minute or two. Then he said:—

"I've had an awful dream!"

He moved and felt very stiff, and wondered why he felt so. It was extraordinary that he remembered the dream so vividly.

"I—I dreamt I killed three men," said Peter, vaguely. Then he added, as he stared at the ceiling: "I'm glad I'm awake!"

He sat up suddenly and looked over to the dressing-table. On it lay a revolver and a pair of handcuffs.

"HE SAT UP SUDDENLY AND LOOKED OVER TO THE DRESSING-TABLE."

HOW A VARIETY THEATRE IS RUN.

A Day at the PALACE THEATRE with Mr. Alfred Butt.

By PERCY BURTON.

THE Palace Theatre of Varieties was originally built as an English Opera House, and opened for that purpose in 1891 by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, but success did not attend this venture, and eighteen months later it was converted into a music-hall.

Mr. Alfred Butt, the enterprising managing director, has made a speciality of the engagement of theatrical celebrities. That his enterprise has proved successful is shown by the dividends paid, while it might be mentioned that the gross takings last year amounted to over one hundred thousand pounds, resulting in a profit of some fifty thousand pounds.

He is responsible for the booking of two hundred to three hundred "turns" each year, and has engaged considerably over a thousand artistes during the five years he has been associated with the Palace in a managerial capacity.

But night-time obviously does not afford the best opportunities of interviewing a busy manager, and Mr. Butt cheerfully suggests a day when readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can comprehend the work involved in running a successful variety theatre.

In Mr. Butt's offices they were busy with the morning's mail, and the typewriters were hard at work like so many tape machines, while a big pile of letters lay on one side for his personal attention.

"Another letter from the man at Newcastle," one of his staff exclaimed, with a chuckle. He read it:—

MR. ALFRED BUTT, MANAGER OF THE PALACE THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
From a Photo. by E. O. Hoppé.

DEAR SIR,—As you will not entertain my proposal, please forward stamps to replace those I have used in writing to you. I cannot afford to lose money!

"The man from Newcastle?" I queried. "It sounds like a new play or an old character," as I thought of a similar type in "A Pair of Spectacles."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Butt, "only an amateur who wants to stagger London. He wrote some time ago saying that he had the most beautiful tenor voice in England, and asked me to hear him. Of course, I said I would. I rarely refuse to hear or see anything or anybody. People who tell you it is impossible to get a hearing in London don't know what they are talking about. I'm just as anxious to see them as they are to come, but it is dreary work. Still, there's always the hope of something fresh, always the fear that the thing you might decline to see is good, and may get snapped up by someone else and become a big hit." I nodded sympathetically.

"The next I heard from the man at Newcastle was the request that I should send him his railway fare, which would be repaid out of his first week's salary; also five guineas for a dress suit, which should be deducted from his second week's savings. It's an absolute fact. Since then, he has written half-a-dozen indignant letters, and now, as you see, he wants me to pay for the whip with which he has metaphorically scourged me.

"Now this letter," he continued, handing me another, "is one of the usual sort — very, very usual—a communication from a suburban lady with a hyphen name and doubtful voice, who had sung at an 'At Home,' and whose friends had said, perhaps sarcastically, 'Why don't you go on the stage?' So she writes to me, 'Let me sing!' If I say I will hear her she will come and warble 'Dear Heart!' (it's always 'Dear Heart!') in an indifferent drawing-room voice, and seems bewildered at the lack of enthusiasm. She will leave with an

expression of resignation or indignation. She has done all that she could to make the fortune of the Palace, and she cannot be blamed now when the crash comes!"

Several other letters were handed to me for my amusement, amongst them the following from South Africa:—

Port Elizabeth;
Sept. 10th, 1908.

ALFRED BUTT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I would be very thankful to you if you would be kind enough and let me know if an actor must learn. Many people told me that I've got the gift to be an actor. As I am now in Africa, where there is no clever man to tell a person or to answer my question, I would be very pleased if you would correspond with me. I have no good friends and no parents. I am very young—only eleven years, and I would, if I had the chance, learn to be an actor. I hope you won't refuse answering my few lines.

I remain, kind gentleman,
With many thanks,
Yours devoted,

P.S.—Please don't waste time!

"I couldn't resist the appeal of his postscript," said Mr. Butt, "so didn't reply.

"The ladies' hat question, like the poor," he continued, "is always with us. Half-a-dozen letters on the subject had been written by five indignant males and one more indignant lady, who wrote to 'the Manager,' with a pen dipped in gall, regarding what she characterizes as the 'gross insolence' underlined, 'of a man' doubly underlined, who had presumed to address her at a Saturday matinée, and had requested her to remove her hat. The letters of the men propose drastic remedies. One wants flung on the screen, at intervals during the afternoon: 'Ladies will please remove their hats—women need not!' He naïvely remarks that, as we have the Bioscope machine, the expense will be trifling. Another, who surely must have a bee in his own bonnet, suggests that one of the attendants should be armed with a long rod with a hook at the end, and that he should drag off any hat which obstructs the view of the stage.

"It is, of course, only in connection with the afternoon performances that we are troubled in this matter at the Palace. A hat in the stalls in the evening is by far the exception rather than the rule.

"Other people want to know why So-and-so only sang two songs instead of three, or why a certain turn was in one part of the programme instead of another; why we do not dress the attendants differently, or why the orchestra did not play a different selection; while one man, who is very simple—or not at all so—asks me to be good enough to give a complete description of the manner in which Goldin did one of his illusions. The correspondent says it is to decide a wager. The wager will remain undecided!

"Then there is the man who tells me we had a long talk in the train the other morning about theatrical matters. Of course we didn't, but he would like two stalls. A lady who has been told that her son is the very image of me would like a box. Another, who says she once stayed at the same hotel in a watering-place where I have never been, will be satisfied with three stalls. A gentleman who is told his imitation of a celebrated comedian appearing at the Palace is wonderful wants to come and see him for nothing. I feel rather inclined to send tickets to him as a thank-offering for not asking me to hear his imitation! Another man proposes that we should start ten minutes earlier and requests two stalls for the suggestion, and yet another (I'm afraid they must have been wanting to make a party) proposes we should finish ten minutes later, and he would also be greatly obliged for two stalls."

Changing the subject, Mr. Butt drew my attention to a file which contained the programme of the week in every important music-hall from Madrid to Moscow. This reminded him of his own rehearsal.

"A trial of a dozen or more turns, which have come from all parts of the world, and hope to appear before the Palace audience. It will only take two or three hours," said Mr. Butt, philosophically, adding, "A manager must see a thing for himself before he can engage it.

"Pages might be written," he said, as we watched the performance, "of the trial shows at a great variety theatre. They have their light and their gloomy side, like the rest of life, and it is often hard to decide whether such and such a thing will please the public. Sometimes one hesitates, decides just to try it for a night, and it is an instantaneous success. Sometimes one says emphatically 'No,' and it goes elsewhere and creates a furore. It is not always the turns themselves; it is the audience. A darkened theatre with a plentiful supply of draughts, with seats swathed in white covers, as though they were the ghosts of last night's merriment, doesn't improve things.

"The audiences of the Palace Theatre, too, vary as much as the weather. One night every joke, every antic, will be received with shrieks of laughter and thunders of applause.

VESTA TILLEY REHEARSING THE PART OF A MASHER.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

It is what we call a comedy house. Another night these things will be greeted with feeble appreciation, while operatic singing or a classical selection by the orchestra will receive the ovation of the evening. Yet those two audiences appear to be precisely the same. It is impossible to explain it. I leave the problem to the student of human nature.

"Sentiment, too, creeps into one's life a little here. I have often felt deeply sorry to give a refusal when I know it means so much, but there is that great word 'suitability,' and it must be obeyed.

"Selection is difficult. You may stigmatize that Italian duet as 'rotten' when you hear and see a girl no prettier than a score you might pass in ten minutes, dressed in a tailor-made gown, singing on a half-lighted stage to a gentleman in a tweed suit—especially if you are hungry. But in the evening, when you see a bewitchingly handsome girl, in a dress that is a dream of Paris art, singing to a handsome, dare-devil Spanish brigand on a brilliantly-lighted stage with a pretty scene, and you have dined, you will applaud it heartily."

Rehearsal was over at last, but more delays stood in the way of Mr. Butt's lunch, so I went out and got mine. Callers had accumulated during the rehearsal, and some half-dozen had to be seen.

VESTA TILLEY IN THE SAME PART AT NIGHT.
From a Photo. by James Bacon & Sons.

When I got back Mr. Butt opened fire by saying: "Well, I start first thing to-morrow morning for Paris, and after Paris, Berlin. I've heard from some friends there that at one of the small halls or cafés there's a turn that will suit us admirably, and I want to secure it before someone else discovers it."

"So you don't rely on the agents for your artistes?"

"Oh, no; the Palace Theatre has discovered talent right under the very noses of the impresarios, brought it here, and others have engaged it again at fifty times the price

they would have paid originally. We discover people and make them. That's why I'm going to-morrow."

After he had gone through the American mail which had just arrived, had dealt with more of the eternal postal delivery of London, had arranged advertisements and matters concerning the box-office and the internal working of the theatre, I insisted on hearing the lighter side of a music-hall manager's business, if there was one.

"The funniest yarn I can call to mind at the moment," said Mr. Butt, "was an incident at the Palace Theatre which absolutely brought down the house. George Golden was the hero of it—not the illusionist, but the American story-teller, who was introduced by me to London.

"One of his favourite stories was that of an Irishman who went to the Rocky Mountains to hunt for bears. He was alleged to have left George Golden by the roadside and proceeded to a part where bears were known to exist in comfortable quantities. Half an hour later, Golden used to tell the audience, a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon, and, as he watched, it took the shape of his friend, pursued by a couple of the best specimens of bears obtainable.

"The man's gun had disappeared, and he sprinted as no man ever sprinted before. Golden used to depict the scene in his own inimitable way. 'What's the matter?' he shouted to his friend Casey. But Casey only sprinted harder and yelled, 'It's all right, George; I'm bringing 'em home alive!' Such was the story, but the unrehearsed sequel was funnier still, as I think you'll agree.

"Golden was telling his stories one night, and the turn following his comprised some performing bears. Pretty little fellows, some of them, like overgrown puppies. In the middle of a story, one of the bears went with a rush across the stage. He had got loose somehow, and went across the stage like a flash of lightning. Golden jumped with surprise at first, but soon recovered his *sang-froid* and repartee. 'George,' he shouted, 'I'm bringing 'em home alive!'

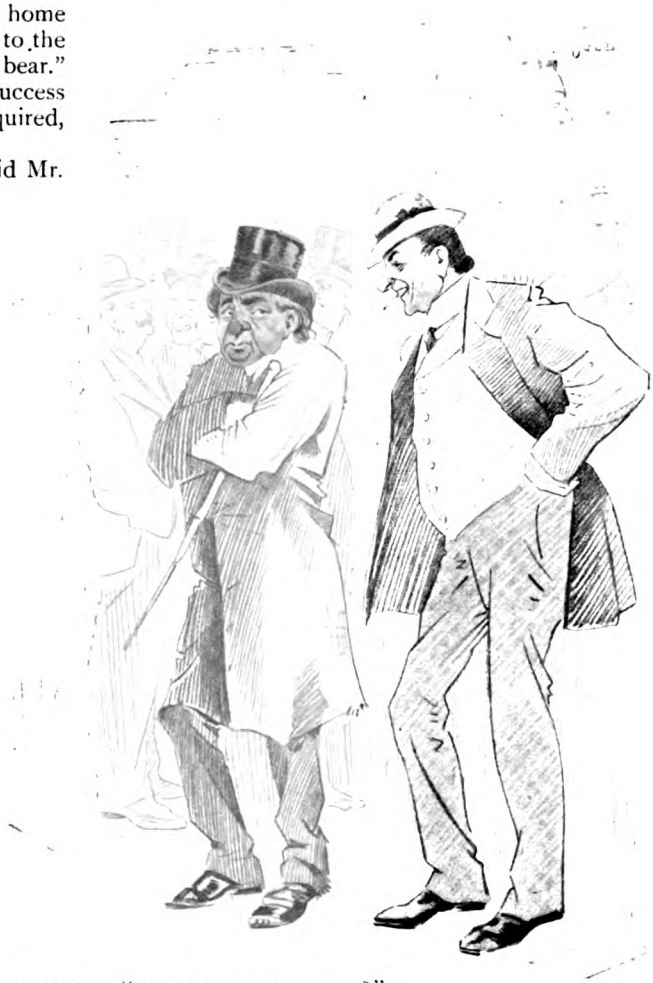
"ONE OF THE BEARS WENT WITH A RUSH ACROSS THE STAGE."

"He had not told this particular story that night, but the audience literally rocked with laughter. They knew the yarn. He started one of his songs, laughed in the middle, broke down, and the house roared again. People could only think of that one line,

'George, I'm bringing 'em home alive,' and its applicability to the unrehearsed incident of the bear."

"What is the secret of success in the music-halls?" I inquired, after a pause.

"There is no secret," said Mr. Butt, modestly, "merely the search for novelty and the taking of big risks. When I took over the management of the Palace, nothing would have been easier for us to do than to run it on the same lines as the other London music-halls. We should have been sure of a certain following and risks would be few. But we preferred to strike an original note, and, as you know, we did so with the introduction of all the prominent theatrical people to the Palace Theatre, such as Miss Marie Tempest, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Misses Evie Greene, Ruth Vincent, Ellis Jeffreys, Lottie Venne, Louie Pounds, Fanny Brough, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Hayden Coffin, amongst a score of others, including recently Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks. The Palace became the vogue for theatrical people.



COMEDIAN: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
TRAGEDIAN: "NOTHING! ALFRED BUTT WANTS ME BADLY—ONLY WE CAN'T COME TO TERMS."

"Here, by the by, is an amusing sketch sent me recently! Sarcastic, isn't it?" And he pointed to the sketch by Dudley Hardy, here reproduced.

"As I was saying just now, one has to take big risks, particularly in making engagements abroad. There is Marie Dressler, for instance. I saw her in America—undoubtedly the best place to discover new talent—incidentally. Nothing like her style had ever been seen in London. The salary she commanded was enormous, and to tempt her to come to England the engagement had to be a long one. If she had failed the loss would have been enormous. She was a terrific success, but you see the risk!

"Now take another example," Mr. Butt continued—"Maud Allan. I give you my word that she is the greatest success which has ever been known in the whole history of variety theatres. If you doubt me, go and ask the libraries was there ever a case of seats being booked to such an enormous extent before. They'll tell you 'No!' From the day she first danced at the Palace she became a vogue—an absolute craze both on the stage and off. The stalls were crowded night after night with the aristocracy, from the Prince and Princess of Wales downwards, and had she chosen to accept all the social invitations from people in high position, she would have had to give up her engagements here. These invitations were extended chiefly because of the charm of her personality—not in the manner of inviting a

SOME OF THE EMINENT ARTISTES WH

1. R. G. Knowles. 2. Seymour Hicks. 3. Vesta Tilley. 4. Lionel Brough. 5. Marie Dainton. 6. George Grossmit
13. Hayden Coffin. 14. Eugen Sandow. 15. Little Tich. 16. Ellaline Terriss. 17. Marie Lloyd. 18. Cissie Loft
25. Maurice Farkoa. 26. Lottie Venne. 27. Fanny Brough. 28. Louie Pounds. 29. Ruth Vincent. 30. Kate Cutl
37. Arthur Williams. 38. Denise Orme. 39. Horace Goldin. 40. Courtice Pounds. 41. La Tortajada. 42. Louis Bradfie
49. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. 50. Margaret Cooper. 51. Mlle. de D

HAVE APPEARED AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

7. Maud Allan. 8. Malcolm Scott. 9. Evie Greene. 10. Marie Tempest. 11. Herbert Campbell. 12. Yvette Guilbe
19. Arthur Prince. 20. Arthur Roberts. 21. James Fernandez. 22. Ellis Jeffreys. 23. Lewis Waller. 24. Billie Burk
31. Marie Dressler. 32. Mrs. Brown Potter. 33. Jean Aylwin. 34. Eugene Stratton. 35. Marie George. 36. Albert Chevali
43. Esmé Beringer. 44. Chirgwin. 45. Alexandra Dagmar. 46. George Golden. 47. Ada Reeve. 48. Rose Stal
52. Loie Fuller. 53. Anna Held.

MISS MAUD ALLAN.
From an unpublished Photograph taken by R. Haines.

leading tenor in the hope of getting a song on the cheap.

"This was another instance necessitating sufficient courage to risk an innovation, and the result was that the Palace often looked like the Opera House. I saw her first in Paris, and had with me on that occasion five English people well versed in theatrical and music-hall matters. The scenic surroundings were not such as the Palace provided, but I was attracted by the grace and novelty of her dancing.

"I said that we had decided to engage her for the Palace, and they told me with absolute unanimity that in London she would be a failure. What did happen? Well, all London knows now. And she made many thousands of pounds for us in five months, and will be making more soon.

"One man has been to see her eighty-seven times, and has already given instructions at the box-office for a stall to be kept for him for the first five nights of her reappearance. No, I haven't heard that his wife has found him out yet!" Mr. Butt confessed, with a smile.

"A certain society lady," he continued, giving me her name and title confidentially, "has had thirty-two boxes to witness Miss Maud Allan's performance, while a certain Prince (English, not Russian, he said, in response to my suggestion) has been twice as often. A Lord of the Admiralty (and again he gave me the name in confidence) has been almost as frequent a visitor as a certain Cabinet Minister. In addition, I might mention that Miss Maud Allan was specially invited to dance before the King and Queen at the Earl and Countess of Dudley's, while what probably gave Miss Allan more pleasure and pride than anything else were the kind and gracious words spoken to her privately by Her Majesty, who has recently accepted a copy of her book. She has had offers from all over the world," and the interviewed himself brought another from St. Petersburg out of his pocket.

"No," replied Mr. Butt, in answer to another inquiry; "strangely enough Miss Allan was not our most expensive although our most profitable engagement, and we have paid as much as five hundred pounds a week to an artiste, though wild horses, or even performing bears, will not drag the name from me. Professional jealousy is a terrible thing," he continued, as he handed me a letter from a well-known theatrical celebrity as to her advertisements and position in the bill.

"Between 10 and 10.20 p.m. (after dinner and before supper) is usually reckoned the best time, for many of our patrons come late, though none of them go early," he said in reply to a leading question.

"We get more new turns from America than anywhere," said Mr. Butt, in response to another inquiry. "I had the singular good fortune to secure there, in addition to Miss Marie Dressler, such sterling artistes as Fred Niblo, Horace Goldin, George Fuller Golden, and Miss Rose Stahl in 'The Chorus Girl.' To show you what a London reputation does for one, I might tell you that the latter was not getting more than forty pounds a week with

her sketch, but after a big success here, extending over three months, she returned to America at one hundred pounds a week, and the sketch has now been turned into a three-act play, which Mr. Frohman will shortly 'present' at a West-end theatre.

"Mlle. Yvette Guilbert is another wonderful artiste who is coming back to us again soon, notwithstanding her recent farewell in vaudeville, which, fortunately, she has not taken seriously, and exercised a woman's prerogative to change her mind. I have not heard anything further of the play in which she was to appear in London.

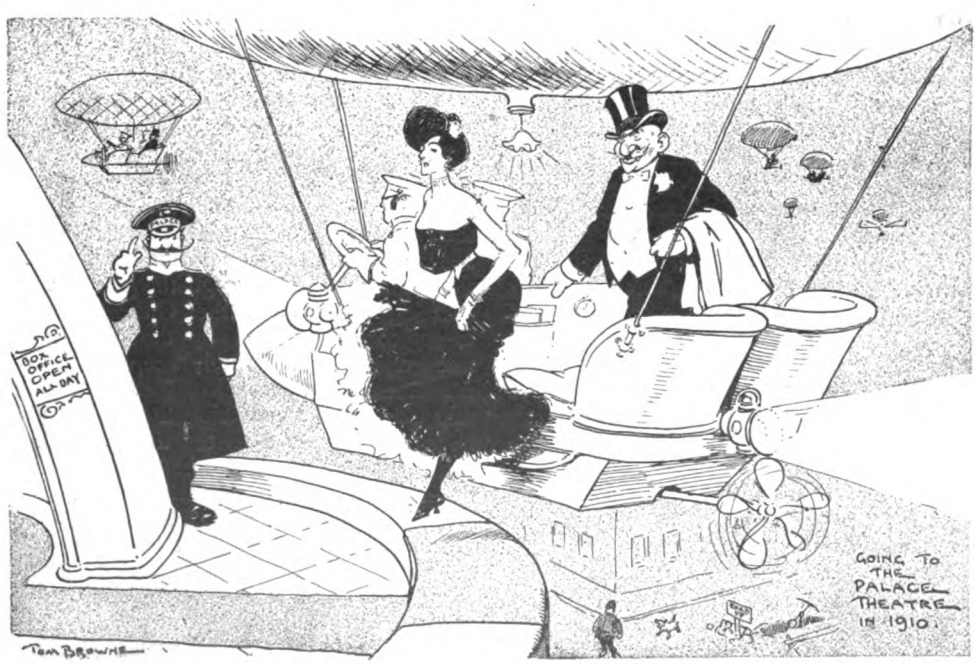
"Continental artistes are more reasonable to deal with than the English, strange to say," said Mr. Butt, "though my experiences are often very amusing.

"French and American artistes, I find, too, take more trouble over their performances, and spend much more time in inventing and developing new 'business' than our own. Horace Goldin, for instance, spends hundreds of pounds every year in securing novelties, while our English artistes often do their turns to death.

"Salaries are going up, and so are expenses generally. Some time ago I cabled to a lady, who not long before was performing at the Palace for thirty pounds a week, inquiring her lowest terms for a month's engagement. She replied, 'Six hundred pounds!' I was much tempted to respond, 'Make it shillings and it's a go,' but gallantry forbade my repartee.

"As to the future of the music-hall, I see no signs of the decay of its prosperity, and think there is a marked improvement all round in the class of entertainment called for and, therefore, provided. The line, too, at one time drawn between the theatre and the music-hall is gradually disappearing. I am a great believer in Free Trade. I think there should be one licence for both and no distinction in places of amusement. If Mr. Tree likes to provide a music-hall entertainment for his patrons we have no objection, but claim an equal right to produce 'Hamlet' if we want to do so. Not that we have any ambition to do so at present, but the time may come."

Asked to account for music-halls being full when theatres are frequently half empty, Mr. Butt attributed it to the fact that it is because the former give the best of everything in a brief time. "The theatres," he said, "often have the same artistes, yet fail. The medium is wrong, or the management—I can't say which. As a rule, perhaps, the play is inferior and produced merely to exploit a personality. The best of artistes, like the best of pictures, are spoilt by bad surroundings. Here we must have an artiste at his or her best, or not at all. That is our policy at the Palace."



"GOING TO THE PALACE THEATRE IN 1910."

The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest Ishmael Ameer, known as the "White Prophet," and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands, which are transferred to Colonel Macfarlane. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder. Colonel Macfarlane, while carrying out his orders, is assaulted by Colonel Lord, who, feeling his reputation ruined, decides to remain in hiding. Shortly after, in the disguise of a Bedouin, he decides to go to Khartoum, to which place Ishmael Ameer is also on his way, leaving Helena under the impression that her father has been murdered by the "White Prophet." The authorities pursue him closely, even following his course by the use of Soudanese trackers, who are men employed to serve the same purpose as bloodhounds.]

FIRST BOOK:—The Crescent and the Cross.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BEING left alone, Gordon looked up at the Citadel and saw that a light was burning in the window of Helena's sitting-room. That sight brought back the choking sense of shame which he had felt some days before at the thought of leaving Helena behind him.

"I cannot go without seeing her," he thought. "It is impossible — utterly impossible."

Then back to his mind, as by flashes of mental lightning, came one by one the reasons which he had forged for not seeing Helena, but they were all of no avail. In vain did he ask himself what he was to say to her, how he was to account for his past silence, and what explanation he was to give of his present flight. There was no answer to these questions, yet all the same an irresistible impulse seemed to draw him up to Helena's side. He must see her again, no matter at what risk. He must take her in his arms once more, no matter at what cost.

"I must, I must," he continued to say to himself, while the same animal instinct which had carried him away from the Citadel on the night of the crime was now carrying him back to it.

Almost before his mind had time to tell him where he was going he found himself ascending the hill that leads up to the Bab-el-Gedid. The sight of the gate of the Citadel suggested fresh considerations that might have acted as warnings, but he paid no heed to them. It was nothing to him in his present mood that he was like a man who was putting his head into a noose, walking deliberately into a trap, marching straight into the camp of the enemy whose first interest it was to destroy him. The image of Helena and the sense of her presence so near at hand to him left little else to think about.

The gate was still open, for it was not yet twelve o'clock, and, in deference to the ritual of the Moslem Church, the mueddin, who lived outside the walls, was permitted to pass through that he might chant the midnight call to prayers from the minaret of the mosque inside the fortress.

"Goin' to sing 'is bloomin' song, I suppose," thought the sentry, a private of a Middlesex regiment, when Gordon, as one having authority, walked boldly through the gateway.

Being now within the Citadel, Gordon began to be besieged by thoughts of the trackers, who would surely keep watch upon the General's house also, if, as Hafiz had said, there was a suspicion that Helena and he intended to go away together. But again the vision of Helena rose before him, and all other considerations were swept away.

"To leave Cairo while Helena remains in it would be cowardly," he told himself, and, emboldened by this thought, he walked fearlessly across the square of the mosque and round the old arsenal to the gate of the General's house, without caring whom he met there.

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He met no one. The gate was standing wide, and the door of the house itself, when he came to it, was open also, and there was nobody anywhere about. With a gathering sense of shame such as he had never felt before, he stood there for a moment wondering what course he ought to take—whether to ring for a servant or to walk through as he had been wont to do before the dread events befell. Suddenly the walls of the house within resounded to a peal of raucous laughter, followed by a burst of noisy voices in coarse and clamorous talk.

Utterly bewildered, he stepped forward in the direction of Helena's boudoir, and then he realized that that was the room the voices came from. After a moment of uncertainty he knocked, whereupon somebody shouted to him in Arabic to enter, and then he opened the door.

Helena's servants, being paid off and required to leave the house in the morning, had invited certain of their friends and made a feast for them. Squatting on the floor, around a huge brass tray, which contained a lamb roasted whole and various smaller dishes, they were now regaling themselves after the manner of their kind with the last contents of the General's larder, washed down by many pious speeches and by stories less devotional.

"A little more, O my brother?"

"No; thanks be to God, I have eaten well."

"Then by the beard of the Prophet — on whom prayer and praise—coffee and cigarettes and the tale of the little dancing girl."

At the height of their deafening merriment the door of the room opened and a man in Bedouin dress stood upon the threshold, and then there was silence.

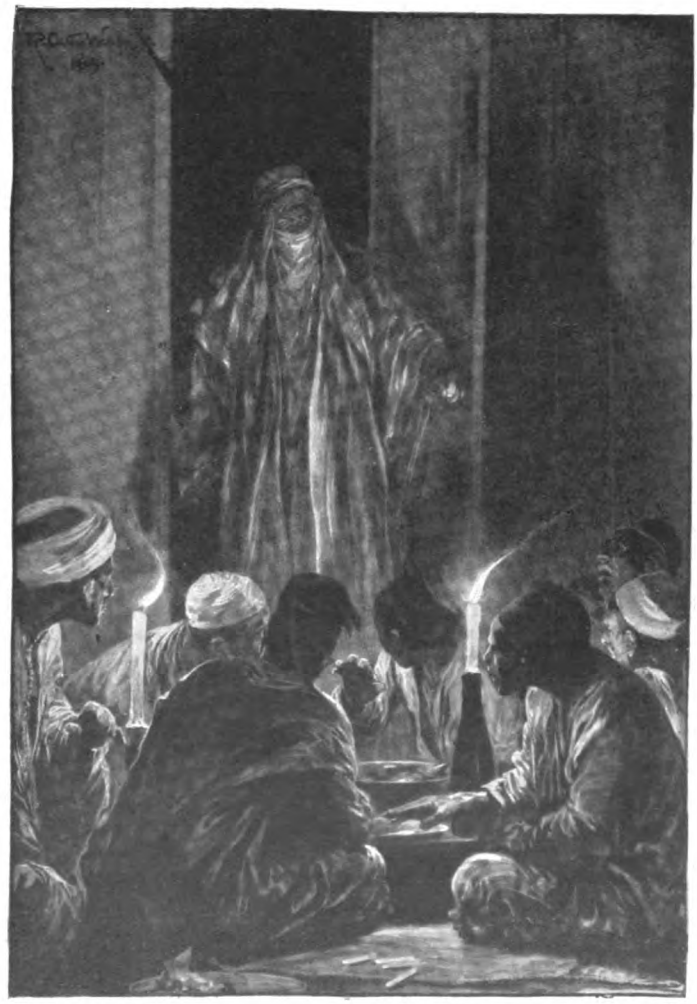
Gordon stood for a moment in amazement at sight of this coarse scene on a spot associated with so many delicate memories. Then he said: "You don't happen to know if . . . if the boy Mosie is about?"

"Gone!" shouted several voices at once.

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone, O sheikh," said one of the men—he was the cook—pausing to speak, with a piece of meat between his finger and thumb half-way to his mouth. "Mosie has gone to England with the lady Helena. They left here at six o'clock to catch the night train to Alexandria, so as to be in good time for to-morrow's steamer."

Gordon stood a moment longer, looking down at the grinning yellow faces about the tray, and then, with various apologies and after many answering salaams, he closed the door behind him, whereupon he heard the buzz



"GORDON STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN AMAZEMENT AT THE SIGHT."

of renewed conversation within the room, followed by another but more subdued burst of laughter.

Alone in the corridor, he asked himself why, since Helena was gone, he had been brought back to this place. Was it for punishment, for penance? It must have been so. "All that had to be expiated," he told himself, and then he turned to go.

But walking through the outer hall he had to pass the door of the General's office, and thinking it would be a sort of penance to enter the room itself, he persuaded himself to do so.

The room seemed naked and dead now, being denuded of the little personal things that had made it live. It was dark, too, save for a ray of light that came from a lamp outside, but the first thing that met Gordon's eyes was the spot on which the General fell. He forced himself to look at that spot; for some moments he compelled himself to stand by it, though his hair rose from his crown and beads of perspiration broke from his forehead.

"All that had to be expiated," he told himself again, and again he turned to go.

But back in the hall he was on the spot where he had last parted from Helena, and there a new penance awaited him. He remembered that in the hideous moment when he had tried in vain to reply to her reproaches he had been telling himself that if she loved him as he loved her she would be trying to see things with his eyes. That thought had helped him to leave her then, but it brought him no comfort now. Why had he not seen that the girl's love was fighting with her pride? Why had he not followed her into the house when in her pleading, sobbing voice she had called after him?

"Yes, everything had been expiated," he told himself, and once more he turned to go.

But passing through the garden he caught sight of the arbour on the edge of the ramparts, and it seemed to him that the deepest penance of all would be to stand for an instant on that loved spot. Giving himself no quarter, abating nothing of the bitterness of his expiation, drinking to the dregs the cup that fate had forced to his lips, he entered the arbour, and there the image of the girl he had loved—the girl he still loved—rose most vividly of all before him.

He could almost feel her bodily presence by his side—the gleam of her eyes, the odour of her hair, the heaving of her bosom. He could see the caressing smile that broke from her face; he could hear the freshness of her ringing laugh. Her proud strength and self-reliance, her energy and grace, her passionate daring and chivalry, and the gay raillery that was her greatest charm—everything that was Helena appeared to be about him now.

"Love is above everything—I shall only think of that," she had said.

The moon was shining, the leaves were rustling, the silvery haze of night-dew was in the near air, while the lights of the city were blinking below, and the river was flowing silently beyond. How often on such a night had he walked on the ramparts with Helena leaning closely on his arm and springing lightly by his side? It almost seemed as if he had only to turn his head and he would see her there, with her light chiffon veil over her head and crossed under her chin and thrown over her shoulders.

"Could nothing separate you and me?" she had asked: and he had answered, "Nothing in this world."

His grief was crushing. It was of that kind, unequalled for bitterness and sweetness combined, which comes to the strong man who has been robbed of the woman he loves by a fate more cruel than death. Helena was not dead, and when he thought of her on her way to England while he was a homeless wanderer in the desert, shut out from love and friendship, the practice of his profession, and the progress of the world, the pain of his position was almost more than he could bear.

After a while he was brought back to himself by another burst of raucous laughter—the laughter of the servants inside the house; and at the next moment he saw a light running along the ground in the dark market-place below, the light of the trackers who were going off on the wrong scent with a company of mounted police in the direction taken by Hafiz.

CHAPTER XLIV.

GORDON left the Citadel unchallenged and unobserved, and in less than half an hour he was climbing the yellow road—white now in the moonlight—that goes up to the Mokattam hills. By this time he was beginning to see the meaning of that night's experience. Unconsciously he had been putting Providence to the proof. Unwittingly he had been asking the fates to say if the path he had marked out for himself had been the right one when he had decided to follow Ishmael Ameer to Khartoum, to work by his side, and to come back at last when his sin had been forgiven and his redemption won.

Providence had decided in his favour. If destiny had determined that he should not leave Cairo he might have been taken a hundred times. Because he had not been taken it was clear to him that it was intended that he should go.

He had tried to see his mother, and if he could have done so he must have stayed with her at all hazards, since she was so ill and perhaps so near to death. He had tried to see Helena also, and if she had not gone to England already he must have clung to her at all costs and in spite of all consequences. On the other hand, he had seen his father and heard from his very lips that nothing—not even the liberty or yet the life of his own son—could stand between him and his duty to the law.

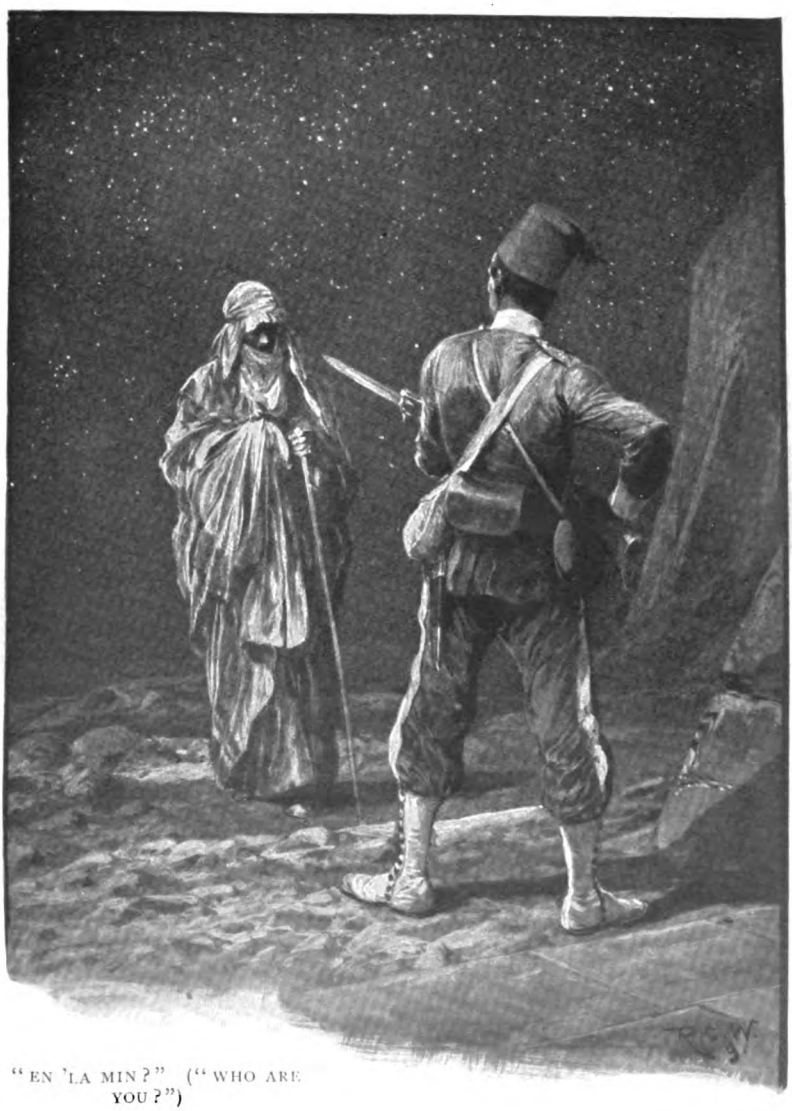
What did it mean that he should be so cut off, so stripped naked, so deprived of his place as son and lover and soldier and man that all that had hitherto stood to him as himself, as Gordon Lord, was gone? It meant that another existence was before him—another work, another mission. Destiny was carrying him away from his former life, and he had only to go forward without fear.

Thus once again on the heights of his great resolve he pushed on with a quick step, not daring to look back lest the sense of seeing things for the last time should be more than he could bear, lest the thought of leaving the city he loved, the people who loved him, his men and his brother officers, his mother, and the memory of his happiness with Helena, his father, and the consciousness of having wrecked the hopes of a lifetime, should drag him back at the last moment.

In the midst of these emotions he was startled by a loud sharp voice that was without and not within him.

"En 'la min?" ("Who are you?")

Then he realized that he had reached the fort on the top of the hill, and that the Egyptian sentry at the gate was challenging him. For a moment he stood speechless,



"EN 'LA MIN?" ("WHO ARE YOU?")

trying in vain to remember the name by which he was henceforward to be known.

"Who are you?" cried the sentry again, and then Gordon answered:—

"Omar."

"Omar—what?" cried the sentry.

Again Gordon was speechless for a moment.

"Answer!" cried the sentry, and he raised his rifle to his shoulder.

"Omar Benani the Bedouin," said Gordon at last, and then the sentry lowered his gun.

"Pass, Omar Benani. All's well!"

But Gordon had a still greater surprise in store for him. As he was going on he became aware that the Egyptian soldier was walking by his side and speaking in a low tone.

"Have they taken him?" he was saying.

"Taken whom?" asked Gordon.

"Our English brother, the Colonel—Colonel Lord. Have they arrested him?"

It was not at first that Gordon could command his voice to reply, but at length he said:—

"Not yet—not when I came out of Cairo."

"The Prophet protect him!" said the sentry, and then in a louder voice he cried:—

"Peace to you, O brother!" whereupon Gordon answered as well as he could for the thickening of his throat which seemed to be choking him:—

"And to you!"

More sure than ever now that God's hand was leading him, he walked on with a quicker step than before, and presently he saw in the distance a dark group which he recognised as Osman and the camels.

"Allah be praised, you've come at last," whispered Osman.

He was a bright and intelligent young Egyptian, and for the last hour he had lived in a fever of alarm, thinking Gordon must have fallen into the hands of the police.

"They got wind that you were hiding at the Coptic Patriarch's house," he said, "and were only waiting for the permission of the Agency to raid it at eleven o'clock."

"I left it at ten," said Gordon.

"Thank God for that, sir," said Osman. "The Prophet must have taken a love for you to carry you off so soon. We must start away now, though," he whispered. "It's past twelve, and the village is fast asleep!"

"Is everything ready?" asked Gordon.

"Everything—water, biscuits, dates, dhurra, rifles——"

"Rifles?"

"Why not, sir? Two good Bedouin flintlocks. Even if we never have occasion to use them, they'll help us to divert suspicion."

"Let us be off, then," said Gordon.

"Good," said Osman. "If we can only get away quietly, our journey will be as white as milk."

In the shadow of a high wall the camels sat munching their food under their saddles, covered with green cloth and decorated with fringes of cowries, and with their sahhards (square boxes for provisions) hanging on either side. They were restive when they had to rise, and it was as much as Osman could do to keep them from grunting, being so fresh and so full of corn. But he held their mouths closed until they were on their feet, and then mounted his own camel by climbing on its neck. A moment afterwards the good creatures were gliding swiftly away into the obscurity of the night, with their upturned steadfast faces, their noiseless tread and swinging motion.

Both men were accustomed to camel-riding, and both knew the track before them; therefore they lost no time in getting under way. The first village was soon left behind, and as they came near to other hamlets the howling of dogs warned them of their danger, and they skirted round and quickened their pace.

A little beyond Helwan they came upon a Bedouin camp, with its long, irregular, dark tents and an open fire, around which a company of men sat talking; but Gordon pushed forward with his flintlock swung across his saddle-bow, while Osman, thinking to avoid suspicion, hung back for a moment to exchange news and greetings.

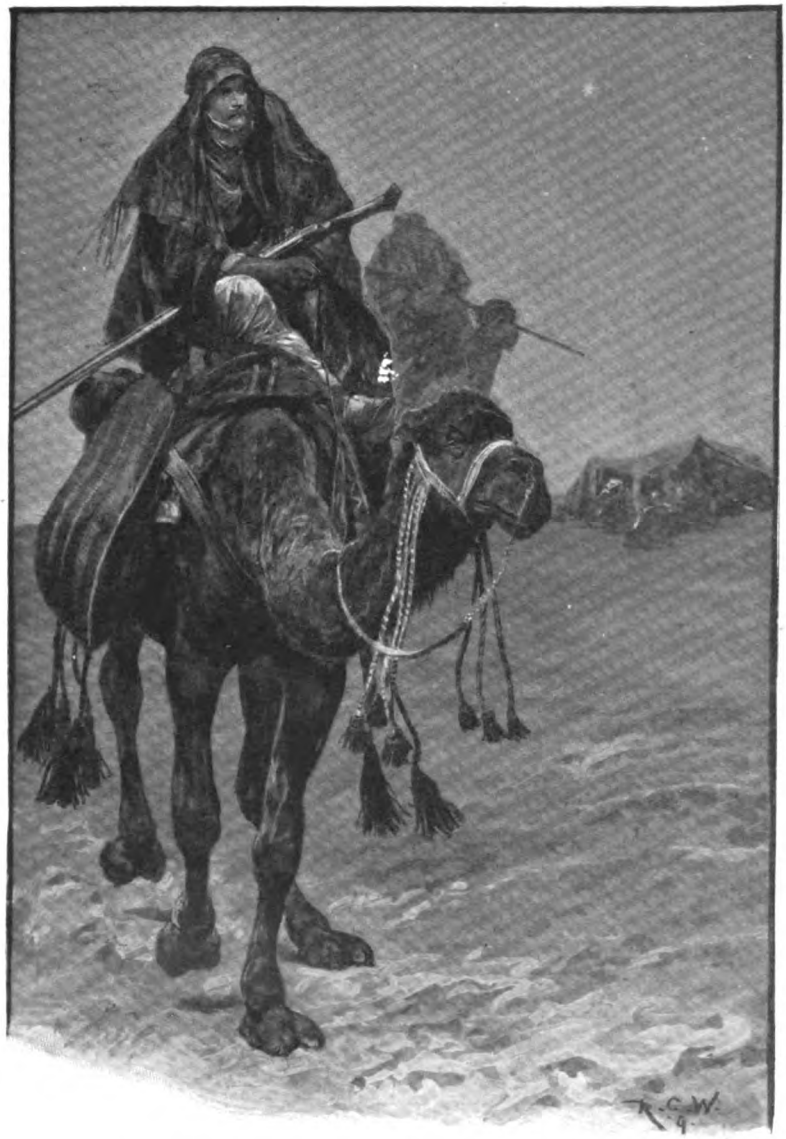
Then on and on they went, up and down the yellow hills, across sandy plains that were still warm with the heat of the day, and over rocky gorges that seemed to echo a hundred times to the softest footfall.

In less than three hours they were out on the open desert, lonely and grand, without a soul or yet a sound, save the faint thud of the camel tread on the sand and the dice-like rattle of the cowries that hung from the saddles.

"Allah marakna! God has delivered us," said Osman at last, as he wiped the cold sweat of fear from his forehead.

But never for a moment had Gordon felt afraid. No more now than before did he know what fate was before him, but if a pillar of fire had appeared in the dark blue sky he could not have been more sure that—sinful man as he was—God's light was leading him!

He had fallen in the dark, but he was



"GORDON PUSHED FORWARD WITH HIS FLINTLOCK SWUNG ACROSS HIS SADDLE-BOW."

about to rise again. God's wrath had burnt against him, but he was soon to be forgiven. After the emotions and experiences of that night he knew of a certainty that the path he had chosen was the path which it was intended that he should take. Somewhere—he knew not where—and somehow—he knew not how—Heaven had uses for him still.

As he rode over the sandy waste it became fixed in his mind that, being rejected by all the world now, and stripped of everything that man holds dear, it was meant by God that he should offer his life in some great cause. That thought did not terrify him at all. It delighted and inspired him, and stirred every passion of the soldier in his soul.

To be, perhaps, a link between East and West, to carry the white man's burden into the black man's country for higher ends than greed of wealth or lust of empire, he would die, if need be, a thousand deaths.

How did he come to think of this as the fate before him? Who can know? Who can say? There are moments when man feels the influence of invisible powers which it is equally impossible to explain and to control. Such a moment was this to Gordon He was flying away as a homeless fugitive, yet he was going with a full heart and a high resolve. Somewhere his great hour waited for him — somewhere and somehow—he could only follow and obey.

But meanwhile, there was nothing before him except the rolling waves of the desert, nothing about him except the silence of immensity, and nothing above him but the unclouded glory of the moon.

CHAPTER XLV.

As midnight had struck on the soft cathedral bell of the clock in Lady Nuneham's room the old lady had raised herself in bed and looked round with bright and joyful eyes.

"Fatimah!"

"Yes, my heart," said Fatimah, rising hurriedly from the chair in which she had been knitting and stepping up to the bedside.

"Has he gone, Fatimah?"

"Has who gone, O my lady?"

The bright eyes looked at the Egyptian woman with a reproving smile.

"Why, you know quite well, Fatimah. You saw him yourself, didn't you?"

"You mean his lordship?"

"No, no; but . . ."

The old lady paused, looked round again, and said:—

"Can it be possible that you didn't see him, Fatimah?"

"See whom, my lady?"

"Why, Gordon!"

Fatimah made an upward gesture with her hand.

"When, my heart?"

"Just now—not a moment ago."

Fatimah raised both hands and seemed for a moment unable to speak.

"He knocked at the door—I knew his knock immediately. Then he said outside, 'Don't be afraid'—I knew his voice, too. And then he opened the door and came in, and I thought at first it was a Bedouin, for he wore Eastern clothes, but he whispered, 'Mother,' and it was Gordon himself."

"Oh, my dear eyes, you have been dreaming," said Fatimah, whereupon the old lady looked reproachfully at her and said:—

"How can you say that, Fatimah? I clasped my arms around his neck, and he put his arms about me and kissed me, and then . . ."

"Well?"

The old lady thought for a moment. "I think I must have fainted," she said. "I cannot remember what happened then."

"Oh, my lady; oh, my heart; you have been sleeping for nearly an hour," said Fatimah.

"Sleeping?"

"Yes, but a little after eleven o'clock you were restless and threw out your arms, and I covered them up again."

The joyful gleam had now gone from the old lady's eyes, and a troubled look had taken the place of it.

"Do you say that Gordon has not been here, Fatimah?"

"Alas! no, my lady."

"Has nobody been?"

"Nobody at all, my lady, since his lordship was up last."

"But I could have been sure that . . ."

She stopped, a smile crossed her bewildered face, and she said, in a soft, indulgent voice:—

"My poor Fatimah! I wear you out. I wear out everybody. You must have dozed off at that moment, and so——"

"Oh, no, my lady, no. I've not closed my eyes since yesterday."

"How strange!"

"But Ibrahim ought to know if anybody has come upstairs. Should I call him, my lady?"

"Yes . . . no . . . that is to say . . . wait."

There was silence for a moment, and then, all the sweet illusion being gone, the old lady said, in a sadder tone:—

"Perhaps you are right, Fatimah. But it was so dear to think that . . . Hush!"

She had heard her husband's footstep on the stairs, and she began to straighten her lace cap with her delicate white fingers.

The Consul-General had gone through a heavy and trying day. In the morning he had received from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs a despatch which was couched in terms more caustic than had been addressed to him from London at any time during his forty years in Egypt. He had spent the night in dictating an answer to this despatch, and his reply, though framed in diplomatic form, had been no less biting and severe.

Having finished his work in some warmth, he was now on his way to bed, and thinking of the humiliation to which he had been exposed in England by the late disturbance in Cairo he was blaming his son for the worst of it. Every step of his heavy foot as he went upstairs was like a word or a blow to Gordon. It was Gordon who had encouraged the people to rebel; it was Gordon's name that was being used (because it was his own name also) by pestilent prattlers in Parliament to support the accusation that he had outraged (contrary to the best traditions of British rule) the religious instincts of an Eastern people; therefore it was Gordon who had poisoned the source of his authority in Egypt and the fount of his influence at home.

In this mood he entered his wife's room, and there Fatimah, who had been frightened for all her brave show of unbelief, fell at once to telling him of her mistress's delusion.

"But this is wrong of you, Janet—very, very wrong," said the Consul-General, with a frown. "These visions and dreams are doing more than anything else to destroy your

health, and they will kill you if you continue to encourage them. Gordon is gone. You must make up your mind to it."

"Is it quite certain that he is gone, dear?" said the old lady, who was now nervously plucking at the counterpane. "For instance, Fatimah told me to-day that there was a story in town . . ."

"Fatimah has no business to repeat such idle rumours," said the Consul-General, sharply. He was walking to and fro in the room, with a face that was hard and furrowed.

"As for the story you speak of, they sent it up to me as late as ten o'clock to-night, saying Gordon was being sheltered in a certain place and asking what steps they were to take with respect to him."

The old lady fixed her frightened eyes on her husband's face and began to ask in a whisper:—

"And what did you . . . "

"The rumour was groundless," said the Consul-General. "I've just heard so from the Commandant of Police. Gordon was not there. There was no sign that he ever had been."

The old lady wept silently, and the Consul-General continued to walk to and fro at the foot of her bed as if he were trying to avoid her face.

"You still think he left Cairo on the night of the riot, dear?"

"I trust he did. I trust, too, that he is far from here by this time—on his way to America, India, Australia, anywhere. And as he has broken the law and his career is at an end, I think the kindest thing we can do is to hope that he may never come back again."

The old lady tried to speak, but her voice failed her.

"More than that," continued the Consul-General, "as he deliberately took sides against us, I also think it is our duty—our strict and bounden duty—to dismiss all further thought of him."

Saying this with heat and emphasis, he caught sight of his wife's wet eyes and his conscience began to accuse him.

"I don't say it is easy to do," he said, taking a chair by the side of the bed. "Perhaps it is the reverse of easy—especially for you—for his mother."

At that the sweet old woman wished to take the part of her absent son—to say that if he had taken the wrong course and allowed himself to be led away by someone, he could not have counted on any gain in doing so and must have been moved by the most unselfish motives—but her tears prevented her and still she could not speak.

"Why should we continue to think of *him* if he never thinks of *us*—of either of us?" asked the Consul-General.

He was calmer now and was speaking with less anger.

"Was he thinking of you when he took the step which broke up your health like this? Was he thinking of me when he took the side of my enemies—of one of my enemies, at all events—perhaps the worst of them—and left me to the mercy of—in my old age, too—a childless man?"

There was a moment in which nothing was spoken, and then, in a voice that quivered perceptibly, the Consul-General said:—

"Let us trifle with ourselves no longer, Janet. Our son has gone. He has abandoned us. We have to think no more about him."

After that there was a long silence, during which the Consul-General sat with his head down and his eyes tightly closed. Then a voice came softly from the bed.

"John!"

"Well?"

"It is harder for you, dear."

The old man turned his head aside.

"You wanted a son so much, you know."

Fatimah, who had been sitting out of sight, now stepped into the boys' room and closed the door noiselessly behind her, leaving the two old people alone together, with the sanctities of their married life on which no other eye should look.

"I thought at first that God was not going to give me any children, but when my child came, and it was a boy, how happy we both were!"

The old man closed his eyes still more tightly and stiffened his iron lip.

"Foolish people used to think in those days that you didn't love our little one, because you couldn't pay much heed to him. But Fatimah was telling me only to-night that you never went to bed without going into her room to see if it was well with our child"

The tears were now forcing themselves through the old man's eyelids.

"And when our dear boy had the fever, and he was so ill that we had to shave his little head, you never went to bed at all, not until the crisis came; and then—don't you remember?—just when we thought the wings of death were over us, he opened his beautiful blue eyes and smiled. I think that was the happiest moment of all our lives, dear."

She was on her husband's side at last—thinking for him, seeing everything from his point of view.

"Then all the years afterwards you worked so hard, and won such high honours and such a great name only to leave them behind to our son. And now . . . now . . ."

The Consul-General laid one of his wrinkled hands on the counterpane, and in a moment the old lady had put her delicate white hand on top of it.

"Yes, it's harder for you, dear."

"No, Janet, no! . . . But it's hard for both of us."

There was another moment of silence, and then, pressing the hand that lay under her hand, the old lady said:—

"I think I know now what people feel when they are old and their children die before them. They feel that they ought to be more to each other than they have ever been before, and keep together as long as they can."

The Consul-General drew his hand away and covered his face with it. He was asking himself why, through so many years, he had buried his love for his wife so deep in his heart and sealed it as with a seal. Presently a more cheerful voice came from the bed.

"I THINK I KNOW NOW WHAT PEOPLE FEEL WHEN THEY ARE OLD AND THEIR CHILDREN DIE BEFORE THEM."

"John?"

"Yes?"

"I'm going to get up to-morrow."

"No, no!"

"But I must! Mohammed" (the cook) "is so forgetful when there's no mistress about—I must see that he gives you good food, you know. Besides, it must be lonely to eat all your meals by yourself — I must make it a rule to go down to lunch at all events."

"That is nothing, Janet. You are weak and ill—the doctor will not permit you to disturb yourself."

At that there was a sigh, and then in a faltering voice the old lady said:—

"You must forgive me, dear. I've not been what I ought to have been to you."

"No, Janet—no; it is I . . ."

He could not utter another word, but he rose to his feet and, clasping his wife in his

arms, he kissed her on her wrinkled forehead and her whitened hair more fervently than he had ever done in their youth.

At the next moment the old lady was speaking about Helena. The Consul-General would see her off in the morning, and he was to give all her motherly love to her. He was also to warn her to take good care of herself on the voyage, and not to be anxious or to repine.

"Tell her to remember what I said, dear. She is going back to England, but that doesn't matter in the least. God keeps all His promises, and He will keep His promise in this case, too—I'm sure He will. Tell her that, dear."

The Consul-General answered "Yes" and "Yes" to all her messages, but he did not hear them. Bent almost double, with the light of his wearied eyes almost extinct, he stumbled out of the room. He was no longer angry with Gordon, but he was choking with hatred and scorn, and above all with jealousy, of the man who had robbed him of his son, the man who had robbed his wife of her only pride and joy, and left them hopeless and old and lone.

At the door of his bedroom one of his secretaries was waiting for him with a paper in his hand.

"Well, well, what is it now?" he asked.

"An important telegram from the Soudan, sir," said the secretary. "Ishmael Ameer has turned up in Khartoum."

Then the austere calm of the stern old man deserted him for a moment, and the pent-up agony of the broken and bankrupt hopes of a lifetime broke into a shout.

"Damn him! damn him! Tell the Sirdar to kill him like a dog," he cried, and his secretary fled in a fright.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOURS passed before the Consul-General slept. He was telling himself that there were now two reasons why he should suppress and destroy the man Ishmael Ameer.

First, because "this madman, this fanatic, this false prophet," under the cloak of religion and the mantle of prophecy, was a cover for the corruption and the self-seeking which, in the name and the guise of Nationalism, were trying to drive England out of the Valley of the Nile; because he was the rallying-point of the retrograde forces which were doing their best to destroy whatever seeds of civilization had been implanted in the country during forty sleepless years; because he was trying to turn prosperity back to bankruptcy, order back to anarchy, and the helpless millions of the unmoving and the uncomplaining peasantry back to slavery and barbarity; because, in a word, he was the head centre of the schools and nurseries of sedition, which were undoing the hard labour of his lifetime and striving to wipe his name out of Egypt as utterly as if he had never been.

This was the first of the Consul-General's two reasons why he should suppress and destroy Ishmael Ameer, and the second was still more personal and more intimate.

His second reason was because "this madman, this fanatic, this false prophet" had stepped in between him and the one hope of his life—the hope of founding a family. That hope had been a secret which he believed he had never betrayed to anyone, not even to his wife, but all the more on that account it had been sweet and sacred. Born in a moment of fierce anger and in a spirit of revenge, it had grown to be his master passion. It had cheered his darkest hours, brightened his heaviest labour, exalted his drudgery into duty, given joy to his success, and wings to his patriotism itself.

That at the end of his life of hard work, and as the reward and the crown of it, he should see the name he had made for himself among the great names of the British nation, and that his son should succeed to it, and his son's son, and his son's son's son, being all peers of the realm and all Nunehams—this had been the cherished aspiration of his soul.

But now his high-built hope was in the dust. By robbing him of his son—his only son—"this madman, this fanatic, this false prophet" had turned his one aim to ashes. When he was old, too, and his best powers were spent, and his life was behind him, and there was nothing before him but a few short years of failing strength, and then—the end.

"Damn him! Damn him!" he cried again in the darkness, as he rolled about in his bed.

But when he tried to think out some means—some swift and silent court, perhaps—by which he could destroy and suppress the man Ishmael, who had laid waste his own life and was joining with the worst elements in Egypt to make the government of the country impossible, he had to tell himself how powerless, after all, was the machinery of Western civilization against the hypocritical machinations of Eastern fanaticism.

On the one side the clogs and impediments of representative government, and on the other the subtlety, secrecy, duplicity, and

deceit of men like Ishmael Ameer. If he could only scotch these troubles once for all by a short and sharp military struggle—how different the results would be!

But with every act of his life watched from Whitehall and with operations of frightful urgency kept back by cable; dogged by foreign diplomats who, professing to be England's friends, were yet waiting to find their opportunity in the hour of England's need; vilified by boobies in Parliament who did not know the difference between the East and the West, between the Muski and the Mile End Road, and were constantly sending the echo of their parrot-like prattle down the Mediterranean to add to the difficulties of his position in Cairo; scolded by Secretaries of State who were appointed to their places for no better reason than their power to command votes; jibed at by journalists at home who could not see that a free Press and a foreign occupation were things that could never exist together, and preached at by religious milksops in the pulpit who were so simple as to suppose that the black man and the white man were one flesh, that all men were born free and equal, and that it was possible to govern great nations according to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount—what could he do against the religious delirium of an ignorant Eastern populace who were capable of mistaking a manifest impostor, practising his spiritual legerdemain, for a Prophet, a Redeemer, a Mahdi, a Messiah, a Christ? Nothing!

He had found that out to his bitter disappointment during the past few days when working with Western machinery he had tried in vain to catch the man Ishmael in some seditious expression that would enable the Government to lay him openly by the heels.

"Fools! Fools! Fools!"

Why could not people see that all this vapouring unrest in Eastern dominions was a religious question from first to last; that it was Islamism against Christianity, slavery against liberty, corruption against purity, the backwash of retrogression against the flowing tide of progress, and that to fight the secret methods of the mosque and the insidious crimes of a vicious superstition with any weapons less swift and sure than the rifle and the rope was to be weak and wicked?

"If I could only permit myself to meet Eastern needs by Eastern means," he thought, "intrigue by intrigue, subtlety by subtlety, secrecy by secrecy, duplicity by duplicity, treachery by treachery, deceit by deceit!

"And why not?" he asked himself, suddenly. "In a desperate case like this, why not? In the face of anarchical conspiracy and menace to public safety, why not? Before the catastrophe comes, why not?" he asked himself again and again during the long hours in which he lay awake.

"It is a case of civilization on the one side and a return to barbarism on the other. Why not? Why not?"

And that, with the cruel memory of his wasted hopes, was the last thought present to his mind before he slept.

It was late when he awoke in the morning, and then, remembering that he had promised to call on Helena before her departure, he rang the bell that he might order his carriage to take him up to the Citadel. Ibrahim answered it, and brought him a number of letters. The first of them to come to hand was a letter from Helena herself. It was written with many signs of haste and some of emotion, and it ran:—

"DEAR LORD NUNEHAM,—Do not come up to see me off to-morrow morning, and please forgive me for all the unnecessary trouble I have given you. I cannot go back to England—I really cannot; it is impossible. There is nothing for me there but a useless and lonely life. Oh, how lonely and how full of bitter and cruel memories!

"On the other hand, there seems to be something I can do in Egypt, and, though it is not the kind of work a woman could choose for herself, I cannot and I will not shrink from it.

"To tell you the truth at once, I am on the point of taking the night train *en route* for Khartoum; but that is a secret which I am revealing to nobody else, so I beseech you to say nothing about it. I also beseech you not to follow me or to send after me, or to inquire about me in any way, and, lest the Sirdar and his officers should recognise me on my arrival in the Soudan (though I shall try to make it difficult for them to do so), I beg of you to ask them to forget that they have ever seen me before, and to leave me entirely alone."

The Consul-General dropped the hand that held the letter and thought, "What on earth does the girl intend to do, I wonder?"

"You may ask me why I am going to Khartoum, and I find it hard to answer you, but you will remember that another person is reported to have gone there already, and perhaps you will put the two facts together. That person is neither your friend nor mine. He has wrecked my life and darkened your happiness. He has also been an evil

influence in the country, and, thus far, you have tried in vain to punish him. Let me help you to do so. I can—I am sure I can—and before I have finished with the man who has injured both of us I shall have done some service to England and to Egypt as well.

"Don't think I am mad or that I am idly boasting, and please don't despise my help because I am only a woman. In the history of the world women have saved nations, even when kings and armies have failed. And if that has happened in the past, may it not happen in the future also? It can and it shall."

Again the Consul-General dropped the hand that held the letter, and he looked fixedly before him for a moment.

"Dear Lord Nuneham, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that if I am not mad and if I am not boasting, I am cruel and revengeful and vindictive. I am sorry if you are thinking that, sir, but if so I cannot help it. I have lost my father and I have lost Gordon, and I am alone and my heart is torn. Oh, if you knew how much this means to me you would not judge me too harshly. When I think of my father in his grave and of Gordon in disgrace—at the ends of the earth, perhaps—never to be seen or heard of any more—I feel that anything is justified—anything that will punish the man who has brought things to this pass."

The Consul-General removed his spectacles, wiped away the moisture that had gathered on them, put them back, and resumed the reading of the letter.

"Sometimes I tell myself I might have saved Gordon if I had been less proud and hard—if I had told him more and allowed him to feel that I could see things from his side also. But it is too late to think of that. I can think of nothing now but how to degrade and destroy the man who deceived and misled him, and is deceiving and misleading these poor Egyptian people also, and will end, as such men always end, in sowing the sand of their deserts with blood.

"But don't be afraid that I shall permit myself to do anything unwomanly or that I shall ever be false for a moment to the love, the wronged and outraged love, which prompts me. Gordon is gone; I have lost him. But I can never do that—never!

"I know exactly how far I intend to go, and I shall go no farther. I also know exactly what I intend to do, and I shall do it without fear or remorse.

"Good-bye, or, rather, *au revoir!* You will hear from me or perhaps see me again before long, I think, and then—then your enemy and mine and Gordon's, as well as England's and Egypt's, will be in your hands.
—HELENA GRAVES.

"Please don't speak about this to Lady Nuneham. Give her my fondest, truest love, and let her believe that I have gone home to England. It would only make her unhappy to be told what I intend to do, and she might even think me a wicked woman. *You* will not do that, I hope—will you?"

The letter dropped on to the counterpane out of the Consul-General's hand, and again he looked fixedly before him. After a moment his wearied old eyes began to gleam with light and fire.

"What did I say when I saw her first?" he thought.

"This girl has the blood of the great women of the Bible—the Deborahs who were mothers in Israel; aye, and the Jaels who revenged her."

(END OF FIRST BOOK.)

SECOND BOOK:—The Light of the World.

CHAPTER I.

A MIXED Eastern and Western city, lying in the midst of a wide waste of grim desert, with a fierce sun blazing down on it by day and a rain of stars over it by night; a strip of verdure with slender palms and red and yellow blossoms, stretching for some three miles along the banks of the Nile, where the great river is cleft in twain as by the sweep of a giant's hand, and one arm goes up through the brown and yellow wilderness to the Abyssinian hills, and the other to the lakes of the Equator—such is Khartoum.

The city had changed since Ishmael Ameer spent his youth there. Lifeless and vacant then, it had risen out of the dust of its own decay. On the river's front a line of Western buildings, a college, a barrack, and a palace, over which the White Crescent and the Union Jack crackled in the breeze together; at the back of these a great open market with rows of booths and shanties, a native quarter with lines of mud-brick houses, and a handsome mosque; and behind all this an encampment

of the tribes in tents, fronting a horizon of sand, empty and silent as the sea.

When Ishmael returned to the city of his boyhood, British officials of the Anglo-Egyptian Government, wearing the Crescent on their pith helmets, were walking in the wide streets with Soudanese blacksmiths, Arab carpenters, and women of many races, some veiled in white, others in black, and yet others nearly naked of body as well as face. Two battalions of British soldiers, a British Sirdar, a British Inspector-General, and British Governors of provinces were there as signs and symbols of the change that had been wrought since Khartoum was shrivelled up in a blast of fire.

Ishmael's fame had gone before him, from Alexandria and from Cairo, and both the British and the native population of Khartoum looked for his coming with a keen curiosity. The British saw a man taller and more powerful than the common, with the fiery, flashing black eyes that they associated with their fears of the fanatic; but the natives, to their disappointment, recognised a face they knew, and they said among themselves:—

"Isn't this Ishmael Ameer, the nephew of old Mahmud and the son of the boat-builder?" That was a discovery which for a while dispelled some of the marvel as well as the mystery which had hitherto surrounded the new prophet's identity.

Ishmael made his home in his uncle's house on the fringe of the native quarter, a large Arab dwelling with one face to the desert and another to the white river and the forts of Omdurman. Besides the old uncle himself, now more than four-score, a God-fearing man devoted to his nephew, the household consisted of Ishmael's little daughter, Ayesha, a sweet child of ten, who sang quaint little Soudanese songs all day long, and had the animal grace of the gazelle; an Arab woman, Ayesha's nurse, Zenoab, a voluptuous person, with cheeks marked by three tribal slits, wearing massive gold ear-rings and hair twisted into innumerable thin ringlets; and Abdullah, a Soudanese servant, formerly a slave.

Before Ishmael had been long in Khartoum most of the British officials had made up their minds about his personal character. He was one of those complex beings whom they recognised as essentially Eastern—that mixture of hypocrisy and spirituality, of sincerity and quackery which they believed to be most dangerous of all in its effects upon a fanatical populace. The natives, on the other hand, began to see that though a spontaneous and passionate man, outspoken and vehement in his dealings with the strong and the rich, he was very tender to the old and to the erring, that he was beloved of children, and trusted by the outcast and the poor.

Before many days had passed the Moslems of Khartoum asked him to preach to them, and in the evenings he would sit on an angerib, which Abdullah brought out of the house, with a palm net spread over it, and speak to the people who squatted on the ground about him. Clad in his white caftan and Mecca skull cap, with its white muslin turban bound round it, the British inspectors would see him there on the edge of the desert surrounded by a multitude of Arabs, yellow and walnut, and of Soudanese, brown and black, holding his hearers by the breathless intensity with which he uttered himself.

Yet he did not flatter them. On the contrary, no man had ever so condemned the evils which they had come to regard as part and parcel of their faith. All the Arab soul and blood of the man seemed to be afire, and his wonderful voice, throbbing over their heads, far away to the silent desert beyond, carried such denunciations of the corruptions of Islam as the people had never heard before.

"Beware of slavery," he said. "What says the Koran? 'Righteousness is to him who freeth the slave.' Beware of sorcery, of spells, of magic, of divinations—they are of the devil."

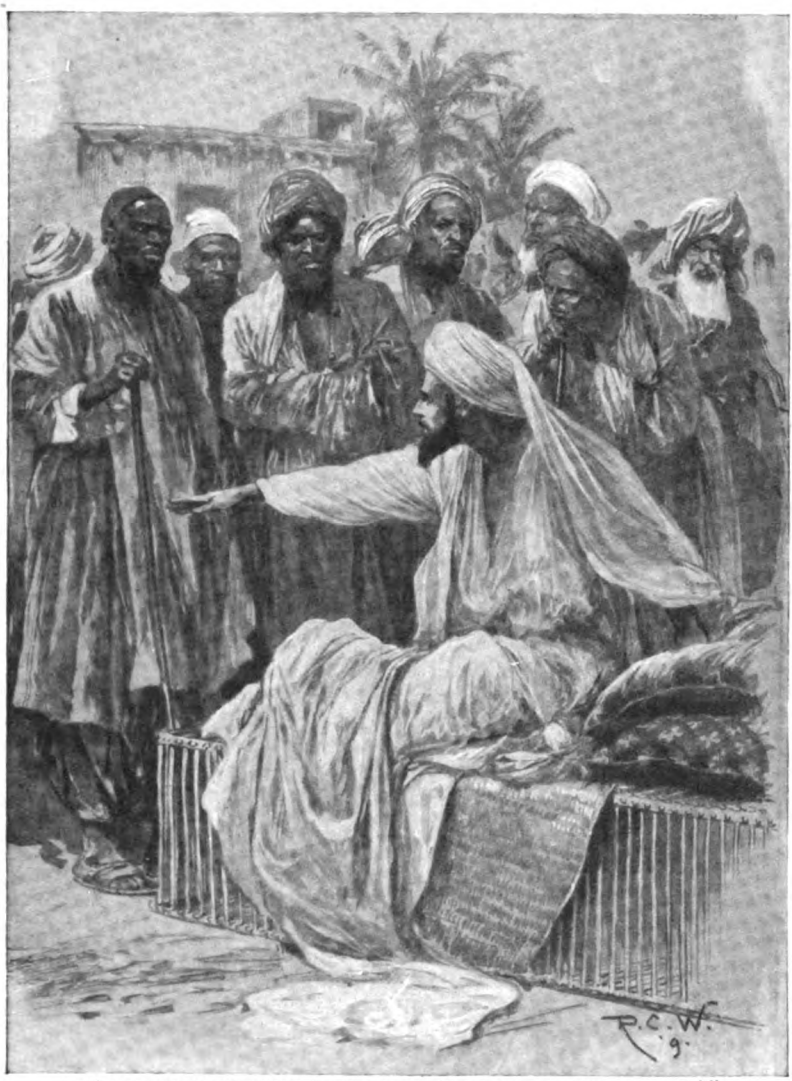
Teaching like this might drive away the dominant races, but it brought the subject ones, and among others that attached themselves to Ishmael was a half-witted Nubian (an Ethiopian of the Bible), known as Black Zogal, who from that time forward followed him about by day and lay like a dog at the door of his house by night, crying the confession of faith at the end of every hour.

After condemning slavery and sorcery Ishmael came to closer quarters. He denounced polygamy and divorce.

"Beware of polygamy," he said. "It pulls down the pillars of the house. No man would permit another man to join with him in love for his wife. Why, therefore, ask a woman to allow another woman to join with her in love for her husband?

"Beware of divorce, for it brings sorrow and shame. What says the Prophet, blessed be his name? 'Of all lawful things hated of God, divorce is the most hateful.'

"Brothers," he cried, "I see a house that is full of light. There is a new wife there.



"'BEWARE OF SLAVERY,' HE SAID. 'WHAT SAYS THE KORAN?'"

She is very happy. But in the upper rooms I hear children weeping. They are weeping for their mother, who has been put away. She has done no wrong, she has committed no crime; but while the guests feast and the new wife counts her jewels, the mother's heart is bleeding for the children she may see no more.

"O men," he cried again in his throbbing voice, "night is for sleep and your children slumber, but in their dreams their mother comes to them. She embraces them and they dry their tears. But they awake in the morning and she is gone. Where is your father's heart, O ye men of righteousness? Has all justice died out of you? Shame on you! May Heaven punish you as you deserve! Divorce shakes the throne of Islam! Wipe it out that your faces may be whitened before the world!"

After condemning polygamy and divorce Ishmael came to closer quarters still—he denounced the seclusion and the degradation of women.

"Remove the veil from your women," he said. "At the beginning it was the badge of shame. What says the Koran? 'O Prophet, speak to thy wives and thy daughters that they let their wrappers fall, so that they may not be affronted.'

"Dismiss the madness of a bygone age that woman is inferior to man. We are all children of one Mother. What says the Prophet, peace to his name? 'Paradise lies under the feet of women.' The proverb of our people says, 'The threshold weeps for forty days when a girl is born,' but I tell you the stars sing for joy and the dry wells of the desert spring afresh. Man's dominion over woman is the product of darkness—put it away. O my brothers, woman's suffering in the world is so great that if she does not cry aloud the mountains themselves will groan."

If Ishmael's teaching offended certain of the men it attracted great multitudes of the women, many of whom laid aside their veils to come to him, and among others that came were a group of black girls from Omdurman, who were known to have been the paramours of British and Egyptian soldiers at Khartoum.

His bearing towards these girls had that shy tenderness which is peculiar to the pure-minded man in his dealings with erring woman, and when some of his followers grumbled at his intercourse with such notorious sinners he told them a story of the Lord Isa (Jesus).

It was the story of His visit to the rich man's house and of the sinful woman who did not cease to wash His feet with her tears and to dry them with the hair of her head.

"Shall I be less charitable than the Lord of the Christians?" he asked, and the choking pathos of his story silenced everybody.

In his preaching he turned for ever to the prophets—the prophet Abraham, the prophet Moses, the prophet Mohammed, and above all the prophet Isa. He called Jesus the divine teacher of Judæa, one of the great brother souls.

"Only a poor Jewish man," he said, with a memory of his own that none might share. "Only a poor carpenter, but perhaps the greatest and noblest spirit save one that ever lived in the world."

Thus evening after evening, when the blazing sun had gone down, Ishmael sat on the angerib in front of his uncle's house and taught the ever-increasing crowds that squatted before him on the brown and yellow sand. The heat and flame of his teaching burnt itself into the wild Arab souls of the great body of his hearers, but there were some among his own people who asked:—

"Isn't this the Ishmael Ameer who denounced the Christians as the corrupters of our faith?"

And there were others who answered:—

"Yes, the same Ishmael Ameer that married the Coptic woman who lies buried on the edge of the desert."

And meantime the British inspectors, suspecting some hidden quackery and fatuity, some fanatical intrigue masquerading as religious liberalism, were whispering among themselves:—

"This is a new kind of religious game. What the deuce does it mean, I wonder?"

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN a month an immense concourse of people had gathered about Ishmael at Khartoum. They came first from Omdurman, and the little shipbuilding village of Khogali, on the other side of the Blue Nile, which sent daily through the desert air a ceaseless noise of the hammering of rivets; then they came from Kordofan and still farther south, and from Berber and yet farther north.

A few who had means lodged in the houses of the native quarter, but the larger number encamped in tents on the open ground in front of old Mahmud's house. Men, women, and children, they flocked in thousands to see the holy man of Khartoum and to drink of the river of his words. They began to see in him a man sent from God, to call him "Master," and to speak of him as the "White Prophet."

At that the Governor of the city, a British Colonel, began to be alarmed, and with certain of his inspectors he went over to see Ishmael.

"What can these people want here?" he asked. "What bread is there for them in this wilderness?"

"The bread of life," Ishmael answered, and the Christian Governor went away silenced though unsatisfied.

During Ishmael's first weeks in Khartoum his house was open and anybody might come and go in it; but somewhat later it was observed that he was daily receiving messengers, agents, emissaries, and missionaries of some sort in secret. They came and went by camel, by boat, and by train, and rumour had it that they communicated with every quarter of Egypt and the Soudan. Ishmael appeared to spend the morning of every day in his house receiving and dispatching these people. What did it mean? The British inspectors suspected the existence of a vast network of fanatical conspiracy, but only the members of Ishmael's own household knew what was going on.

Meantime at noon every day Ishmael, exercising his right as an alim, preached in the mosque. What he said in that sealed chamber no Christian might know, and never an echo of his message there was permitted to escape from its hushed and guarded vaults. But still after sunset he sat on the angerib in front of his uncle's house and taught the excited crowds that were eager to catch a word of his inspired doctrine.

His sermons took a new subject. They denounced the spirit of the age. It was irreligious, for it put a premium on selfishness. It was idolatrous, for it provoked to the worship of wealth.

"O my brothers," cried Ishmael, "when Mohammed, peace to his name, arose in Mecca, men worshipped the black wooden idols of the Koreish. To his earnest soul this was a darkness, a mockery, an abomination. There was only one God, and that

was God. God was great, and there was nothing else great. Therefore he went out from Mecca that he might gather strength to assail the black wooden idols of the Koreish, and when he returned he broke them in pieces.

"That was thirteen centuries ago, O my brothers, and behold, darkness covers the earth again. Men are now worshipping the yellow idols of a corrupt civilization. Moslems and Christians alike are bending the knee to the golden calf. It is idolatry as rank as the Prophet destroyed, and tenfold more damnable because it is done in the name of God."

With that he called on his people to renounce the things of this world. Its prizes were not the prizes that could enrich them. Time and its shows rested on Eternity. The things of the other world were the only true realities. Why struggle for the semblance and form of things and neglect the substance and essence? This poor earth of ours was the threshold of heaven—let them forget the affairs of this life and fix their minds on the life to come.

The people listened to Ishmael with bated breath. Ignorant, unlettered, wild creatures as they were, sons and daughters of the desert, they knew what application of his words they were intended to make.

But the authorities were perplexed. Just as sure as before of the presence of a far-reaching fanatical conspiracy, and that Ishmael's teaching meant opposition to the Government, some of them said:—

"This is the doctrine of the Mahdi and it will end as it ended before, in destruction and desolation—let us put it down before the storm breaks."

But others said:—

"It is the Gospel of Christ—what the dickens are we to do with it?"

Meantime Ishmael's own people had begun to see him not as a poet, a dreamer, but as a prophet with a mighty mission. In moments of rapture he told them of a new order that was coming, a great day when all the religions of the world would be united, when all faiths would be one faith, all races one race, all nations one nation, when East and West would be one world, and there would be only one God in it, one King, and one Law.

They saw him with tears in his eyes looking over the desert as he foretold the conquest of the world for God, and listening eagerly to his predictions of a better and happier day; they began to see something God-like in himself, to regard him as a God-inspired man, a man sent down from the skies with a message.

"Our souls lie beneath his sheep-skin," they would say, and then they would tell each other stories of supernatural appearances that surrounded the new prophet—how while he preached celestial lights floated about his head, and when he rode on his milk-white camel into the desert of an afternoon, as it was his habit to, flights of angels were seen to descend and attend him.

The creation of this kind of myth led to trouble, for among Ishmael's secret enemies were certain of the Ulema of Khartoum, who, jealous of his great influence with the people, and suspecting him of an attempt to change the immutable law of Islam, conceived the trick of getting him to avow himself as a reincarnation of the Mahdi in order that they might betray him to the Government. So three of the meanest of them came one morning to old Mahmud's house, and, sitting in the salamlik, the guest-room, under its thatch of cornstalks, began to flatter Ishmael and say:—

"From the moment I beheld you I knew that you were the messenger of God—the expected one."

"Yes, indeed, Mohammed Ahmed is dead, but Ishmael Ameer is alive!"

Ishmael listened to them for a moment in silence, and then, with a flash of fire out of his big black eyes, he clapped his hands and cried:—

"Zogal! Abdullah! Turn these men out of the house," and in another moment his two black giants had swept out the spies like rats.

But the crowds continued to come to Khartoum from north, south, east, and west, and at length, in fear that many might die of want, the Governor of the city went up to Ishmael again and said:—

"Send these people back to their homes or they'll die of starvation."

Whereupon Ishmael looked at him and answered:—

"Colonel, you are a Christian, and when your Divine Master was on earth a great multitude came to him in a desert place, and his disciples said, 'Send these people away that they may return to their villages and buy themselves food.' And then your Master answered them, 'They need not depart. *Do you give them bread.*'"

Thus Ishmael was irresistible. There was nothing and nobody that seemed to have the power to touch him.

CHAPTER III.

"To every sun its moon; to every man a woman."

Wise and powerful as Ishmael was, people began to whisper that there was a woman who ruled him. He submitted everything to her judgment, and was guided and even governed by her counsel.

Who was this woman—a Soudanese? No. An Egyptian? No. Rumour had it that she was a stranger, totally unknown to Ishmael down to the moment of his coming back to the Soudan—a Muslimeh (Mohammedan lady) from India, the sister of a reigning prince of the Punjab, who having been educated under British rule, and therefore Western influences, had revolted against the captivity of the zenana, and broken away from her own people.

Attracted by the fame of the new prophet as an emancipator of women and a reformer of bad Mohammedan customs, this woman had, according to report, followed him from Alexandria and Cairo to Khartoum, where she had settled herself with a black boy as her servant at the house of the Greek widow, the same that had formerly been the mistress of Ishmael's first wife, Adila.

The black boy called his mistress "The Lady," and most of the people about her knew her by the same name; but some called her the Sit, the Kadin (the White Lady), and others the Emireh and the Rani (the Princess), in recognition of what they believed to be her rank and wealth.

It was in the early days of Ishmael's return to Khartoum, when women of all classes were coming to him unveiled, that he met with "the Princess" first. Sitting alone in the late afternoon on the bank of a broad stretch of land which was flooded by the high Nile, and looking across its glistening waters to where the sky was red behind the shattered dome of the Mahdi's tomb in Omdurman, he saw a young and beautiful woman approaching him.

She seemed to him to be a splendid creature under those southern skies—tall, well-developed, with shining coal-black hair, long black lashes and brilliant eyes, and a mouth that was full of fire and movement. Her dress was such as is worn by Parsee ladies both in the East and in the West, having nothing more noticeably Oriental than a light, silver-edged muslin veil, which covered her head and fell back on her shoulders.

"HE SAW A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN APPROACHING HIM."

She came up to him with a certain air of timidity as of one who might be afraid to be thought immodest or perhaps to be recognised, yet with the proud bearing of a woman who had passed through life with a high step and would not shrink from any consequences.

He rose to receive her, and she looked at

him for a moment without speaking—almost as if she had for an instant lost the power of speech, being at last face to face with a man whom she had long thought of and long sought.

On his side too there was a momentary silence and a look of enthusiastic admiration which he tried in vain to control. The lady seemed to see this in an instant, and an expression of joy which she could not restrain shone in her face.

Then, gathering confidence, she began to tell him the object of her visit to Khartoum—how, hearing so much about him, she had wished to see him for herself, and now begged to be allowed to serve him in any way whatever that lay within her power.

He listened to her with the same expression of enthusiastic admiration in his face, and it would have been obvious to an observer that the lady was congratulating herself upon the power of the impression she had made. But at the next moment he set her a very humble task—namely, that of seeing to the welfare of the women who were employed at sixpence a day by the Government to draw and carry water for the public streets.

The lady looked surprised and a little chagrined, but finding it impossible to recede from the unconditional offer she had made she went away to the work that had been given to her.

It was ugly and thankless work enough, for the water-women of Khartoum were among the coarsest and most degraded of their sex, being chiefly of the black tribes from south of Kordofan, going about bare from the waist upwards and herding like animals in the brown huts that were beyond the barracks outside the town.

After a little while "the Princess" came to Ishmael again, and this time he was sitting with old Mahmud, his uncle, in the salamlik which divided the women's side from the men's side in their house.

She was dressed still more attractively than before, in a gold-embroidered bodice and a clinging diaphanous gown, and was attended by her black boy. With a certain air of embarrassment she stepped forward as Ishmael salaamed and the old man struggled to his feet, and begged to be pardoned if what she came to ask should displease the Master.

Ishmael looked at her with the same expression of enthusiastic ecstasy which she had observed before, and said:—

"No, no, my sister cannot displease me. What is the request she wishes to make?"

Then she told him that the work he had given her was good and necessary, but was there nothing she could do for himself? She had been educated in India by English governesses and could read English, French, and German—could she act as his translator or interpreter? Having lived so long among Arabs of the higher classes she had also taught herself to write as well as speak Arabic—could she not serve him as his secretary?

Ishmael remembered his busy mornings with the messengers, agents, emissaries, and missionaries who came to him from all corners of Egypt and the Soudan, bringing many letters and foreign newspapers; and before he had time to reflect on what he was doing he had answered:—

"Yes, such help is exactly what I need."

If any eyes less dim than old Mahmud's had been there at that moment they would have seen a look of triumph in the lady's face, which she vainly struggled to conceal. But at the next moment it was full of humility and gratitude as she bowed herself out, and promised to come again the following day.

Hardly had the lady gone when Ishmael's simple nature began to recover itself from the spell of her sex and beauty, but the old uncle's admiration was quite ungovernable, and he began to hint at the possibility of yet more intimate relations between his nephew and the devoted young Muslimeh.

"I have always told you that you ought to marry again, a good woman and a believer," he said, whereupon Ishmael, with the enthusiastic ecstasy created by "the Princess's" loveliness still shining in his eyes, answered:—

"No! I have always said, 'No, no, by Allah! One wife I had, and, though she was a Christian and had been a slave, I loved her, and never, never shall another woman take her place.'"

"Ah, well, God knows best what to do with us," said the old man. "But life is a passing shadow and youth a departing guest."

Next morning the white lady came according to appointment, and Ishmael set her to read some European newspapers containing accounts of recent doings in Cairo.

She was translating these newspapers aloud when Ishmael's little daughter Ayesha came bounding into the house, followed by her nurse, the Arab woman Zenoab: the child barefoot as her mother used to be, and with her mother's beautiful, erect confidence as she moved about, lightly clad, with her middle small-girt by a scarlet sash over her pure white shirt; the woman in her blue habareh and with a silver ring in her nose.

Ishmael presented both of them to the lady, whereupon the child, by an instinctive impulse, ran over to her and kissed her hand and held it, but the Arab woman only bowed with a look of mistrust and, as long as she remained in the salamlik, continued to watch her furtively out of the sidelong slits of her eyes.

The Arab woman's obvious mistrust made more impression upon Ishmael than his daughter's spontaneous liking, for as soon as he was alone with the lady again he began to talk to her of the gravity of the task he had undertaken, and of the need for caution, and even secrecy, with respect to all his doings.

The lady's brilliant eyes glistened under their long black lashes as she listened to him, and she answered his warnings with assuring words until, coming to closer quarters, he proposed that, for his people's sake rather than his own, she should take an oath of fidelity to him and to his cause.

At that she looked startled, and could with difficulty conceal her agitation. And when he went on to recite the terms of the oath to her—solemn terms, taking God and His prophet to witness that she would never reveal anything which came to her knowledge within the walls of that house—she seemed to be stifling with a sense of fear or shame.

Not as such, however, did Ishmael's unsuspecting nature recognise the lady's embarrassment, but setting it down to the heat of the day, for the khamseen, the hot wind, was blowing, he clapped his hands for water.

The Arab woman brought it in, although it was Abdullah's task to do so, and she lingered long in the room and looked searchingly at the lady while Ishmael again recited his oath.

The lady did not at first respond, but continued to look out at the open door on to the slow waters of the White Nile, and there was silence in the air both within and without, save for the far-off hammering from the dockyards across the river.

At length she asked, in a tremulous voice:—

"Master, is this necessary?"

Ishmael reflected for a moment and then said:—

"No, it is not necessary, and we shall do without it. What says the Lord of the Christians? 'Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool.'"

With that the lady drew a long breath of relief and went on with her foreign newspapers.

CHAPTER IV.

HARDLY had "the Princess" gone for the day when the Arab woman, Zenoab, with all her yellow face contracted into lines of jealousy, came to Ishmael to warn him.

"Forgive me, O Master," she said, "if the thing I say displeases you."

"What is it, O Zenoab?" asked Ishmael.

"Is it well to trust the secrets of God and of His people to two tongues and four eyes?"

Ishmael's face darkened visibly, but he held himself in check and answered with dignity:—

"Zenoab, ask pardon of God for a suspicious mind. The least of all noble traits is to keep a secret; the greatest is to forget that you have confided it."

The Arab woman was stung by the rebuke, but, assuming the meekest expression of face, she changed her course entirely.

"Master, I beg of you to listen to me until I have done," she said, and then she began to talk of the visits of the white lady.

The lady was young and beautiful. Evil minds were many. If she was to come to Ishmael's house every day and to be closeted alone with him, what would people say?

"Forgive me, O master, it is nothing to me, and I have no right to speak," said the Arab woman, with the agony of a jealous spirit imprinted on every feature of her face. "I only wish to put you on your guard against the slanderous tongues that would love to injure you."

Ishmael listened to her with the look of a man who had never once reflected on the interpretation that might be put upon his conduct, and then he said:—

"You are right, O Zenoab, and I thank you for reminding me of something I had permitted myself to forget."

When the white lady came next day Ishmael began to speak to her about her position in his house.

"My sister," he said, "I have been thinking this is not good. The thoughts of the world are evil, and if you continue to come here according to the agreement we made together your pure name will be tarnished."

The lady's brows contracted slightly, for it flashed upon her that Ishmael was about to send her away. But that was not his intention, and in the winding way of Eastern explanations he proceeded to propound his plan.

"When the Prophet—peace to his name—lost his first wife, Khadija, the mother of Islam, and took a second wife, it was a widow well stricken in years and without wealth or beauty. Why did the Prophet marry her?

That he might care for her and protect her and shield her from every ill."

The lady looked on the ground and listened. A strange sensation of joy mingled with fear took possession of her, for she saw what Ishmael was going to say.

"If the Prophet, peace be to him, did this for her who was so far removed from the slanders of evil tongues, shall not his servant do as much for one who is young and beautiful?"

The lady's head began to swim, and the ground to sway under her feet as if she were on a rolling ship at sea; but Ishmael saw nothing in her agitation but modesty, and he went on in a soft voice to tell her what he wished to do.

He wished to marry her—that is to say, to *betroth* himself to her, to make her his wife, his spiritual wife, his wife in name only; never to be claimed of him as a husband, for besides his consecration to the great task he had undertaken for God, there was a vow he had made to the memory of one who was dead, and both forbade him ever to think again of the joys of the life of a man.

The lady was now totally unable to conceal her agitation, and taking out her handkerchief she kept running her trembling fingers along the hem. She was asking herself what she could do, how she could reply, for she could plainly see that the Oriental in Ishmael had never for one instant allowed him to think that if he were willing to give her the protection of his name she could have any possible objection.

It was the still hour of noon, and pale with fear she sat silent for a moment looking into the palpitating air that floated over the glistening waters of the Nile. Then assuming, as well as she could, an expression of humility and confusion, she said, while her heart was beating violently:—

"Master, it is too much honour—I can hardly think of it."

He could see by her face how hard she fought with herself, but still taking her agitation for maidenly modesty he dropped his voice and whispered:—

"Do not decide at once. Wait a little. Go away now, and think of what I have said."

He held out his hand to help her to his feet, and she went off with an unsteady step, first stopping, then going quickly, as if she had an impulse to speak again and could not do so, because of the feeling, akin to terror, which seemed to stifle her.

If anyone, following the white lady to her lodging in the Greek widow's house, had been able to look into the depths of her soul, he would have found a tragic struggle going on there. A score of conflicting voices were clamouring to be heard at once. "What am I doing?" "Where am I?" "Am I myself or someone else?" "Don't take on this fearful responsibility to such a man." "But I must do so, or I can do nothing." "I must go on or else go back." "But isn't this going too far?" "Nonsense, this is no marriage." "It is merely a nominal union—a betrothal I shall only be his wife *pro formâ*. According to an alien faith, too, a faith that does not bind my conscience." "It must be done—it shall!"

When the white lady returned to Ishmael's house on the following day it was with a firm, decided step, as if she were lifted up and sustained by some invisible power. With a strange light in her eyes and an expression on her face that he had never seen there before she told him that she agreed to his proposal.

He received her consent with a glad cry, and, clapping his hands to summon his household, he announced the good news to them with a bright look and a happy voice.

The old uncle was overjoyed, and little Ayesha leapt into the lady's arms and kissed her; but Zenoab, with a face full of confusion, drew Ishmael aside and began to stammer out objections and difficulties. The house was small—there was no separate room for the white lady. Then her black boy—there was not even a corner that could be occupied by him.

"Put the Rani in the room with the child, and let the boy sleep on the mat at her door," said Ishmael, and without more ado he went on to make arrangements for the wedding.

The arrangements were few, for Ishmael determined that the marriage should be concluded immediately, and conducted without any kind of pomp. As there had been no khatibeh to make the match, so there was no wekeel to draw a contract. In like manner, there was no interval between the taking of the vows and the bringing of the bride to the bridegroom's house; no going of the bride to the bath under a rose-coloured canopy; no leading of the bridegroom to the mosque, preceded by the meshals (frames of iron filled with blazing wood), and attended by the singers called the "Sons of the nights." There was not even the paying of a dowry in so many purses (a proceeding usually considered essential to Moslem law), for Ishmael said, "I do not buy my bride—I win her."

Only one ceremony would Ishmael observe. In order that all his world might know what he was doing, he invited the Cadi of Khartoum to read the prayers, and then, having sent the lady to her lodging, he set out to fetch her back on the milk-white camel he usually rode himself.

It was Sunday, and the sun had gone down in a blaze of red as he walked by the camel's side through the native quarter of the town, with the white lady—the Rani, the Princess—wearing a gold-edged muslin shawl over her head and descending to her shoulders, riding on the crimson saddle fringed with cowries.

By the time they reached old Mahmud's house it was full of guests in wedding garments, gorgeous in crimson curtains hanging over all the walls, and illuminated by countless lamps, both large and small.

But the ceremony was of the simplest.

First, the Fatihah (the first chapter of the Koran) recited by the whole company standing, and then the bride and bridegroom on the ground, face to face, grasping each other's hands.

Down to this moment the white lady had been sustained by the same invisible power, as if clad in an impenetrable armour of defiance which no other emotion could pierce; but when the Cadi stepped forward and placed a handkerchief over the clasped hands and began to say some words of prayer, she felt faint and could scarcely breathe.

With a struggle, nevertheless, she recovered herself, when the Cadi, leaning over her, told her in a low voice to repeat after him the words that he should speak.

"I betroth myself to thee—to serve thee and to submit to thee . . ."

"I betroth myself to thee . . . to serve . . . to serve thee . . . and to . . . to submit to thee . . ."

With an effort she got the words spoken, feeling numb at her heart and with a sense of darkness coming over her, but being spurred at last by sight of the Arab woman's glittering eyes watching her intently.

But when the Cadi turned from her to Ishmael, and the bridegroom in his throbbing voice said loudly:—

"And I accept thy betrothal and take thee under my care, and bind myself to afford thee my protection, as ye who are here bear witness," she felt as if the tempest of darkness had overwhelmed her and she were falling, falling, falling into a bottomless abyss.

When the lady came to herself again the Arab woman was holding a dish of water to her mouth, and her own black boy, with big tears like beads dropping out of his eyes, was fanning her with a fan of ostrich feathers.

The ceremony was over by this time—save for the marriage fatha, a solemn prayer and blessing, pronounced by the Cadi in the name of God and the Apostles—and the lady recovered her composure.

But now the people, who had been saying among themselves, in astonishment at such maimed rites, "Is this a widow or a divorced woman?" being determined not to be done out of such marriage ceremonies as they considered only decent, had begun to gather in front of the house, the men in their brown skull-caps and blue galabiahs, the married women in their black silk habarehs with silver rings in their noses, and the unmarried girls in their white scarves with coins in their hair and with big silver anklets.

And while the sheikhs and notables within, sitting on the dikahs around the salamlik, listened to a blind man's chanting of the Koran, the peasant people, squatting on the sand under the stars, employed themselves after their own fashion with the beating of drums—big and little—the playing of pipes, and the singing of love-songs. And through and among them as they huddled together, with their faces to the illuminated house of joy and both the bride and the bridegroom before them, a water-carrier (a sakka) went about with his water-skin and a brass cup distributing drinks of water; a girl with jingling jewels squirted scent, and Abdullah and Black Zogal, showing their shining white teeth in their happiness and pride, handed round sweetmeats and cups of thick coffee.

Meantime the white lady sat, with her flushed face uncovered and her gold-edged veil thrown back, where Ishmael had placed her, near to the threshold, in order that, contrary to bad custom, the people might see her; and the child, with its sweet olive-brown face, sat by her side, almost on her lap, amusing herself by holding her hand and drawing off and putting on a beautiful diamond ring which she wore on the third finger of her left hand.

That innocent action of the sweet child seemed to torture the lady at certain moments, and never more than when one of the male singers, sitting close beneath her, sang a camel-boy's song of love. He was far away on the desert, but the soft eyes of the gazelle recalled the timid looks of his beloved. And when he reached the oasis in

the midst of the wilderness the song of the bird in the date-tree brought back the voice of his darling.

As soon as the singer finished, the women on the ground made their shrill, quavering cry of joy, the zaghareet, and then the white lady drew her hand away from the child with an abrupt and almost angry gesture.

After that she sat for a long hour without stirring, merely gazing out on the people in front of the house as if she saw and comprehended nothing. A taste of bitterness was in her mouth, and as often as she was recalled to herself by some question addressed to her she looked as if she wished to disappear from sight altogether.

At length she thought her torture was at an end, for the Cadi rose and said in a loud voice :—

"If your friend is sweet, do not eat him up," whereupon the tom-toms were silenced and with a laugh everybody rose ; and then, all standing, the whole company chanted the Fatihah :—

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious ; not of those against whom Thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

The solemn words died away like a receding wave on the outskirts of the crowd, and then the people broke up and went back to their houses and tents, leaving Ishmael and his household together. A little later the household also separated for the night, the child, now very sleepy, being carried to bed by her nurse, and old Mahmud shuffling off to his room after saying to the white lady :—

"An old man's blessing can do you no harm, my daughter ; therefore, God bless you and bring you joyful increase."

The white lady was now alone with Ishmael, and her agitation increased tenfold.

"Let us sit again for a while," he said, in a soft voice, and leading her to one of the wooden benches, covered with carpet, which faced the open front of the house, he placed himself beside her.

There the moon was on their faces, and from time to time there was a silvery rain of southern stars. They sat for a while in silence, she with a sense of shame, he with a momentary thrill of passion that came up from the place where he was no longer a prophet but a man.

She felt that he was trying to look into her face with his lustrous black eyes, and she wanted to turn away from him. This brought the colour of hot blood into her cheeks and only made her the more beautiful.

A sense of physical fear began to take possession of her and a storm of thoughts and memories came in rapid succession. She could not express even to her own mind the

"A SENSE OF PHYSICAL FEAR BEGAN TO TAKE POSSESSION OF HER."

intricacies of her emotions. This man was an Oriental, and she believed him to be capable of treachery and guilty of violence Yet she was his wife, according to his own view, and what at this moment, when they were alone, was the worth of the pledge whereby she (for her own purposes) had consented to be his wife in name only—his betrothed!

Her nervousness increased every moment When he touched her arm she recoiled slightly and felt her skin creep. He seemed to be conscious of this, for he sat by her side a little longer without speaking.

The silence of night was on the desert and along the moon-track across the river as far as the ruined dome of the Mahdi's tomb, which seemed so threatening and so near.

At length, in a soft voice, he said, "Come," and held out his hand to help her to rise.

She rose, trembling all over with fright and a sort of physical humiliation—she who had always been so proud, so strong, so brave.

He led her to the women's side of the house, without speaking a word until they got there, and then, almost in a whisper, he said:—

"You sleep here with little Ayesha. May your night be happy and your morning good!"

She looked up at him as he recommended her to God, and was amazed at the calm, luminous face that now met her own. At the next moment he was gone.

It was an immense relief to find herself in her bedroom, where a little open lamp was burning, and there was no sound but the soft and measured breathing of the child, who was asleep in bed.

At the first moment the sleeping child was like a great protector, but when she became calmer and began to think of this she felt the more ashamed.

"What impossible, terrible thing has happened?" she thought, and then she asked herself again, "Am I really myself or someone else?"

"Oh, what have I done?" she thought, and a sense of sin took possession of her, which was almost like that which a good woman feels when she has committed adultery.

"It is terrible, but it is inevitable," she thought, and then she fought against the sentiment of shame which oppressed her by telling herself that Ishmael was a crafty hypocrite, whose soft words were a sham, whose religion was a lie, whose wicked deeds deserved punishment at any price whatever.

"But no, I cannot think of that now," she thought, and after a while she turned the light bedclothes aside and, putting out the lamp, got into bed by the side of the child, who was smelling sweet with the soft odours of sleep.

She lay a long time motionless, with her eyes open, and still the horror of what she had done weighed on her like a nightmare. Then she covered her eyes with her hands, and the image of another filled her with emotions that were at once sweet and bitter. With a woman's sense of injustice she was blaming the absent one for the position of shame in which she found herself.

"Why did he choose this man instead of me?" she thought, and then, at last, in the fiercest fire of jealousy and hatred, weeping bitter tears in the darkness, she reconciled her tormented conscience to everything she had done, everything she intended to do, by saying to herself with quivering lips:—

"*He killed my father!*"

At that moment she was startled by a voice outside that broke sharp and harsh upon the silence of the night:—

"There is no God but God! There is no God but God!"

It was Black Zogal, the half-witted Nubian, crying the confession of faith at the door of Ishmael's house.

The Lady, the White Lady, the Rani, the Princess was Helena Graves.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE Ishmael's followers had been squatting on the sands to celebrate his betrothal, the Sirdar had been having a dinner-party in the Palace, composed of the chief officers of his military government and the cream of the British society at Khartoum.

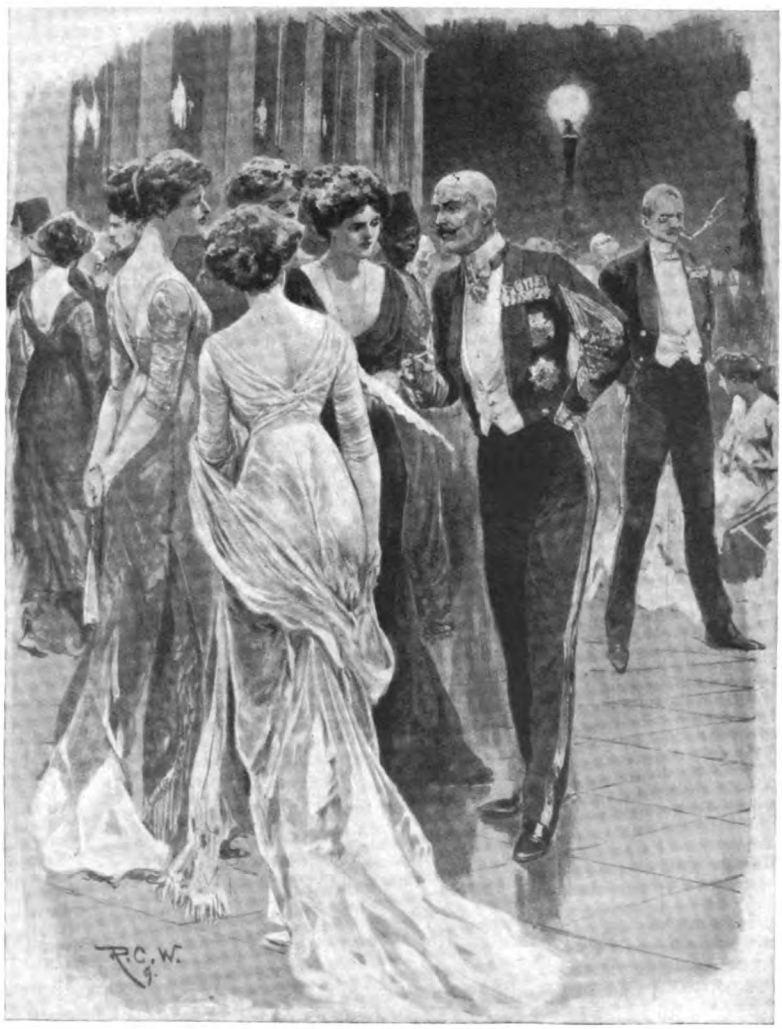
Towards ten o'clock the large after-dinner group of ladies in low-cut corsage, showing white arms and shoulders, and officers in uniform had come out on to the terrace, with its open arches and its handsome steps sweeping down to the silent garden.

Below were the broad lawns, the mimosa trees filling the night air with perfume, the trembling sycamores and the tall dates sleeping under the great deep heaven with its stars. Behind was the lamp-lit Palace, from which native servants, in gold-embroidered crimson, were carrying silver trays laden with decanters and glasses and small cups and saucers.

It was almost the spot on which "the martyr of the Soudan" fell under the lances of the dervishes, yet one of the Sirdar's servants, Abdullahi, with three cross-cuts on

his cheeks—his tribal mark as a son of the bloodthirsty Baggara—and with the pleasantest of smiles on his walnut-coloured face, was drawing corks, pouring out whisky and soda-water, and striking matches to light the men's cigarettes.

The company was full of gaiety and animation which comes after a pleasant dinner, with a little of the excitement which follows when people have partaken of wine. The



"'HOW INTERESTING!' CRIED THE LADIES IN CHORUS."

eyes of the ladies sparkled and the faces of the men smiled, and both talked freely and laughed a good deal.

The conversation was made up of trifles until one of the ladies—it was the wife of the Governor of the city, clad in the lightest of lace chiffon gowns and shod in yellow satin slippers—inquired the meaning of the sounds of rejoicing, the blowing of pipes and the beating of tom-toms, which had come through the wide-open windows of the Palace from the direction of the native quarter.

To this question the Inspector-General of the Soudan—an English Pasha, whose gold-laced mess-jacket was half-covered with medals—replied that the new prophet who had lately arrived in Khartoum had that day taken to himself a wife.

"How *interesting!*" cried the ladies in chorus, with a note of laughter that was intended to belie the word; and then the lady in the yellow slippers turned to the

Inspector-General and said: "Of course he has as many as the Mahdi already—but who is the new one, I wonder?"

"No, he has only one wife at present—runs 'em tandem, I hear—and the new bride is the beautiful person in Parsee costume who arrived here about the same time as himself."

"The Mohammedan Rani, you mean? My husband tells me she is perfectly lovely. But they say she will never let a European get a glimpse of her face—puts down her Parsee veil, I suppose—so goodness knows how *he* knows, you know."

"Perhaps your husband is a privileged person, my dear!" said one of the other ladies, whereupon there was a trill of laughter and the little feet in satin slippers were beaten upon the floor.

"But a Rani! Think of that! Who can she be, I wonder?" said another of the ladies, and then the mistress of the Palace, Lady Mannering, hinted that she believed the Sirdar knew something about her.

"Oh, tell us! Tell us!" cried a dozen female voices at once; but the Sirdar, a shrewd and kindly autocrat, who had been smoking a cigarette in silence, merely answered:—

"Time will tell you, perhaps." Then, turning to the Inspector-General, he said:—

"She has *married* the man, you say?"

"That's so, your Excellency."

"Surely not—there must be some mistake about that, Pasha."

The company broke up late and the ladies went off in light wraps and the men bare-headed through the soft, reverberant air of the southern night. But the Sirdar had asked certain of his officers to remain for a few moments, and among them were the Inspector-General, the Financial Secretary, and the Governor of the town. To the latter came his Zabtia, a police officer whose duty it was to report to his chief early and late, and as soon as the men had seated themselves the Sirdar said:—

"Any farther news about this man Ishmael Ameer?"

"None, your Excellency," said the Governor.

"You've discovered nothing about his object in coming here?"

"Nothing at all."

"He is not sowing dissension between Moslems and Christians?"

"No! On the contrary, he professes to be opposed to all that, sir."

"Then you see no reason to think that he is likely to be a danger to the public peace?"

"Unfortunately, no, sir; no!"

The Sirdar laughed. "He hasn't yet given 'divine' sanction for your removal, Colonel?"

"Not that I know of, at all events."

"Then you and your wife may sleep in peace for the present, I suppose."

There was a little general laughter, and then the Inspector-General, a sceptic with a contempt for holy men of all kinds, said:—

"All the same, your Excellency, I should make short work of this pseudo-Messiah."

"Without plain cause we cannot," said the Sirdar, who was the friend of all faiths and the enemy of none. "Indeed, a broad-minded Mohammedan such as this man is said to be might possibly be of service in directing the religion of the Soudan."

"Yes, sir, but too many of these religious celebrities are contaminated by Mahdism."

"Surely, Mahdism is dead, my dear Pasha!"

"Not yet, sir. Only yesterday I saw a man kneeling by the Mahdi's tomb—so hard do religions die! As for this man Ishmael, he may be preaching peace while he is gathering his followers, but wait till they're numerous enough to fight, and you'll see what he will do. Besides, isn't there evidence enough already that the tranquillity of the Soudan has been disturbed?"

"What evidence do you mean, Pasha?"

"I mean . . . my informers all over the country tell me the people are no longer pleading poverty as an excuse for remission of taxation—they are boldly *refusing* to pay it."

The Financial Secretary corroborated this statement, saying that the taxes due on the land and the date-trees had not yet been collected, and that he had heard from Cairo that the same difficulty was being met with in Egypt in respect of the taxes on berseem and wheat.

"You mean," said the Sirdar, "that a conspiracy of passive resistance to the Government has been set afoot?"

"It looks like it, sir," said the Inspector-General. "A pretty insidious kind of conspiracy it is, too; and I think all the signs are that Ishmael Ameer is at the head of it."

There was silence for some minutes, during which the Sirdar was telling himself that if this was so the rule of England in Egypt was face to face with a most subtle enemy—subtler far than the Mahdi, and immeasurably more dangerous.

"Well, the first thing we've got to do is to find out the truth," he said, and with that he gave the Zabtia an order to summon the Ulema of Khartoum, the Cadi, the notables, and sheikhs to a meeting in the Palace.

"Let it be soon," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"And secret."

"Certainly, your Excellency."

The Governor and the Financial Secretary went off with the police officer, but for some minutes longer the Inspector-General remained with the Sirdar.

"If the man were likely to cause a disturbance," said the Sirdar, "it would be easy to deal with him; but he's not. Public security is in no present danger. On the contrary everything I hear of the man's teaching is calculated to promote peace."

"As to that, sir, if you believe all he *says*, he is the prince of peace himself, and his Islam isn't Islam at all as we know it, but something quite different."

"If he were claiming 'divine' authority and telling people to resist the Government . . . "

"Oh, he is far too clever for that, sir, and his conspiracy is the deep-laid plan of a subtle impostor, not the unpremeditated action of a lunatic."

"All I hear about his personal character is good," said the Sirdar. "He is tender to children, charitable to the poor, and weeps like a woman at a story of distress."

The Inspector-General laughed.

"Pepper in his finger-nails—the hoary old trick, sir! Good-night, Sirdar!"

"Good-night, Pasha!" And the Inspector-General descended the steps.

Being left alone, the Sirdar walked for a long hour to and fro on the terrace, trying to see what course he ought to take in dealing with a religious leader who differed so dangerously from the holy men that were more troublesome but hardly more deadly than the sandflies of the desert.

At midnight he found himself standing on the very spot on which General Gordon met his death, and in an instant, as by a flash of mental lightning, he saw the scene that had been enacted there only a few years before—the grey dawn, the mad rush of the howling dervishes, in their lust of blood, up from the dim garden to the top of these steps, on which stood, calmly waiting for them, the fearless soul who had waited for his own countrymen in vain. "Where is your master, the Mahdi?" he cried. Then a barbarous shriek, the flash of a score of lances, and the martyr of the Soudan fell.

Was this to be another such revolt, more subtle if not more bloody, turning England out of the Valley of the Nile by making it impossible for her to meet the expense of governing the country, and thereby uprooting the seeds of civilization that had been sown in the Soudan through so many toilsome years?

On the other hand, was it the beginning of a great spiritual revolution that was intended by God to pass over the whole face of the world? It might even be that, though the Soudan was only a brown and barren wilderness, for had not all great faiths and all great prophets sprung out of the desert—Moses, Mohammed, Christ!

This brought the Sirdar back to a memory that had troubled him deeply for many weeks—the memory of the disgrace that had fallen in Cairo on his comrade of long ago, the son of his old friend Nuneham, young Gordon Lord.

Then it dawned upon him for the first time that, however serious his offence as a soldier, the son of his friend had done no more and no less than his great namesake did before him when he resisted authority *because authority was in the wrong!*

Good God, could it be possible that young Gordon was in the right, after all, and that this movement of the man Ishmael was the beginning of a world-wide revolt against the materialism, the selfishness, the venality, and the oppression of a corrupt civilization that mocked religion by taking the name of Him who came to earth to destroy such evils!

If that was so, could any Christian country in these days dare to repeat the appalling error of the Roman Empire in Palestine two thousand years ago—the error of trying to put down moral forces by physical ones?

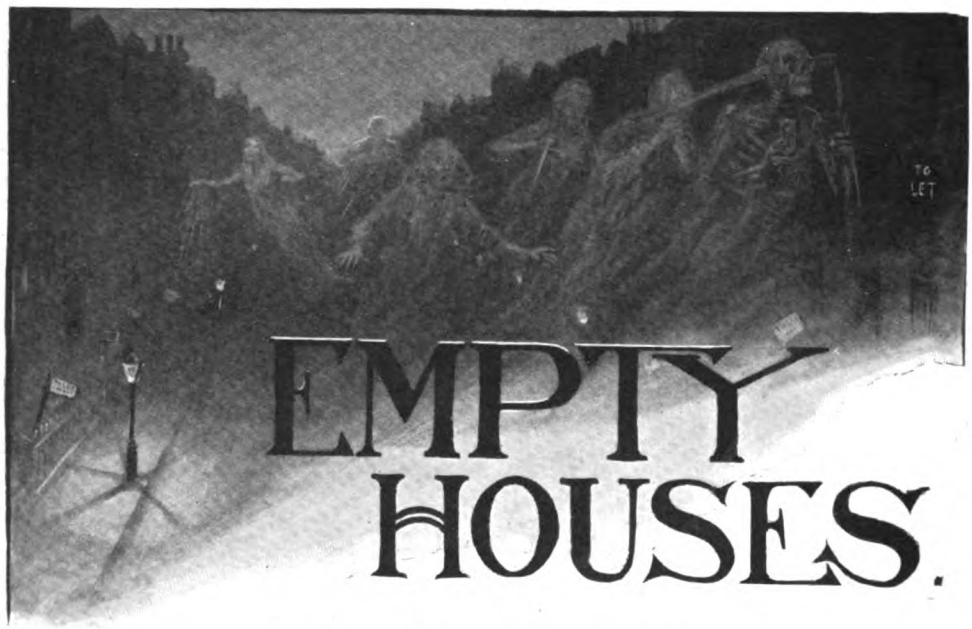
The Sirdar laughed when he thought of that, so grotesque seemed the mysterious law of the mind by which he had coupled an olive-faced Arab like Ishmael Ameer with Christ!

The southern night was silent. Not a sound came up from the moonlit garden except the croaking of frogs in the pond. Presently a voice that was like a wave of wind came sweeping through the breathless air:—

"There is no God but God! There is no God but God!"

The Sirdar shuddered, and turned into the house.

(To be continued)

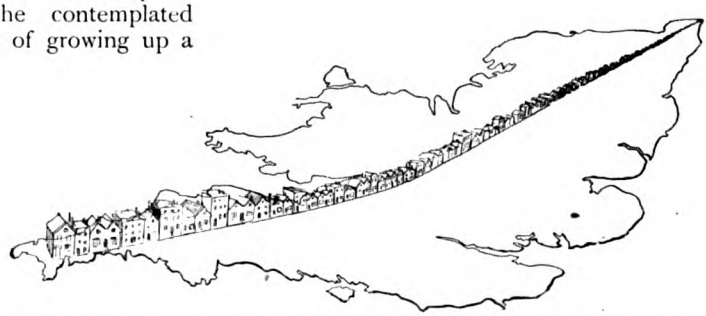


EMPTY HOUSES.

By D. ROGER BARNETT.

AN empty house. The house-agent's board is up, and you read the legend inscribed thereupon: "To Let — Apply to John Jones and Co." How familiar it is, and how more familiar it is growing year by year! But there are other legends for the passer-by—legends writ large from cellar to garret—such legends as "Failure," "Death," "Melancholy," "Tragedy," "Disease," "Terror," "Folly." One of these or all of these may have been the appointed rulers of the destiny of that empty house yonder. Think of the builder who built it—of the pride and hope with which he contemplated it when it was in the act of growing up a young and happy house; think of the folk who have dwelt in it—of the brides and bridegrooms coming into it—of the children born in it (every house six years old can claim a birth)—of the men and women who have died in it (every house in five years may claim a death).

There may have been high hopes and perils within those four walls, depend upon it—walls which may tell also of direful tragedies. An empty house has, too, its economic aspect. What a waste of good material—of bricks and mortar, wood and iron, paint and plaster—all built to be the home of man, now shunned even by rats and vermin and tenanted only by hungry spiders. And if all this is impressive in a single instance, how much more impressive is it in the aggregate? Do you know how many empty houses there are in England alone? It seems



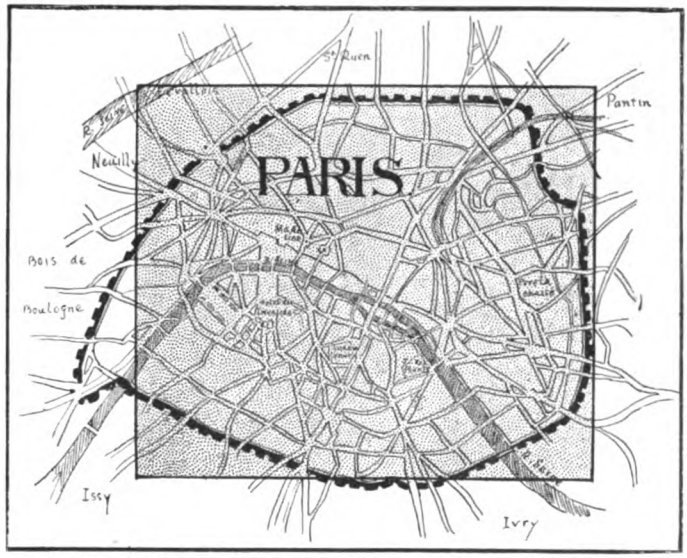
THE EMPTY HOUSES IN ENGLAND, IF PLACED SIDE BY SIDE, WOULD REACH FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROAT'S.

the bitterest satire of destiny that there should be any at all, considering the thousands of homeless human beings who have no roof to cover them. Perhaps it will convey the number of empty houses more clearly to your mind if you think of a street seven hundred miles long—running from Land's End to John o' Groat's—and on either side of this street a never-ending vista of empty houses. You might travel on foot over twenty miles a day for thirty days and see nothing but empty houses—two hundred and ninety-one thousand six hundred of all shapes and dimensions; houses with marble fronts, of stone, of bricks, of stucco, of wood; houses costing many thousands of pounds, and others built for the poor. But in all that month of travelling never to see a face at those two million windows, never to hear a voice in those two million deserted rooms; not a puff of smoke escaping from the chimneys—all gloom and solitude in a street seven hundred miles long!

Or conjure up in your mind a city of two hundred and ninety-one thousand six hundred houses. Do you know how large that city would be? As large as Paris. The splendid capital of France has fewer than two hundred thousand houses. Berlin has far less. Emptyville! A mighty city utterly desolate and deserted. Solitary, silent, a city of palaces, mansions, flats, and tenements, unoccupied and uninhabited—a city given up to memories and spirits of the dead.

That is what one means by empty England, the island that is said to be so full that her people have to leave it because they cannot find shelter and subsistence. Nearly a century ago Malthus drew an alarming picture of the perils of an increase of population—when people would be herded together like sheep, each struggling for space to turn; and many persons now think the overcrowding in English and Continental cities a crying scandal. Well, here are two hundred and ninety-one thousand six hundred houses—capable of housing at least two millions—empty.

Empty—but that is not all. They are going to remain empty and more properties become disinhabited. Ten years ago there were only two hundred and sixty thousand houses unoccupied. And yet building goes merrily on. New dwellings for rich and poor go up, although the builder knows in his heart that a large percentage of these too must share the fate of the others. And the value of all this real estate—lying, so to speak, fallow on the market—cannot fall



THE SHADED SQUARE OF THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THAT THE EMPTY HOUSES IN ENGLAND ARE ABOUT EQUAL IN TOTAL AREA TO PARIS.

short of one hundred and fifty million pounds, merely the houses alone.

But let us come to look at London by itself and in relation to the rest of the kingdom. Country people, dwellers in the provincial towns and cities, give up their homes and fly to the Metropolis. Consequently we ought not to find very many vacant houses in London. Altogether London has six hundred and sixteen thousand three hundred and twenty-two houses. At night seventy-five thousand of these are empty, and fifty thousand are empty both day and night. That is to say, there are fifty thousand derelict domiciles—whose four walls never echo to the sound of human voices either merry or sad—houses which have survived their usefulness, houses under a cloud, shabby houses, houses down on their luck, houses without a friend, haunted houses. To consider London, however, at its emptiest, one should deal, not with houses, but with rooms. A house, remember, is, for the purpose of statistics, the space within four outer walls, and yet

ALL THE HOMELESS PEOPLE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, EVEN IF THEY AMOUNTED TO TWO MILLIONS, COULD FIND SHELTER IN THE EMPTY HOUSES OF ENGLAND, ALLOWING SEVEN PERSONS TO EACH HOUSE!

those four walls may contain several technical houses, such as tenements, flats, maisonettes, accommodating numerous families. It may be an hotel—even such a one as the Cecil or the Savoy. At the latter caravanserai there are six hundred and fifty bedrooms. In London's six hundred and sixteen thousand three hundred and twenty-two houses there are at least six million one hundred and sixty-three thousand two hundred and twenty rooms, which is only a fraction of over one room apiece for the population. Of this number it has been estimated that one million eight hundred and forty-eight thousand nine hundred and sixty-six are bedrooms. At least one million rooms, or one-sixth of the entire accommodation of London, are said to be regularly vacant. No wonder landladies in Bloomsbury and Bayswater complain of the difficulty in letting their lodgings! The marvel is that, with a million rooms empty all the year round, anybody is ever able to procure a paying tenant at all. Rooms are a drug on the market.

And now, in the midst of all this emptiness, standing beside these deserted houses, let us examine into the causes of their emptiness. Take even the most eligible properties, as, for example, the stately mansion near the Marble Arch, where once dwelt a famous statesman, and where another was born. Why has it no tenant?

Of course, that there are many houses, both in London and throughout England, that deserve to be empty is a melancholy truth. Building is not what it was in the time of our great-grandfathers. Carlyle, we are told by his biographer, was very severe on the modern builder. He would point to rows of houses so slightly put together that they stood only by the support they gave to one another, intended only to last out a brief lease, with no purpose of continuance either to themselves or their owners. They were not, he said, houses at all.

But apart from the products of the "jerry-builder," the chief causes of emptiness may thus be tabulated:—

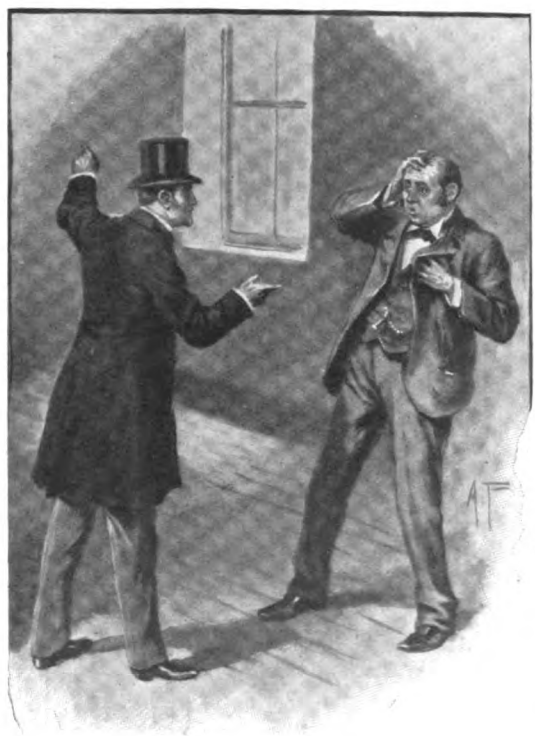
1. Changing urban habits, following upon rapid transit.
2. Improved public taste.
3. Fashion.
4. High rents.
5. Historical antecedents.
6. Alleged haunting by ghosts.

There are various other reasons, of course, why a well-built house in a really eligible locality and at a reasonable rent should go for years—indeed, as one might say, permanently without a tenant. In such case the reason is well known to the agent, the owner, and a few other persons besides.

Or the mystery may be no mystery at all, except to the house-hunting stranger. There is a house in Marylebone where a murder was committed fourteen years ago. The house has thrice been let, yet never for more than a few months at a time, and it is now empty. A new tenant comes, and for a few weeks all is cheerfulness and comfort. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." By and by, the new tenant notices pedestrians staring up at the house; sometimes on a Sunday or Bank Holiday there are groups of such pedestrians. He wonders what they are staring at, and one day he overhears the truth. "That's the 'ouse where the Bardwell murder took place." A thrill darts through

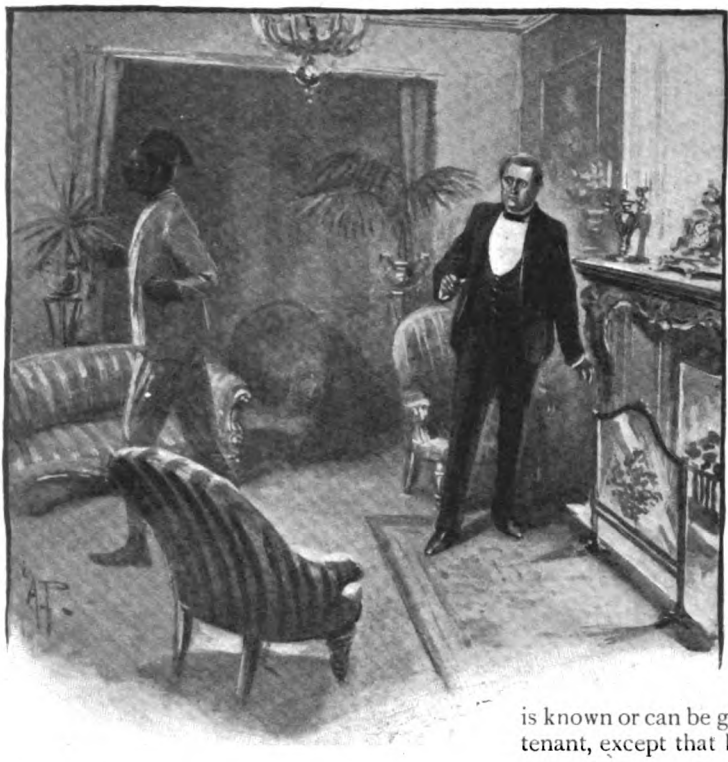
him as the details of that crime recur to his memory. He remembers now the room of the murder—it is his wife's boudoir. His chief object for the next few weeks is to keep the distressing fact from her. The servants give notice unaccountably. Then one day the lady of the house is found in an excitable, highly-strung state. A garrulous and morbid charwoman has blurted out the secret and offered to show her the very spot where the body was discovered, weltering in its blood. In less than a week the "To Let" notice is again up, and within a month silence reigns within those four walls.

Structural defects are occasionally the ruin of the costly house. There is a story of a retired tradesman who put all his savings into a house, which he built from his own designs. The building cost a great deal of money; no expense was spared. A capital garden was laid out, and the premises attracted great attention from prospective purchasers and tenants. As the time approached for its completion a building inspector paid a visit, examining the premises thoroughly. He saw at once a structural oversight of such gravity that, unless rectified immediately, it might cause the whole fabric to come tumbling to the ground. The poor man listened to this decision as if his doom were pronounced. To rectify the blunder the house would have to be rebuilt, and he had exhausted his resources. He sent for a professional architect, who at once gave him this counsel: "You had better pull your house down and begin again. As it stands, it is doomed. Half a ton's weight would bring it down with a crash." The upshot was, the unhappy owner lost his reason. He refused to rebuild; the walls were shored up, and for twenty years the place remained a monument of the folly of the building amateur and a source of envy and admiration to house-hunters ignorant of the circumstances. Fortunately, such cases are rare.



"YOU HAD BETTER PULL YOUR HOUSE DOWN AND BEGIN AGAIN."

As to haunting, the number of houses alleged to be infested by spirits of the departed is legion. The newspapers constantly refer to them. One London house has been let seven times in the course of nineteen years. Each time the tenant remained only a few weeks—once for three months. Testimony to the apparition varies considerably, but there is a general point of agreement. The last tenant was a well-known M.P., not at all given to any belief in the supernatural. For the first three or four days strange noises were heard. One night he distinctly saw a coal-black negro wearing a fez enter the drawing-room just as the lights were about to be extinguished. He turned to ask the intruder his business; the man had vanished silently through the folding doors. There was no suggestion of a ghost—just a plain, ordinary flesh-and-blood negro. The tenant put it down to hallucination and said nothing about it. On the next night but one the experience was repeated. He was silent for a fortnight, and then he learnt from a neighbour that the house was "haunted" and that the negro had been seen by previous tenants. On comparing notes with his wife and daughter it appeared that they also had seen the sable visitant and were completely unnerved in consequence. The result was that the M.P. sought out the agent and hotly threw up the lease on the ground that the house's history should



"HE DISTINCTLY SAW A COAL-BLACK NEGRO WEARING A FEZ."

have been divulged. No action was taken.

Often it seems as if ill-luck alone were the cause of a house's emptiness. There is one classic case of ill-luck which will bear retelling. The first tenant of a Bayswater house failed in business and was compelled to leave the country. The second broke his neck by a fall downstairs. The third lost one child and suffered the maiming of another by fire. The fourth died of apoplexy at his dinner-table. The fifth learnt the history of the house too late, for her daughter, a beautiful girl, on the very eve of her marriage died of what the doctors call "galloping consumption." What did the agonized mother do? She gave up the house, and at the expiration of her lease took lodgings almost immediately opposite, where, for some months, she devoted herself assiduously to watching for prospective tenants and warning them of their impending fate. The owner of the house threatened the lady with an action, to no purpose; she persisted in doing what she conceived to be her duty. One day a person appeared, of robust nerves and scepticism, to whom her tragic narrative proved no deterrent. He leased the house and the lady disappeared. The house is again empty, although the period for which the lease was taken has not yet expired. Nothing is known or can be gleaned of the present legal tenant, except that he has "gone abroad."

"SHE DEVOTED HERSELF ASSIDUOUSLY TO WATCHING FOR PROSPECTIVE TENANTS AND WARNING THEM OF THEIR FATE."

THE ACTRESSES OF PARIS.

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

I SHOULD like, if I may, to begin this article with an apology to the many charming ladies whose names I shall be forced to omit from its pages. They will, I am sure, excuse me for having omitted them; firstly, because they probably will never read the article (few French actresses read English magazines), and secondly, because the object of these lines is to explain to many thousands of English readers that the Parisian actress is a lady of far greater gifts than she is generally supposed to have, and that she works at least as seriously at her art as do her sisters on the other stages of the world.

A very prevalent idea about the Parisian actress is that she is in the main a lay figure on which to hang pretty clothes. But this is anything but true. The average Englishman, in speaking of the Paris stage and of the actresses upon it, will mention Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, Bartet, and then stop. "And, of course, there are lots of charming little actresses," he probably will add. Now this is all wrong. The great fault of the British visitor to Paris is that, eleven times out of seventeen, his French may be enough for him to order dinner in a restaurant where the head waiter learned some English in Margate, but is entirely insufficient to enable him to appreciate the French play. In consequence he does not try to. He has his dinner and spends his first evening in Paris at the Folies Bergère, where he admires Mlle. Marville as Queen Victoria; his second at the Olympia, his third at Barrasford's Alhambra, his fourth at the Moulin Rouge, and so on. In all these places the chief attraction is not in the acting. There is acting in all of them, of course, and good acting, too; but the shows are arranged to suit the taste of foreigners as much as, or more than, that of Parisians.

I think it therefore only fair in these days of the Entente Cordiale to tell you something about the real actresses of Paris, what parts they play, who they are, and why Parisians like them. The standard of acting here is a very high one, and in high comedy the Parisienne is absolutely unsurpassable.

Let us take first of all the *ingénue*. As London playgoers know well, the *ingénue* is quite the hardest part to cast upon the stage. You have comparatively few of them, and Paris has not very many, because it is quite rare to find the combination of a girl's appearance and a girl's manner with the experience of a woman. But we have one unequalled—no, we have two unequalled *ingénues* in Paris. They are Mmes. Marie Leconte of the Comédie Française and Marthe Régnier of the Gymnase. Marthe Régnier is the wife of Abel Tarride, actor and playwright. She is the mother of two charming children, and on the stage looks like a girl of seventeen. Her speciality is the tomboy part, and at the present moment she is drawing all Paris to see her performance of Micheline in "L'Ane

de Buridan" at the Gymnase. English readers will be interested to know that she was the original Josette in "Mademoiselle Josette Ma Femme" (My Wife).

Marie Leconte looks the least little bit like Mme. Marthe Régnier. Like her she is plump and *petite*. She is perhaps the most exquisite actress of comedy whom the world has ever seen, and her performance in "L'Amour Veille" (Love Watches) was a treat never to be forgotten. Both Mme. Régnier and Mme. Leconte worked hard at the Conservatoire before their first appearances, and even now at the Française Marie Leconte has often to play tiny parts. She, before making her mark in comedy, played melodrama, and from time to time she has, of course, as have all members of the Française company, played parts in the classic repertoire.

Most actresses in Paris are expected to be versatile, and a third *ingénue*, Amélie Diéterle, has made big successes in operettes at the Variétés. Her speciality is the little innocent with a touch of roguery, and in these parts she is unequalled. She was the young lady who did not wish to marry Toddles (Triplepatte), and playgoing Paris remembers that performance still.

Of the *femme du monde* actress the Paris stage has so many that it would be difficult to give anything like a complete list of them. But what impresses me with them all is that, while they can and do play the society woman as to the manner born, they have one and all of them played many other kinds of parts before. I can remember Mme. Marcelle Lender, who is, and has been for nearly a year, the delight of all visitors to the Variétés, in the part of Thérèse Marnix in "Le Roi" as the oft-betrayed heroine in melodrama. I have seen her as a female *apache*, I have seen her as a lion-tamer in a cage with real lions at the Ambigu, and she was as inimitable then as she is now in "Le Roi." For the peculiarity of the Paris actress is her truth to Nature.

It has been my fortune to be present at a great many rehearsals both in London and in Paris, and I have always been struck by the difference between them. It is very difficult to say sometimes, when watching the rehearsal of a modern Paris play, whether the actresses upon the stage are chatting or acting. They act without the least apparent effort, and if it be true that the highest art is art concealed, then the actress of Paris is certainly a consummate actress.

Rehearsals here are a curious mixture of admirable work and carelessness. It is sometimes a marvel to me that a play in Paris ever faces an audience at all. The average Paris manager (there are, of course, some notable exceptions) has very little system. He and the author — the author in Paris always rehearses his own play — come down to the theatre with a very slight idea of what is to be done upon the stage. The author reads his play and rehearsal begins. Everything is tried out on the stage, and not a little of the play is rewritten or written up as rehearsal progresses. The successful author here, in interviews before a play's production, usually refers to his cast as his collaborators. He has more than a little reason for so doing, and I have often thought that there would be many fewer Paris successes if the actors and actresses were not so extraordinarily intelligent.

From the first rehearsal the Paris actress seems to get lost in her part, to sink her own identity in it more utterly than a finished London actress does on the first night of the play, and you can imagine of what inestimable value such a gift is to the author. I need, of course, hardly mention in this connection such well-known women as Bernhardt, Réjane, Bartet, Jane Hading, and Suzanne Desprès. They are past-mistresses of the actor's art, whose names are known to everybody. But there are lesser-known and younger actresses, whose every performance is a perfect joy to the Parisian playgoer. Take, for instance, Mlle. Madeleine Lély and Charlotte Lysés. I doubt whether the names of either of them are familiar to two readers of this article. And yet, if either of these ladies had been speakers of English, their fame would have spread all over the universe. Here in Paris they are spoken of as "clever." But in Paris clever actresses seem to grow on gooseberry bushes, so plentiful are they, and talent upon the stage is almost a drug in the market.

Mlle. Lély, who is now playing in "Le Lys" with Suzanne Desprès as her elder sister at the Vaudeville, was a few years ago entirely unknown. She got her training in what is perhaps the best school for actresses in the world, the Théâtre Antoine, of which M. Gémier is manager. She had gone through the usual courses at the Conservatoire, and M. Gémier has made a great actress of her. She has played everything, from three-line parts, old women, and character parts to parts needing the great gift of emotion, and I have never seen her make a mistake upon the stage. I mention her at

MME. MARIE LECONTE.

From a Photograph by Reutlinger.

some length in this way because I am convinced that Madeleine Lély, if her career continues as it has begun, will be known before long as a great actress.

And her success is undoubtedly due to the clever French manager's aversion for the star system. No Paris author and no Paris manager will write or accept a play for a star. A play when written may have a star part in it, but that is a different matter. And even then every little detail is considered, not to work up to the star, but to work up to the play.

Charlotte Lysés is an actress of a different type. Her forte is absolute naturalness in light comedy. Her stage irony is absolute perfection, and at the present moment all Paris is running to see her in "Lorsque l'Enfant Parait," at the Théâtre Antoine, for she, too, is a favourite pupil of M. Gémier.

The comic actresses on the Paris stage are legion. To take a few at haphazard, there are in "mother-in-law" parts Mmes. Maurel, Marie Magnier, Franck Mel, and of a younger generation Mme. Leriche. Mme.

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

Leriche is the Mrs. John Wood of Paris, and has made buffoonery a high art.

But there are younger actresses with the gift of being exquisitely funny on the Paris stage. There is, for instance, Marguerite Lavigne, the daughter of the never-to-be-forgotten Lavigne of the Palais Royal, who plays peasant women and comic servant-girls quite indescribably. There is Mme. Marcelle Yrven, whose speciality at the Palais Royal and at the Folies Dramatiques is good-natured vulgarity, and the art of getting rid of a great deal of superfluous clothing on the stage without giving offence; and above all—greatest of all—there is Cassive of the Nouveautés, whose performances in "La Dame de Chez Maxim" and "Occupe-toi d'Amélie" were things of which no one could ever think without a roar of laughter. Cassive owns a head of pale golden hair—her own, I believe—a very pretty face, and an exquisitely-moulded figure. But above and better than these she possesses the gift of coy impudence, or, if you wish it, impudent coyness, to a supreme degree. She never raises her voice; she seems to make no effort after effect, but she gets effect upon effect with never-failing certainty of touch.

A very clever little actress who has disappeared quite unaccountably of late, but who promised to become another Cassive in time, was Mlle. Paulette Delbaye. She was exquisitely pretty, and I remember her at the Nouveautés for a wonderful performance in "Vous n'avez rien à déclarer?" as an artist who used her charms to sell the pictures which she signed but did not paint. It was a noteworthy performance, and in any other

country would have made famous the actress who performed it.

Curiously enough, in musical comedy such as we understand it the Paris stage is behind us. All Paris actresses can sing a little, but few of them, somehow or other, seem to have good voices. We have, of course, in lighter operette Mmes. Tariol-Baugé, Mariette Sully, and some others. But English actresses who can dance and sing, and who know French enough to make themselves understood in it across the footlights, are pretty sure of an engagement and success in Paris. During the last few years Miss Madge Lessing, Miss May de Sousa, Miss Lulu Valli, and Miss Ida Valli, to mention but a few of them, have made decided hits here on these lines. And of Parisian actresses who dance and sing both, I cannot for the minute remember more than Mlle. Mariette Sully, Mlle. Anne Dancrey, and Mlle. Marguerite Deval. I may, of course, have forgotten several, and to these I apologize.

But one of the most remarkable successes in the song and dance line on the Paris stage of recent years has been achieved by an English girl unknown to London. She is Miss Campton, who a few years ago was a member of a Tiller troupe. Miss Campton is pretty and intelligent, and, marrying a

MLLE. AMÉLIE DIÉTERLE.

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

MLLE. MADELEINE LÉLY.

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

Frenchman, she learned French. Her French has all the vigour of the primitive Cockney accent, and somehow it caught on tremendously in Paris. It is, of course, by no means Miss Campton's only gift, for she has with it and her beauty the great gift of infectious good-humour on the stage. Incredible though it must sound, Miss Campton has played at the Comédie Française at a benefit. She is now playing in a revue at the Folies

Bergère as Napoleon. The part, of course, has been written to fit her. Napoleon has, from the top of the Vendôme column, listened to so much English that he has caught the accent badly, and the result is quite excruciatingly funny.

Socially, the Parisian actress occupies an entirely different position to the actress in London. She is talked of either as "an actress, and——" or "an actress, but——." And the "actresses but——" are exceedingly rare. And, mind you, in a great many cases the social ostracism of the Paris actress is quite undeserved. But, curiously enough, although French politics have a decided trend towards Socialism, although liberty and equality are France's by-words, the social life of France remains as *bourgeois* as ever, and Paris society turns its back severely on Bohemia.

It is a very usual thing for the Paris hostess to engage actresses to perform for her guests,

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

MLLE.
MARGUERITE
LAVIGNE.

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

and they, of course, mingle with these guests on fairly equal terms during the rest of the evening. But I know of very few Parisian society hostesses who would invite actresses to dinner. I am not sure either that the actresses would accept such an invitation if they got it; and I may add that it is an amusing lesson in "equality and fraternity" to hear Mme. la Marquise address an actress as "Mademoiselle." The tone is exquisitely polite, but it would freeze you on the hottest day in summer. And yet numbers of Paris actresses are married women, and if unmarried essentially respectable; but the word "actress" is a label, and Paris is a town of labels.

Thinking names over, I remember many actresses in Paris whom it is a shame to dismiss cursorily. There are Mlles. Lantelme, now playing Lavallière's part in "Le Roi"; Lavallière herself; Mathilde Caumont, as funny in her way as Mme. Leriche is in hers; Yvonne de Bray, most exquisite of *ingénues*; Blanche Dufrene, who plays all Sarah Bernhardt's parts, and who in private life is

MME.
MARCELLE YRVEN.

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

MME. CASSIVE.
From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

MLLE. ANNE DANCREY.
From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

MLLE. YVONNE DE BRAY.

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

MLLE. CLARENS.

From a Photograph by Henri Manuel.

Mme. Ullmann; Duluc, and many, many others.

And as I think of them it occurs to me that there is just one "jeune fille du monde" who has followed Mme. Simone's example and gone on the stage. She is Mlle. Clarens, who made her *début* a few weeks ago at the Bouffes Parisiens. The papers published columns on the fact. They looked upon it as an eighth wonder of the world that Mlle. Dietz-Monnin should renounce society and go upon the stage. And the fact that this should be a renunciation and a wonder explains more tersely and emphatically the position in Paris of the actress than any words of mine can do.

SELF-HELP

BY

W·W·JACOBS

THE night-watchman sat brooding darkly over life and its troubles. A shooting corn on the little toe of his left foot, and a touch of liver, due, he was convinced, to the unlawful cellar-work of the landlord of the Queen's Head, had induced in him a vein of profound depression. A discarded boot stood by his side, and his grey-stockinged foot protruded over the edge of the jetty until a passing waterman gave it a playful rap with his oar. A subsequent inquiry as to the price of pigs' trotters fell on ears rendered deaf by suffering.

"I might 'ave expected it," said the watchman, at last. "I done that man—if you can call him a man—a kindness once, and this is my reward for it. Do a man a kindness, and years arterwards 'e comes along and hits you over your tenderest corn with a oar."

He took up his boot, and, inserting his foot with loving care, stooped down and fastened the laces.

Do a man a kindness, he continued, assuming a safer posture, and 'e tries to borrow money off of you; do a woman a kindness and she thinks you want to marry 'er; do an animal a kindness and it tries to bite you—same as a horse bit a sailor-man I knew once, when 'e sat on its head to 'elp it get up. He sat too far for'ard, pore chap.

Kindness never gets any thanks. I remember a man whose pal broke 'is leg while they was working together unloading a barge; and he went off to break the news to 'is pal's wife. A kind-'earted man 'e was as ever you see, and, knowing 'ow she would take on when she 'eard the news, he told her fust of all that 'er husband was killed. She took on like a mad thing, and at last, when she

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couldn't do anything more and 'ad quieted down a bit, he told 'er that it was on'y a case of a broken leg, thinking that 'er joy would be so great that she wouldn't think anything of that. He 'ad to tell her three times afore she understood 'im, and then, instead of being thankful to 'im for 'is thoughtfulness, she chased him 'arf over Wapping with a chopper, screaming with temper.

I remember Ginger Dick and Peter Russet trying to do old Sam Small a kindness one time when they was 'aving a rest ashore arter a v'y'ge. They 'ad took a room together as usual, and for the fust two or three days they was like brothers. That couldn't last, o' course, and Sam was so annoyed one evening at Ginger's suspiciousness by biting a 'arf-dollar Sam owed 'im and finding it was a bad 'un, that 'e went off to spend the evening all alone by himself.

He felt a bit dull at fust, but arter he had 'ad two or three 'arf-pints 'e began to take a brighter view of things. He found a very nice, cosy little public-'ouse he hadn't been in before, and, arter getting two and three-pence and a pint for the 'arf-dollar with Ginger's tooth-marks on, he began to think that the world wasn't 'arf as bad a place as people tried to make out.

There was on'y one other man in the little bar Sam was in — a tall, dark chap, with black side-whiskers and spectacles, wot kept peeping round the partition and looking very 'ard at everybody that came in.

"I'm just keeping my eye on 'em, cap'n," he ses to Sam, in a low voice.

"Ho!" ses Sam.

"They don't know me in this disguise," ses the dark man, "but I see as 'ow you spotted me at once. Anybody 'ud have a 'ard time of it to deceive you; and then they wouldn't gain nothing by it."

"Nobody ever 'as yet," ses Sam, smiling at 'im.

"And nobody ever will," ses the dark man, shaking his 'ead; "if they was all as fly as you, I might as well put the shutters up. How did you twig I was a detective officer, cap'n?"

Sam, wot was taking a drink, got some beer up 'is nose with surprise.

"That's my secret," he ses, arter the tec 'ad patted 'im on the back and brought 'im round.

"You're a marvel, that's wot you are," ses the tec, shaking his 'ead. "Have one with me."

Sam said he didn't mind if 'e did, and arter drinking each other's healths very perlite 'e ordered a couple o' twopenny smokes, and by way of showing off paid for 'em with 'arf a quid.

"That's right, ain't it?" ses the barmaid, as he stood staring very 'ard at the change. "I ain't sure about that 'arf-crown, now I come to look at it; but it's the one you gave me."

Pore Sam, with a tec standing alongside of 'im, said it was quite right, and put it into 'is pocket in a hurry and began to talk to the tec as fast as he could about a murder he 'ad been reading about in the paper that morning. They went and sat down by a comfortable little fire that was burning in the bar, and the tec told 'im about a lot o' murder cases he 'ad been on himself.

"I'm down 'ere now on special work," he ses, "looking arter sailor-men."

"Wot ha' they been doing?" ses Sam.

"When I say looking arter, I mean protecting 'em," ses the tec. "Over and over agin some pore feller, arter working 'ard for months at sea, comes 'ome with a few pounds in 'is pocket and gets robbed of the lot. There's a couple o' chaps down 'ere I'm told off to look arter special, but it's no good unless I can catch 'em red-'anded."

"Red-'anded?" ses Sam.

"With their hands in the chap's pockets, I mean," ses the tec.

Sam gave a shiver. "Somebody had their 'ands in my pockets once," he ses. "Four pun ten and some coppers they got."

"Wot was they like?" ses the tec, starting.

Sam shook his 'ead. "They seemed to me to be all hands, that's all I know about 'em," he ses. "Arter they 'ad finished they leaned me up agin the dock wall an' went off."

"It sounds like 'em," ses the tec, thoughtfully. "It was Long Pete and Fair Alf, for a quid; that's the two I'm arter."

He put his finger in 'is weskit-pocket. "That's who I am," he ses, 'anding Sam a card; "Detective-Sergeant Cubbins. If you ever get into any trouble at any time, you come to me."

Sam said 'e would, and arter they had 'ad another drink together the tec shifted 'is seat alongside of 'im and talked in his ear.

"If I can nab them two chaps I shall get promotion," he ses; "and it's a fi'-pun note to anybody that helps me. I wish I could persuade you to."

"'Ow's it to be done?" ses Sam, looking at 'im.

"I want a respectable-looking seafaring man," ses the tec, speaking very slow;

"that's you. He goes up Tower Hill to-morrow night at nine o'clock, walking very slow and very unsteady on 'is pins, and giving my two beauties the idea that 'e is three sheets in the wind. They come up and rob 'im, and I catch them red-'anded. I get promotion, and you get a fiver."

"But 'ow do you know they'll be there?" ses Sam, staring at 'im.

Mr. Cubbins winked at 'im and tapped 'is nose.

"I got a matter o' twelve quid or so," ses Sam, in a off-hand way.

"The very thing," says the tec. "Well, to-morrow night you put that in your pocket, and be walking up Tower Hill just as the clock strikes nine. I promise you you'll be robbed afore two minutes past, and by two and a 'arf past I shall 'ave my hands on both of 'em. Have all the money in one pocket, so as they can get it neat and quick, in case they get interrupted. Better still, 'ave it in a

"MR. CUBBINS WINKED AT 'IM AND TAPPED 'IS NOSE."

"We 'ave to know a good deal in our line o' business," he ses.

"Still," ses Sam, "I don't see——"

"Narks," says the tec; "coppers' narks. You've 'eard of them, cap'n? Now, look 'ere. Have you got any money?"

purse; that makes it easier to bring it 'ome to 'em."

"Wouldn't it be enough if they stole the purse?" ses Sam. "I should feel safer that way, too."

Mr. Cubbins shook his 'ead, very slow and

solemn. "That wouldn't do at all," he ses. "The more money they steal, the longer they'll get; you know that, cap'n, without me telling you. If you could put fifty quid in it would be so much the better. And, whatever you do, don't make a noise. I don't want a lot o' clumsy policemen interfering in my business."

"Still, s'pose you didn't catch 'em," ses Sam, "where should I be?"

"You needn't be afraid o' that," ses the tec, with a laugh. "Here, I'll tell you wot I'll do, and that'll show you the trust I put in you."

He drew a big di'mond ring off of 'is finger and handed it to Sam.

"Put that on your finger," he ses, "and keep it there till I give you your money back and the fi'-pun note reward. It's worth seventy quid if it's worth a farthing, and was given to me by a lady of title for getting back 'er jewellery for 'er. Put it on, and wotever you do, don't lose it."

He sat and watched while Sam forced it on 'is finger.

"You don't need to flash it about too much," he ses, looking at 'im rather anxious. "There's men I know as 'ud cut your finger off to get that."

Sam shoved his 'and in his pocket, but he kept taking it out every now and then and 'olding his finger up to the light to look at the di'mond. Mr. Cubbins got up to go at last, saying that he 'ad got a call to make at the police-station, and they went out together.

"Nine o'clock sharp," he ses, as they shook hands, "on Tower Hill."

"I'll be there," ses Sam.

"And, wotever you do, no noise, no calling out," ses the tec, "and don't mention a word of this to a living soul."

Sam shook 'ands with 'im agin, and then, hiding his 'and in his pocket, went off 'ome, and, finding Ginger and Peter Russet wasn't back, went off to bed.

He 'eard 'em coming upstairs in the dark in about an hour's time, and, putting the 'and with the ring on it on the counterpane, shut 'is eyes and pretended to be fast asleep. Ginger lit the candle, and they was both beginning to undress when Peter made a noise and pointed to Sam's 'and.

"Wot's up?" ses Ginger, taking the candle and going over to Sam's bed. "Who've you been robbing, you fat pirate?"

Sam kept 'is eyes shut and 'eard 'em whispering; then he felt 'em take 'is hand up and look at it.

"Where did you get it, Sam?" ses Peter.

"He's asleep," ses Ginger, "sound asleep. I b'lieve if I was to put 'is finger in the candle he wouldn't wake up."

"You try it," ses Sam, sitting up in bed very sharp and snatching his 'and away. "Wot d'ye mean coming 'ome at all hours and waking me up?"

"Where did you get that ring?" ses Ginger.

"Friend o' mine," ses Sam, very short.

"Who was it?" ses Peter.

"It's a secret," ses Sam.

"You wouldn't 'ave a secret from your old pal Ginger, Sam, would you?" ses Ginger.

"Old wot?" ses Sam. "Wot did you call me this arternoon?"

"I called you a lot o' things I'm sorry for," ses Ginger, who was bursting with curiosity, "and I beg your pardin, Sam."

"Shake 'ands on it," ses Peter, who was nearly as curious as Ginger.

They shook hands, but Sam said he couldn't tell 'em about the ring; and several times Ginger was on the point of calling 'im the names he 'ad called 'im in the arternoon, on'y Peter trod on 'is foot and stopped him. They wouldn't let 'im go to sleep for talking, and at last, when 'e was pretty near tired out, he told 'em all about it.

"Going—to 'ave your—pocket picked?" ses Ginger, staring at 'im, when 'e had finished.

"I shall be watched over," ses Sam.

"He's gorn stark, staring mad," ses Ginger. "Wot a good job it is he's got me and you to look arter 'im, Peter."

"Wot d'ye mean?" ses Sam.

"*Mean?*" ses Ginger. "Why, it's a put-up job to rob you, o' course. I should ha' thought even your fat 'ead could ha' seen that!"

"When I want your advice I'll ask you for it," ses Sam, losing 'is temper. "Wot about the di'mond ring—eh?"

"You stick to it," ses Ginger, "and keep out o' Mr. Cubbins's way. That's my advice to you. 'Sides, p'r'aps it ain't a real one."

Sam told 'im agin he didn't want none of 'is advice, and, as Ginger wouldn't leave off talking, he pretended to go to sleep. Ginger woke 'im up three times to tell 'im wot a fool 'e was, but 'e got so fierce that he gave it up at last and told 'im to go 'is own way.

Sam wouldn't speak to either of 'em next morning, and arter breakfast he went off on 'is own. He came back while Peter and Ginger was out, and they wasted best part o' the day trying to find 'im.

"We'll be on Tower Hill just afore nine

and keep 'im out o' mischief, any way," ses Peter.

Ginger nodded. "And be called names for our pains," he ses. "I've a good mind to let 'im be robbed."

"It 'ud serve 'im right," ses Peter, "on'y then he'd want to borrer off of us. Look here! Why not — why not rob 'im ourselves?"

"*Wot?*" ses Ginger, starting.

"Walk up behind 'im and rob 'im," ses Peter. "He'll think it's them two chaps he spoke about, and when 'e comes 'ome complaining to us we'll tell 'im it serves 'im right Arter we've 'ad a game with 'im for a day or two we'll give 'im his money back."

"But he'd reckernise us," ses Ginger.

"We must disguise ourselves," ses Peter, in a whisper. "There's a barber's shop in Cable Street, where I've seen beards in the winder. You hook 'em on over your ears. Get one o' them each, pull our caps over our eyes and turn our collars up, and there you are."

Ginger made a lot of objections, not because he didn't think it was a good idea, but because he didn't like Peter thinking of it instead of 'im; but he gave way at last, and, arter he 'ad got the beard, he stood for a long time in front o' the glass thinking wot a difference it would ha' made to his looks if he had 'ad black 'air instead o' red.

Waiting for the evening made the day seem very long to 'em; but it came at last, and, with the beards in their pockets, they slipped out and went for a walk round. They 'ad 'arf a pint each at a public-'ouse at the top of the Minories, just to steady themselves, and then they came out and hooked on their beards; and wot with them, and pulling their caps down and turning their coat-collars up, there wasn't much of their faces to be seen by anybody.

It was just five minutes to nine when they got to Tower Hill, and they walked down the middle of the road, keeping a bright look-out for old Sam. A little way down they

"HE LET DRIVE WITH ALL HIS MIGHT IN 'IS FACE."

saw a couple o' chaps leaning up agin a closed gate in the dock wall lighting their pipes, and Peter and Ginger both nudged each other with their elbows at the same time. They 'ad just got to the bottom of the Hill when Sam turned the corner.

Peter wouldn't believe at fust that the old man wasn't really the worse for liquor, 'e was so life-like. Many a drunken man would ha' been proud to ha' done it 'arf so well, and it made 'im pleased to think that Sam was a pal of 'is. Him and Ginger turned and crept up behind the old man on tip-toe, and then all of a sudden he tilted Sam's cap over 'is eyes and flung his arms round 'im, while Ginger felt in 'is coat-pockets and took out a leather purse chock-full o' money.

It was all done and over in a moment, and then, to Ginger's great surprise, Sam suddenly lifted 'is foot and gave 'im a fearful kick on the shin of 'is leg, and at the same time let drive with all his might in 'is face. Ginger went down as if he 'ad been shot, and as Peter went to 'elp him up he got a bang over the 'ead that put 'im alongside o' Ginger, arter which Sam turned and trotted off down the Hill like a dancing-bear.

For 'arf a minute Ginger didn't know where 'e was, and afore he found out the two men they'd seen in the gateway came up, and one of 'em put his knee in Ginger's back and 'eld him, while the other caught hold of his 'and and dragged the purse out of it. Arter which they both made off up the Hill as 'ard as they could go, while Peter Russet in a faint voice called "Police!" arter them.

He got up presently and helped Ginger up, and they both stood there pitying themselves, and 'elping each other to think of names to call Sam.

"Well, the money's gorn, and it's 'is own silly fault," ses Ginger. "But wotever 'appens, he mustn't know that we had a 'and in it, mind that."

"He can starve for all I care," ses Peter, feeling his 'ead. "I won't lend 'im a ha'penny—not a single, blessed ha'penny."

"Who'd ha' thought 'e could ha' hit like that?" says Ginger. "That's wot gets over me. I never 'ad such a bang in my life—never. I'm going to 'ave a little drop o' brandy—my 'ead is fair swimming."

Peter 'ad one, too; but though they went into the private bar, it wasn't private enough for them; and when the landlady asked Ginger who'd been kissing 'im, he put 'is glass down with a bang and walked straight off 'ome.

Sam 'adn't turned up by the time they got there, and pore Ginger took advantage of it to put a little warm candle-grease on 'is bad leg. Then he bathed 'is face very careful and 'elped Peter bathe his 'ead. They 'ad just finished when they heard Sam coming upstairs, and Ginger sat down on 'is bed and began to whistle, while Peter took up a bit o' newspaper and stood by the candle reading it.

"Lor' lumme, Ginger!" ses Sam, staring at 'im. "What ha' you been a-doing to your face?"

"Me?" ses Ginger, careless-like. "Oh, we 'ad a bit of a scrap down Limehouse way with some Scotchies. Peter got a crack over the 'ead at the same time."

"Ah, I've 'ad a bit of a scrap, too," ses Sam, smiling all over, "but *I* didn't get marked."

"Oh!" ses Peter, without looking up from 'is paper.

"Was it a little boy, then?" ses Ginger.

"No, it wasn't a little boy neither, Ginger," ses Sam; "it was a couple o' men twice the size of you and Peter here, and I licked 'em both. It was the two men I spoke to you about last night."

"Oh!" ses Peter agin, yawning.

"I did a bit o' thinking this morning," ses Sam, nodding at 'em, "and I don't mind owning up that it was owing to wot you said. You was right, Ginger, arter all."

Ginger grunted.

"Fust thing I did arter breakfast," ses Sam, "I took that di'mond ring to a pawnshop and found out it wasn't a di'mond ring. Then I did a bit more thinking, and I went round to a shop I know and bought a couple o' knuckle-dusters."

"Couple o' *wot?*" ses Ginger, in a choking voice.

"Knuckle-dusters," ses Sam, "and I turned up to-night at Tower Hill with one on each 'and just as the clock was striking nine. I see 'em the moment I turned the corner—two enormous big chaps, a yard acrost the shoulders, coming down the middle of the road—— You've got a cold, Ginger!"

"No, I ain't," ses Ginger.

"I pretended to be drunk, same as the tec told me," ses Sam, "and then I felt 'em turn round and creep up behind me. One of 'em come up behind and put 'is knee in my back and caught me by the throat, and the other gave me a punch in the chest, and while I was gasping for breath took my purse away. Then I started on 'em."

"Lor'!" ses Ginger, very nasty.

"I fought like a lion," ses Sam. "Twice

they 'ad me down, and twice I got up agin and hammered 'em. They both of 'em 'ad knives, but my blood was up, and I didn't take no more notice of 'em than if they was made of paper. I knocked 'em both out o' their hands, and if I hit 'em in the face once I did a dozen times. I surprised myself."

"You surprise me," ses Ginger.

"All of a sudden," ses Sam, "they see they 'ad got to do with a man wot didn't know wot fear was, and they turned round and ran off as hard as they could run. You ought to ha' been there, Ginger. You'd 'ave enjoyed it."

Ginger Dick didn't answer 'im. Having to sit still and listen to all them lies without being able to say anything nearly choked 'im. He sat there gasping for breath.

"O' course, you got your purse back in the fight, Sam?" ses Peter.

"No, mate," ses Sam. "I ain't going to tell you no lies—I did not."

"And 'ow are you going to live, then, till you get a ship, Sam?" ses Ginger, in a nasty voice. "You won't get nothing out o' me, so you needn't think it."

"Nor me," ses Peter. "Not a brass farthing."

"There's no call to be nasty about it, mates," ses Sam. "I 'ad the best fight I ever 'ad in my life, and I must put up with the loss. A man can't 'ave it all his own way."

"'Ow much was it?" ses Peter.

"Ten brace-buttons, three French ha'-pennies, and a bit o' tin," ses Sam. "Wot on earth's the matter, Ginger?"

Ginger didn't answer him.

"WOT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER, GINGER?"

"My Reminiscences."

VI.

By A. CHICHELE PLOWDEN.

MAGISTRATE AT THE MARYLEBONE POLICE COURT.

PERHAPS my earliest vivid recollections begin when, a little boy of five, I was deposited at the door of a vicarage in Yorkshire which was to serve me for the next seven years as both home and school. My parents were in India, and, as communication with England was not the simple matter it is now, it was inevitable for a father separated from his children to have recourse to some arrangement by which their education, as he fondly hoped, could be carried on in surroundings embracing the comforts of an English home.

The Yorkshire vicar, I would mention, to whose tender mercies I was entrusted—the precise nature of his tenderness I will explain presently—had also gathered under his roof a number of other diminutive Anglo-Indians who shared with me the benefits of his fatherly care.

For seven years, without seeing friend or relation, I remained in this, my first English home, as ignorant of the big world outside as if the vicarage had been a cloister, though, to be sure, it was quite a short time after my arrival that my eyes began to open to the grim realities of life. Indeed, before I had reached the world-weary age of six I sampled the delights of a caning so sharp and vigorous that the memory of it remains with me to-day, fresh and clear, as the first vivid experience of my life.

I do not wish to suggest for a moment that the vicar was otherwise than a kind-hearted man, or that he was fond of seeing little boys suffer, but still the fact remains that he believed in the cane as a Christian believes in the Cross. The symbol of authority, it was the only road by which a pupil could hope to attain perfection. Thus, with a faith so strong, to indulge in pity would clearly have been weakness.

And yet, judged by the standard of the present day, it must be confessed that there was a method and a regularity about these canings which carried with them a suggestion of almost intentional cruelty. A cane is a very different thing from a birch-rod. We were very little boys in the school, and yet the strokes we received were many, as well as sharp, and frequently left on our hands visible ugly marks of the violence used. And there was often more to follow. It was not unusual, after the caning, for the unhappy culprit to have to stand on a high stool and hold, as best he could with his bruised and tingling fingers, a heavy book above his head; and if the stool rocked, as it was only too apt to do, the sound evoked a stern reminder from the vicar that, if it was repeated, further recourse to the cane would be necessary.

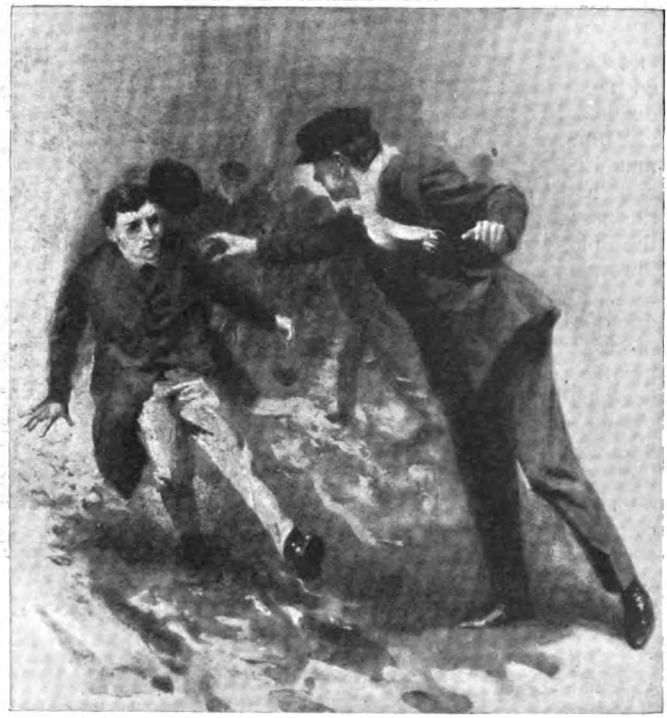
The regularity, too, with which these floggings were administered was most marked. Indeed, it soon came to be understood among us that the boy who fondly imagined that he could go through the school term without making the acquaintance, at least once, of the vicar's dreaded cane was merely wasting his time by building more than usually unsubstantial castles in the air. And so he was, for no boy, I believe, ever did; though, perhaps, to some the pain consequent on castigation may have been softened by hearing the vicar exclaim, as he lifted his cane in the air, "My boy, it hurts me more than it does you."

Personally, however, I frankly confess that these words, to me, only carried with them a sense of bewilderment, and a vague, unformed longing that I might change places with the vicar—just once.

At the age of twelve I was transferred to a school at Brighton, where I remained only twelve months, and then I proceeded to Westminster, at which school both my grandfather and father had been educated.

My earliest recollection of school life at Westminster is joining the throng of boys stationed in Dean's Yard to play football. It was a foggy winter's day and the ground was slippery with mud and slush.

A big boy sauntered up to me and curtly inquired my name. If memory serves me, I had no time to reply, but perhaps he did not expect an answer, as he roughly proceeded, "Why are you wearing those light trousers?" giving me at the same time a violent shove, which resulted in my sprawling in the mud. Perhaps that big boy did not mean anything in particular by what he did, but his action filled my soul at the time with a sense of tyranny and injustice, and I do not think I ever hated anyone as I hated that big, rough boy.



"WHY ARE YOU WEARING THOSE LIGHT TROUSERS?"

My career at Westminster was in no sense distinguished. I was lazy at my lessons and didn't excel in games; my one passion was reading novels. Dr. Scott, by the way, was the head master, but personally I saw little of him, as I never reached the sixth form, though up to the age of seventeen — an age which usually brought exemption with it— he birched me any number of times. Still, I have no complaint on this score, as I am well aware that, without being a bad boy, I was idle and impudent, and it was invariably for one or other of these faults that I was chastised.

After leaving Westminster I went to a private tutor in Hampshire, and acting on the recommendation of my tutor, on whom I made a favourable impression, I was sent to Oxford, and before I was eighteen I had matriculated at Brasenose College. In due course I took my degree, and, after finally giving up the idea of the Indian Civil Service, I was about to commence reading for the Bar, when my uncle, Sir John Peter Grant, who had been appointed Governor of Jamaica at a critical period in its history, was kind enough to offer me a place on his staff as private secretary.

For two years I was with him, not long as time goes, perhaps, but long enough to impress my mind with the bigness, in every sense of the word, of my Chief. It is too often the fate of eminent Englishmen, who achieve reputation in India and the Colonies, not to be sufficiently appreciated by the public at large in their own country.

In 1870 I was called to the Bar, with prospects as forlorn and discouraging as can well be conceived. I am not sure that I had much, or any, ambition — I certainly had nothing else on which to rely. It is common knowledge that no barrister can make even a start in his profession without the friendly aid of a solicitor. As I knew no solicitors and no solicitors had ever heard of me, it was by no means clear how this indispensable aid to success was ever to come within my reach.

However, the good fortune which has attended me through life, in various shapes and at critical moments, came to my rescue. I obtained, through powerful interest, an appointment on the staff of the *Times* as one of their law reporters. Daily practice in the duties of this position kindled my interest in law, and gave me valuable opportunities of studying the methods and idiosyncrasies of judges and leading counsel.

It was not long before I joined the Oxford Circuit, and, though progress was not perhaps so rapid as could be wished, I gradually and surely acquired a certain reputation as a defender of prisoners, and found myself engaged in many interesting cases.

My first brief I have the best of reasons

for remembering particularly clearly. I was engaged for the defence in a case of robbery. Two men, the prisoners, had seized the prosecutor on the platform of Shrewsbury Station, and while one of them held his arms the other quietly rifled his pockets. They were caught red-handed, and I had a brief to defend the prisoner who had held the prosecutor by the arms. I made the obvious defence. I urged that it was vindictive to sacrifice two victims to justice when one would suffice, that the distinction between the two prisoners was manifest, and as the one I defended had not taken any money at all it was impossible to pretend that he was as guilty as his companion. To the amazement of everybody, not excepting the chairman — who had been careful in his summing-up to sweep away my sophistries—the jury made the distinction I suggested to them, and returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" against my prisoner.

MR. PLOWDEN WHEN PRIVATE SECRETARY TO SIR JOHN PETER GRANT.
From a Photo. by G. W. Davis, Kingston, Jamaica.

At the famous Tichborne case there were very few days that I missed being an attentive listener. During the criminal trial a certain witness named Jean Luie, who was afterwards himself convicted of perjury, produced a considerable sensation by swearing, among other things, that he had crossed the Atlantic with Sir Roger Tichborne at a date long after that when he was said to have been drowned.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MR. PLOWDEN.
From a Photo. by Forrest, Clitheroe.

As I listened to his story I was struck by the particulars given coinciding exactly with a voyage I had made from Quebec to Liverpool, and I mentioned the coincidence to Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., behind whom I was sitting; and he was so struck by it that he insisted on calling me as a witness on the spot, although I could throw no light on the question as to whether Sir Roger was on board. I was examined in wig and gown without leaving my seat, and after one or two questions in cross-examination by Dr. Kenealy, the Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, asked me how I was so sure of the date. "Oh," said Mr. Hawkins, before I had time to reply myself, "your Lordship will not have failed to observe that the steamer arrived just in time for the Derby, and as my friend's sporting proclivities are well known it is obvious why he chose that particular vessel."

There was, of course, much laughter, but I felt, for myself, that I had one chance less than ever of succeeding at the Bar.

To anyone who remembers the Tichborne case and the interest it aroused, it must be difficult to realize that it all happened nearly thirty-five years ago, that very few of

those who took part in it survive, and that the greatest impostor of modern times is rapidly becoming as shadowy a personage as Perkin Warbeck, or any other pretender of the past.

Perhaps there was no one who contributed more effectively to the huge fabric of lies on which the plaintiff's claim rested than Baigent, a thoroughly unscrupulous witness, who, if I recollect aright, beginning life by giving lessons in drawing, afterwards obtained an introduction into the Tichborne family, and so ingratiated himself that he was allowed to take up his residence at the Hall, with the duties of librarian. In this position he naturally acquired a wide knowledge of many facts in the family history, which, for reasons of his own, he treacherously placed at the service of the Claimant; and of all the conspirators who assisted to keep the imposture on its legs, he was at once the best-informed and the most crafty.

MR. PLOWDEN AS AN AMATEUR ACTOR IN "DAVID GARRICK."
From a Photograph.

Baigent, if my memory serves me, was in the witness-box fourteen days, and from a forensic point of view nothing could be more thrilling than the duel *à outrance* between him and his relentless antagonist, Mr. Hawkins, Q.C. It was not an easy victory by any means. If the questions were subtle, so were the answers; every artifice that ingenuity could suggest was employed by the witness to avoid close quarters with his tormentor. He wriggled and shuffled and fenced, but all to no purpose. Pressed closer and closer, he was fain at last to take refuge in the weaknesses of the flesh. He was a Catholic, and it was Lent. "Mr. Hawkins! Mr. Hawkins!" he cried, in accents of despair; "remember it is Friday, and I am faint!" And thus for the time, and thus only, was he able to obtain the respite he so sorely needed.

But to resume my narrative. About this time I was briefed on circuit to defend a man for stealing a horse, and, as it was the only "defence" I had, I had no idea of not making the most of it. The case was tried before Baron Bramwell at the Stafford Assizes, but, unfortunately, the prisoner was arraigned at a moment when I was out of court, and for some reason or other best known to himself he pleaded "Guilty."

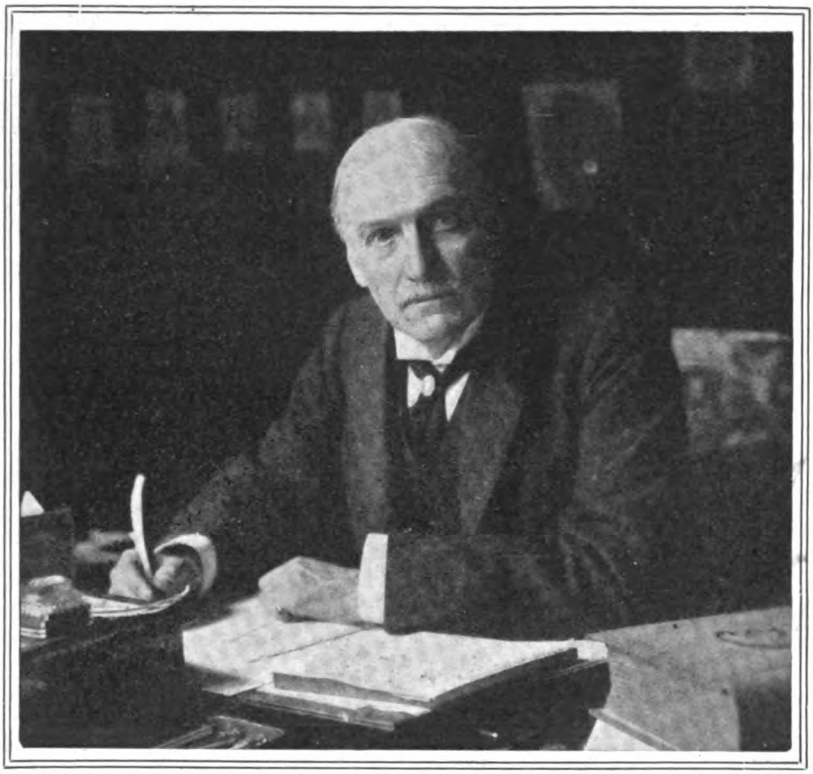
As soon as I heard what had happened I appealed privately to the learned judge that the prisoner might be allowed to withdraw his plea—a course to which, after some slight demur, he consented.

The trial took place, and I addressed the jury with fervour for my client.

MRS. PLOWDEN.
From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell.

And then the learned judge summed up much in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is indicted for stealing a horse. He has been arraigned on that charge and has pleaded 'Guilty.' Now his counsel says he is 'Not Guilty.' Gentlemen, it is for you to say which you believe; only bear this in mind, if you have any doubt, that the prisoner *was there* and the learned counsel wasn't." You can, perhaps, guess what the verdict was!

Some little time after I was appointed Recorder of Wenlock, and within



MR. PLOWDEN IN HIS STUDY.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

a year, or thereabouts, Mr. Justice Bowen, by appointing me Revising Barrister for Oxfordshire, made marriage possible to me, and I married my cousin Evelyn, youngest daughter of General Sir Charles Foster, K.C.B.

As Revising Barrister, in the ordinary course of events, it fell to my lot to decide a question of importance—whether undergraduates were entitled, under the Reform Act of 1884, to the Parliamentary franchise. The next experience that befell me of sufficient interest to record was an invitation to contest a division of Shropshire as a Liberal Unionist, and (though to enter Parliament had always been the great aspiration in my life) very reluctantly, I admit, I had to say "No" to the opportunity. I was too poor to think of it. To fail might have been useful to me—to succeed, I simply could not afford.

My appointment as a police magistrate dates from June of 1888. At first I sat at Wandsworth, where there was little work to do, and then I was transferred to Hammersmith, which is now called West London, one of the busiest of the Metropolitan courts. Then, at my own request, I was removed to Marylebone, where I have been ever since. It is an exceptionally busy court, and every class of society, from the highest to the lowest, has to be dealt with.

Personally, a police-court seems to me to possess little interest for the outsider; and nothing strikes me more than to notice how universal is the practice of following the newspaper accounts of these courts' proceedings; but all classes appear to do so. My own court at Marylebone is not less dull than another, and few things have caused me more amazement than the prominence into which my name has come because of my supposed humorous observations from the Bench.

Time after time, for example, when I have been suffering tortures from neuralgia, and have, with the exercise of not a little self-restraint, sat through cases at the police-court almost wild with pain, on taking up my paper the next morning I have been astonished to see myself credited with various vivacious remarks, which, according to the Press, have evoked considerable mirth. Reports of this kind are, to say the least of it, revelations to me, and compel me to remark that the hilarity which is so constantly referred to as "laughter," "much laughter," "roars of laughter," and so on, is often entirely mythical, and may be traced to the lively imagination of the reporter.

At the same time it is also true that a magistrate or a judge is frequently liable to be unfairly criticised when laughter breaks out in his court, for an outbreak of mirth is often so sudden and spontaneous that, before one has had time to check it, it has died away of its own accord.

On the other hand, there is, of course, at

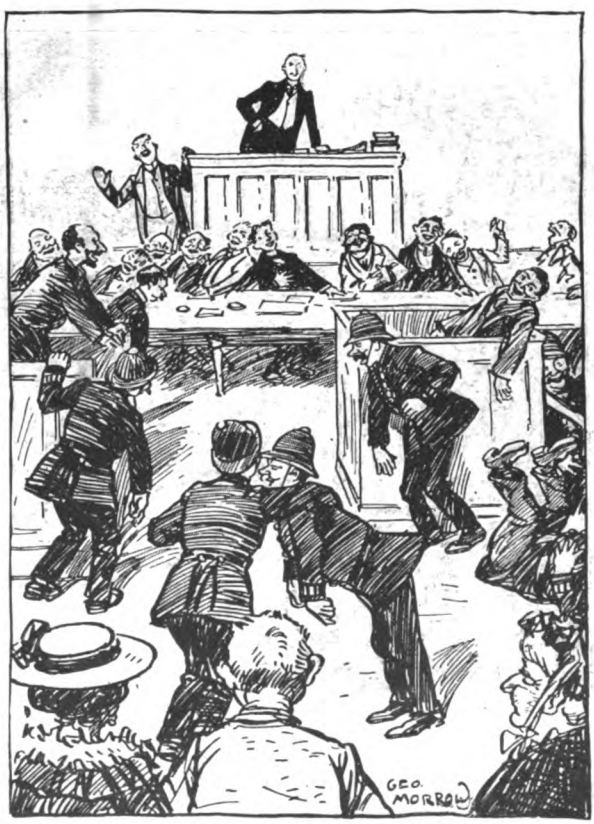
times a humorous side to the evidence given in court which absolutely compels laughter. Strange coincidences are also responsible for not a few of the wild bursts of hilarity which are said to convulse the court. Writing of coincidences recalls to my mind a case in which, not long ago, a man was charged before me with stealing various articles, and amongst the number a "shoulder." Naturally enough, the thought crossed my mind as to what this "shoulder" might be, for, from the nature of the other articles with which the man was charged with stealing, it was obvious at once that it could not be mutton. The prosecutor was sworn. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "William Mutton," was the reply. I dropped my pen with startling suddenness. "Clearly," I said, "there is a difference between stealing a shoulder of mutton and Mutton's shoulder." The shoulder in question, I would point out, was, as a matter of fact, a wooden frame which is commonly used in linen-drapers' shops to hang ladies' coats and mantles on.

In an experience as a police-court magistrate which extends over twenty years I have naturally had a number of very curious cases to try, not the least singular of which was that of a woman who applied to me for protection. She was pelted in the street by children, and her life was a burden. "Why do they pick you out?" I inquired. "Because I've no husband," she replied; whereupon I made the obvious suggestion, "Why don't you get one?"

This little dialogue was fully reported, and a morning or so after I received a letter from a solitary, middle-aged widower in Yorkshire, who thought by the description that the woman would be exactly the person to suit him. The letter was so evidently genuine that I caused inquiries to be made, and the address forwarded to him. This also got into the papers, and then I had countless letters from disconsolate widows inquiring for the address of the widower, but, not thinking it my duty to give impetus to an institution which notoriously does not always make for happiness, I left these passionate letters to their fate.

That case afforded still another example of the striking ingenuity so often shown by reporters, as endless "humorous copy" was, I believe, made out of the incident, which, too, was generally reported as if I had forwarded the letter from the solitary, middle-aged Yorkshire widower to the woman who was brought before me purely as a joke. Nothing, however, in reality, was farther from my mind.

But experience is a great teacher, and, having been made the innocent victim of repeated misunderstandings of the kind, I have at last taken refuge in "an antidote" which should make me armour-proof against accusations of levity from even the most enterprising journalist's point of view. Now, whenever I am at all doubtful as to whether even so much as the ghost of a smile may not be permitted, I turn my gaze trustfully on the stern, unbending features of the clerk of the court, who is seated below me taking down the evidence, and from his appearance I take my cue. There exists no more admirable pattern of official propriety than a police-court



DULL MORNING IN MR. PLOWDEN'S COURT.
Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

clerk, who, by instinct born of long practice, is able to judge to a nicety exactly what provocation will adequately justify even the slightest departure from gravity. If the clerk of the court permits even a fleeting smile to lighten up his features, I know then I shall not be open to a charge of a too pronounced sense of humour if I do likewise.

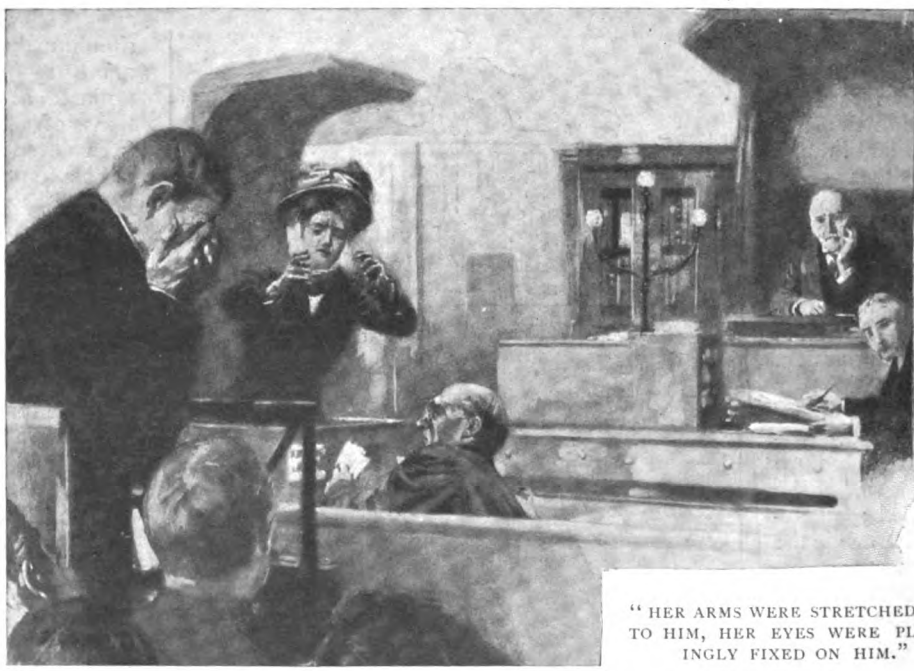
Outside the fertile imagination of the reporter, at all times, the dominant note of a police-court, as I have always insisted, is not mirth but sadness—a sadness which would considerably astonish many worthy people who have accustomed themselves to thinking, from what they read in the newspapers, that the police-court is as gay as a place of amusement.

The hours of court are from ten until five, and when all the applications have been disposed of—on some days they are very numerous—the real business of the court begins. It is curious, I have often thought, how little violent grief or emotion is displayed in the dock. Whether this is due to callousness or vanity, or whether it is that, standing conspicuously in the dock, the observed of all observers, helps to steady the nerve, I know not. There is the fact, however, that most prisoners maintain throughout a demeanour which shows little or no trace of feeling. If there is pathos anywhere it is more usually to be found in the back benches of the court, where are seated the friends and relatives of the accused.

Among these the anxiety is often manifest and intense. It is painful to watch the strained expression on their faces as the evidence bears more and more strongly on the son or the sweetheart in the dock, and to hear the sobs and exclamations of grief that break out when the sentence is pronounced. Sometimes, happily, it is the other way, and when the sentence is light, or the accused gets off altogether, the joy is there in proportion; but I fear it is only in the nature of things that these cases should not be numerous, and that more sorrow than joy should prevail.

Only once in my career as a police-court magistrate have I been on the point of breaking down, and my sensibility on this occasion was also shared, I think, by all who were present.

The case was between husband and wife. By striking his wife repeatedly with a poker the husband had all but murdered her. A summons had been issued; it was too late to withdraw now; but as the wife, still suffering from the effects of his violent attacks, gave her evidence, it must have been plain to the most superficial observer of human nature that her every thought was given to her



"HER ARMS WERE STRETCHED OUT TO HIM, HER EYES WERE PLEADINGLY FIXED ON HIM."

husband in the dock. She could hardly speak for tears, and he was not less moved; her arms were stretched out to him, her eyes were pleadingly fixed on him. Under a strange and sudden delusion that burglars had broken into the room and that she was one of them, the husband had attacked his wife in the middle of the night. But having since regained his senses, he was overcome with heartfelt grief at his action.

Every man and woman in court was moved by this touching exhibition of human affection; it was so entirely unstudied.

During my career as a magistrate the absence of serious crime in London, as compared with my recollections of circuit, has impressed me very much. Obviously, of course, in a sense, such a huge city is its own protection, and thus crimes against the person are more rare than in secluded, out-of-the-way country places; but murders and burglaries, which figure so regrettably freely in the circuit calendars, are also somewhat fewer, while your London burglars and housebreakers are, generally speaking, far from formidable persons, about whom there is little of the Bill Sikes either in ferocity or physique.

It has always seemed to me that one of the most difficult duties of a magistrate is to hold the balance equally between the public and the police—in other words, to see that the police do not abuse their authority under the law and, at the same time, to make it clear to the public that any attempt on their part to interfere with the constable in the execution of his duty will be rigorously punished. However, one has only to bear in mind how small the police force is, in relation to the population, to realize that, although mistakes may sometimes occur on the side of both parties, yet, at the same time, taken altogether, the happiest relations exist between the populace and the "arms of the law," for which satisfactory state of affairs there can be little doubt that the influence of the police-courts, and the confidence which is felt on all sides in the impartiality of the law, is largely due.

Space prevents me from referring at length to various legal reforms which might, I think, be made with advantage; but a word or two on the subject of divorce for the poor may, perhaps, not be out of place here.

I am strongly of the opinion that divorces should be made simpler and cheaper among the poorer classes, and that the grounds upon which they are granted should be placed upon a broader and more logical basis. The Divorce Court is practically impossible for the poor, and, bearing that in mind, it is desirable, I think, that police-court magistrates should possess power to grant divorces, for it is almost an invitation to sin—as the law stands at present—that a husband or wife cannot obtain judicial relief without one or the other being guilty of infidelity. Marriage, too, would be made more—and not less—popular and respected if a wider door were open for escape. There is no one who is not the happier for being happily married; hence it is a status from which none would wish to escape.

With regard to capital punishment, I am so little of a sentimentalist that I believe in the efficacy of flogging as the punishment of all others to inflict in certain cases. I am convinced that murders would not improbably occur less frequently if a certain class of murderers were flogged before they are hanged, or even if they were flogged without being hanged.

As matters stand at present, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the comparative futility of capital punishment. Is it to be accepted that civilization has spoken its last word, and that we are to go on hanging our murderers for ever? It must not be forgotten that nearly forty-three years ago a powerful commission reported in favour of limiting executions to murderers of the first degree, and that a strong minority were of the opinion that the time had come when the death penalty might be usefully abolished. But these reforms still wait, and with all our much-vaunted humanity, even to-day, we still continue to lag behind other countries who have satisfied themselves that it is not—and it never will be—the fear of death which restrains the hand of the murderer.

For women I would have the death penalty absolutely abolished, and in the case of males, I would give the judge the alternative power of passing the sentence of death or any other such sentence as the law might determine to be adequate. I would not deal out death in every case, regardless of surrounding circumstances.

In referring briefly to my work on the Bench I should prove ungrateful were I to omit to recall the assistance I have received in many cases from that modern product of Christianity — the police-court missionary. Hardly a week or a day, indeed, passes that a magistrate does not welcome his facilities of having recourse to the missionary, whose charity is large enough to include other denominations as well as his own. The Church of England Diocesan Association also

does much good work in arranging temperance meetings, where the hat can go round to assist the efforts of police-court missionaries.

Writing of temperance reminds me that I have often attended meetings of the kind, and, although I am not a teetotaller, and on that account, therefore, cannot wax superlatively enthusiastic over temperance, yet I have seldom or never declined an invitation to speak, which, by the way, recalls to my mind the fact that I am afraid I have not always been the success I might have wished.

Thus, on one occasion I attended a meeting presided over by the late Archbishop of Canterbury. It fell to my lot to make the first speech. I determined to suppress every disposition to levity, but during the course of my speech the intensely serious faces which surrounded me on all sides made the temptation to resort to a little dramatic surprise quite irresistible.

"After all," I said, "it is natural to wish for rest and refreshment after a day's work. I am often glad myself, after a tiring day in court, to look in at the club and have a chat and a glass of——" I hastily corrected myself before giving utterance to the fatal word, adding, "I beg your pardon, I mean a cup of tea."

To my surprise, the little joke met with more success than I might have anticipated, but a confirmed abstainer, thoroughly delighted that I should have given myself away, exclaimed, "Now he *has* put his foot in it." "Don't you believe it," remarked a woman who was sitting by my side; "I know him better. It's only his little fun."

Still, it did not fall to my lot to be the sole speaker to succeed in "drawing" one of the audience, for a certain cleric who spoke at the meeting later on defended moderation in the most vigorous manner, and in support of his views hurled text after Scriptural text at the audience.

At last, when he came to the miracle of Cana, an aged lady in one of the front seats could stand it no longer. Rising to her feet, she shouted at the speaker, "Yes, but the wine was unfermented."

By certain sections of the community it would seem that a police-court magistrate is regarded as a kind of animated encyclopædia of information, capable of giving advice in every conceivable kind of difficulty, including domestic and matrimonial problems of the utmost nicety. Conjugal, incompatible, warring relations, estranged lovers, and parents with unmanageable children clamour daily for the exercise of his "Rhadamanthine wisdom" in the adjustment of their grievances, and it is obvious that a larger endowment of tact and discretion is needed in dealing with these delicate applications for advice than in the performance of, perhaps, almost any other part of the work that falls to the magistrate's share.

Naturally enough, too, from time to time a police-court magistrate receives many letters of all sorts and kinds, some—and these are almost invariably anonymous, and, therefore, find a speedy resting-place in the waste-paper basket — from correspondents who write abusive communications, others from self-created critics, and others from people who favour me with their views as to whether I have been just or unjust.

But, as one who has to submit meekly to gratuitous criticisms from all classes, I hasten to say that there is another and brighter side to a police-court magistrate's letter-bag, and I regard with a pride I would not suppress if I could various touching little letters I have received from humble correspondents who have obviously written to me "straight from the heart." The following, for example, I received not very long ago in the springtime, together with a basket of flowers: "DEAR SIR,—Far from the busy haunts of men these, our first-gathered, primroses grew. Will Mr. Plowden kindly accept them from those who, in their daily papers, read and appreciate his efforts to bring a little sunshine and happiness to his Marylebone applicants, with every good wish?"

It may, perhaps, seem conceited of me to mention letters of this kind. If it is I cannot help it, and my excuse for doing so must be gratitude for the genuine pleasure such kindly thoughts have afforded me.

And now, I think, I have little further to add. Besides, I make no doubt that space presses, and the Druce and other cases of interest which have come under my notice are of too recent date to bear repetition.

But, in conclusion, I should like to say that there has always been one principle in particular which, as a magistrate, I have ever tried to bear in mind, and that is to cultivate humility, by which I mean no more than to ever keep firmly fixed in my mind the fact that, after all, it is really nothing but accident which distinguishes me from the man I have to judge. Had circumstances been different, our positions might have been reversed, for it cannot be denied that, in a large measure, we are all creatures of circumstance, and that accident has much to say to our careers.

LOST IN THE POST.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

IT was not the knowledge that the letter was addressed to his wife which first pulled Ainslie up. It was the sudden familiarity of his own name, jumping in upon thousands of others he had seen that night. At first, indeed, his brain, fogged by the long, mechanical hours of sorting, failed to help him. He stood, staring idly and vaguely, balancing the envelope in his hand.

Round him the big sorting-office, with its hundred electric lights, blazed like a vast, illuminated temple of speed. Above the hoarse cries of the superintendents, above the creak and whistle and groan of trollies, above the incessant tramp and tread of postmen laden with khaki bags, the heavy thud—thud of date-stamps hammered the King's head. The whole building shook; the noise thrilled along the iron girders of the roof; the glass skylights caught and flung it back to the floor. And the air reeked with the fumes of boiling wax.

To Ainslie, standing midway down a row of sorters at the long, three-decked table in the centre of the room, the full significance of what he saw did not come for a whole minute. Then, as the truth glimpsed on to him and grew to certainty, his heart stopped dead, to leap forward again at express speed. And for a moment his eyes saw red—nothing but red. A furious, insane jealousy had overmastered him.

He turned the letter over and over in his fingers. It bore an Australian stamp. The postmark was Melbourne. The address was written in a round, upright hand. And Ainslie knew that the sender was Dicky Soames, his wife's cousin, whom he hated and feared more than any man in the world. Six months back, coming down to find the postman at his door, he had been given just such another letter. That he had thrown savagely into the fire, then and there, stamping it down with his heel.

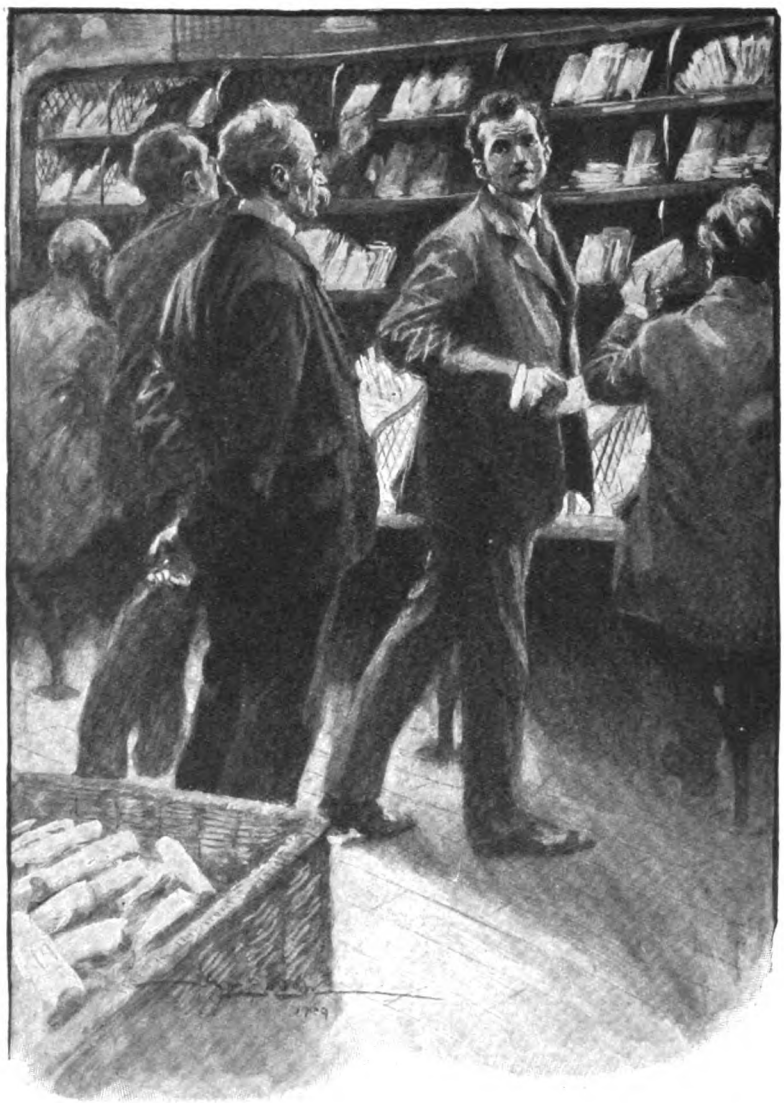
No man ever had less real cause for jealousy than Ainslie. His wife was as frank as the day, a splendid housekeeper, a magnificent mother to the two children. But Ainslie, hard-working, efficient, zealous, and anxious to succeed, had a positive kink. He was almost a monomaniac. He could not bring himself to believe that, though he had been the successful suitor for Adela Morton's hand, she had not, in her heart of hearts, a strong, unquenched affection for the ne'er-do-weel cousin who had courted her so long. The fact that Dicky Soames had, years back, gone out to join his—and Adela's—uncle at a Melbourne store made no difference to his belief. Suspicion slumbered in him always, growing alive and quick whenever the other's name was mentioned or some chance speech struck a too readily responsive chord in his jealous brain. It was his fixed belief that some day his rival would return and take Adela from him. And, though he loved her passionately, not all the arguments of doctor and saint would have coaxed him into trust.

As he stood at the sorting-table, one thought alone took full shape and domination over the thousand others that flashed past him. He must have the letter—must have it at all costs. And since, in the morning, when the postman came to his house, he would be back at the office again, he must have it now.

Instinctively the hand that held the letter went towards the right-hand pocket of his coat. Then it stopped midway. Ainslie, caught by a sudden fear, had glanced swiftly round. It was well for him that he did so, for behind him stood one of the superintendents, watching and alert. His eyes, full of sudden suspicion, met Ainslie's. Ainslie, his sense of self-preservation overcoming for the moment his jealousy, swung round, put the letter on its appointed heap, and began to sort for dear life.

Once or twice, during lulls in the work, more often when pressure was at its height, he glanced furtively behind him to see whether he was still being watched. The superintendent stayed—and stared. If, now and then, he moved away, it was only to go behind a pillar or to the corner of a sorting-table, to some spot from which he could watch unseen. It was evident that he had seen Ainslie's gesture and believed the worst.

Quite soon Ainslie's chance was gone.



"AINSLIE, CAUGHT BY A SUDDEN FEAR, GLANCED SWIFTLY ROUND."

The heaps of sorted stuff before him grew higher; the sub-sorters came to clear them away — to take some to the dispatching boards, some over to the postmen's tables at the far end of the room. These last, and with them the letter for Ainslie's wife, would lie there till morning, when they—and it—would be taken out for delivery a few minutes before Ainslie came back to work again. At ten o'clock the office would close; the doors would be locked; and to come at what Dicky Soames had written would be sheer impossibility. Unless . . .

Unless? The thought came to him as an inspiration. Could he get into the office after it was closed? Was it possible without the key? Then, smiling as he worked, he remembered. Once a colleague, having left some valuables in his working coat, had got in through the skylights of the long, low roof. What had been done once could be done again. He would be able to get the letter after all. And then? Why, he would confront his wife with the clear evidence of the disloyalty of which he had so long suspected her!

He did not mind about the superintendent now. He had something better to think of.

He worked feverishly at the tables, doing two men's work, anxious only to kill time. At length the last letter was sorted. The boards were cleared. With a dozen others Ainslie went over to help the dispatching clerks tie up, to pull the chock-a-block bags across to the zinc-covered tables where the porters stood, seals in hand, before the pots of boiling wax. Then, after he had gone down into the retiring-room and changed his coat, he signed the big attendance book and went out into the street—to watch.

Hidden in an entry's sheltering darkness, Ainslie waited. He heard the Town Hall clock boom out ten times, he watched the sorters leave in groups of threes and fours, he saw the blaze of the electric lights die down into darkness. He heard, too, the rattle of the keys as the superintendent made fast the doors. After that he waited still. It was half-past ten before he ventured to leave his hiding-place.

He hurried to the back of the building. The gates of the big yard were easy to climb and he was soon over them; but, as he knew must be the case, the swing doors of the sorting-office were locked from within. The skylight was the only possible entrance.

Close by the doors of the sorting-office a tall telegraph-pole ran up, overtopping the glass roof that was Ainslie's aim. All the wires in the office were hitched to this; it had, every eighteen inches, branching metal footholds screwed into it for the electricians to ascend. Ainslie found a portable dustbin, put it before the pole, jumped up, caught at the lowest foothold, pulled himself up, and began to climb. Soon he was level with the roof. He stepped from the pole on to the wooden catwalks in a dip between the skylights, walked along a little way, and then drew his body across the glass surface. He raised a skylight that was only ajar, fixed it wide, put his feet through, and swung by one hand, feeling for a perpendicular girder with the other. He found it, caught it, set his feet on a horizontal one beneath, lowered himself, and stood on the top deck of a sorting-table. Thence he jumped to the floor.

He struck a match, and found himself close to the postmen's tables. Knowing exactly on which the letter would be, he hurried across and switched on the light. He took a bundle of letters in his left hand, and slipped each of them deftly into his right, one by one. Quite soon he came on what he sought. And then, for the second time that night, he stood staring at the envelope.

Suddenly, in the far part of the office, something seemed to creak. It was only the echo of his own involuntary movement and cry, but he couldn't know that. There in the full light he stood, staring into the surrounding darkness, his hair stiffening, his breath held, and his whole being a bundle of nerves. He took a step forward. "Who's there?" he whispered, fiercely. The roof and the distance echoed back a blurred answer. Ainslie, beside himself with fear, felt that he must get rid of what he held at any cost. Before him an unextinguished fire smouldered, glowing and red. Into it he flung Dicky Soames's letter. The paper took the flame with slow sureness, crinkled, charred, and became merged in the coals. Ainslie faced the darkness once more. "Who's there?" he called, more loudly, because of his growing fear. Again the roof and the distance echoed back their answer. But this time they echoed clearly, and he knew that his fears had been vain. He began to curse himself for a fool and for having destroyed the evidence he had risked his career to get. And in a blind rage of disappointment and despair he climbed out of the building on to the roof, over the wooden catwalks, down the telegraph-pole, and into the yard again. Then, tiptoeing across to the gates, he set foot on the slanting beam that supported one of them, and jumped over into the by-street on the other side. But as his feet met the ground he felt a strong arm crook within his own.

Ainslie struggled fiercely, but in vain. The grip was too strong for him. In desperation he drew back to strike with all his force. The single flickering lamp outside the double doors lit up his captor's face. Ainslie went utterly limp.

"Good heavens, it's the postmaster!" he cried. He was right. He had chosen for his folly one of the rare nights on which his chief made a surprise visit to the building.

The other stared at the sound of Ainslie's voice. "Why, it's Ainslie!" he brought out.

"Yes, sir, it's me," said Ainslie, feebly.

"This is very serious, Ainslie," said the postmaster. "What's your explanation?"

If Ainslie had told the whole truth, the chief, who was a humane person, would have understood and forgiven. But shame kept him partly silent.

"I went in for a letter," he stammered.

The postmaster frowned.

"You went in for a letter?" he repeated. "A letter at this time of night?"

"Yes, sir," said Ainslie. "It was an important letter, and I wanted it at once."

The chief looked incredulous. "How did you get in?" he demanded.

Ainslie told him. The other shook his head. "If I were a police-officer," he said, "I should take you into custody right away; but, as I'm only a postmaster, I sha'n't do that. I shall suspend you from duty for suspicious conduct. You won't come back till you hear further. Do you understand?"

Ainslie stood speechless. Should he—could he make a clean breast of it? Almost he screwed up his courage, then failed. It was impossible. His shame was too great.

"Very good, sir," he said; yet, before he turned away, he asked, pleadingly:—

"Is there any chance that I shall be taken back, sir?"

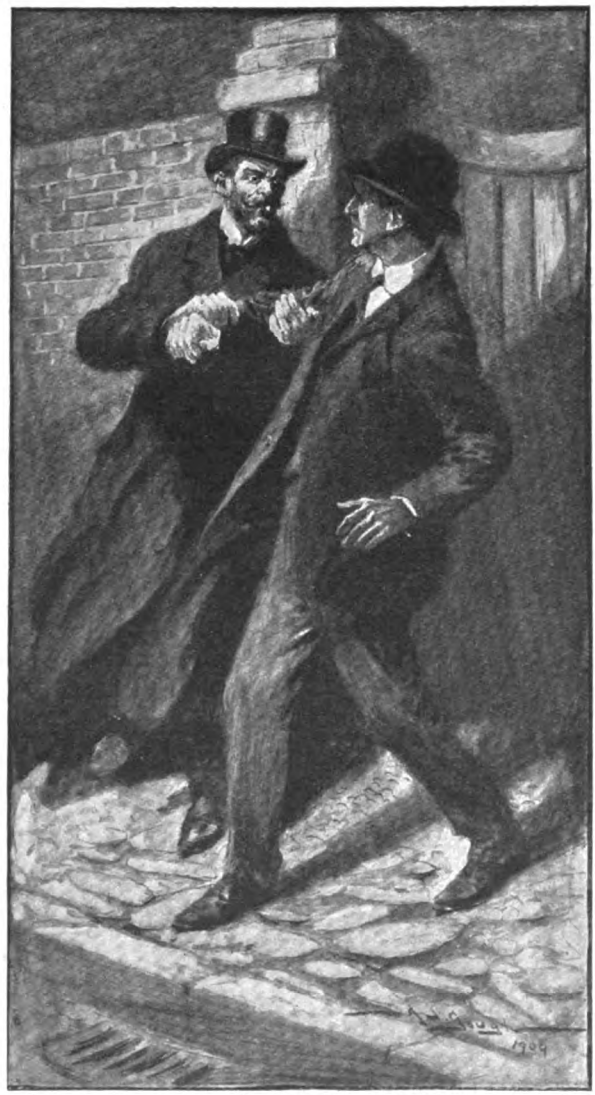
The chief faced him, stern and fierce. "I can hold out no hope whatever!" he answered, briefly.

And Ainslie—broken for life—slunk up the by-street, out into the main road, home. If there was no hope then, what would there be when to-morrow the postmaster had heard the superintendent's tale?

Almost before he came into the room where his wife was sitting up for him she knew that something terrible had happened. The prolonged strain showed in his face, his walk was that of an old man, all his vitality seemed gone.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, gravely. "Tell me everything."

He told her—what he had told the postmaster. He mistrusted her still; but, most of all, he was ashamed. She heard him to the end.



"'GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S THE POSTMASTER!' HE CRIED."

"What was the letter you went back for?" she said.

Ainslie sat palsied and irresolute. Then he stammered out the lie that he had thought of on his miserable way home.

"It was about that old tallboys!" he stammered. "I—I was in a hurry. I had an offer for it, and I wanted to know if Greaves would sell it me, so that I could let the gentleman know."

Mrs. Ainslie, looking at him with her grave grey eyes, saw that he lied. But she said nothing. It was her way.

"There's no hope of your being kept on?" she hazarded.

Ainslie shook his head.

"None whatever," he said. "Can you wonder? Could anything look more black against a man?" Then, after a long silence, he burst out, "My God! The children! What are we to do?"

His wife got up and came across to him. She loved him. That is why, knowing that, though he was no thief, he had lied to her, she kissed him tenderly.

"There's no need to despair," she said. "It may be a blessing. You've a good trade at your fingers' ends that you learned before ever you thought of the Post Office. And you know more about old furniture than any man in Belboro!"

"You mean?" Ainslie wondered.

His wife balanced herself on the arm of his chair.

"I mean," she said, "that there's no antique business in the town worth calling one. There's work for a cabinet-maker now that there wasn't a dozen years ago. And with Americans in and out of the cathedral, as they are, a shop near the Close might make us a fortune in a few years."

"But," objected Ainslie, taking heart all the same, "but a shop wants capital, and we've none. And where are we going to get the old stuff to stock it with?"

Mrs. Ainslie slipped an arm round his neck, and waved her free hand round the room at her treasures.

"My dear," she said, proudly, "aren't there all the beautiful things we've been clever enough to get together? We've got *them* for next to nothing—we'll get others too. We'll make this old house a shop like the antique house at Murcester and live among the things we sell. I'll see to customers and you shall go round the county on a bicycle picking things up. Oh, we'll make it a success! We'll make it a success! And you won't be away from me so much as you've been at your Post Office work! *That* will help me to do without and to stand up against the struggle at first!"

The magnificence of her courage killed the last spark of jealousy in Ainslie's heart. The shock, hammering out the kink, had made him into a sane man. For perhaps the first time in his life he took her into his arms feeling that she belonged to him heart and soul.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he cried, really happy at last. "I'll show you what I can do. We'll pull through together, in spite of everything. But, first of all, I must tell you——" Then, weakening, he broke off and hid his face in his hands. "Oh, I can't, I can't!" he cried.

Once more his wife, who was a thousand times too good for him, kissed him tenderly on the lips.

"Tell me nothing, dear," she said, "except that you love me with all your heart."

And Ainslie, saying so again and again, meant what he said.

There was, as the postmaster had told Ainslie, no hope of his going back to the Post Office. After a month of suspension the long-expected letter of dismissal came. He showed it to his wife in silence. She took the typewritten sheet of foolscap and put it in the fire. "That belongs to the past!" she said. "The present and the future belong to *us!*"

But for all her grit and Ainslie's grim determination to atone and succeed, the struggle was fierce and keen—the battle often against them. Cottage oak and modest brass afford a ready sale. But their profits are infinitesimal compared with those on the more aristocratic woodwork which Ainslie could not afford to buy. Sometimes, but seldom, he was able to acquire a piece of Sheraton for an old song, to make good its damages, and sell it at a handsome profit. But these were rare chances that seldom came his way. Often at sales, for want of capital, he had to forego the purchase of some rare piece for which, neatly restored, he could have got a hundred per cent. on his outlay. At times, for all his wife's encouragement and pluck, his heart failed him. He just got a living — a bare living — and no more. But he plugged on still, and the certainty that his wife loved him had made him another man. Slowly, very slowly, things improved. Gradually he got together a connection. He began to gain a reputation for fair dealing and good work.

One afternoon, when he came back from a long hunt in the country for a gate-legged table that a client had pressed him to discover, he found his wife giving tea to a plump, round-faced, fair-haired man, who greeted him as an old acquaintance.

"Good Lord, it's Dicky Soames!" cried Ainslie. "How long have you been here?"

"Two hours!" said the other. He shook hands cordially, yet he looked at Ainslie as if he despised him.

Ainslie smiled back, with never a trace of jealousy in his heart.

"I hope Adela has kept you well entertained," he said.

Dicky Soames laughed. "Well, if it comes to that," he answered, "it's I who've been doing the talking. You see, I had some business matters to discuss with Adela."

Mrs. Ainslie looked at her husband. "Uncle Tom's dead," she explained, "and Dicky has come into the money. How much is it, Dicky?"

"Thirty thousand pounds!" said Dicky Soames, not without pride.

Ainslie shook his hand warmly. "By

Jove! I congratulate you," he exclaimed. "You're in luck. Isn't he, Adela?"

Mrs. Ainslie turned to Dicky.

"Tell Arthur the rest," she said, quietly.

Dicky, for some reason or other, seemed uncomfortable. He cleared his throat several times before he blurted out: "He left Adela five hundred." His restless eyes searched Ainslie's a second, then fell again.

Ainslie glanced at his wife. She nodded.

"How splendid!" he said. "You don't know what it means to us, Dicky!"

But the visitor looked more uncomfortable than ever. Ainslie noticed it at last, and his face mirrored his surprise. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Well, you see," stammered the other, awkwardly, "the old chap left something over sixty thousand, and he meant Adela to have half. But after he got paralyzed he began to get funny. He was mortally offended because Adela never answered two letters I wrote to her for him. Then he altered his will and left her share to hospitals and other things. I did all I could to persuade him that she'd never got his letters, but he wouldn't have it. Nothing would move the old chap when he'd once got a thing into his head."

He paused, broke off, and looked searchingly at Ainslie. But Ainslie's eyes were on his wife's. His face was as white as paper, his lips chattering and blue. Dicky Soames's suspicions were confirmed. And because he disliked Ainslie for many things, but most because he believed him to have done Adela out of the money, he could not resist loosing one Parthian shot.

"It's strange about those two letters," he reflected aloud. "I wonder — I've often wondered what became of them!"

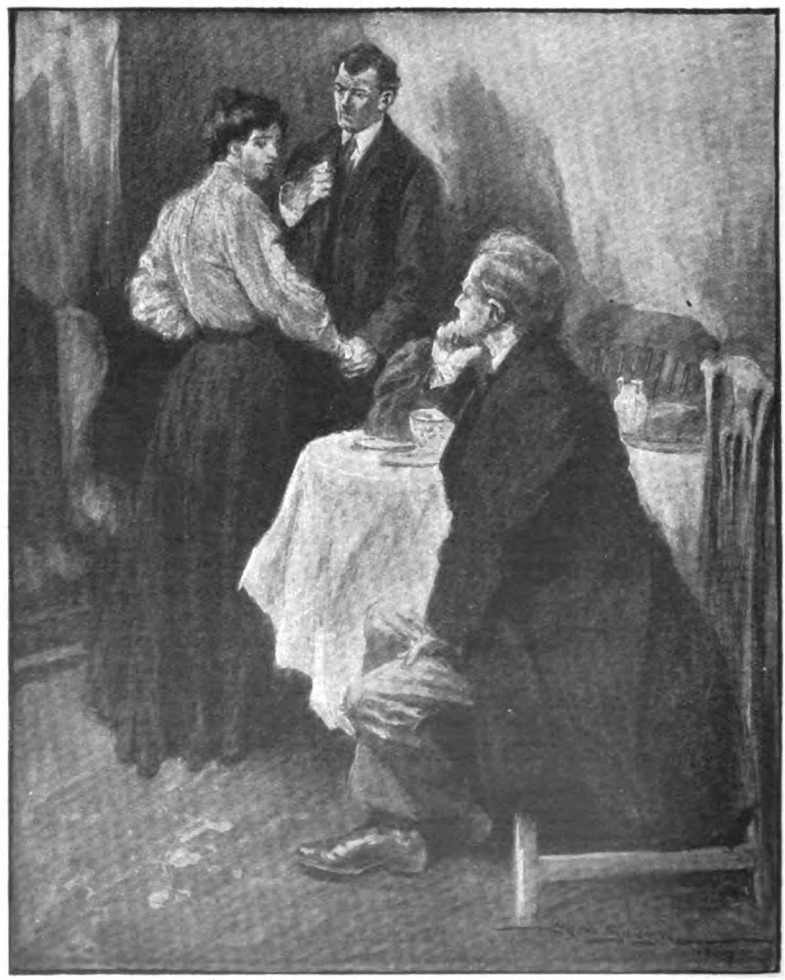
Mrs. Ainslie got up and came across to her husband's side.

"Only one thing *could* have become of them!" she said, and she faced Dicky Soames with the light of battle in her eyes.

Dicky stared. "What was that?" he demanded, amazed at her manner.

"They were lost in the post!" answered Mrs. Ainslie, with calm certainty.

And, still facing her visitor, she slipped her fingers into her husband's ice-cold hand. Ainslie knew then that she knew everything. Yet he was, if that were possible, more sure of her still.



"SHE SLIPPED HER FINGERS INTO HER HUSBAND'S ICE-COLD HAND."

THE MIND OF THE SAVAGE.

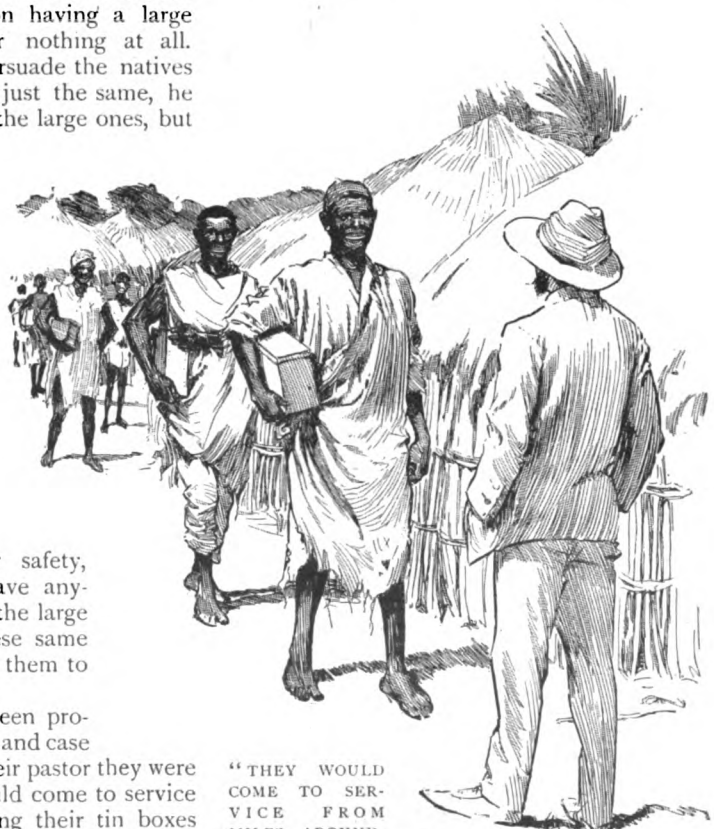
A SYMPOSIUM OF MISSIONARIES.

ONE of the most interesting stories illustrative of the curious workings of the savage mind is that about an African missionary who used to read the Scriptures from a large Bible to the natives he sought to convert. When not in use the book was left in charge of his native servant, with instructions that the greatest care should be taken of it. Finding that, no matter where he put it, it was impossible to keep it free from the attacks of the white ants, he at last hit upon the scheme of placing it inside a biscuit-tin which happened to be lying about his master's household.

Not long afterwards a consignment of ordinary small Bibles reached the station, but when the missionary came to distribute these he found that no one would even look at them, but insisted upon having a large volume like his own, or nothing at all. Finding it impossible to persuade the natives that the small books were just the same, he ordered a consignment of the large ones, but when these in due course arrived and were handed out they were received with great surprise and suspicion. "Where," asked the natives, "are the cases for the books?" The missionary could not at first understand the question until it suddenly dawned upon him that they referred to the biscuit-box in which his own Bible was kept for safety, nor would the natives have anything to do, in turn, with the large Bible until a supply of these same tins had been sent over for them to keep their Bibles in.

When once they had been provided, however, with a book and case exactly similar to that of their pastor they were perfectly satisfied, and would come to service from miles around, carrying their tin boxes under their arms, each service being marked by a clatter of opened tins as they took the books carefully and reverently from their cases. This is only one of countless instances which show with what strange fancies the savage mind is seized, and, as missionaries are probably in a better position than any other class of men to observe the native mind in its most primitive state, the following stories have been collected from those intimately associated with missionary work in all parts of the world.

REV. WILLIAM HOOPER, D.D., who was responsible for the translation of the Old Testament into Hindi, which is the name of that form of Hindustani which is written in the same character as Sanskrit, recounts many instances of the difficulty of translating English into a native tongue in such a way as to convey the correct meaning to the native mind.



"THEY WOULD COME TO SERVICE FROM MILES AROUND, CARRYING THEIR TIN BOXES UNDER THEIR ARMS."

"We often discovered to our dismay," writes Dr. Hooper, speaking of the work of translation, "that a wrong, and in some cases an evil, meaning was suggested to native minds by what seemed to us innocent wording. Take, for instance, the passage in Genesis which runs, 'Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes.' Undoubtedly this means what we express by closing the eyes after death. So we rendered it, forgetting that the Hindus have not this custom. After a time the native who was assisting me relieved his mind thus: 'I can't understand this story of Joseph. He seems such a good son and his father so fond of him! How comes it, then, that they have a stand-up fight, and Joseph, being the stronger, hits his father on the eye so far as to close it?' There was no help for it, after this, but to render the passage simply, 'Joseph shall conduct thy funeral ceremonies.'

"To give another example: in Isaiah mention is made of the man who 'shaketh his hands from holding of bribes.' By the time we came to revise this passage we had learned the necessity of much interpretation, and so it came before us in the form, 'He that, if a bribe is slipped into his hand, dashes it down.' The native assistant said, 'I know what you mean by this, and it might be taken in that sense. But it would be more likely to be taken to mean that the man was dissatisfied with the bribe offered and dashed it to the ground in disdain, to secure a larger one.' Eventually we found we had to interpret still more and say, 'He who never takes bribes, and if one is slipped into his hand dashes it down.'"

MR. J. A. WRAY, who spent some time in charge of a mission station at Sagalla, not far from the East Coast of Central Africa, tells the following story, dealing with an occasion when rain was badly wanted:—

"It appears that as soon as day broke all the women in the village assembled at an old man's house—one of our adherents—with the intention of pulling it down, because he was keeping back the rain. However, while they were there our bell rang for morning prayers, and one of their number proposed that they should adjourn to church and try if that would not bring them the rain; then, if the rain did not come within three days, that they should march straight to me and demand an explanation. Well, within the time stated it happened to rain, and I was spared the ordeal; but they, having got the rain, considered they had earned it by coming twice to church, for not one of them appeared again until some eight or ten days had elapsed, when they wanted more rain."

MR. C. J. PHILLIPS, Business Agent in Uganda of the Church Missionary Society, throws light upon the workings of the native mind by quoting a remarkable letter in which a native member of the Katikiro's (Prime Minister's) party gives a description of the Uganda Railway:—

"My friend, I can tell you the Europeans have done a marvellous thing to make the railway and the trains. They fasten ten or fifteen houses together and attach them to a fireplace which is as big as an elephant, and the road it goes on is as smooth as the stem of a plantain. It goes as fast as a swallow flying, and everything you see outside flies past you like a spark from a fire. If it were to drop off one of the bridges not one in it would be saved, for it goes dreadfully quick. The hills it passes are as high as those of Koki, and they have bridged over great valleys, which are as deep as that you see when you look from the top of Namirembo, so deep that you cannot see the bottom when you are going over them."

Later there follows a description of a ship.

"It is as deep as our two-storeyed house and as wide as the King's road in Mengo, and it is as long as from the Katikiro's fence to the gate of the King's enclosure. It has three tall poles in it and a big throat out of which smoke comes, which is as wide as the new drum in the church at Namirembo. The rooms in it go down three storeys and the boards of these I cannot describe to you, for such have not been seen before. There is a lot of metal work about them, too, but these also I cannot describe, for it is so fine. There are children on board, and a flock of sheep, and places to wash in attached to every place where a chief sleeps, such as even our King has never possessed."

MRS. F. ROWLING, Medical Missionary at Gayaza, Uganda, tells many stories about her patients and their implicit faith in the skill and knowledge of "the white medicine-woman." What she has to say on the matter is as amusing as it is interesting and instructive, and serves to illustrate a curious trait of the savage mind that has been commented upon by travellers in practically all parts of the world—viz., the keen delight which natives take in sampling the white man's drugs. It matters not whether the subject be well or ill, or whether the medicine be palatable or

nauseous, medicine they must have if it is to be obtained.

"The native patients," writes Mrs. Rowling, "are most amusing in the implicit faith they have in the 'musao' (doctor), as they call Miss Pilgrim, the dispenser here. Anything she likes to give them they take, but many of them cannot yet see how a pain in the head can be cured by swallowing a pill, and would much prefer to rub the pill on the place affected. One day we visited a woman with a bad pain in her ear. We gave her two pills to swallow, but instead of doing so she proceeded to drop them into her ear. Another tried to put her medicine up her nostrils!

"DOUBLING THEMSELVES UP AS THOUGH IN PAIN."

"Many natives come to the dispensary just for the sake of getting medicine, and will not go away without it, although they have nothing the matter with them at all. In the hope of choking off applicants like this Miss Pilgrim concocted a dose of powdered quinine and peppermint water, thinking that the very nastiness of this mixture would keep them from coming again. But the nastier the medicine is, apparently, the more efficacious they think it, and they return next day to repeat their pantomime of wriggling, doubling themselves up as though in pain, and then making hideous faces over swallowing the mixture."

MISS F. KLICKMANN, Assistant Literary Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, is necessarily in close touch with missionary work all over the world, especially in connection with the dissemination of the Scriptures, and has many opportunities of observing the strange mental attitude of natives.

"Some of the curiosities of the savage mind," she writes, "are shown very strikingly in connection with the distribution of the Bible. In many parts of the world the natives are considerably affected by the appearance of anything that is given or sold to them. Certain vivid colours appear to possess for them peculiar fascination. I believe that traders who seek to do business among natives frequently wrap the goods they have to sell in paper of a particular colour most appreciated by the natives of the district.

"This love of vivid colours is particularly strong in India, and the Gospels which we send out for sale in the bazaars are protected by bindings of brightly-coloured paper. Each Gospel has its particular colour, and these are selected according to the length of the Gospel. The native of India likes to get as much as possible for his money. He will buy a bulky Gospel merely for its bulk, independently of what colour it is bound in; but in order to make him purchase the shorter Gospels these have to be bound in whichever of the bright, crude colours are known to take his fancy most. Very large quantities of brightly-coloured binding-papers—green, red, yellow, and blue—are sent out from time to time to

various depôts in India. Quite recently, for instance, twenty tons of it were dispatched in a single week to one depôt in Calcutta."

REV. S. R. SKEENS, of Iganga, Busoga, quotes several instances bearing upon the subject, as follows:—

"A native once brought me a plaited piece of grass with a lot of knots tied in it, and explained to me that these knots represented the people whom he brought to the reading classes. There were twenty-five knots, and when I questioned him as to their names he knew every one right off from the beginning to the end. I tried him in the centre and found him quite ready, after a little thought, to tell me. Indeed, I believe he knew them backwards as well as forwards.

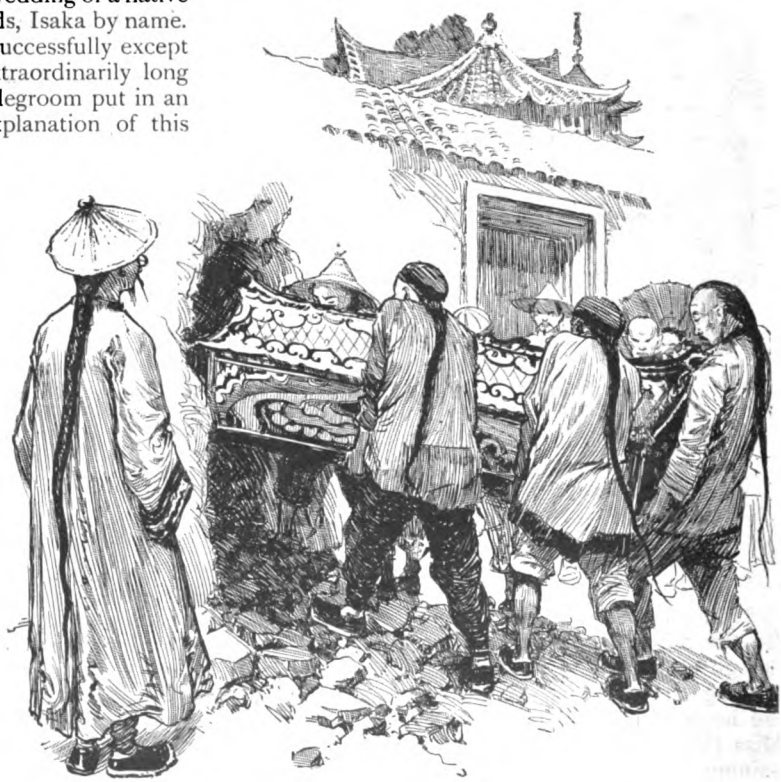
"When I returned to the same place just a week afterwards I asked to see this man's piece of grass cord again. He brought me another in its place, but with four additional knots tied in it, representing four additional recruits he had enlisted since I was there.

"A very interesting incident happened in connection with the wedding of a native of the Buvuma Islands, Isaka by name. It passed off very successfully except that there was an extraordinarily long delay before the bridegroom put in an appearance. The explanation of this was soon revealed. After evening service the day before (Sunday) I met a boy going to the sea to wash clothes. I said, 'Is it right to wash clothes on the Sabbath?' The lad had not thought of its being doubtful or wrong. Isaka came up at that moment and I put the same question to him, quoting the fourth Commandment. 'Yes,' he replied, 'you are quite right. I ought not to wash my clothes, but yesterday I had no time and to-morrow is my wedding day.' I felt sorry for Isaka, and almost wished I had not said anything, for he felt that he could not conscientiously have his clothes washed that day, and gave orders for his boy to take back the clothes and get up very early the next morning to wash them.

"On the Monday morning I was getting impatient at the long delay, as I wanted to get away from the place, so I called someone and said, 'Why are they so long in coming to the church? The drums were beaten two hours ago.' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'they are waiting for Isaka's clothes to dry!'"

MRS. MAIN, the wife of Dr. D. D. Main, Medical Missionary in Hang-chow, in Mid-China, tells a very striking anecdote bearing upon the disregard for death in the native Chinese mind.

"One night," she writes, "one of those breathless, gasping nights when sleep comes by fits and starts, there was a terrible noise at the entrance of the house—of women shouting and yelling, but above all there was the deep voice of a man weeping and wailing as if his heart would break. The 'amah' of



"A LARGE HOLE WAS MADE IN THE WALL AT THE SIDE OF THE ENTRANCE, AND THE COFFIN WAS PUT THROUGH IT."

the opposite house had taken opium to poison herself because her mistress had found fault with her for allowing her charge—a little child—to trip and fall. The 'amah' could not bear it, and, to spite her mistress, did away with her own life so as to bring trouble on the family. The woman was brought to the hospital, but it was too late to save her. On the next day, instead of allowing the coffin to be taken in by the gate leading to the house, a large hole was made in the wall —which was quite three feet thick—at the side of the entrance, and the coffin was put through it and brought out again, after which the hole was immediately built up! This mode of doing things was to deceive the evil spirit, which would not be able to find its way into the house where the poor creature ended her life. And so it is that life is thought nothing of, and death less, by the Chinese, if by this means they can take revenge on their neighbours."

"THEY WOULD COME TO THE CLASSES AND SIT WITH THEIR BOOKS IN THEIR HANDS, PRETENDING TO READ."

REV. F. BURT describes the baptism at Mombasa of an Indian from Quetta and the principle on which he desired to be named. He says:—

"He read here for about a year. I asked what name he would like when baptized. He said, 'I no want big name, I want little name. I am no big man.' I suggested John or Mark as suitable, but he refused in words like these: 'No, sir; them's my master's. They wrote God's book. I no want to be called by name of my master. Little name do for me.' Eventually Mr. Rogers, who had taught him a good deal, baptized him 'Charlie.' He comes to our native Christian service and sometimes brings a few rupees, saying in broken English, 'Here are a few "dibs" for God, sir.'"

REV. ERNEST MILLAR, M.A., writing from Mengo, on the northern shore of Victoria Nyanza, throws considerable light upon the artful simplicity of the savage mind.

"Even in darkest Africa," he says, "the native is quite an adept at 'dodging the examiner.' It was brought to our notice some time back that many natives were

coming forward for baptism who could not read at all. These used to learn off portions by heart—a long and difficult task for them. They would then come to the classes and sit with their books in their hands, pretending to read, but in reality merely reeling off what they had learnt!

"When the time came for them to be examined they used to cram up likely questions and answers. If one of the questions they knew by heart happened to be asked they were all right, and in this way many of them managed to pass muster.

"Recently, however, since we found out what was being done, we have held an examination in reading, and many who would otherwise have got through by the aid of their memory are now, as they picturesquely put it, being 'thrown by the ink.'"

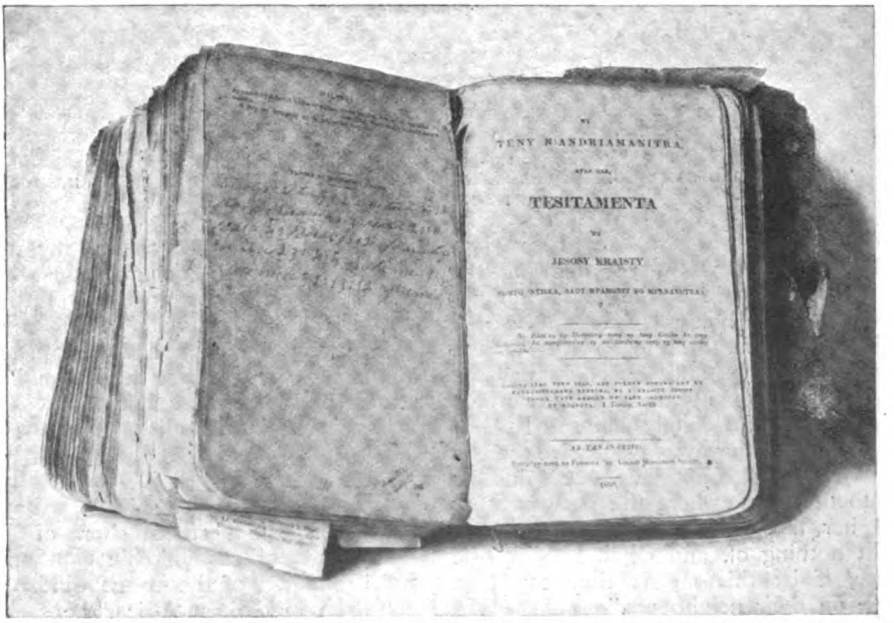
REV. F. T. MATTHEWS recognises as one of the chief traits of the natives in certain parts the way in which they cling to anything they value highly in the face of all difficulties.

"There could surely be no more striking example of native tenacity of purpose than that afforded during the persecution of Christians in Madagascar. For twenty-five years," he says, "this persecution was carried on, every effort being made to stamp out religion. Horrible crimes were perpetrated, many Christians being flung from high cliffs, or put to death in even more terrible ways, because they would not forsake their religion. All copies of the Bible were destroyed, until at last the faithful natives had but one copy left, and this they were so determined not to lose that, when very strict search was made for any remaining Bibles and other Christian books by Queen Ranavalona's orders, the Christians in Vonizongo held a consultation and agreed to hide the book in a cave which was being used as a smallpox hospital.

"In due course the Queen's officers arrived at the village to search for the Bible. As it was not found in any of the huts of the suspected, they made their way to the cave, and were about to search there when they were told that it contained patients suffering from smallpox, upon hearing which they beat a hasty retreat.

"Later on, as soon as things had quietened down a little, the Christian natives removed the book from the cave and divided it into small portions, one of which was retained by each of them."

These various pieces were eventually collected and put together again, and at the present time that particular Bible is one of the most interesting volumes in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London.



THE VONIZONGO BIBLE—"THE VARIOUS PIECES WERE EVENTUALLY COLLECTED AND PUT TOGETHER AGAIN."

BUNDERBY'S TAHR. A Tale of Kashmir.

By FRANK SAVILE.

"WHAT would happen if one put a piece of biscuit on Mr. Bunderby's nose and said 'Trust'?" asked Margaret Glyn, nodding in the direction of the girl and the man who were approaching.

Major Bagshawe, her *fiancé*, grinned.

"He would sit up and beg till your cousin told him it was 'paid for,'" he answered, and at that Miss Glyn gave an exasperated little growl.

Bagshawe chuckled as he surveyed his approaching subaltern. From Bunderby's large blue eyes shone the humility which dogs offer to a martinet master. They were turned adoringly upon his companion.

Joan Thesiger's face, on the other hand, told nothing. Bagshawe, after three zestful months of engagement to his colonel's daughter, began to believe himself a reader of temperament, and would have inferred petulance behind such a mask of propriety, but for the moment his undivided attention had to be given to his own defence.

"It's more than half your fault," he was informed.

"Mine!" he remonstrated. "Mine!"

"Yours. Isn't he your subaltern? Whose duty is it to knock a little decent conceit into him?"

He threw out his hands in appeal.

"Heavens above us! How should I know how to set about it? Have I ever had a subaltern yet who wouldn't have led a brigade, acted Hamlet, or proposed to—to you within a month of joining? Bunderby is a miracle of modesty—there is no other word for it."

"Something has got to be done," insisted his companion. "The thing's getting beyond a joke!"

Her lover shrugged his shoulders.

"He's six-and-twenty, has fifteen hundred a year, has been through two campaigns, and plays back for the second best polo

"'SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE,' INSISTED HIS COMPANION. 'THE THING'S GETTING BEYOND A JOKE!'"

team in India; but he persists in considering himself a worm. It's no good building a pedestal for a man who refuses to step on to it."

"He must be taught to behave like—like a *man!*"

"Is he to knock Joan down and bludgeon her?" asked Bagshawe, sardonically. "Can't you see he worships the ground she walks on?"

Margaret rapped the veranda floor with her pretty little foot.

"Then why in Heaven's name can't he *say* so?" she demanded, and then fashioned her lips into a welcoming smile as the subject of her comment came up the garden path.

Joan Thesiger sank into a chair. Bunderby flushed as he shook hands and made a conversational plunge out of a sort of seizure of shyness.

"D-d-do you know of the colonel's f-f-frightful kindness?" he stammered.

The colonel's daughter shook her head in bland incredulity.

"I know nothing of him," she answered, "except that he has locked himself into his room with a dozen guns and rifles and will presently emerge, smelling of oil and babbling of *shikar*—of *shikar* only. Have you forgotten that we start on our shooting trip to-morrow?"

The subaltern's eyes swam with apprehension.

"That's what I meant. I hope I sha'n't b-b-bore you awfully," he deprecated; "but he has asked me to join you at Srinagar."

Margaret's face lit up with genuine pleasure.

"That's really quite sweet of him!" she cried. "You join us—when?"

"About a week after you get there. I—I hope you don't really mind?"

She looked at him earnestly.

"Mr. Bunderby," she said, "the only boring thing about you is your fear of being a bore. When you say things like that I could *slap* you!"

He jumped.

"Slap me!" he wondered, wide-eyed and incredulous. "*Slap* me!"

"Slap you!" she reiterated, severely. "Think it over and take advice—from Major Bagshawe, for instance. He is a man of some experience."

"He is!" agreed the subject of this testimonial, running his fist through his subaltern's arm. "Come along, Bunny, and sit at Tried Sagacity's feet. Come while you can—unslapped."

The youth looked bewilderedly from face to face, gasped, and suffered himself to be led away. He passed his disengaged hand across his brow.

"Slap!" they heard him murmur in his companion's ear. "Did she actually say she'd slap me?"

"Like that!" Bagshawe assured him, with a demonstrating buffet; "and—well, you'd deserve it, you tender-footed, milk-fed, six-by-two bread-and-buttercup!"

Left alone the two girls confronted each other through thirty seconds of pregnant silence. Margaret broke it.

"So father positively asked him—off his own bat?" she remarked.

Joan gave her cousin a searching little stare.

"Unless *you* suggested it?" she replied.

"If I'd happened to think of it I certainly should have done so."

"Why?" asked Joan, bluntly.

"Why?" retorted Margaret. "Because I like Mr. Bunderby. And because he'll make us a *partie carrée.*"

"Five of us!"

"You don't reckon in my father, do you?" demanded the exasperated Miss Glyn. "Of what consequence is *he?* He simply *shoots!*"

"I should have thought that you and Major Bagshawe would have preferred as little as possible of other people's company."

Margaret fixed her cousin with an unswerving eye.

"Are you trying to quarrel with me?" she asked.

Joan shook her head. Her voice had a faint quiver in it.

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "No; but——"

"But what?"

Joan covered her face with her hands.

"I—I won't be flung at anybody's head!" she faltered, and broke into a storm of sobs.

Margaret descended upon her with outstretched arms. She gathered her into her embrace. She shook her gently.

"Oh, you—you pair of lunatics!" she cried. "I'd give anything to *whip* you both, but—oh, but especially and emphatically *him!*"

Because his *fiancée* allowed this ideal to engross her conversation for the whole of the ensuing fortnight Bagshawe was led to protest.

"My dear Meg," he remonstrated, "rid yourself of the notion that you are Bunderby's special providence."

She tossed her head.

"I won't see two lives ruined for want of

a little tactful interference," she determined. "They go back engaged. I have said it."

Bagshawe shrugged his shoulders. He felt that his subaltern was becoming a rather considerable eddy in the placid stream of his own enjoyment, and perhaps a slight feeling of resentment prompted his next remark.

"He won't *shoot* his way into Joan's favour," he affirmed, a little viciously. "Rifle or shot-gun—he's hopeless with either."

"Oh, you great stupid!" she cried. "What does that matter when they're in love with each other?"

"He is, I dare say. She——"

"She? She's yearning for him to propose!"

Bagshawe grunted incredulously.

"She gives little evidence of it," he demurred. "But I'll tell him, if you like."

She flung up her arms.

"Oh, you—you *thing!*" she deplored. "In what lapse of my intelligence did I consent to marry you!"

"Why, according to your own showing——"

"Oh, you—you thick-skinned monster—you hippopotamus!" she wailed. "*Tell* him! After they were engaged wouldn't it all come out? Wouldn't she hate you, loathe me, and suspect *him?* He has got to propose—he has got to be put in a situation in which he *must* propose, a situation in which his sense of the fitness of things will triumph over even his colossal humility!"

"How?"

"How? As if *I* could tell. It's got to be done, that's all. Think! Give your mind to it! Let it absorb your attention! Till an idea is elaborated I have no use for you!"

In the face of this prospect Bagshawe's meditations during the dinner which followed Bunderby's arrival were practically hopeless. For the subaltern, it was manifest, had sloughed no single scale from his carapace of humility. He was still mantled about with shyness, a shyness which set his companions' teeth on edge. His host alone was uninfected. The colonel allowed nothing to sway his conversation from the engrossing topic of *shikar*.

"You can be after ibex or tahr—whichever you like and whenever you like," he informed his guest. "There are herds of both within a few hours. And I've got you the best tracker in Baltistan."

"Sitka?" said Bagshawe, inquiringly, and the colonel nodded.

"He'll put you in the way of a fifteen-inch head if anyone will," he said, "and that's a thing which even your father's collection can't produce," he added, looking at his niece.

She smiled.

"I expect that is a source of satisfaction to you, at any rate, uncle," she said. "You were always jealous of it."

"Quite right," agreed the colonel, frankly. "His specimens can give mine points in most cases, but not in tahr. He'd be the first to own it."

"It's a pity *I* can't shoot," she said, a little wistfully. "I'd give anything for a record head."

Bunderby looked at her across the table.

"Would you?" he said. "If I manage to shoot a good one, w-w-would you accept it?"

"I'd give anything—anything in the world for it!" she cried, enthusiastically. "Thanks awfully, Mr. Bunderby."

"It isn't shot yet," sighed Bunderby; "but—but I'll do my best, Miss Thesiger."

Margaret looked significantly at her lover. As the colonel passed round the cheroots, she rose with her cousin and sauntered into the open. But Bagshawe, when he followed a few minutes later, found his *fiancée* seated under a deodar alone.

"Where's Joan?" he asked, as he took a vacant chair.

"You scared her away. And I want to talk business."

He groaned.

"You mean you've sent her away because you want to be at the eternal Bunderby question again. What on earth is the good of trying to interfere?"

She made an indignant gesture.

"I tell you he has gone a long step forward. He has offered her an attention. The thing must be followed up!"

Bagshawe shrugged his shoulders.

"We came here for *shikar*," he allowed. "I did not realize that it was to be of the human kind. Continue, however."

"Mr. Bunderby must now shoot a good tahr. That is essential."

Bagshawe grunted.

"You'll have to consult a third party," he said.

She stared at him.

"Who?" she cried. "Who?"

"The tahr," said Bagshawe, dryly. "Prevail on him to stand still."

She gave a little bubble of mirth.

"That's the very point," she said. She began to whisper—she drew her lips nearer and yet nearer to Bagshawe's ear. "You and Sitka must arrange that," she informed him. "Put the tahr where you like. Then bring Mr. Bunderby up to shoot it!"

He looked at her in offended incredulity.

"A—a *dead* one!" he cried, in shocked amazement.

"Well!" she retorted. "And why not?"

"Because that isn't cricket," he snapped. "It may sound all right to a woman."

"But—but——"

"No!" he said, decidedly. "That sort of thing isn't done!"

She sighed. She gave him a plainly exasperated look, but it was one of reluctant admiration also.

"I felt sure you'd be a prig about it, Jack," she said. "I'm frightfully annoyed, and I shall go to bed."

She rustled away towards the tents, but turned after a yard or two and came relentingly back. She offered him her lips.

"Good night, you old stupid," she said, as he kissed her. "I suppose you can't help it, but how I could *smack* you all!"

Half an hour later the camp-watchman experienced a mild shock of surprise. He was bidden by his mistress's ayah to fetch the leading tracker—not to the colonel's tent, but to his daughter's, and with secrecy. Marvelling but obedient, he did as he was bid.

He came back in five minutes with a grey-haired, thin-faced Balti of small stature, who listened in respectful silence to an oration which his mistress addressed to him for the space of five minutes.

Then he shook his head.

"By no art of mine can a dead tahr be made to appear a living one," he objected. "Even a blind man can feel the stiffness of dead limbs."

"At midday—when the sun is at full strength——"

"No sun can melt thews and sinews which death has frozen. But"—he paused and made a little non-committal gesture—"but yet a way may be found. Has the sahib already seen a living tahr?"

"He is new to Kashmir and Baltistan."

"So!" He pondered for a full half minute, then he lifted his shoulders in a shrug.

"There are tame goats," he said, "or, rather, half tame. Goats which have interbred with the wild goat—the tahr. Suppose such a one was driven out upon the cliffs? That could be brought within twenty yards of the sahib's rifle muzzle."

Margaret clapped her hands softly.

"You are a man of unspeakable wisdom, O Sitka!" she breathed.

The Balti still hesitated.

"Bagshawe and the Kernael sahib? They cannot be deceived," he objected.

"That matters not at all," said his mistress, comfortably. "I will see that their mouths are shut. Make your arrangements with haste." She smiled and nodded. "You have my leave to go."

The tracker raised a hand.

"One moment," he pleaded. "Is this, without a doubt, necessary? For there is now wandering on the heights—I have seen him—an ancient, lonely tahr, with supereminent horns. Why should not the sahib, by the favour of Fate, stalk and gain him? This matter of deception is a thing contrary to the customs of sahibs."

The girl made a gesture of dissent.

"The sahib in question could not hit a bullock at fifty paces, much less a tahr leaping among the crags."

She repeated her formula of dismissal, and Sitka, with an obeisance, took his doubts with him out into the starlight.

Thirty-six hours later a small procession toiled among the crags below the snow-line. Sitka led it. Bunderby stumbled at his heels, eyeing the pinnacled cliffs in watchful anxiety. Behind him was Bagshawe.

The latter was in a meditative mood. He was debating the terms of his *fiancée's* farewell.

"Remember," she had said, solemnly, "remember that when—if, I mean—Mr. Bunderby shoots a tahr you are to show no surprise."

He saw no meaning in the injunction, but, remembering her temptations of the previous evening, had taxed her with endeavouring to carry out her nefarious proposal. She had repelled the accusation with scorn.

No already slaughtered tahr was to be exposed to the subaltern's aim. He was to be led where tahr abounded. The result was entirely in the hands of Fate.

Pressed, she had feigned anger—she would not be cross-examined. She would like to know, however, where they were taking their stalk. Towards the Karamaan Ridge? She and Joan had thoughts of picnicking with their ponies in the Karamaan Valley. They would take binoculars. Perhaps they would thus gain a glimpse of deeds of prowess on the heights above! And she laughed—exasperatingly.

And now, to add to his suspicions that something mysterious was afoot, was the manner of Sitka's ongoing.

The tracker's gaze was bent upon the path, and on the path alone. He seemed to be

seeking a goal from which he would allow no deviation.

Bagshawe shook his head.

Where were the keen glances which searched every rocky acre — the halts — the uplifted fingers calling for caution—the stealthy peerings from behind the shelter of rubble or stone? This was no stalk; it was a promenade. He shook his head again.

Suddenly, and with an exclamation, Sitka halted. He unslung his telescope and stared fixedly at the head of a ravine, one which a jutting corner of the cliff had hitherto hid. He grunted.

"Tahr!" he announced, pointing.

The others unslung their binoculars, but as they focused the tracker gave a cry of irritation.

"Gone!" he ejaculated. "He has passed behind the shoulder of the slope!"

He appeared to reflect, and then addressed himself to Bagshawe.

"The sahib will perceive that the cliffs of the ravine are unscalable save at the two ends. If I therefore reach the head of the valley unseen, whatever I disturb will run directly to the entrance which gives upon the heights of the Karamaan. Let your rifles, then, cover the ravine's mouth. Is it good talk?"

Bagshawe eyed him keenly. Sitka stood the inspection with the hillman's child-like stare.

Bagshawe nodded.

"It is good talk," he agreed. "I will post Bunderby sahib on one side of the gorge. I myself will stand a furlong distant on the other. Have haste!"

The Balti turned and vanished among the boulders. Bagshawe led on down the steep till he reached a point where the narrows of the defile debouched upon a flank of the deep Karamaan Valley. Here, below a rim of broken crags, long declivities of half-melted snow sank down among the dusky green of the pines which fringed the river.

The two men separated. Bunderby took up a position a couple of hundred yards from his companion. In a deeply shadowed crevice, screened by a heap of rubble, he commanded both the approach from the defile and the terrace of cliffs below. Bagshawe, as he watched his subaltern ensconce himself, shrugged his shoulders, for an irritating sense of being played with was with him still. Why had that tahr shown himself to the tracker, and to the tracker alone?

For the best part of an hour his meditations engrossed him. Then a perfunctory glance up the ravine brought him to his feet. He whipped out his glasses.

A brace of animals were cantering down

"THE NEXT INSTANT MAN AND BEAST WERE OVER THE BRINK AND FALLING WITH THUDDING VIOLENCE UPON THE SOFT SURFACE OF THE SNOW BENEATH."

the centre of the gorge. Another few minutes and they would be abreast of him.

He examined the arching horns—the shaggy waves of hair—he slid up the safety bolt of his rifle, but——

He muttered to himself. Tahr? Tahr moved with the wild, impetuous flight of all mountain creatures—alert, suspicious, swift as the shadow of a wind-swept cloud. But these? He muttered again and glanced towards his companion.

He experienced a shock of poignant surprise. Bunderby was gone!

Bagshawe flashed a comprehensive glance across the foreground and then swore. For reasons only known to himself Bunderby was racing across the mouth of the ravine towards the edge of the cliffs!

Bagshawe had about two seconds in which to make up his mind. Bunderby was losing a chance which might never again come within his grasp. A shout would scare the approaching quarry, but behind the screen of the boulders could not he himself reach his companion unseen? He laid down his rifle and swung across the slope with giant strides.

Bunderby, running on, reached the brink of the cliff. He began to cuddle the butt of his rifle against his shoulder!

Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, Bagshawe, now not twenty yards away, flung a pebble at him! He must not shoot—he must not shoot! Whatever chance he had in view it could not equal the one which the report of a rifle would undoubtedly lose him.

The pebble hit Bunderby squarely between the shoulders.

He started, tripped, and, in a convulsive effort to save himself, let fall his rifle. As it disappeared over the cliff-head he gave an inarticulate yell of wrath and despair.

Bagshawe, now at his companion's side, echoed it in fervent self-reproach. His well-meant impulse had betrayed him into an indiscretion beyond the balms of all remorse!

A narrow ledge ran twenty feet below the cliff's brink. Covered with short herbage, it stretched far out upon the rock. Another ten feet below it again was the head of the great snow-slope, which spread down, fan-shaped, into the forest and the valley.

Galloping along the ledge from the far end to gain the entrance almost at their feet was a tahr—but such a tahr! Surely the emperor and suzerain of all its species between the Himalaya and the Hindu Kush. His horns arched back a full sixteen inches towards his shaggy back, his fringing tresses stood out wild upon the wind! Incarnate ambition of all sporting hearts, he came galloping along, while above the two men must stand weaponless to see him pass.

Again Bunderby cried aloud—in wrath; and again Bagshawe echoed him—in amazement.

For the subaltern had jumped! With arms outstretched he had leaped down full twenty feet, right on the advancing tahr.

There was a shock. Bunderby's grip closed desperately upon the shaggy throat, while the tahr reared up in anguished appeal against this unheralded blow which Fate had rained upon him out of the skies. The next instant man and beast were over the brink and falling with thudding violence upon the soft surface of the snow beneath. Locked together they slid forward, added speed to speed, and finally flashed upon the crest of their self-created avalanche into the veiling shadow of the pines far below.

Bagshawe, wheeling desperately to find a path to follow, was suddenly confronted by the gaze of four mildly inquiring eyes, staring at him from below twin matted crowns of hair.

He flung up his arms.

"Goats!" he cried, wildly. "Tame goats! And I lost him his chance for those—for those!"

At the edge of the forest Margaret Glyn was leaning comfortably against a pine and discoursing of the blessings of foresight.

"If I hadn't goaded you up as far as this," she remarked complacently to her cousin, "we should have had to drink our Moselle hot."

She drew the bottle from the drift in which it was cooling, and filled her mug with much satisfaction.

"Not to mention the breeze and the view," she added, as she reached for another sandwich.

Joan looked at the white slope which soared up to the cliffs from the pine-wood edge and gave a little sniff.

"It's too wholesale a view," she criticised. "There's no—no arresting *motif* to catch the eye."

Fate was listening—and smiled.

A ringing, tingling sound became audible, grew louder, swept down upon them with a roar.

They leaped to their feet.

An avalanche was plainly approaching, a foamy upheaval of snow which cased a darker object in its core. Out of it innumerable

limbs seemed to be waving towards the unpitying sun.

As the girls turned helplessly for shelter the flying object was launched upon a massive pine. With a stupendous thump it was disintegrated into its component parts. Of these the one which had received the full force of the impact disclosed itself as a broken-backed tahr; the other as—Bunderby!

Joan gave a cry, stumbled across the drift, and drew his head upon her knees. Bunderby's eyes opened suddenly and very widely.

He gasped.

"It's wonderful!" he soliloquized. "I'm dead—of course I'm dead; but it's Joan!"

She cried out again, chokingly.

"You're not dead—you're not!" she sobbed. "It's me—it *is* me!"

Bunderby wriggled and shook himself. At this reassuring sight Margaret Glyn hesitated, stared, and then, with a slightly hysterical gesture, fled back into the pine glade. For Bunderby was staggering to his feet.

"THE ONE WHICH HAD RECEIVED THE FULL FORCE OF THE IMPACT DISCLOSED ITSELF AS A BROKEN-BACKED TAHR; THE OTHER AS—BUNDERBY'!"

For a moment he stood silent, rocking unsteadily. Then he laughed—a queer, triumphant little laugh.

Joan's eyes grew less anxious—she even shrank back a pace.

It became evident that Bunderby had received a real shock, for in the whirl of his disordered senses his humility had apparently got mislaid. He put a masterfully detaining hand upon his companion's wrist.

"You've got to pay me—for the tahr," he smiled.

She looked at him bewilderedly. Then slowly, hesitatingly, an answering smile dawned across her face.

"You deserve nothing, after giving me such a fright," she answered. "Nothing at all!"

"It isn't what I deserve, but what I want," said Bunderby, with a little less assurance, the ghost of his lost modesty beginning to materialize in his thumped brain.

Did Joan recognise this fact? Possibly, for she rose bravely to the occasion.

"What *do* you want?" she asked, and Bunderby, reading her smile, strangled the shy phantoms which were threatening him.

"You!" he said, simply, and found, in incredulous ecstasy, that he had taken her in his arms.

The Light Side of Finance.

By HARRY FURNISS.

III.

THERE is a story of an elderly lady standing on the kerb by a crowded crossing in the height of the season, too nervous to venture off the pavement. She was anxious to get to her destination on the other side of the thoroughfare, but hesitated to risk the journey. Presently she perceived a stranger offering his hand. She seized it and they both plunged into the traffic. A motor-bus all but ran over them; a taxi-cab whizzed past so close that the lady fancied her last moment had come. She clung tighter to her guide, who never flinched, but went madly on under the heads of the horses. Then they all but collided with a bicycle, and the wheels of a hansom twisted the feathers of the lady's toque. A tram-car at that moment passed an inch from their toes and a butcher's cart knocked her hand-bag yards away. A motor-horn at her ear nearly frightened her out of her wits, and the pole of a bus, catching her in the back, pushed her on to the pavement. By this time she had found voice to upbraid the man to whom she had been clinging.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It's a wonder I'm alive! What do you mean, man? I might have been killed a dozen times over. Are you blind?"

"That's just what I am, marm," replied the poor fellow; "so I held out my hand for someone to lead me across."

This story fitly illustrates the rashness of women in matters of finance—and not of women only, but of all those who, standing on the outside of the rush and turmoil and danger of finance, seize the first opportunity to negotiate it. They are led by the blind, and only a miracle saves them. Their guide may be innocent and wishing only to get over himself, but it is the blind leading the foolish in finance that ends in catastrophe.

Not that women invariably come off the worst in financial business. Perhaps there is no more engrossing romance than the life of the famous Countess of Bristol, otherwise the Duchess of Kingston, who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, attracted more attention — not only in England, but all over the Continent—than any woman of her time. Into her romantic career finance largely enters. She was a woman of extraordinary beauty, fascinating manners, and a will of her own. She managed lawyers and bankers with consummate ease.

When, in spite of her husband, the Earl of Bristol, being alive, she married the Duke of Kingston she was under the impression she had arranged all her complicated affairs so satisfactorily that no question would arise. She journeyed to Rome, where she cut a tremendous dash

"ARE YOU BLIND?"—"THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM, MARM."

and turned the heads of all society. She sailed up the Tiber in her beautiful yacht—a rare sight in those days. She fascinated everyone, from the street singer to the Pope himself.

The Pope, by the way, was Ganganelli, who had such a great liking for the English that he acquired the title of the Protestant Pope. Ganganelli treated the Duchess as a Sovereign princess, gave her unusual privileges, and lodged her in the palace of one of the Cardinals. In the midst of all her social success and glory news came of a plot to expose her true character, and, her money allowance being stopped, she had no means of paying her way back to England. On her arrival in Rome she had entrusted her financial affairs to an old banker, Mr. Jenkins, giving him security for all her demands. Jenkins, however, had been bribed by persons interested in the ruin of the Duchess, and when she called he was discreetly "out." She wrote to him that she wanted money, and called again, but received the same reply. Suspecting a trick she provided herself with two huge pistols, and returning to the banker's and getting the same reply as before, she declared that she was not to be trifled with, and, as the door was being slammed, she inserted the muzzle of one of the pistols between the door and the door-post, and thus kept it open. The other she pointed down the steps.

"I'll remain here until he *does* return," she declared, "even if it should be a day, a month, or a year. And whichever way he comes—out or in—I'll meet him with these!"

Poor Mr. Jenkins, finding opposition useless, appeared. The brace of pistols supported the Duchess's demand for money. Money was demanded, not asked; and, although a little prevarication ensued, the brace of pistols served as a powerful mode of reasoning, and poor, trembling Mr. Jenkins supplied all the money the Duchess required.

While I am speaking of women in connection with money matters, I am reminded of the singular case of the foundation of Guy's Hospital, which owed its origin to a most innocent action on the part of a woman. Thomas Guy was an old man of seventy-six when he announced his intention of building and endowing that great hospital, the two amounts reaching to the sum of two hundred and thirty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-two pounds.

Guy began life as a bookseller, with a capital of two hundred pounds, and turned his attention to the trade of selling Bibles. Noticing that the books in vogue were very badly printed, he made arrangements to obtain better and cheaper editions from the presses in Holland—just as publishers do nowadays, two hundred and fifty years afterwards. But in those days of Protection Guy was not allowed to import the volumes, and he was consequently obliged to make terms with the Oxford Press to supply him. With the money—which was considerable—made out of the sale of Bibles he turned avaricious, and became a very shady financier. He was a bachelor, and so miserly that he had no table or table-cloth, but spread an old newspaper on the counter of his shop.

"THE BRACE OF PISTOLS SUPPORTED THE DUCHESS'S DEMAND FOR MONEY."

The funny side of his history is that possibly he might have died as he had lived, and left his fortune to the Crown. Then the famous hospital would never have been built. But it chanced that he fell in love. Now,

we know such men do not fall in love half-heartedly. It is generally a case of infatuation, and the clever woman who can touch the heart of a cold, calculating miser must be clever enough, if she marries him, to induce him, when once he has parted with his heart, to part with his money for her benefit. Had Guy married, doubtless nothing would have been heard of his charity. The reason he did not marry was brought about by pique. Therefore, pique was one of the causes of his charity, and Guy's Hospital the result.

As some of my anecdotes show, a miser does not trouble himself with many servants. Guy had one servant, a buxom, good-looking, fine young woman, and he proposed marriage to her and was accepted. No doubt she had visions of reforming the miser, of his living in a style more in keeping with his means. Perhaps she had calculated that he could not live very long and that she would be one of the richest widows in England. Anyway, she intended starting with some little show of authority. It was a very modest beginning, but its effect was immediate and disastrous.

As the day for the marriage approached she pointed out to her Crœsus that the pavement outside his house was in such a dilapidated state that the coach which was to take them to church might get into a rut and never get out. So Guy sent for some paviors and, it appears, gave them exact instructions —one may be sure the cost was screwed down to a penny—as to what they were to do.

The maid who was soon to become his bride was interesting herself in watching the paviors at work during the absence of her master, and, observing a broken place in the pavement which they had not repaired, she raised the window and pointed it out to them. They assured her that Mr. Guy had carefully marked the exact stone they were to work up to and not to go an inch farther.

"Well," said she, "do you mend it. Tell him I told you ; I know he will not be angry."

The extra work would not have amounted to more than two shillings, but that sum was the cause of Guy's spending two hundred and thirty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-two pounds on building the hospital bearing his name ; for, on his return, hearing that the poor girl had given this order for two shillings' extra work, Guy flew into a terrible passion and broke off the marriage there and then.

"GUY FLEW INTO A TERRIBLE PASSION AND BROKE OFF THE MARRIAGE THERE AND THEN."

Thomas Guy has brought up the subject of misers—a body of men who play a great and often important part in the world of finance It is a curious fact that, although experts in handwriting detect parsimony at a glance in the writing of avaricious authors and artists, their miserly minds make no appearance in their work. Artists rich in colour, bold in design, liberal in technique, vigorous and noble, perhaps to excess, in their work, are frequently parsimonious to the last degree, if not actually misers. That grand, glowing genius, Turner, with immense conceptions, noble execution, a broad, generous, magnificent

painter, was a wretched miser from every other point of view. He even risked his work—certainly cramped it and jeopardized its utility — by sheer parsimony. Whilst receiving large sums of money he spent little, and to paint his masterpieces he actually bought the cheapest colours at a neighbouring toy-shop—colours made of the most inferior material for poor children to daub on prints.

Apropos of Turner's meanness, there is an amusing story told of Gillot, a patron of Turner's, calling upon the great painter to purchase his work, and turning to him and saying: "Now, Turner, I have bought many a picture of yours, and spent many thousands of pounds; but you have never even offered me a glass of wine. Yet I am told that you have some of the best; grand old stuff you buy down the Thames when you go to your favourite haunts among smugglers and others. Out with it! I will not leave your studio until I have tasted it."

"YOU PRAISED MY PORT LAST YEAR, AND THAT IS OUT OF THE VERY SAME BOTTLE."

Turner reluctantly produced a bottle of old port and, grumbling all the time, poured out a glass. The connoisseur drank it.

"Well, I never! That's the finest glass of wine I have ever tasted. You mean old fraud! I'll be equal to you next time!"

Next year Gillot came round again. After business wine was suggested, and after some difficulty Turner had to produce his port. Gillot drank it, and then spluttered.

"Oh, good gracious! Am I poisoned? What's this? Some of your infernal bitumen, or what?"

"No; that's all right—it must be, for you praised my port last year, and that is out of the very same bottle!"

But, as a rule, members of my trade—art and journalism—are anything but misers; they are more often than not the victims of their parsimonious employers. If they are rich, they are too modest to show it. The most curious instance of this topsy-turvydom in finance—and a case which strikes me as comic in the extreme—was the peculiar modesty of a well-known journalist, a popular and entertaining veteran, whom all knew to be a safe man, but who had no idea of his true position. He was very careful his friends should not be aware of it, and when he gave his excellent dinners—for he was a most hospitable man—he recommended his different dishes and wines by explaining that he had been most lucky in receiving little presents from wealthy friends.

"Excellent salmon — the first this season. Of course, I could never have provided it. This is sent to me from the Tay by my old friend Lord Glenesk, who landed it early yesterday morning. Ah! glad you like that champagne — I did Fizzy Frères a good turn when I wrote up the Champagne country, and they sent me a couple of dozen of their best. Cigars—yes—not to be had now for love or money. A little present from Sir Ben Boudan. He is M.P. for my own borough, and I look after him in the *Post*, you know"—and so on.

As a matter of fact, this was all fiction. He paid for the salmon, as he did for everything on the table, and had one of the best cellars in London. This strange apologetic explanation of his was doubtless to prevent his impecunious brother journalists from thinking him well enough off to finance them. I can see no other reason. He was a serious man, not to say dull, but he posed as a bit of a wit. One of his contributions to contemporary periodicals ran as follows:—

Mankind are one and all the same,
'Tis vain to range them into classes;
They have but this generic name—
A convocation vast of asses.
Our Grand Old Man is but an as-
Tonishing woodman. Oh, his hatchet!
How he can fling it! None surpass
That woodman's art or even match it.
What Woman but Man's lovely ass-
Uager of all his toils and troubles?
And what's her husband but an ass-
Erter of claims as sound as—bubbles?
Beloved reader, you're an ass-
Ociate of mine in song and story;
I say it to your face, my ass-
Istant upon the path to glory.

It is curious how professional men—particularly doctors—are victimized by wealthy clients and patients. Men who are misers are, as a rule, terrified of death, for they cannot take their money with them. It is therefore only as a last resource, to enable them longer to enjoy their hoard, that they send for the doctor. But they are still misers, and it is recorded that one of the most notorious misers in that land of frugality, France, died in his attempt to save a sixpence.

M. Vandille was Chief Magistrate at Boulogne, and by miserly habits became a rich man. His usual diet was bread and milk. The bread cost very little, and, after eating his loaf at home, his habit was to become his own public milk-inspector, whom, as Chief Magistrate, he had the right to appoint. And so, as he declared, to protect the inhabitants from being imposed upon by an inferior quality of milk, he took his walk immediately after eating his loaf, and demanded to taste the milk of every salesman he passed, thus saving himself from purchasing any. So much did he appreciate this clever ruse that when he was offered a part in the magistracy of Paris he hesitated for a long time, as he would lose his free drinks of milk at Boulogne. At last, however, he accepted, believing that Paris would have other compensations. He converted everything he possessed into money, retaining three sous, and fearing he might spend any more he sent the whole amount to Paris and walked after it the full distance. In that walk he assumed the disguise of a mendicant priest, and managed to receive benefactions from pious persons whom he met on the way In his seventy-eighth year his fortune amounted to eight hundred thousand pounds. Misers are generally strong men—they have to be so, in order to live a life of privation—but eventually Vandille, like other misers, was seized with illness, and the surgeon had to be called in. In those days they bled their patients. The surgeon asked Vandille half a livre for the operation, but the millionaire ordered him at once out of his sight, and sent for the apothecary. The apothecary refused to cut the price down, so Vandille sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three sous a time.

"HE DEMANDED TO TASTE THE MILK OF EVERY SALESMAN HE PASSED."

"Aye, but," said this worthy economist, "how often, friend, will it be necessary to bleed me?"

"Three times."

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take each time?"

"Eight ounces."

"Well, but why can't you take the whole twenty-four ounces at once? You want to make a job of me, you scoundrel. Here, sir; there are your three sous. Take the twenty-four ounces immediately." The barber was generous enough to obey; M. Vandille lost the twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the King, whom he made his sole heir.

HARDINGS LUCK.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER IV. (*continued*).

DICKIE was very happy. The little cousins were so friendly and jolly, the grown-up people so kind, everything so beautiful and so clean. It was a perfect day.

The river was very beautiful; it ran between banks of willows and alders where loosestrife and meadowsweet and willow herb and yarrow grew tall and thick.

At last the boats came to a pretty little town among trees.

"This is where we disembark," said the little girl-cousin. "The King lies here to-night at Sir Thomas Bradbury's; and we lie at our grandfather's house. And to-morrow it is the masque in Sir Thomas's park. And we are to see it."

"And then we go home to Deptford with thee," said the boy-cousin. "We are to stay a month. And we'll see thy galleon, and get old Sebastian to make me one too . . ."

"Yes," said Dickie, as the boat came against the quay. "What *is* this place?"

"Gravesend, thou knowest that," said the little cousins, "or hadst thou forgotten that, too, in thy fever?"

"Come, children," said the aunt—oh, what a different aunt to the one who had slapped Dickie in Deptford, sold the rabbit-hutch, and shot the moon—"you boys remember how I showed you to carry my train. And my girl will not forget how to fling the flowers from the gilt basket as the King and Queen come down the steps."

The grandfather's house and garden—the stately, white-haired grandfather, whom they called "My Lord," and who was, it seemed, the aunt's father—the banquet, the picture gallery, the gardens lit up by little coloured oil lamps hung in festoons from tree to tree, the blazing torches, the music, the masque—a sort of play without words in which everyone wore the most wonderful and beautiful dresses, and the Queen herself took a part, dressed all in gauze and jewels and white swan's feathers—all these things were like a dream to Dickie, and through it all the words

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Mankind are one and all the same,
'Tis vain to range them into classes;
They have but this generic name—
A convocation vast of asses.

Our Grand Old Man is but an as-
Tonishing woodman. Oh, his hatchet!
How he can fling it! None surpass
That woodman's art or even match it.

What Woman but Man's lovely ass-
Uager of all his toils and troubles?
And what's her husband but an ass-
Erter of claims as sound as—bubbles?

Beloved reader, you're an ass-
Ociate of mine in song and story;
I say it to your face, my ass-
Istant upon the path to glory.

It is curious how professional men—particularly doctors—are victimized by wealthy clients and patients. Men who are misers are, as a rule, terrified of death, for they cannot take their money with them. It is therefore only as a last resource, to enable them longer to enjoy their hoard, that they send for the doctor. But they are still misers, and it is recorded that one of the most notorious misers in that land of frugality, France, died in his attempt to save a sixpence.

M. Vandille was Chief Magistrate at Boulogne, and by miserly habits became a rich man. His usual diet was bread and milk. The bread cost very little, and, after eating his loaf at home, his habit was to become his own public milk-inspector, whom, as Chief Magistrate, he had the right to appoint. And so, as he declared, to protect the inhabitants from being imposed upon by an inferior quality of milk, he took his walk immediately after eating his loaf, and demanded to taste the milk of every salesman he passed, thus saving himself from purchasing any. So much did he appreciate this clever ruse that when he was offered a part in the magistracy of Paris he hesitated for a long time, as he would lose his free drinks of milk at Boulogne. At last, however, he accepted, believing that Paris would have other compensations. He converted everything he possessed into money, retaining three sous, and fearing he might spend any more he sent the whole amount to Paris and walked after it the full distance. In that walk he assumed the disguise of a mendicant priest, and managed to receive benefactions from pious persons whom he met on the way. In his seventy-eighth year his fortune amounted to eight hundred thousand pounds. Misers are generally strong men—they have to be so, in order to live a life of privation—but eventually Vandille, like other misers, was seized with illness, and the surgeon had to be called in. In those days they bled their patients. The surgeon asked Vandille half a livre for the operation, but the millionaire ordered him at once out of his sight, and sent for the apothecary. The apothecary refused to cut the price down, so Vandille sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three sous a time.

"Aye, but," said this worthy economist, "how often, friend, will it be necessary to bleed me?"

"Three times."

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take each time?"

"Eight ounces."

"Well, but why c... the whole twenty-fo... once? You wan... job of me, you sc... sir; there are ... Take t... imme... gen... V...

"HE DEMANDED TO TASTE THE MILK OF EVERY SALESMAN HE PASSED."

HARD-INGS' LUCK.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

"And then we go home to England with these," said the boy-cousin. "It's me to stay a month. And we'll see the galleon, and the old Sebastian to make me one toy . . ."

"Yes," said Dickie, as the boat came against the quay. "What is this place?"

"Granopoli, then, answer me that," said the little cousin, "or tasks have forgotten that, too, in thy fever?"

"Come, children," said the aunt. "Oh, what a different aunt to the one who had slapped Dickie in Deptford, and the cousin Dutch, and that the moon . . . you boys to remember how I showed you to carry my train. And my girl will not have you to fling the flowers from the . . . before the King and Queen come . . . the gondolier . . . many wine-shops . . . called 'Ye Lamb' . . . the sea . . . after the . . . little . . . the ground . . . the . . . little . . . the . . . the . . . the

kept on saying themselves to him very gently, very quietly, and quite without stopping :—

"Gravesend. That's where the lodging-house is where Beale is waiting for you—the man you called father. You promised to go there as soon as you could. Why haven't you gone? Gravesend. That's where the lodging-house is where Beale——" And so on, over and over again.

And the worst of it was that now, for the first time since he had found that he was not lame, he felt—more than felt—he *knew*—that the old New Cross life had not been a fever dream, and that Beale—who had been kind to him, and taken him through the pleasant country, and slept with him in the bed with the green curtains—was really waiting for him at Gravesend.

"And this is all a dream," said Dickie, "and I *must* wake up."

He knew that this must be a dream, and that Beale and Gravesend and New Cross and the old lame life were the real thing, and yet he could not wake up. All the same, the light had gone out of everything, and it is small wonder that when he got home at last, very tired indeed, to his father's house at Deptford he burst into tears as nurse was undressing him.

"What ails my lamb?" she asked.

"I can't explain; you wouldn't understand," said Dickie.

"Try," said she, very earnestly.

"It's—don't laugh, nurse. There's a dream that feels real—about a dreadful place—oh, so different from this. But there's a man waiting there for me that was good to me when I was—when I wasn't—that was good to me; he's waiting in the dream, and I want to get back to him. And I can't."

"Thou'rt better here than in that dreadful place," said the nurse, stroking his hair.

"Yes—but Beale. I know he's waiting there. I wish I could bring him here."

"Not yet," said the nurse, surprisingly. "'Tis not easy to bring those we love from one dream to another."

"One dream to another?"

"Didst never hear that all life is a dream?" she asked him. "But thou shalt go. Heaven forbid that one of thy race should fail a friend! Look—there are fresh sheets on thy bed. Lie still and think of him that was good to thee."

The nurse had taken burning wood from the hearth and set it on a silver plate. Now she strewed something on the glowing embers.

"Lie straight and still," she said, "and wish thyself where thou wast when thou leftest that dream."

He did so. A thick, sweet smoke rose from the little fire in the silver plate, and the nurse was chanting something in a very low voice :—

Men die,
Man dies not.
Times fly,
Time flies not.

He seemed to sink deep into a soft sea of sleep, to be rocked on its tide, and then to be flung by its waves, roughly, suddenly, on some hard shore of awakening. He opened his eyes. He was in the little bare front room in New Cross. Tinkler and the white seal lay on the floor among white moonflower

"THE NURSE WAS CHANTING SOMETHING IN A VERY LOW VOICE."

seeds confusedly scattered, and the gas lamp from the street shone through the dirty panes on the newspapers and sacking.

"What a dream!" said Dickie, shivering and very sleepy. "Oh, what a dream!" He put Tinkler and the seal in one pocket, gathered up the moonseeds and put them in the other, drew the old newspapers over him, and went to sleep.

The morning sun woke him.

"How odd," said he, "to dream all that—weeks and weeks—in just a little bit of one little night! If it had only been true!"

He jumped up, eager to start for Gravesend. Since he had wakened out of that wonderful dream on purpose to go to Gravesend he might as well start at once. But his jump ended in a sickening sideways fall, and his head knocked against the wainscot.

"I had forgotten," he said, slowly; "I shouldn't have thought any dream could have made me forget about my foot."

He crawled across to where the crutch lay—the old broom, cut down, that Lady Talbot had covered with black velvet for him.

"And now," he said, "I must get to Gravesend." He looked out of the window at the dismal, sordid street. "I wonder," he said, "if Deptford was ever really like it was in my dream—the gardens, and the clean river and the fields?"

He got out of the house when no one was looking and went off down the street.

His back ached, his lame foot hurt, his "good" leg was tired and stiff, and his heart, too, was very tired.

Dickie strode on manfully, but the pain in his back made him feel sick.

"I don't know as I can do it," he said.

Then he saw the three golden balls above the door of the friendly pawnbroker.

He looked, hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, and went in.

"Halloa!" said the pawnbroker. "Here we are again. Want to pawn the rattle, eh?"

"No," said Dickie; "but what'll you lend me on the seal you gave me?"

The pawnbroker stared, frowned, and burst out laughing. "If you don't beat all!" he said. "I give you a present, and you come to pledge it with me. You should have been one of our people. So you want to pledge the seal? Well, well!"

"I'd much rather not," said Dickie, seriously, "because I love it very much. But I must have my fare to Gravesend. My father's there waiting for me, and I don't want to leave Tinkler behind."

He showed the rattle.

"What's the fare to Gravesend?"

"Don't know! I thought you'd know. Will you give me the fare, for the seal?"

The pawnbroker hesitated and looked hard at him. "No," he said. "No. The seal's not worth it. Not but what it's a very good seal," he added. "Very good indeed."

"See here!" said Dickie, suddenly. "I know what honour is now, and the word of a gentleman. You will not let me pledge the seal with you. Then let me pledge my word—my word of honour. Lend me the money to take me to Gravesend, and, by the honour of a gentleman, I will repay you within a month."

The voice was firm; the accent, though strange, was not the accent of Deptford street boys. It was the accent of the boy who had had two tutors and a big garden, a place in the King's water-party, and a knowledge of what it means to belong to a noble house.

The pawnbroker looked at him. With the unerring instinct of his race he knew that this was not play-acting, that there was something behind it—something real. The sense of romance, of great things all about them transcending the ordinary things of life—this in the Jews has survived centuries of torment, shame, cruelty, and oppression. This inherited sense of romance in the pawnbroker now leapt to answer Dickie's appeal.

"You're a rum little chap," was what the pawnbroker said, "but I like your pluck. Every man 's got to make a fool of himself one time or the other," he added, apologizing to the spirit of business.

"You mean you will?" said Dickie, eagerly.

"More fool me," said the Jew, feeling in his pocket.

"You won't be sorry—not in the end, you won't," said Dickie, as the pawnbroker laid certain moneys before him on the mahogany counter. "You'll lend me this? You'll trust me?"

"Looks like it," said the Jew.

"Then some day I shall do something for you. I don't know what, but something. We never forget, we——" He stopped. He remembered that he was poor little lame Dickie Harding, with no right to that other name which had been his in the dream.

He picked up the coins, put them in his pocket, and felt the moonseeds.

"I cannot repay your kindness," he said, "though some day I will repay your silver. But these seeds—the moonseeds——" He pulled out a handful. "You liked the

flowers?" He handed a generous score across the reddish brown polished wood.

"Thank you, my lad," said the pawnbroker. "I'll raise them in gentle heat."

"I think they grow best by moonlight," said Dickie.

So he came to Gravesend and the common lodging-house, and a weary, sad, and very anxious man rose up from his place by the fire when the clickety-clack of the crutch sounded on the threshold.

"It's the nipper!" he said, and came very quickly to the door and got his arm round Dickie's shoulders. "The little nipper, so it ain't! I thought you'd got pinched. No, I didn't. I know'd your clever ways—I know'd you was bound to turn up."

"Yes," said Dickie, looking round the tramps' kitchen and remembering the long, clean, tapestry-hung dining-hall of his dream. "Yes, I was bound to turn up. You wanted me to, didn't you?" he added.

"Wanted you to?" Beale answered, holding him close and looking at him as men look at some rare treasure gained with much cost and after long seeking. "Wanted you? Not 'arf!" and drew him in and shut the door.

"Then I'm glad I came," said Dickie. But in his heart he was not glad. In his heart he longed for that pleasant house where he was the young master, and was not lame any more. But in his soul he was glad. Because the soul is greater than the heart, and knows greater things. And now Dickie loved Beale more than ever, because for him he had sacrificed his dream.

There were herrings for tea. And in the hard bed, with his clothes and his boots under the pillows, Dickie slept soundly.

Yet when he woke in the morning, remembering many things, he said to himself:—

"Is this the dream? Or was the other the dream?"

And it seemed a foolish question, with the feel of the coarse sheets and the smell of the close room, and Mr. Beale's voice saying, "Rouse up, nipper! There's sossingers for breakfast."

CHAPTER V.

"TO GET YOUR OWN LIVING."

"No," said Mr. Beale, "we ain't a-goin' to crack no more cribs. It's low—that's what it is. I quite grant you it's low. So I s'pose we'll 'ave to take the road again."

Dickie and he were sitting in the sunshine on a sloping field. They had been sitting there all the morning, and Dickie had told Mr. Beale all his earthly adventures from the moment the red-headed man had lifted him up to the window of Talbot Court to the time when he had come in by the open door of the common lodging-house.

"What a nipper it is, though," said Mr. Beale, regretfully, "for the burgling, I mean — sharp — clever — no one to touch him. But I don't cotton to it myself," he added, quickly, "not the burgling, I don't. You're always liable to get yourself into trouble over it, one way or the other—that's the worst of it. I don't know how it is," he ended, pensively, "but somehow it *always* leads to trouble."

Dickie picked up seven straws from among the stubble and idly plaited them together; the nurse had taught him this in the dream when he was still weak from the fever.

"That's very flash, that what you're doing," said Beale; "who learned you that?"

"I learned it in a dream," said Dickie, slowly. "I dreamed I 'ad a fever, and—I'll tell you if you like; it's a good yarn—good as Here Ward, very near."

Beale lay back on the dry stubble, his pipe between his teeth.

"Fire away," he said, and Dickie fired away.

When the long tale ended the sun was beginning to go down towards its bed in the west. There was a pause.

"You'd make a tidy bit on the 'alls," said Beale, quite awestruck. "The things you think of! When did you make all that up?"

"I dreamed it, I tell you," said Dickie.

"You always could stick it on," said Mr. Beale, admiringly.

"I ain't goin' to stick it on never no more," said Dickie. "They called it lying and cheating where I was—in my dream, I mean."

"Once let a nipper out of yer sight," said Mr. Beale, sadly, "and see what comes of it! 'No. 2' a-goin' to stick it on no more! Then how's us to get a honest living? Answer me that, young chap."

"I don't know," said Dickie, "but we got to do it some'ow."

"It ain't to be done—not with all the unemployed there is about," said Mr. Beale "Besides, you've got a regular gift for sticking it on—a talent, I call it. And now you want to throw it away. But you can't We *got* to live."

"In the dream," said Dickie, "there didn't seem to be no unemployed. Everyone was 'prenticed to a trade. I wish it was like that here."

"Well, it ain't," said Mr. Beale, shortly. "I wasn't never 'prenticed to no trade, no more'n what you'll be."

"Worse luck," said Dickie. "But I started learning a lot of things—games mostly—in the dream, I did—and I started making a boat—a galleon they called it. All the names is different there. And I carved a little box—a fair treat it was—with my father's arms on it."

"Yer father's *what?*"

"Coat of arms. Gentlemen there all has different things—patterns like; they calls 'em coats of arms, and they put 'em on their silver and on their carriages and furniture."

"Put *what?*" Beale asked again.

"The blazon. All gentlepeople have it."

"Don't you come the blazing toff over me," said Beale, with sudden fierceness, "'cause I won't 'ave it. See? It's them bloomin' Talbots put all this rot into your head."

"The Talbots?" said Dickie. "Oh! the Talbots ain't been gentry more than a couple of hundred years. Our family's as old as King Alfred."

"Stow it, I say," said Beale, more fiercely still. "I see what you're after; you want us to part company, that's what you want. Well, go. Go back to yer old Talbots, and be the nice lady's little boy with velvet kicksies and a clean anky once a week. That's what you do."

Dickie looked forlornly out over the river.

"I can't 'elp what I dreams, can I?" he said. "In the dream I'd got lots of things. Uncles and aunts an' a little brother. I never seen him, though. An' a farver and muvver an' all. It's different 'ere. I ain't got nobody but you 'ere, farver."

"Well, then," said Beale, more gently, "what do you go settin' of yourself up again me for?"

"I ain't," said Dickie. "I thought you liked me to tell you everythink."

Silence. Dickie could not help noticing the dirty shirt, the dirty face, the three days' beard, the filthy clothes of his friend, and he thought of his other friend, Sebastian of the docks. He saw the pale blue reproachful eyes of Beale looking out of that dirty face, and he spoke aloud, quite without meaning to.

"All that don't make no difference," he said

"Eh?" said Beale, with miserable, angry eyes.

"Look 'ere," said Dickie, desperately. "I'm a-goin' to show you. This 'ere's my Tinkler, what I told you about, what pawns for a bob. I wouldn't show it no one but you, swelp me, I wouldn't."

He held the rattle out.

Beale took it. "It's a fancy bit, I will say," he owned.

"Look 'ere," said Dickie; "what I mean to say——"

He stopped. What was the use of telling Beale that he had come back out of the dream just for *his* sake? Beale, who did not believe in the dream—did not understand it, hated it?

"Don't you go turning agin me," he said; "whether I dream or not, you and me'll stand together. I'm not goin' to do things wot's wrong—low, dirty tricks; so I ain't. But I knows we can get on without that. What would you *like* to do for your living, if you could choose?"

"I warn't never put to no trade," said Beale, "'cept being 'andy with a 'orse. I was a wagoner's mate when I was a boy. I likes a 'orse. Or a dawg," he added. "I ain't no good with me 'ands—not at working, you know—not to say working."

Dickie suppressed a wild notion he had had of getting into that dream again, learning some useful trade there, waking up, and teaching it to Mr. Beale.

"Ain't there *nothing* else you'd like to do?" he asked.

"I don't know as there is," said Mr. Beale, drearily, "without it was pigeons."

Then Dickie wondered whether things that you learned in dreams would "*stay* learnt"—things you learned to do with your hands. The Greek and the Latin "stayed learnt" right enough and sang in his brain encouragingly.

"Don't you get shirty if I talks about that dream," he said. "You dunno what a dream it was. I wasn't kidding you. I did dream it, honour bright! I dreamed that I could carve wood, make boxes and things. I wish I 'ad a bit of fine-grained wood. I'd like to try. I've got the knife they give me to cut the string of the basket in the train. It's jolly sharp."

"What sort o' wood?" Beale asked.

"It was mahogany I dreamed I made my box with," said Dickie. "I would like to try."

"Off 'is poor chump," Beale murmured, with bitter self-reproach; "my doin', too, puttin' 'im on to a job like Talbot Court—the nipper is."

He stretched himself and got up.

"I'll get yer a bit of mahogany from somewheres," he said, very gently. "I didn't

mean nothing, old chap. You keep all on about yer dreams. I don't mind. I likes it. Let's get a brace o' kippers and make a night of it."

So they went back to the Gravesend lodging-house.

Next day Mr. Beale produced the lonely leg of a sofa — mahogany — a fat, round, turned leg, old and seasoned.

"This what you want?" he asked.

Dickie took it eagerly. "I do wonder if I can," he said. "I feel just exactly like as if I could. I say, farver, let's get out in the woods, somewheres quiet, an' take our grub along—somewheres where nobody can't say 'What you up to?' and make a mock of me."

They found a place such as Dickie desired —a warm, sunny nest in the heart of a green wood—and all through the long, warm hours of the autumn day Mr. Beale lay lazy in the sunshine, while Dickie, very pale and determined, sliced, chipped, and picked at the sofa-leg with the knife the gardener had given him.

It was hard to make him lay the work down even for dinner, which was of a delicious and extravagant kind—new bread, German sausage, and beer in a flat bottle. For from the moment when the knife touched the wood Dickie knew that he had not forgotten, and that what he had done in the Deptford dock-yard under the eyes of Sebastian, the shipwright who had helped to sink the Armada, he could do now alone in the woods beyond Gravesend.

It was after dinner that Mr. Beale began to be interested.

"Swelp me," he said, "but you've got the hang of it somehow. A box, ain't it?"

"A box," said Dickie, smoothing a rough corner, "a box with a lid that fits. And I'll carve our arms on the top—see, I've left that bit stickin' up a-purpose."

It was the hardest day's work Dickie had ever done. He stuck to it, and stuck to it, and stuck to it till there was hardly light left to see it by. But before the light was wholly gone the box had wholly come, with the carved coat of arms and the lid that fitted.

"Well," said Mr. Beale, striking a match to look at it, "if that ain't a fair treat! There's many a swell bloke 'ud give 'arf a dollar for that to put 'is baccy in. You've got a trade, my son, that's sure. Why didn't you let on before as you could? Blow the beastly match. It's burnt me finger."

The match went out and Beale and Dickie went back to supper in the crowded, gas-lit

"YOU'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT SOMEHOW. A BOX, AIN'T IT?"

room. When supper was over—it was tripe and onions and fried potatoes, very luxurious—Beale got up and stood before the fire.

"I'm a-goin' to 'ave a hauction, I am," he said to the company at large. "Here's a thing, and a very pretty thing, a baccy-box or a snuff-box, or a box to shut yer gold money in, or yer diamonds. What offers?"

"'And it round," said a black-browed woman with a basket covered in American cloth no blacker than her eyes.

"That I will," said Beale, readily. "I'll 'and it round *in* me 'and. And I'll do the 'andin' meself."

He took it round from one to another, showed the neat corners, the neat carving, the neat fit of the square lid.

"Where'd yer nick that?" asked a man with a red handkerchief.

"The nipper made it."

"Pinched it, more likely," someone said.

"I see 'im make it," said Beale, frowning a little.

"Let me 'ave a squint," said a dingy grey old man sitting apart. For some reason of his own Beale let the old man take the box into his hand. But he kept very close to him, and he kept his eyes on the box.

"All outer one piece," said the old man. "I dunno 'oo made it, an' I don't care, but that was made by a workman as know'd his trade. I was a cabinet-maker once, though you wouldn't think it to look at me. There ain't nobody 'ere to pay wot that little hobjec's worth. Hoil it up with a drop of cold linseed and leave it all night, and then in the morning you rub it on yer trouser-leg to shine it, and then rub it in the mud to dirty it, and then hoil it again and dirty it again, and you'll get 'arf a thick 'un for it as a genuwine hold antique. That's wot you do."

"Thankee, daddy," said Beale, "an' so I will."

He slipped the box in his pocket. When Dickie next saw the box it looked as old as any box need look.

"Now we'll look out for a shop where they sells these 'ere hold antics," said Beale. They were on the road and their faces were set towards London. Dickie's face looked pinched and white. Beale noticed it.

"You don't look up to much," he said; "warn't your bed to your liking?"

"The bed was all right," said Dickie, thinking of the bed in the dream. "I diden sleep much, though."

"Any more dreams?" Beale asked, kindly enough.

"No," said Dickie. "I think p'r'aps it was me wanting so to dream it again kep' me awake."

"I dessay," said Beale, picking up a straw to chew.

Dickie limped along in the dust; the world seemed very big and hard. It was a long way to London, and he had not been able to dream that dream again. Perhaps he would never be able to dream it. He stumbled on a big stone, and would have fallen but that Beale caught him by the arm, and as he swung round by that arm Beale saw that the boy's eyes were thick with tears.

"Ain't 'urt yerself, 'ave yer?" he said; for in all their wanderings these were the first tears Dickie had shed.

"No," said Dickie, and hid his face against Beale's coat-sleeve. "It's only——"

"What is it, then?" said Beale, in the accents of long-disused tenderness; "tell yer old farver, then."

"It's silly," sobbed Dickie.

"Never you mind whether it's silly or not," said Beale. "You out with it."

"In that dream," said Dickie, "I wasn't lame."

"Think of that now," said Beale, admiringly; "you best dream that every night, then you won't mind so much of a daytime."

"But I mind more," said Dickie, sniffing hard, "much, much more."

Beale, without more words, made room for him in the crowded perambulator, and they went on. Dickie's sniffs subsided. Silence. Presently—

"I say, farver, I'm sorry I acted so silly. You never see me blub afore, and you won't again," he said; and Beale said, awkwardly, "That's all right, mate."

"You pretty flush?" the boy asked later on.

"Not so dusty," said the man.

"'Cause I wanter give that there little box to a chap I know wot lent me the money for the train to come to you at Gravesend."

"Pay 'im some other day, when we're flusher."

"I'd rather pay 'im now," said Dickie. "I could make another box. There's a bit of the sofy leg left, ain't there?"

There was, and Dickie worked away at it in the odd moments that cluster round meal-times, the half-hours before bed and before the morning start. Mr. Beale begged of all likely foot-passengers, but he noted that the "nipper" no longer "stuck it on." For the most part he was quite silent. Only when Beale appealed to him he would say, "Father's

very good to me. I don't know what I should do without father."

And so at last they came to New Cross again, and Mr. Beale stepped in for half a pint at the Railway Hotel, while Dickie went clickety-clack along the pavement to his friend the pawnbroker.

"Here we are again!" said that tradesman. "Come to pawn the rattle?"

Dickie laughed. Pawning the rattle seemed suddenly to have become a very old and good joke between them.

"Look 'ere, mister," he said; "that chink wot you lent me to get to Gravesend with." He paused, and added, in his other voice: "It was very good of you, sir."

"I'm not going to lend you any more, if that's what you're after," said the Jew, who had already reproached himself for his confiding generosity.

"It's not that I am after," said Dickie, with dignity. "I wish to repay you."

"Got the money?" said the Jew, laughing not unkindly.

"No," said Dickie, "but I've got this." He handed the little box across the counter.

"Where'd you get it?"

"I made it."

The pawnbroker laughed again.

"Well, well! I'll ask no questions and you'll tell me no lies, eh?"

"I shall certainly tell you no lies," said Dickie, with the dignity of the dream boy who was not a cripple and was heir to a great and gentle name. "Will you take it instead of the money?"

The pawnbroker turned the box over in his hands, while kindness and honesty struggled fiercely within him against the habits of a business life. Dickie eyed the china vases and concertinas and teaspoons tied together in fan shape, and waited silently.

"It's worth more than what I lent you," the man said at last with an effort, "and it isn't everyone who would own that, mind you."

"I know it isn't," said Dickie. "Will you please take it, to pay my debt to you, and if it is worth more, accept it as a grateful gift from one who is still gratefully your debtor."

"You'd make your fortune on the halls," said the man, as Beale had said. "The way you talk beats everything. All serene. I'll take the box in full discharge of your debt. But you might as well tell me where you got it."

"I made it," said Dickie, and put his lips together very tightly.

"You did, did you? Then I'll tell you what. I'll give you four bob for every one of them you make and bring to me. You might do different coats of arms—see?"

"I was only taught to do one," said Dickie.

Just then a customer came in—a woman, with her Sunday dress and a pair of sheets to pawn because her man was out of work and the children were hungry.

"Run along now," said the Jew, "I've nothing more for you to-day." Dickie flushed and went.

Three days later the crutch clattered in at the pawnbroker's door and Dickie laid two more little boxes on the counter.

"Here you are," he said. The pawnbroker looked and exclaimed and questioned and wondered, and Dickie went away with eight silver shillings in his pocket, the first coins he had ever earned in his life. They seemed to have been coined in some fairy mint; they were so different from any other money he had ever handled.

Mr. Beale, waiting for him by New Cross Station, put his empty pipe in his pocket and strolled down to meet him. Dickie drew him down a side street and held out the silver. "Two days' work," he said. "We ain't no call to take the road 'cept for a pleasure trip. I got a trade, I 'ave. 'Ow much a week's four bob a day? Twenty-four bob, I make it."

"Lor'!" said Mr. Beale, with his mouth open.

"Now, I tell you what; you get 'old of some more old sofy legs, and a stone and a strap to sharpen my knife with. And there we are. Twenty-four shillings a week for a chap an' 'is nipper ain't so dusty, farver, is it? I've thought it all up and settled it all out. So long as the weather holds we'll sleep in the bed with the green curtains and I'll 'ave a green wood for my workshop, and when the nights get cold we'll rent a room of our very own and live like toffs, won't us?"

The child's eyes were shining with excitement.

"'Pon my sam, I believe you *like* work," said Mr. Beale, in tones of intense astonishment.

"I like it better'n cadgin'," said Dickie.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE SAND-PICTURES.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Author of "A Child of the Jago" and "Green Ginger."

WE are all familiar enough with the uses to which the sand and the stones of the seashore are put at popular watering-places by children of both sexes, but not many people in this country have even heard of the charming art of "Bon-seki," or, more strictly speaking, "Bon-kei," as it is practised in Japan.

The Japanese artist in sand and stones does not need a whole seashore for his effects. His field of operations is a little black lacquer tray, usually oval, but sometimes round and sometimes square. On this he flings down his sand and pebbles of various degrees of fineness and coarseness, touches them here and there with a feather or a bit of stick, and, lo! a charming little landscape or sea-piece, with rippling water, graded distances, and driving mists.

MR. KADO RIOKO AT WORK ON A SAND PICTURE.

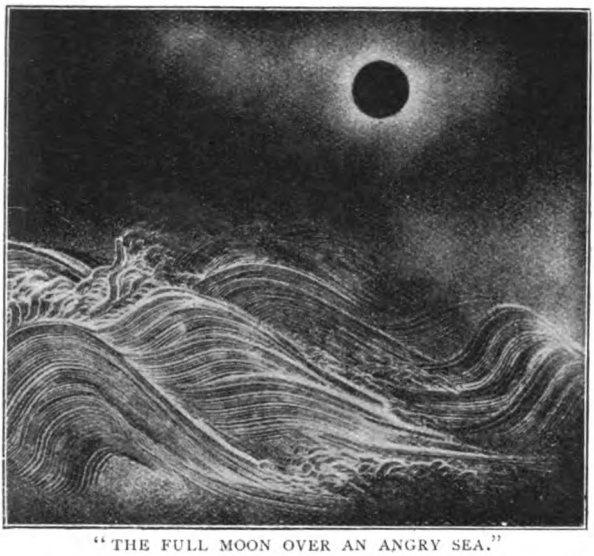
This pretty accomplishment had its origin four hundred and fifty years ago. At that time Murata Shuko, a Buddhist priest of great learning and taste, was appointed master of ceremonies to the great Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimasa. Shuko originated the artistic arrangement on trays of curious and beautiful stones in such a manner as to suggest gardens and natural scenery. This was called *bon-seki*—*bon* being the Japanese word for a tray and *seki* for stones. Rather more than a hundred years later a noble amateur named Hoso-kawa Yusai added sand to the stones, and so the art was developed, reaching its height, perhaps, in the early part of the nineteenth century.

So much for history. Now for a few of the pictures themselves, obligingly made for the inspection of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE by Mr. Kado Rioko (or, as we should say in the usual European order of names, Mr. Rioko Kado, the latter being the surname), a Japanese artist in England.

In fairness to Mr. Kado it must be said, to begin with, that his sand pictures are shown under every disadvantage. In the first place photography at best can give no adequate translation of the delicate shades and touches in the originals, and especially of the quaint half-realism of the rocks and hills standing in relief; and in the second place Mr. Kado had with him none of the proper tools for his work, and the whole thing had to be improvised from materials at hand. Thus, instead of the jetty black lacquer trays, polished like mirrors, that are the proper backgrounds for *bon-kei*, black varnished *papier-mâché* boards, made for drying photographic prints, were used. No equal substitute could be found in this country for the extremely fine hair-sieve through which the finest of the sand is sprinkled for effects of light mist, cloud, and distance; and so with other matters, including the sand itself. But Mr. Kado made light of all difficulties, and with the ready adaptability of his race he set to work with whatever came handiest, and made his tools as he wanted them, at the same time as his pictures.

He put a round tray on the table before him, and, looking about for some substitute for a sieve, he seized on one of those cardboard cylinders which are used for the postal transmission of rolled papers, drawings, or pictures. He cut a few inches off the end of this and tied a small rag of cotton cloth over the end of the piece, and there was his sieve.

Next he took a black *papier-mâche* drying-board and dropped on it, near the top, a small circular disc of cardboard. Then he took his lately-invented sieve and flung fine sand round and over it and all about the board—seemingly at random; though, in fact, there was perfect method in every movement of the hand. This done, there lay before us nothing but a black surface of about sixteen inches by twelve, sprinkled over with blotches of white sand, with a cardboard

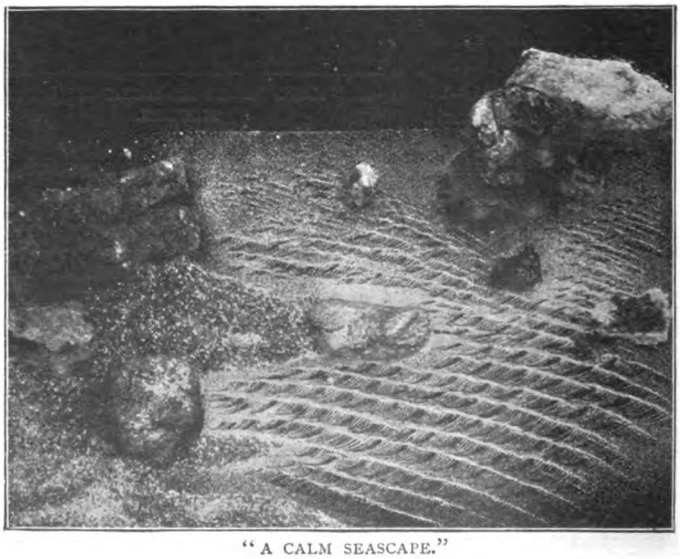


"THE FULL MOON OVER AN ANGRY SEA."

disc among it. What was it to be? The artist left us little time for doubt. He took an ordinary feather, and, with a dozen quick, bold sweeps, there lay a raging ocean under a black sky; an ocean tumbling and roaring (almost) over rocky breakers, and bursting into spray where the waves tore over the sharp points and ledges. The wonder is the spontaneous manner in which the picture seems to spring up out of nothing under the feather. There is no laborious drawing and shaping of outlines and touching-in of details of wave and surf; a single movement of the feather creates each great billow, rise and crest and fall, outline, body, detail, and all, and to touch it once more would be to ruin it. But the picture lacks a single touch to finish it. With a dexterous movement the cardboard disc is whisked away, and there is the full moon over the angry sea: a black moon, of course—call it an eclipse of the moon, if you like—for, of course, the groundwork is black, and the picture is, in a sense, a negative. A very striking picture, too, produced in a few seconds, and ready to vanish as fast as it came.

This sketch has been in sand alone, and stones—*seki*—have not been used. Now, Mr. Kado has with him none of the curious and beautifully-coloured stones used in *bon-seki* in Japan, but he is quite equal to the difficulty. He takes a large piece of common rock-salt—a piece selected for its diversity of colour—and hits it with a poker. The result is an assortment of "rocks" of all shapes and many sizes and colours, and with these at hand he takes another black board and flings on it more fine sand.

This is to be no picture of raging ocean, but a peaceful seaside view. When the fine white sand is evenly sprinkled all across the lower part of the board, Mr. Kado produces a coarser mixed sand, black and reddish brown and white, with many bright spangles of quartz among it—quite a beautiful sand merely as it lies in a heap. This he throws down on the left of the picture, shaping it into little capes and promontories. Then he turns to his fragments of rock-salt and selects seven or eight pieces of varied form and colour. These he places here and there on the board before him, quickly and confidently, but with a sure eye for picturesque composition. The picture is taking shape, though, as yet, it might be a view of a great sandy desert, with strange, barren rocks rising here and there. But again the magic feather comes into play and, dancing lightly over the white sand, leaves merry ripples behind it. Ten or twenty seconds of this and a calm seascape lies before us, with a small inlet or bay, where the little waves lap



"A CALM SEASCAPE."

pleasantly on a sandy shore broken by weather-worn and ocean-tinted old rocks. The feather, as it comes rippling in, held at the angle shown by the wave-crests, leaves a little of the white sand untouched all along the margin, and so is produced the effect of a veritable seashore, with the coarse shingle washed up beyond the fine sand over which the little waves expend themselves.

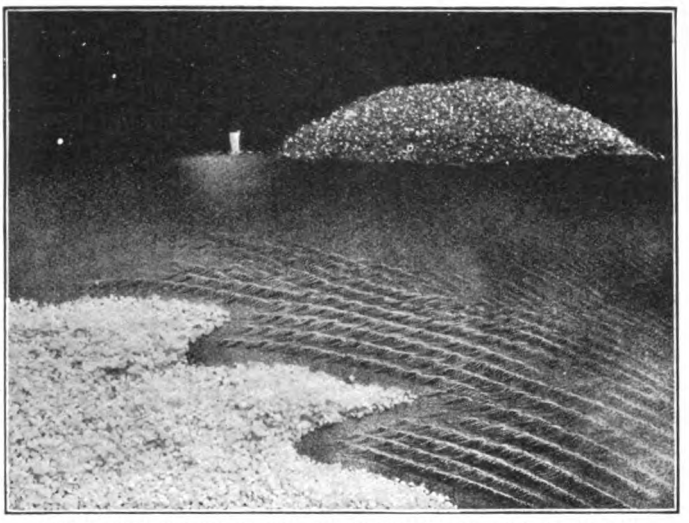
Bon-seki is, strictly speaking, an arrangement on a tray of stones only. *Bon-kei* is a view built with various sands and stones. *Bon-gwa* is a picture made with sand only, and sand of but one degree of fineness. The view of the stormy sea under the moon which we have seen was *bon-gwa*. To illustrate the difference Mr. Kado takes another board, sprinkles it with sand, and once more, with a few bold sweeps of his feather, gives us a stormy sea under the moon. Not the same sea—for a Japanese artist will never repeat his work—but a sea perhaps a little less angry, though swelling and tempestuous enough, with driving cloud and the eclipsed moon. There it lies, a *bon-gwa*, a picture of fine sand only. But now the artist takes half-a-dozen tiny white pebbles—coarse sand, almost — and drops them about the curling surf in the middle of the picture. The picture is now *bon-kei*, because of the addition of those little stones, which represent flying specks of foam.

THIS PICTURE IS "BON-KEI" BECAUSE OF THE ADDITION OF THE LITTLE STONES.

The pictures already made have been entirely ideal—Mr. Kado now takes a board to reproduce an actual view. The fine sand is sprinkled as before over the lower two-thirds of the space, up to a fine horizon-line. A handful of small white pebbles is dropped at the left-hand bottom corner, and spread out to make capes and inlets. The feather comes into use once again, and the water is gently rippled — more gently, even, than in the case of the first of the rocky views. Then Mr. Kado turns to his sparkling and diversified coarse sand, and taking a quantity in a small piece of paper carefully pours out before our eyes an island—an island rising from the sea to a high oval elevation in the centre—an island that everybody familiar with the famous places of Japan will recognise at once. One more touch is needed, however. The artist drops a pinch of his finest white sand over the horizon-line, and, doubling a small piece of paper, he whisks half of it away again, leaving behind a white junk-sail, swelling in the wind; and that finishes a picture of the celebrated island of Enoshima as seen from the shore, with a sail in the distance.

It is an excellent choice that represents Enoshima in the variegated, sparkling sand, for the real Enoshima, though its sides are rocky and tree-grown, is the greatest place for wonderful sea-shells and sea-stones in the world. It is a sacred island, too, under the immediate patronage of Benten, the goddess of love and good fortune; and it has weird and mysterious caves, into which the sea washes—washes against the feet of stone gods and goddesses carved out of the rock ages ago. But once out of the gloomy caves, Enoshima is the sunniest and most sparkling place in the world—the sea sparkles, the sands, the shells, and the rocks; so that you see how well chosen the quartzy sand was to represent this delightful island—the island of the tortoise, as it is sometimes called.

One more picture and Mr. Kado's exposition is done. This is to be pure *bon-gwa* and very simple. Simple to look at, that is: anybody who supposes it to be simple to execute is recommended to take his black board, his sand, and his feather, and copy it. The fine sand falls delicately over the black surface, and the artist, using his feather no more in the wave fashion, but point forward

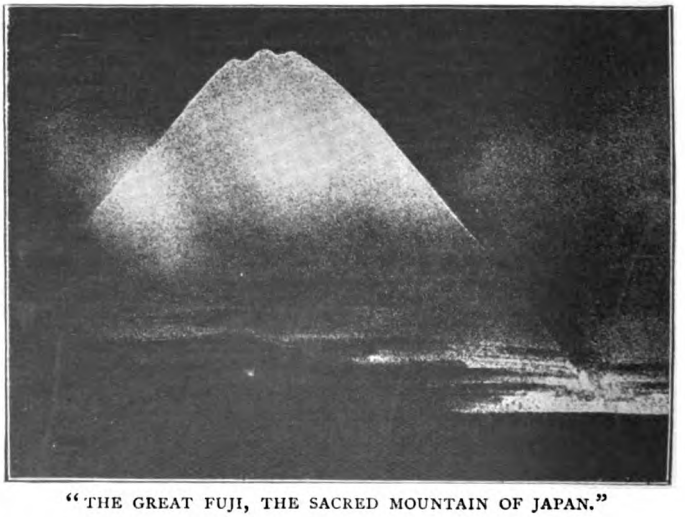


"THE CELEBRATED ISLAND OF ENOSHIMA AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE."

and edge downward, like a knife, draws a sharp and bold outline, clearing away all sand outside it. Then a faint, misty sprinkling of more sand, and a quick sweep or two of the feather below finishes the picture, and there is the snow-covered summit of the extinct volcano, the great Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan, pointing upward into the black sky, with mist and cloud veiling its lower slopes. Again we have to deplore the inadequacy of photography and the necessity for reducing the picture, for, though the picture is plain black and white, nothing but itself can show its mysterious gradations and delicate shades of mist in the lower parts.

Mr. Kado, under all his disadvantages in the matter of tools and material, made his little pictures with a neat rapidity and ease that were rather astonishing. It was equally surprising and pleasing to see the pictures come suddenly into being out of shapeless films of sand at the firm touch of the feather, or by reason of the apparently careless flinging down of a few stones and a little gravel on the tray or board. And we cannot recommend a more interesting pastime to any reader who may suppose the thing to be as easy as it looks, than this same making of sand and stone pictures on a black surface In case anybody should be disposed to make the attempt we may say that the feather in use in Japan for the purpose is a pinion of either the wild duck, the crane, or the eagle; though to such an expert as Mr. Kado no feather comes amiss. The other tool most commonly used, beside the fine sieve, is a small piece of flat wood of a narrowly triangular shape, something like the blade of an oar, used for clearing away superfluous sand from a sharp outline. This is called a *yosèita*, but it will probably work as well (in this country at any rate) if you call it a scraper. When Mr. Kado needed a *yosèita* he took hold of the first piece of paper that came near, and doubled it once or twice. The sand may be of as many sorts as you please, though the finest should be very fine indeed if good and delicate results are aimed at.

We do not expect that these scanty hints will enable readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to produce sand and stone pictures to rival those of Tori ama Shizan or Mimasu no Ya—two of the celebrated practitioners of the early part of the nineteenth century—but, at any rate, they may be of some little help to anybody disposed to amuse himself in a novel and pleasing manner.



"THE GREAT FUJI, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN."

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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THE POWER OF LIGHTNING.

I AM sending you a photograph showing some of the damage caused by lightning striking the tower of Godshill Church. The face of the clock was torn right off and was found, as the accompanying picture shows, lying a distance of some forty yards away.—Mr. Clifford Malden, care of Colonel Malden, St. Maur, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

WHERE STILTS ARE USED FOR WORK INSTEAD OF PLAY.

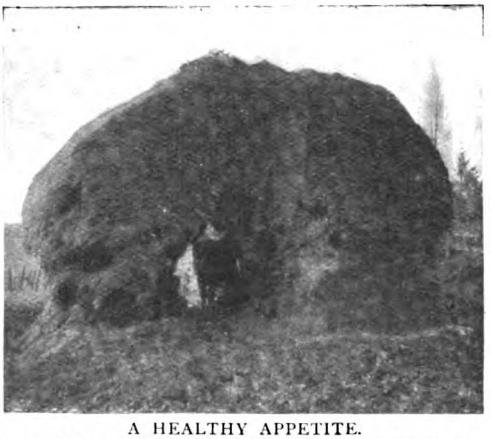
HOW often an invention which at first was merely a plaything of youth has been adopted for utilitarian purposes! Stilts are usually associated with a boy or with the clown at a circus, but some years since a Kentish farmer conceived the idea of putting them to a useful purpose by using them as a step-ladder by which to reach the top of the hop-poles for fixing or repairing the wires which are now so extensively used by hop-growers. In the hop districts at certain times of the year numbers of men may be seen at work apparently in mid-air. The photograph shows two men repairing wires, with a boy on the ground to give assistance. — Mr. Horace Dan, St. Mark's Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

A DOG'S HEAD ON A BUTTERFLY'S WING.

IN September, 1906, an illustrated article of mine, entitled "The Life Story of the White Admiral Butterfly," appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Recently, a Mr. W. G. Chambers has written me asking if I have ever observed the curious markings on the wings of that butterfly. He writes: "The butterfly we used to call, when at school in Huntingdonshire, the 'Greyhound's Head Butterfly.' If you will look you will find a perfect dog's head, surrounded by a cape which looks like a beautiful fringe. It is very distinct in the photographs you have given in your article." Since this curious feature has been pointed out to me, it seems most conspicuous, especially when I exhibit the picture on the screen as a lantern slide. The slightly enlarged picture shown here will help to make clear how conspicuous the dog's head must appear when seen on a screen twenty feet square.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

PITY THE POOR —

ANYONE casually glancing at this photograph, which was taken just outside Jerusalem, would imagine the man to be carrying an enormous load of boxes, whereas he is really walking in front of a camel.—Mr. J. Benney, 42, Fengates Road, Redhill.



A HEALTHY APPETITE.

WE are all familiar with the gourmand who boasts of having eaten his way through a dinner of many courses, but a horse that has eaten its way through a haystack is surely something of a novelty. For this reason you may think the accompanying photograph, showing how three horses treated a haystack, worthy of a place in your "Curiosities" pages. — Mr. J. Durst, 21, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W.

TWO PORTRAITS IN ONE.

I SEND you a portrait of Aunt Sally, which only needs to be turned upside down to become transformed into the smiling face of Father Christmas. — Mr. Charles G. John, Dental Chambers, Lucknow, India.

THE MINIATURE PRISON OF SARK.

SARK, the loveliest of the Channel Islands, possesses a quaint old prison of two cells, more as a matter of form than of necessity ; for serious crime is almost unknown in the island, which has no paid police, but simply an elected constable. It is some years since the prison was called into requisition, and on the last occasion the bolt was found to be so rusty that it had to be broken before the door

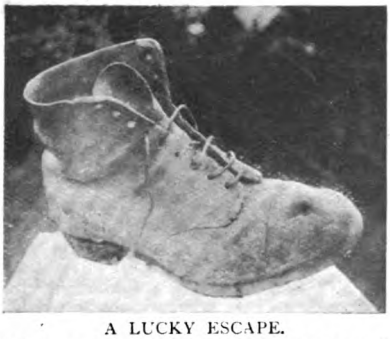
could be opened. The prisoner was then put in, left all night with the door open, and made no attempt to escape. On another occasion a young English servant, who had stolen some clothes, was sentenced to three days' imprisonment. The prospect so terrified her that the authorities took pity on her loneliness and considerately left the cell open. The little maid sat in the doorway, and was consoled by kind-hearted Sark women, who came to keep her company. A still more curious incident is told of a man who was convicted for neglecting his wife and children. He was ordered to betake himself to the prison and there wait for the arrival of the constable. This he did, sitting outside until the door was opened to let him in.—Lady Lawson, c/o Messrs. H. S. King and Co., 9, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

UNICYCLING.

THE difficulty of riding a single wheel precludes its becoming a fad, but occasionally someone is venturesome enough to brave the bumps and persevere until they master the bucking tendencies of the machine. Such a person is Tommy Martin, of Denver, Colorado, who during his leisure moments practised on his wheel until he was so proficient in balancing that he could ride all about the city without alighting, except at pleasure, and even rode to and from the city park, three miles away. This is a snapshot of him while riding, taken by Mr. Winfield Wood, of 1,120, Seventeenth Street, Denver, Colorado.

THE STRANGE VICISSITUDES OF A PORTRAIT.

I WAS much interested in an article in an old number of THE STRAND, entitled "The Romance of Portraiture," especially in the print of the Royal Martyr, and I venture to send you two photographs of prints which I think are equally interesting. Like the King Charles and Cromwell portraits in that article, these are from the same plate, but the alterations in this case are in the head and legs. One of them is a portrait of Louis XV., and is an excellent engraving. In the corresponding one of Louis XVI. the background and nearly the whole of the costume are the same, yet the character of the picture is decidedly different, and hideous jack-boots have replaced the elegant gaiters of his predecessor. Though the face is fairly good, the pose of the head is utterly impossible, while the background is not changed except by the addition of a very few lines, which alter the character of the column.—Mr. E. T. Cockey, 25, West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

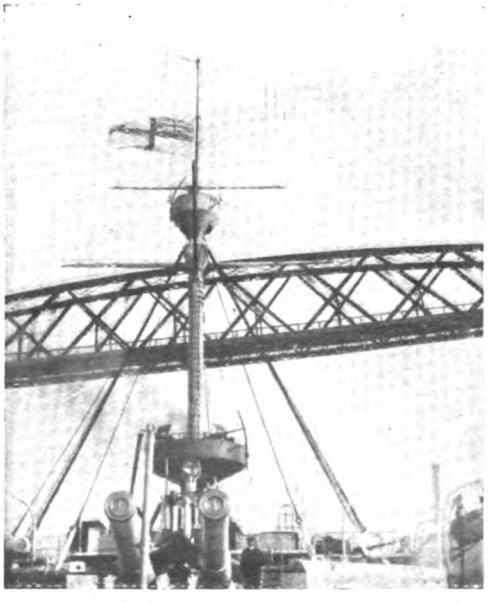


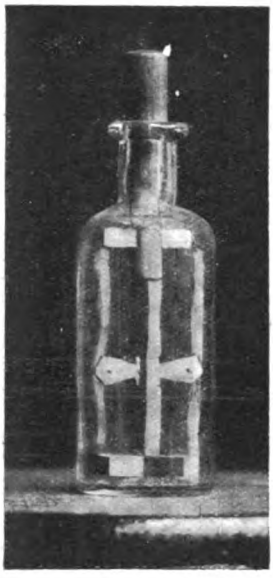
A LUCKY ESCAPE.

THE boot shown in the above photograph was worn by a Shropshire youth, who, while out shooting with a rifle, rested the muzzle on the toe and accidentally pulled the trigger, causing the rifle to go off, the bullet passing between his fourth and big toe. The remarkable thing about the incident is that the youth was not injured in the least and walked home without removing his boot.—Mr. Nigel A. Owen, 6, Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair, W.

IS AN ACCIDENT INEVITABLE?

THIS photograph, showing the mainmast and fighting tops of a battleship which is steaming under the Forth Bridge, suggests the question, Will the topmast carry away or the bridge break? Though, as a matter of fact, neither accident happened—the ship gliding gracefully under the bridge with thirty feet to spare—the question is one which must have occurred to many going under a bridge in a big ship for the first time.—Mr. M. McDougall.



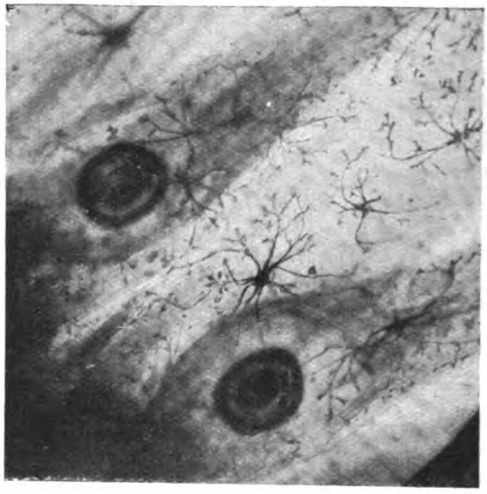


HOW DID IT GET INSIDE?

SOME time ago I noticed in THE STRAND a very striking photograph in which a boy is made to appear inside a sixteen-ounce bottle. As a constant reader of your magazine I have become very much interested in the "Curiosities" department, and send herewith a photograph of a bottle which actually contains the frame-work which is seen within it. The building of the structure inside is simply a matter of a little patience, the only mysterious part being the fact that the stopper, which is a solid piece of wood, passes entirely through the neck of the bottle, and is securely held in its position by a wooden pin running through its lower end. As the stopper fits closely in the neck of the bottle it is impossible to get an instrument of any kind to the cross-piece in order to remove it, and even if it could be reached, the wall of the bottle would prevent its being pushed out. How it was done remains a mystery to all who examine it.—Mr. T. J. Crawford, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

THE TAIL OF THE MYSIS.

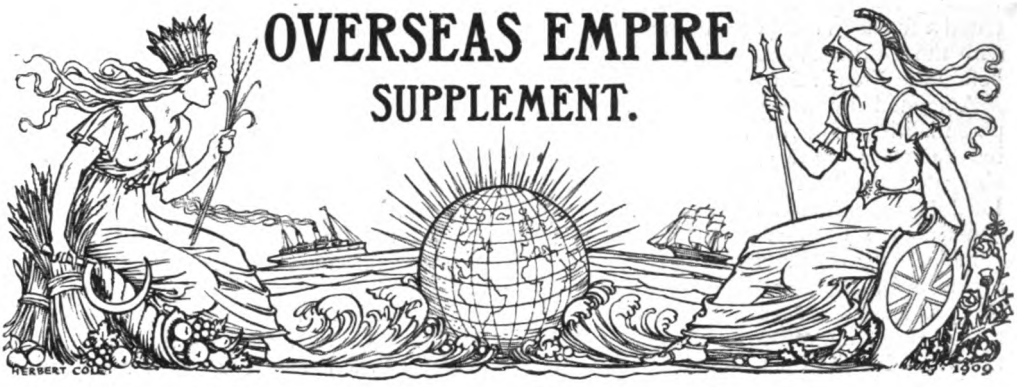
THIS microphotograph shows part of the tail of a small, shrimp-like animal called the mysis. Within the tail two oval bodies are seen to which great interest is attached, since they undoubtedly represent what is usually called the "auditory organ" of the creature. Organs of hearing of this kind are found in other cases, such as in many shell-fish, but the small crustacean illustrated is the only animal which has them in such a remarkable position. Although described as organs of hearing, owing to a similarity which exists between them and part of the ear of higher animals, it is, perhaps, wiser to describe them as organs of "orientation." The structure of these bodies is wonderfully adapted so as to give to their owner a "sense of direction." They consist of a small sac which is partly lined inside with stiff, sensitive hairs. In the middle of the sac, and



floating freely in the liquid which fills it, is a dense stony body, called an "otolith." This otolith is comparatively heavy, and consequently, under the action of gravity, presses upon the hairs of the sac whenever the mysis turns on one side. A message is then sent, by means of the nerves connected with the hairs, to the brain of the animal, which indicates to it its exact position.—Mr. F. M. Tozer, Mole Cottage, West Humble, Dorking.

FOURTEEN JAPS TO MAKE ONE PORTRAIT.

THIS somewhat ferocious-looking portrait of a Jap is composed of no fewer than fourteen figures, and I think it will afford readers of THE STRAND no little amusement to trace for themselves the outlines of each of these carefully-drawn figures.—Master Harry Arab, Yamamoto dori 2 chome No. 126, Kobe, Japan.



The National Evolution of Canada.

By THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Bart., G.C.M.G., C.B.

II.

NO greater evidence of the creation of traffic by affording the facilities has ever been given than in the Canadian Pacific Railway. Those who predicted that a railway through such a wilderness, occupied only by savages and wild animals, would not earn enough to pay for grease for the axles of the wheels must be not a little astonished to learn that the company which had the courage to make such a venture is now operating thirteen thousand miles of railway, and has established, with its fleet of one hundred and eighty-six thousand tons, an *all red route* from England to Australia, Japan, and China, and has obtained a revenue this year of over seventy-four million dollars. When to this is added the fact that the enterprising firm of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann are steadily constructing a transcontinental railway through Canada, and that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is vigorously pushing a third line from Moncton to Prince Rupert on the Pacific, some little idea may be formed of the boundless resources of Canada.

The national evolution of Canada in its diplomatic position was equally great. The Canadian Government in 1879, having appointed Sir A. T. Galt High Commissioner for Canada in London, applied to Her Majesty's Government to have him appointed a Commissioner where Treaties were being negotiated in which Canada was interested. Sir Michael Hicks Beach (now Lord St. Aldwyn), then Secretary of State, in a despatch to Lord Lorne, said: "In reply I have to inform you that it is not thought desirable to appoint a Canadian Commissioner to take part in the negotiation of any Treaty, but if your Government desire to send a person enjoying their confidence to advise with Her Majesty's Government, or with the British Ambassador, on any questions that may arise during the negotiations, Her Majesty's Government will be happy to give attention to his representations." Having been appointed to succeed Sir A. T. Galt, I took the question up with Lord Derby, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and with the assistance of the present Lord Fitzmaurice, who was then Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, and of the late Sir C. M. Kennedy, then at the head of the Commercial Department of that office, I obtained for Canada the right to negotiate Commercial Treaties with foreign countries. The Foreign Office sent a letter, dated July 26th, 1884, containing the following extract: "If the Spanish Government are favourably disposed, the full power for these negotiations will be given to Sir Robert Morier and Sir Charles Tupper jointly. The actual negotiations would probably be conducted by Sir Charles Tupper, but the convention, if concluded, must be signed by both Plenipotentiaries." In 1893 I negotiated in this manner, in conjunction with the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, a

Commercial Treaty between France and Canada, and in like manner the Hon. Mr. Fielding and the Hon. Mr. Brodeur negotiated a further Treaty with France, associated with the British Ambassador, which is now before the French Senate for ratification.

Animated by a due recognition of the potentialities of British America, as stated by Secretary Seward, the United States abrogated the Treaty of 1854 negotiated by Lord Elgin, although it had been far more beneficial to that country than to British America. Its operations terminated in 1866, a year before Senator Sumner declared that the purchase of Alaska was "a visible step to the occupation (by the United States) of the whole North American continent." The obvious object therefore of the abrogation of that Treaty was the belief that they could starve the British North American Provinces into becoming united with them. On the contrary, that act materially aided in effecting the difficult work of consolidating all the Provinces under one Government. In 1868, as a delegate of the Canadian Government, after a sharp struggle, aided by the Colonial Secretary (the Duke of Buckingham), I succeeded in inducing the Right Hon. Colonel Stanley, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to concur in the views of the Canadian Government as to the protection of our fisheries. We doubled the licence for fishing in our waters, and seized their vessels for violation of the law. This vindication of our rights resulted in the Treaty of 1871, which allowed the free entry of our fish in the United States, and provided for an International Arbitration, which gave us practically five hundred thousand dollars per annum for the right to fish in Canadian waters. When, in 1883, this Treaty was abrogated by the United States, Canada had no alternative but to protect her rights under the Treaty of 1818. The result was a hue and cry throughout the United States. The Republican and Democratic Press joined in denunciation of Canada for its cruelty to their fishermen.

When the Hon. Mr. Bayard was Secretary of State I visited him in 1887 in Washington, at his request, to discuss the relations of the two countries. He met me with the frank declaration, "Well, Sir Charles, the Confederation of Canada and the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway have brought us face to face with a nation, and we may as well discuss public questions from that point of view." I at once perceived that he, at all events, recognised the fact that those great measures had disposed of the question of our absorption. After my return to Ottawa we had an elaborate correspondence, copies of which were sent by Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General, to the Colonial Office. That resulted in a conference between the two countries. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and myself were appointed Plenipotentiaries, in conjunction with the late Lord Sackville, then Ambassador at Washington, to represent Great Britain. The Hon. Mr. Bayard, Mr. (now Judge) Putnam, of Massachusetts, and Professor Angell represented the United States. After several months of discussion, a Treaty was signed by all the Plenipotentiaries of both countries. It was sent to the Senate by President Cleveland, with the declaration that it was a fair and just settlement of the question, together with a *modus vivendi* offered by the British Plenipotentiaries to provide for the interim until the ratification of the Treaty, which had been accepted with effusive thanks. I carried the Treaty through the Canadian House of Commons by a unanimous vote, and an Act was passed giving effect to the *modus vivendi*, which is still in operation. The United States Senate rejected the Treaty. That far-seeing statesman, the late Marquess of Salisbury, in writing to me from Doyat, on August 24th, 1888, intimating that Queen Victoria had honoured me with a baronetcy in appreciation of the service rendered at the Conference at Washington, said: "The value of that service will not be affected in the end by the untoward conclusion to which the discussions of the present Senate at Washington have come." The truth of that statement will be appreciated when it is remembered that the Treaty and *modus vivendi* provided that everything that the United States had declared to be theirs by right, under the Treaty of 1818, was to be enjoyed for *a quid pro quo*. Although the Treaty was rejected by the Senate, Mr. Cleveland, who had urged the Senate to pass it as an honourable and just settlement of the question, shortly afterwards polled a majority of a hundred thousand votes of the electors of the United States for the office of President, and Mr. Harrison, who was elected, in his inaugural address declared that the *modus vivendi* granted by Canada had removed all friction on that question between the two countries. I need not add that all the abuse of Canada ceased from that time. Two years ago Mr. Root, the Secretary of State for the United States, delivered an address at Ottawa, in which he said: "It is full forty years since I paid my first visit to Canada. During that time, what

wonderful things we have seen! We have seen feeble, ill-compacted, separate dependent colonies growing into a great and vigorous nation."

All hopes of *coercing* Canada having been abandoned, we find one of the great railway magnates of the United States making an impassioned appeal to the New York Chamber of Commerce to take measures to secure continental free trade between the United States and Canada. I may tell Mr. Hill that the battle in favour of that policy was fought and lost in 1891. The life of that great and patriotic statesman, the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, was sacrificed in that struggle, but he did not fall till he had placed on the ramparts of Canada the flag bearing the inscription, "No discrimination against the Mother Country," and that banner is flying now.

The policy of protecting Canadian industries has become the avowed policy of all parties, and the only modification that can be made is that of strengthening the bonds that now bind Canada and Great Britain together by mutual preferential trade within the Empire. Mr. Hill, to whom I have just referred, and who understands the United States thoroughly, declared publicly not long ago that the time is not distant when the United States will require all the grain they can produce for home consumption, and estimated that Canada would be able to produce eight hundred million bushels of wheat per annum. Is it an unimportant fact that when that time comes England will have in Canada, within a week's sail of her shores, a portion of her Empire which can furnish her with all the bread she may require to import? Recently fifty thousand of the best agriculturists in the United States have settled on those prairies, in addition to a great number from England and other countries. The area of Canada is greater than that of the United States below our boundary. We have a salubrious and invigorating climate, splendid open harbours on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, fisheries unrivalled on our ten thousand miles of coast, bituminous coal mines of vast extent on both oceans, in the Rocky Mountains and on the prairies, mines of iron, gold, silver, copper, lead, and nickel of vast extent, and the finest forests in the world. In Ontario and other portions of Canada petroleum exists in large quantities. Our population has increased from three and a half millions to nearly seven millions since Confederation, and is now increasing with a rapidity that warrants the belief that those now living will see Canada with a population as large as that of Great Britain. No country in the world offers greater inducements to agriculturists with or without capital, or presents greater attractions to sportsmen and tourists.

The Right Hon. Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, when delivering an address at Ottawa, said: "I do not suppose there is any part of the North American continent—I doubt if there is any part of the habitable globe—which has made such rapid strides in population, in wealth, in prosperity, in the development of agriculture and other industries, as Canada has done during the last twenty years. As one interested in both Canada and in the old country, I cannot help wondering that a greater amount of British capital is not flowing in. . . . You do not let our capitalists and investors know quite sufficiently what are the enormous opportunities for the judicious employment of capital which Canada presents."

Our two thousand two hundred and seventy-eight miles of railway when Confederation took place is now nearly twenty-five thousand—and rapidly increasing. Canada has also expended over sixty millions of dollars in enlarging and deepening her canals, which completes the grandest inland navigation, from the mouth of the great St. Lawrence River to the head of Lake Superior in the heart of the continent, and one of her most valuable assets is the great amount of water-power distributed over all her provinces.

The Confederation of Canada has been followed by the Commonwealth of Australia, and I am rejoiced to see that the statesmen of the provinces of South Africa have succeeded in agreeing upon an admirable constitution for a united Government. With the great Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa rapidly rising into important nations, and united to the Mother Country notably by devotion to a common Crown and British institutions, but bound to them, as I trust they will be at no distant day, by the potent tie of mutual preferential trade with each other, they will form an Empire which will excite the admiration of the world.

CANADA'S PACIFIC PROVINCE.

A CHAPTER OF CONTRASTS.

By JAMES BURNLEY.

I.

A QUARTER of a century has hardly elapsed since British Columbia was linked to Canada's eastern provinces by the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. That iron band, which pierced high mountains and spread itself across immense unpeopled plains, did more than connect two mighty oceans; it revealed a new homeland for countless millions, and put the crowning stroke to the Dominion's political and geographical significance.

It seems almost incredible, when we think of it now, that until then there should have been shut away, as it were, in the silent places and solitudes of this "last new West," a country of such vast extent and such amazing resources as British Columbia has since proved to be. When the spirit of romance was succeeded by the spirit of reality—when things imagined gave way to things seen and lived—it was discovered to be a region of wonderful beauty, of splendid contrasts, and of endless possibilities.

THE HONOURABLE RICHARD McBRIDE, K.C., PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The people of the Old World—of the crowded, jostling cities, the familiar country places, and the exhausted soil—find it difficult to conceive of a province of such enormous magnitude as British Columbia calling them to lives of prosperity beneath its sunny skies. It is only by comparing its extent with that of the lands of which they have actual knowledge that they can form any idea of the miles and miles and miles of inviting territory the province covers. Englishmen may be told that if the whole of the British Isles were spread over British Columbia there would still be room left for Italy, Switzerland, and Denmark; Germans that two countries the size of the Fatherland could be accommodated in British Columbia and the Yukon; and Swiss that it would take twenty-four Switzerlands to equal the Pacific province.

A hundred years ago British Columbia was a "No Man's Land," visited only by navigators, merchant adventurers, and fur-traders. There were Indians sparsely scattered over the remote hunting-grounds, living lives almost as wild as the lives of the creatures they chased and killed for their furs, but no white colonization existed worthy of the name. Of trade in its wider sense there was none, or next to none; to-day its far-stretching plains and valleys, its rivers and lakes, and its mountain ranges constitute a land, not of promise only, but of rich fulfilment, as is evidenced in the fact that, per head of population, British Columbia enjoys the largest trade in the world.

In the early years of the nineteenth century, British Columbia may be said to have been a sort of "Any Man's Land." It was too inaccessible for progress. The good work that Captain Vancouver had done for the British Government during the last decade of the eighteenth century, in surveying the coast and giving due geographical potency to the island which was named after him, was but very indifferently followed up. Had it not been for the bold, money-making enterprise of the North-West Fur Company and the Hudson Bay Company in that region—

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

enterprise that often brought them into sanguinary conflict—Great Britain's interest in the land would have become small indeed.

As it was, the Hudson Bay Company, which absorbed its rival company by purchase in 1821, virtually acted as lords of the soil. Their hold was so firm, indeed, that the British Government did not hesitate to still further strengthen it by granting them the practical trading monopoly of this territory by ceding to them, in 1849, for a period of ten years the entire control of the Island of Vancouver, which in those days represented almost everything out in that region, while the great undeveloped wilderness of the mainland counted for scarce anything at all.

There the great mainland was, silently waiting for the transforming touch of a sane colonization before it could show itself in its true attributes; but the right lure had not yet been struck. Mackenzie, Douglass, Fraser, Hearne, Thompson, and others had told the stories of their wanderings, but they fell flat, as "travellers' tales" so often did in those days. Few even made the attempt to compute what might be hidden away in this Unknown Land, with its 240,000,000 acres of untapped resources—resources comprising coalfields of sufficient extent to supply the world for centuries, treasures of gold and silver and copper, millions of acres of virgin forest, great tracts of farming lands, and the then unrevealed and now unrivalled and continuous harvest of its waters. The Indians and the fur-traders had the country practically to themselves.

Then, in 1857, this Ultima Thule, this land for which the emigrant had not hitherto yearned, this territory marked on the maps with little else than the name of New Caledonia—cityless, townless, unnoted—suddenly disclosed an attracting influence that set the world talking about it, and brought thousands to its shores. A discovery of rich deposits of "placer" gold in the bars of the Lower Fraser River wrought the change. The gold trail was quickly taken up; crowds of eager searchers for the yellow metal were speedily on the spot, and, generally speaking, their quest did not go unrewarded.

But the new-comers discovered more important things than gold; they found themselves in a country of such stupendous resources that the goldfields, abundant as these were, sank into insignificance beside them. From that time the opening up and settlement of the province may be said to date. There was an awakening all round, both the Canadian Government and the home Government now evincing a lively interest in the new land of gold. Something more than mere nominal control then became necessary. The natural resources of the land had to be protected, and the people whom they were attracting in such large numbers had to be brought under the ægis of good

government. So without more ado the whole of the British mainland west of the Rocky Mountains was created a Crown Colony and rechristened British Columbia, Vancouver having previously been raised to that dignity.

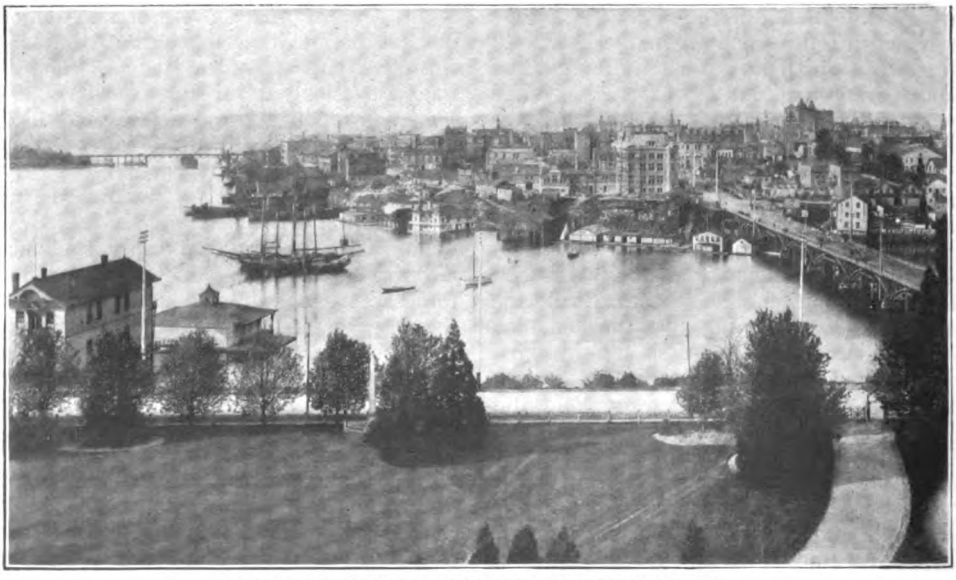
Real progress now began to be made. In 1866 the two Colonies were united under the dual-covering name of British Columbia, which in 1871 became a province of the Dominion of Canada, exacting, however, as a condition of confederation, an undertaking that a railway should be constructed connecting British Columbia with the Eastern provinces. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which was completed in 1885, after much desperate financing, was the result. Developments of importance were impossible without the railway, but after its opening, traversing for the greater portion of its Far Western course a territory without population, the people began to come, and in every direction realizations have transcended expectation.

The great awakening of Canada which the last ten years has witnessed—an awakening which seems to make for the fulfilment of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prediction that "the twentieth century is Canada's," as the nineteenth century has been that of the United States—has not failed to reach British Columbia. The province is still remote, however, in comparison with the provinces on the eastern side of the Rockies; it still costs considerably more to transport oneself to the shores of the Pacific than to the nearer lands; but for those who have the taste and capacity for any of the diversified forms of life and prosperity-building opportunities that British Columbia offers with such prodigal hands, the drawback of extra cost of transportation is soon more than compensated. It is not even necessary to be skilled in agriculture to "get on" in British Columbia; although if farming, whether of grain, fruit, poultry, dairying, or live-stock, be the desire it can be carried on under favourable conditions and with every prospect of success.

Mining is the leading industry of the province, and those with knowledge, skill, and training naturally fall into the ways of the industry more readily than those who are ignorant of the various processes; but there is nothing in the mining art that is beyond the acquirement of a man of ordinary intelligence and willingness and adaptability, if he be only content to "labour and to wait"—that is, to begin at the beginning and work his way through and up.

As regards the other industries of British Columbia, there are no special difficulties to surmount. In the fisheries industries, as well as in the vastly different lumber trade, the opportunities are there and to be taken advantage of by such as have a liking for the work entailed.

It is this wide diversity of interests that makes the Pacific province of such special attraction. The man who is fit for opportunities can there avail himself of them. There are over 600 mining companies in

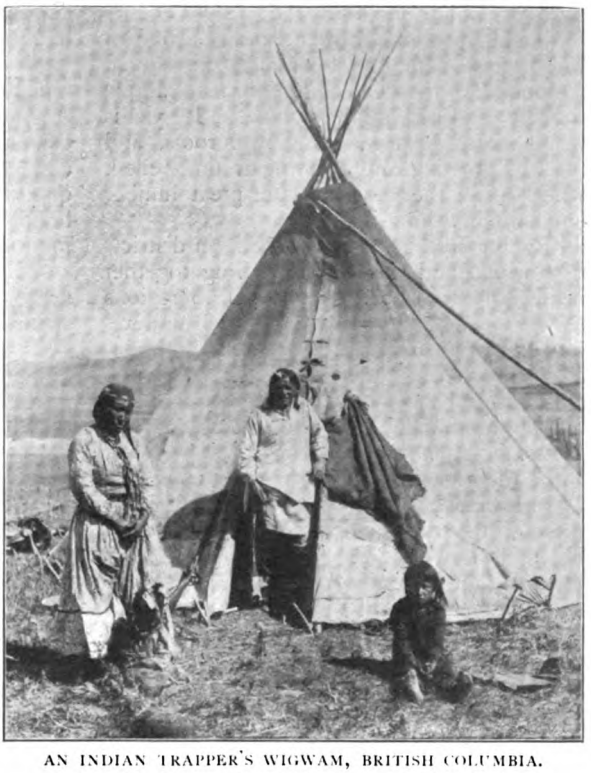


GLIMPSE OF VICTORIA FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

British Columbia; over 450 manufacturing establishments; over seventy salmon canneries; over 150 lumber and shingle mills; as well as numerous minor industries and businesses which are necessarily supplementary to those enterprises.

But, what is of still greater importance, there is an illimitable field for further industrial efforts; and men of energy, ideas, and a little capital may venture out to the Pacific province with a good heart and full confidence of success. It offers a fitting homeland, not alone for stalwart men prepared to "rough it," but for women and children—for the family life that is the completing factor of prosperous colonization.

The province is a vast sanatorium. Under such conditions the homesickness that so often depresses and enervates the emigrant to less favourable lands during the first year or so of his new experiences is at once counteracted. With the buoyant feeling of health and independence that is awakened he becomes strong of purpose and alert in action, and cheerfully sets to work to do the best that is in him for the furtherance of his fortunes. He is of the new men who are to make of this Western Land of Gladness a mighty province.



AN INDIAN TRAPPER'S WIGWAM, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Thus "the old order changeth, giving place to the new" for ever and ever; and as the figure of the Indian recedes into the silences of British Columbia, knowing nothing and caring nothing for the great resources he is leaving behind, the white men of the stout hearts and ready hands are busy bringing the rich land into line with what is latest and best in civilization.

British Columbia is divided into eight districts: the Kootenays, of 15,000,000 acres; Yale, 15,500,000 acres; Lillooet, 10,000,000; Westminster, 4,900,000; Cariboo, 96,000,000; Cassiar, 100,000,000; Comox (mainland), 4,000,000; and Vancouver Island, 10,496,000.

It is not, however, mere vastness of acreage that constitutes the charm and value of British Columbia, but its wonderful diversity. The Kootenay district, forming the south-eastern portion of the province, has a world-wide fame as a mining region, its mountains being rich in gold, silver, copper, and lead; while its eastern valleys are underlaid with coal and petroleum. Beyond that, Kootenay has an abundance of agricultural land, a great extent of timber lands, and many prosperous cities and towns as trading centres.

Yale, lying west of the Kootenays, is known as "The Garden of British Columbia," because of the beauty and fertility of its valleys, comprising those of the Okanagan, Nicola, Similkameen, Kettle River, North and South Thompson, and the Boundary, where fruit-farming is carried on with considerable success, cattle-breeding being also a prominent industry. But, over and above these agricultural aspects, Yale is destined to cut a notable figure in the future mineral output of the province, possessing, as it does, rich coalfields as well as a goodly supply of the precious metals. The main line of the Canadian Pacific passes nearly through the centre of Yale, from east to west, while the Okanagan branch and lake steamers give access to the southern portions; and when the further transportation facilities which are in progress are completed the mineral importance of the district will be more adequately demonstrated.

Lillooet is a district of composite features—of dairying, cattle-raising, fruit-growing, and placer and hydraulic mining. West-

minster, which includes the whole of the fertile valley of the Lower Fraser, is one of the richest agricultural districts in British Columbia, with ideal conditions: an ample rainfall and a mild climate. It yields heavy crops of hay, grain, and roots, and for fruit-growing and dairying is unexcelled, while being the centre of the great lumber and salmon-fishing industries.

Coming to the immense northern districts of Cariboo and Cassiar, comprising together nearly 200,000,000 acres, we get to regions as yet practically unexplored and undeveloped. In great part these distant solitudes are in much the same condition as when the early fur-traders waited at the lonely outposts for the coming in of the Indians from their hunting expeditions with their captured furs. Indians are still there on the trail, laying their traps as of old; and animals are still there in sufficient numbers to make the old fur-trading life worth following. The wily trappers still secure the marten, the ermine, the fox, the wolverine, the lynx, the raccoon, the beaver, and even the bear, and run in on their dog-sleds with their harvest of richly-furred skins to sell or barter, as their tribe has done for a hundred years.

ONE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA'S BEAUTIFUL ROADS, SHOWING A SPECIMEN OF ONE OF THE FAMOUS "TOOTHPICKS."

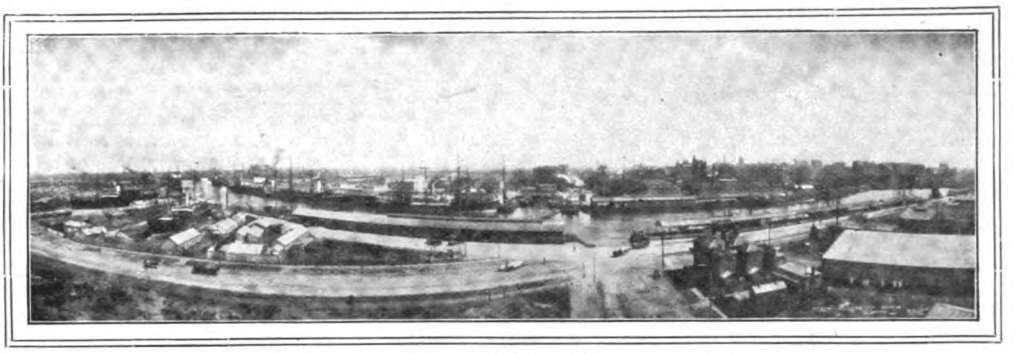
But a change is coming. At present, with hundreds of miles of roadless wastes to roam in, the trapper gets good sport. Far from the scream of the railway whistle or the sound of the settler's axe, he thinks himself safe; and the white man seldom forces his company upon his red brother. But, except in the most remote of the White Silences, where extremes of cold prevail for a large part of the year, the railway will presently bring along the stalwarts who will shape a better destiny for this region of scenic grandeur. Already great headway is being made in the southern part of Cariboo with ranching, fruit-growing, and general agriculture; and when facilities of transport are afforded there will be rapid developments in this direction.

Mining will also get a better grip of the mineral treasure-stores of the hilly ranges. Already millions of pounds' worth of gold has been wrested from the earth in these regions, and the large deposits of gold and silver quartz recently discovered in the neighbourhood of Atlin indicate a great extension of mining in this locality.

Comox is a district comprising the northern portion of Vancouver Island and a corresponding part of the opposite mainland, with well-established, flourishing industries. It is a district rich in minerals, rich in timber, rich in the fertility of its soil, and with favourable opportunities for the fishing industry.

Vancouver Island may be termed the Pacific gateway to British Columbia. It was there that the pioneers settled in the old trading days, when the mainland was treated as wild hunting-ground. With its commanding geographical position, its mild and genial climate, its great wealth of natural resources, its large area of rich agricultural land, its vast acreage of fine timber, its minerals, its fisheries, its shipping, and its excellent railway service, it is of prosperity all compact. There is quite a metropolitan air about the capital city of Victoria, which has a population of some 40,000. Its situation at the south end of Vancouver Island, constituting it the nearest port to the Pacific Ocean, gives it an unrivalled position. In its splendid harbour of Esquimalt and Royal Roads almost the whole British Navy could find safe anchorage; while the city of Vancouver has one of the best deep-water harbours of the Pacific Coast.

In further articles we shall show what British Columbia is doing in fruit cultivation in the famous Dry Belt region, and what the province has to offer generally to settlers, according to their several requirements.



MELBOURNE, SHOWING YARRA RIVER AND DOCKS.

THREE GOLDEN ERAS.

A STORY OF PAST AND PRESENT IN VICTORIA.

WHY is there not a much stronger flow of emigration in the direction of Australia than at present exists? This is a question that is being frequently asked and variously answered. But the answer that is truly disinterested rightly ascribes it to the lack of knowledge of Australia. It is an immense country, of such a diversity of natural resources and conditions, of climate and soil and opportunities, that only those who give the subject careful consideration and examine it for themselves become really interested in it.

Then, geographically, it is a far cry to Australia; a man cannot easily run over and sample the land as he can with Canada or the United States; it is a case of going and remaining for the most part, and it takes a good deal sometimes to convince a prospective settler that he will be adequately rewarded should he take the step. But all this is going to be altered. An awakening is taking place in Australia as well as in Canada; new conditions are being rapidly evolved which mean a greatly accelerated progress, and the Australian who can comprehend true economic potencies knows that it is only by large aggregations of population, sufficient to develop the land and its agricultural and industrial possibilities, that the higher reaches of national prosperity are to be attained.

As some slight contribution to the spreading of the correct information that is so much needed, I will endeavour to tell the story of Victoria's three golden eras—gold, wool, and agriculture—my object being to point out that the third of these eras—the one now being more fully entered upon than before—is destined to be the richest of all.

The first of the golden eras was that of the veritable golden metal itself, when in 1851 the discovery of the precious ore in the Yarra ranges and elsewhere brought the first real rush of population to the Colony. When the discovery was made, Victoria's entire population numbered little more than 100,000. In fact, the population of the whole of Australia (including Tasmania) was then only 437,665. But the gold rush brought hundreds of thousands of new people into the country, and for a time every other money-making field was neglected. The tillers of the land and the guardians of the flocks and herds forsook their employments to join the army of gold-seekers, and the fair and fertile valleys which in later years were to receive such prosperous development were left in many parts to revert to their original wildness. Nor was it to be wondered at, for the gold was undoubtedly there, and in large quantities and easily accessible. A few

months earlier there had been a discovery of gold in the Mother Colony of New South Wales, but the discoveries in Victoria were on a larger and more important scale, and for forty-seven years Victoria maintained its position as the chief of the Australian gold-producing Colonies.

In 1898, however, Victoria had to yield pre-eminence of output to Western Australia, from which date the latter State has practically contributed half of the entire gold yield of the Commonwealth. In total gold-production, however, Victoria still stands far in advance of its sister States, showing a total up to the end of 1907 of 69,956,448 oz. gross, valued at about £280,000,000. For several years past the annual Victorian output has been worth some £3,000,000 a year, which, although far short of the record year, 1856, when the yield was valued at nearly twelve and a quarter million pounds sterling, is still a respectable aggregate, representing a well-maintained prosperity in this direction—quite sufficient to tempt the gold-seeker of to-day, with his improved methods of working, to take up the golden quest in Bendigo, Beechworth, Ballarat, Castlemaine, or other of Victoria's mining centres.

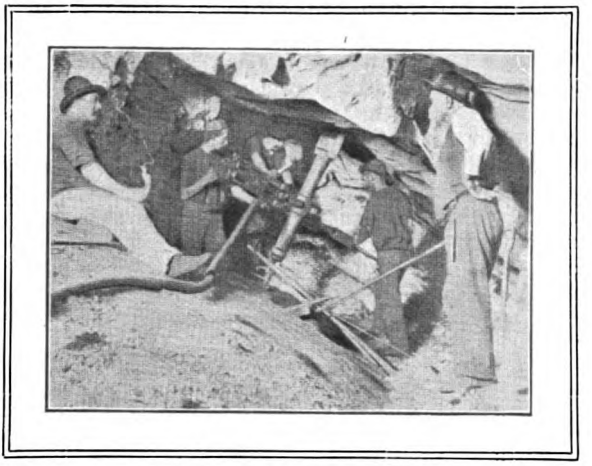
PALATIAL NEW LONDON OFFICES OF THE STATE OF VICTORIA.

The old stories of big rushes following on fortunate finds by alluvial workers, who by the turn of a pick have won a fortune, are often recalled by fresh discoveries. For instance, at the end of 1906, John Porter, one of a body of prospectors testing the auriferous district of Tarnagulla, came upon a nugget-bearing range, to which he promptly gave the name of Poseidon, after the winner of that year's Melbourne Cup. Within a few weeks thousands of miners were on the spot, and by simply digging in the surface soil and clay many valuable nuggets were soon discovered, including some that weighed (gross) 953 oz., 675 oz., 502 oz., 387 oz., 322 oz., 306 oz., and numerous smaller ones. Over 3,000 oz. of gold was taken out of a space 84ft. in length, at a depth of a foot and less. The largest nugget realized £2,878. These "finds" do not equal the more famed nuggets of the earlier years in these fields; still, they show that the Victorian golden story has still a long time to run before it can be considered as tailing off to a finish. The biggest nugget ever found in Victoria was the "Welcome Stranger," unearthed in 1869 at Mount Moliagul, near Dunolly, and weighed 2,280 oz. The next largest Victorian nugget was the "Welcome," found at Ballarat in 1858, weighing 2,217 oz.; and at Canadian Gully in 1853 one was discovered that weighed 1,620 oz.

The State is fully alive to the importance of the gold mining industry, as is shown by the fact that it advances large sums each year to aid companies and prospectors, and in 1907 made a special grant of £50,000 for the furtherance of general mining development. Geological surveys under the control of the Mines Department are always being pushed forward, and in point of organization, equipment, and State protection and encouragement nothing is wanting.

Wool-growing, so far as the Commonwealth of Australia is concerned, has long been the

foremost of the pastoral industries, and in its golden yield has been of more importance than gold itself. The total value of the Commonwealth's wool output in 1906 was about £23,000,000, the whole of which, except 1½ per cent. retained for home manufactures, was exported.



GOLD QUARTZ MINING IN VICTORIA.

For a time Victoria's flocks outnumbered those of New South Wales, which latter State is now responsible for more than half of the Commonwealth's wool-production. Since 1865, however, New South Wales has maintained the lead in this industry. Nevertheless, considering its much smaller area and its better adaptability than some of the other States for a greater diversity of land production, Victoria's wool industry presents a record of steady prosperity, and still constitutes one of the State's chief industries, if not the principal industry. It had a larger number of sheep in 1906 than at any previous period, and from 1870 to the present time has never had fewer than 10,000,000 or more than 13,000,000 sheep on its grazing lands.

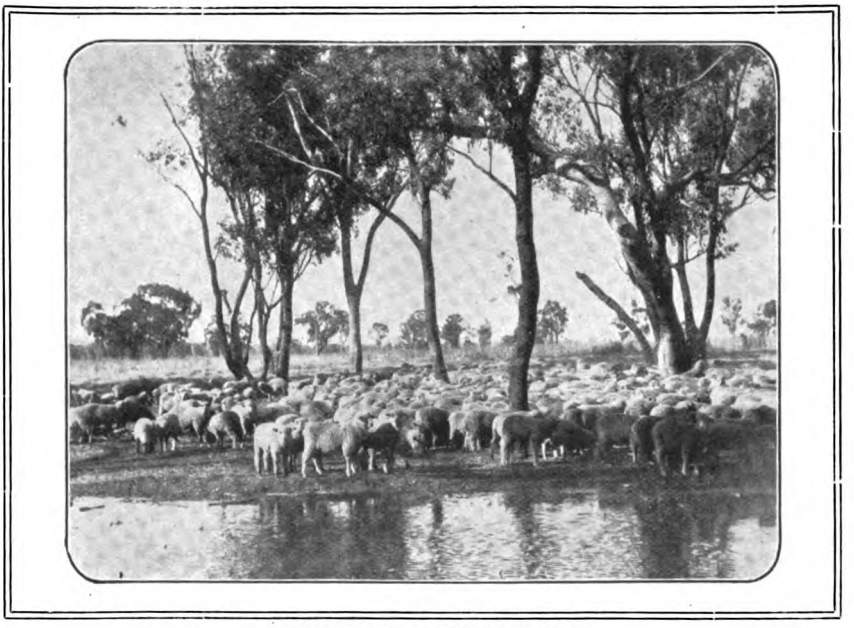
This has meant a fairly steady source of revenue to the Colony, and the making of many fortunes. There have been good years and better years, but much fewer bad ones than where the sheep have been distributed over larger holdings. The whole Colony of Victoria was at one time practically a sheep-run, and when land began to be put more into cultivation, and wheat and oats and barley began to be produced in large quantities, and butter and milk and cheese came to loom large in the year's products, it was imagined that the improved agriculture would drive the sheep out of the State altogether.

But the reverse of this has been the experience. Side by side with the progress made in general farming, a more scientific method of handling sheep has been gradually introduced; so, although year by year the space allotted to sheep has grown less, there has been no diminution in the number of the animals, but a considerable increase. Thus, in 1861, Victoria possessed a total of 6,239,258 sheep, while in 1907, forty-six years later, it had 12,937,440—showing an enormous capacity of increase. The Victorian sheep-farmer had all this time been learning many useful lessons. Such land as he could still devote to wool-growing was better cleared than before, the sheep-runs were better sub-divided, and the stock was kept in better health by the adoption of measures

ONE OF VICTORIA'S PICTURESQUE CREEKS.

of disease prevention. Moreover, the farmer had learned how to fight a droughty season by a wise conservation of water. In this way the Victorian sheep-owner was able to make headway all the time, and to-day sheep-farming in this State still constitutes a good form of investment.

Wool, indeed, is the easiest to produce of all materials used by man for the purposes of clothing. Wherever a blade of grass will grow, there also can wool be grown; and wherever sheep are kept the land which affords them sustenance improves in quality and productiveness. In the maturing of most other fibrous materials much care, skill, and outlay is called for; but with wool-bearing animals all that is needed is the open land in a healthy situation and a few shepherds.



A FLOCK OF VICTORIAN FAT LAMBS.

The ground has not to be cultivated for the sheep, and the shepherd requires no special training or education to fit him for his occupation. Touchstone, in "As You Like It," on being asked how the "shepherd's life" suited him, replied: "Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well."

But even the shepherd's calling has undergone a great change since then, and, as we see it pursued on some of the big pastoral properties of the Western District of Victoria, where runs of from 20,000 to 50,000 acres still exist, there is nothing at all solitary in the occupation, but work, excitement, and profit for all concerned.

Nowhere, probably, is the art of wool-growing more closely followed than in this Western District, which is the principal wool-producing section of the State. The distribution of the 13,000,000 sheep contained in Victoria altogether is, in round numbers, as follows: Western District, 4,600,000; Wimmera, 2,243,000; in the Northern counties and the Goulburn Valley, 2,000,000; in the Central District, 1,169,000; North Central District, 942,000; Gippsland, 779,900; North-East, 750,000; and 431,000 in the Mallee.

Settlers going into the wool-growing industry in Victoria have the satisfaction of knowing that they do so under the most favourable conditions. Such lands as are still available for sheep-farming are excellently adapted for the industry; and the pastoralists who are devoting themselves to it have not only much improved the length and quality of the staple and the weight of fleece, but have introduced greatly improved methods of dealing with the clip, sheep-shearing machinery being in general use, and every

care being taken to put the wool on the market in an attractive form.

But the whole question of sheep-farming and wool-production in Victoria is at the present time being more scientifically considered than heretofore, and important developments may be looked for in the near future. It is maintained that if special fodder crops were generally grown, and similar methods of husbandry to those of New Zealand were adopted, Victoria would not find it difficult to accommodate twice its present number of sheep. And this is one of the directions in which a prospective settler may look with some assurance of success, for it is a matter that presents itself in two directly remunerative forms—wool-production and meat supply, for both of which there is an unfailing demand.

The probability is that before long sheep will be reared in Victoria primarily for meat, although the wool element will necessarily remain a strong economic factor. Crosses between the Merino and the Leicester or Shropshire breeds are proving valuable for both purposes. The remarkable expansion of the lamb-raising industry in recent years affords telling testimony to the openings that exist in this direction, the conditions being wholly favourable. Flocks can be kept on open pasture all the year round, and now that the tendency is to create small holdings, instead of allowing large tracts to be in the hands of individual proprietors, the opportunities for new-comers are greatly increased. In 1907 Victoria killed for export 702,767 carcasses of lamb and 175,447 carcasses of mutton, the United Kingdom taking by far the largest proportion of the product, although the demand from South Africa, Egypt, and Canada shows a steady increase.

Encouraged by the example of New Zealand, which exports over 2,500,000 carcasses of lamb yearly, and with the promise of an ever-extending market, Victoria can hardly fail to make a much-improved showing in the coming years in the matter of its flocks and the various industries and pursuits connected therewith.

It is in the more general fields of agriculture, dairying, and manufactures that Victoria is well on its way to what may be called a third golden era. In all these fields it is achieving prosperity, and showing what it is capable of when it has population sufficient to turn its vast cultivable areas to proper account. Its men of the land call it the Garden State; its men of the industries style it the Manufacturing State. What it will be called when it comes into its own and future generations spread themselves over its fertile valleys and far-spreading uplands can only be conjectured. For the present its mission is to build up; to welcome within its borders the right sort of men and women to help in its prosperous development. Let it be known not only that there is room enough for them, but that there is success for them after they settle in the land.

Victoria is about as big as England, Scotland, and Wales, and its total population is about 1,250,000, of which over 500,000 are concentrated in the capital city of Melbourne alone. England may be over-populated with its 498 persons to the square mile, but Victoria, with only fourteen persons to the square mile, makes but a sorry comparison,

SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY IN VICTORIA.

and it will take a long time for the disparity to be adjusted.

Meanwhile, Victoria sends her message of invitation across the seas to the Motherland, and offers privileges of citizenship and a share of her fruitful, resourceful lands to such of her kith and kin as are worthy of the association. Those who are not, she warns away. More than half of her total acreage of lands is still unalienated, the bulk being mountainous and rough grazing lands.

Of the remainder, about 12,000,000 acres are available for settlement, while another 7,000,000 acres are Crown lands in an unimproved condition, purchasable by instalments spreading over a period of twenty or forty years, at the option of the selector. The Government have adopted a most generous land policy throughout the State.

WHEAT HYBRIDIZING IN VICTORIA.

Under the Closer Settlement and Small Improved Holdings Acts, passed in 1906, an expenditure of £500,000 per annum was authorized for the purpose of resuming estates and furthering the settlement of the people on the land, and £200,000 has been set aside by the Government for the improvement of Crown lands. Good agricultural land near to railways, "with free schools and every advantage of civilization close at hand," is open for selection in farms of from 80 to 300 acres, the freehold being securable by paying 3 per cent. of the capital value every half-year for thirty-one years, at the end of which period the property is the settler's own absolutely. Thus, for a farm of 150 acres, valued at, say, £1,000, the half-yearly payments would only be £30. Meanwhile the land would be producing its steady revenue, and the enhancing years would not fail to add their own incremental value in a country of such rich expansion as Victoria. So, while the "Back to the Land" question continues to puzzle the economists in England, here is rich virgin land in plenty to be had, free from galling restrictions or impoverishing conditions.

The land yield of Victoria is already enormous, even with its present sparsity of population. Since 1890 it has exported over £20,000,000 worth of butter, its present yearly butter output being worth over £3,500,000. Its grain production is valued at nearly £6,000,000 a year, while other products from cultivation amount to another million and a half. Cattle produce nearly two and a half millions, horses and pigs a third of a million each, poultry a million and a half, and the forest produce of the State is worth a further million and a half a year.

Then, for those who prefer trading and manufacturing pursuits, Victoria makes many strong appeals. Over 85,000 people are employed in her manufactures, to whom £5,500,000 is annually paid in wages. The iron and engineering trades, the woollen factories, boot factories, hat factories, sugar refineries, breweries, distilleries, and tobacco factories all show good progress, and the rubber industry is also making rapid headway in the State. Victoria is evidently destined to be a very prosperous manufacturing centre; already it supplies its own needs in many directions, and is doing a brisk trade with the other States of the Commonwealth.

With such a wide diversity of interests, resources, and opportunities as Victoria presents, its future should be one of assured prosperity; and in later articles we hope to give more detailed descriptions of its many-sided life.

H. W. R.

The Railway Conquest of Canada.

I.

IN no country of the world has the conquering power of the railway been more triumphantly manifested than in Canada. Conquest by sword assured possession of a region more vast than many empires, but except for a few sparsely-populated regions along its eastern borders Canada was a world of emptiness so far as regarded population and development until the railway made it accessible. And even the railway did not at first make for any very great material progress, its activities being confined to the smaller transit problems of the Eastern provinces. The vast Western territories of the Dominion still remained beyond the more forceful modernizing influences.

Then occurred the great forward movement represented by the building of the first Canadian Transcontinental railway; and light and life and vivifying potentialities spread themselves over the Western lands.

The Canadian Pacific Railway came into existence, and coincident with its completion Canada entered upon a career of expansion which has gathered in strength from year to year. It was this railway that opened up the West to the emigrant and the settler, and the bold, far-seeing policy of its administration has in twenty-five years transformed Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia from deserted prairie and isolated mountain valley into fertile fields of grain and rich orchard lands.

The Canadian Pacific was originally started as a Government concern, but construction was so slow and the cost so heavy that the undertaking was handed over to a private syndicate, which not only brought in ample funds but also administered the railway on strictly business lines. It must be remembered that before the Canadian Pacific was commenced Manitoba had the reputation of being little better than an arctic region, and not one solitary human soul had penetrated the passes through the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, where now the rails are laid. Fifteen different routes to the Pacific coast were surveyed before the present location was ultimately chosen, and the surveying engineers traversed a distance equivalent to five times round the globe. Across the prairies the road was built at a speed still unrivalled, as much as 6·3 miles being built in one single day. At the same time as they laid the tracks the railroad builders ploughed and sowed the land alongside at intervals of twenty miles, to prove that it was fertile.

An active propaganda was carried on in Europe and the United States to induce emigrants to settle. Cheap rates were fixed for grain, and the most profitable and the healthiest seeds distributed among the new farmers, so that there should be a certain market for the produce of the prairies. It was the Canadian Pacific that introduced the now famous "Manitoba hard" into Western Canada. In fact, this private corporation bore on its shoulders the whole burden of work that in other countries would be undertaken by the Minister of Agriculture.

The building of the railroad across the Rockies cemented the incorporation of British Columbia into the Dominion of Canada, and this enabled the British Empire to maintain supremacy across North America from Atlantic to Pacific. By establishing fleets of steamers on Atlantic and Pacific this remarkable railway provided an All-British route from Liverpool to Hong-Kong, a distance of 11,841 miles, or half round the globe. The Canadian Pacific has now a fleet of about seventy steamers totalling nearly 200,000 tons. It has built so many branches or bought control of so many subsidiary lines that it operates trains over more than 14,500 miles, or two-thirds the total mileage of all the railways in the United Kingdom.

The work of civilization undertaken by the Canadian Pacific has not, however, been confined to planting settlers or running trains and steamers. It has built a series of hotels from Atlantic to Pacific which for magnificence have few rivals in either hemisphere. The Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, the Royal Alexandra at Winnipeg, and the Empress at Victoria excite the admiration and astonishment of the most hardened globe-trotter. Then again the railway has its own telegraph system—no less than 65,000 miles of wire—supplying the newspapers with a large proportion of their foreign news. It builds its own locomotives and cars in what are the largest shops on the American Continent. It has its own money-order system; it has its own coal mines at Hosmer; it has four gold mines with fifteen miles of subterranean road; it has its own smelters at Traill, so efficient that they supplied the U.S. Government with the coinage for the Philippines. It even has

its own time of day, so that Western Canada sets its clocks by "C.P.R. time" instead of by Greenwich.

The last spike which made the Canadian Pacific a transcontinental railway was driven by Lord Strathcona (then Sir Donald Smith) in 1885. Since then the railway has become the largest corporation of its kind in the world. What is more, it has been a financial success. When therefore the Canadian hears an Englishman speak slightingly of Canada as "only a colony," he wonders what English enterprise can show a record to compare with this colonial undertaking.

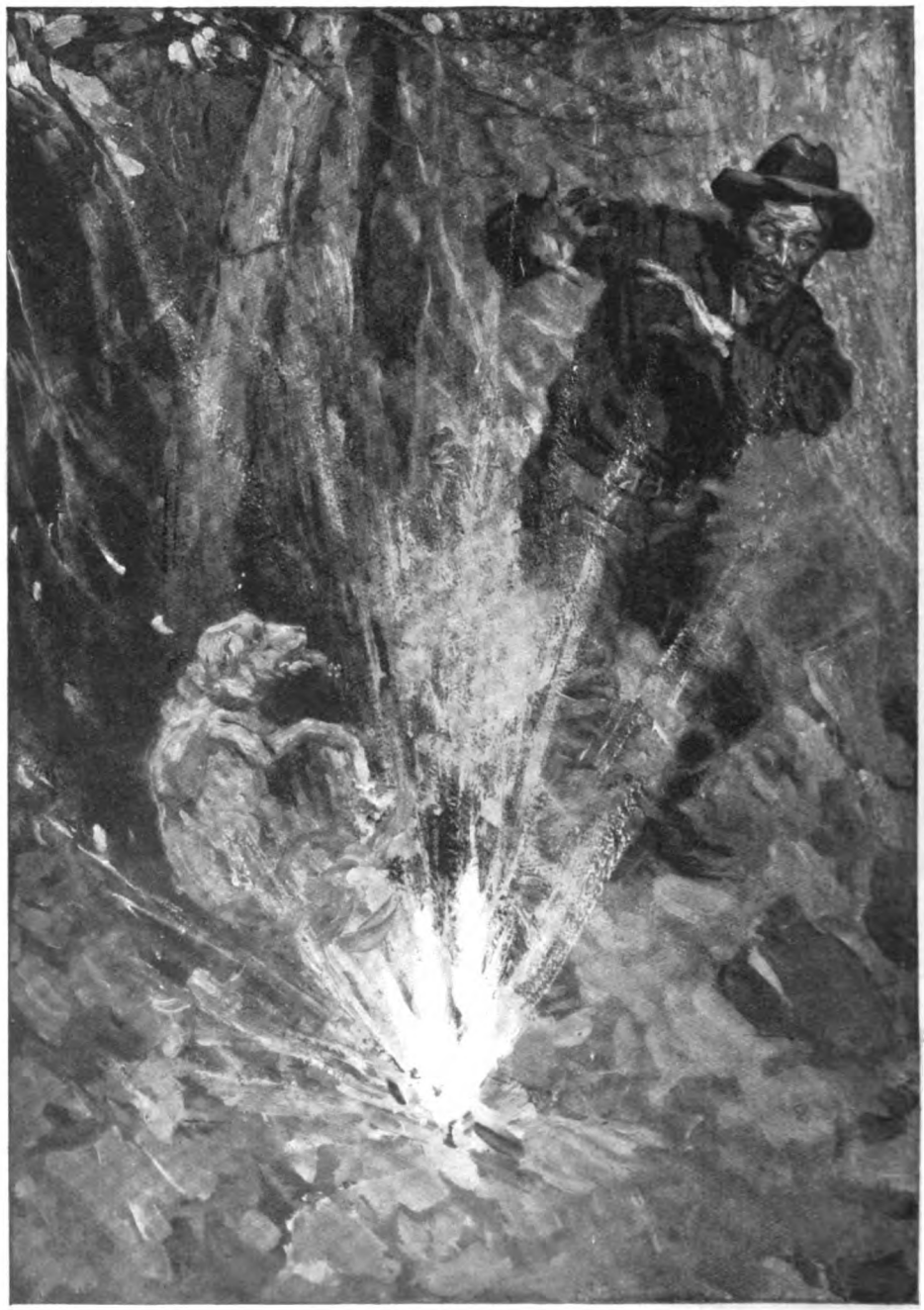
It is interesting to note that all the big men in the Canadian Pacific have sprung from the ranks. Of the directors, Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen are typical instances of Scotch lads who have worked their way from the humblest circumstances to wealth and fame. Then Sir William van Horne, the Chairman, began life as a telegraph operator; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President, started as an office-boy; Mr. D. M'Nicoll, the First Vice-President, was once merely a clerk in the North British Railway; Mr. William Whyte, the Second Vice-President, was once a brakesman; while Mr. Archer Baker, the European manager, remembers the day when he earned money cleaning windows. The success of the Canadian Pacific is largely due to its being controlled by workers, not by men who have inherited their position.

VIEW FROM EMERALD LAKE CHALET VERANDA, FIELD, B.C., ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The actual route taken by this wonderful railway is full of romance. The *Empress* steamer as it ploughs its way up the St. Lawrence is following the same track as the *Grand Hermine* of Jacques Cartier, discoverer of Quebec. From Quebec to Montreal, from Montreal to Ottawa, from Ottawa up the Mattawa to the French River, the Canadian Pacific follows the exact route taken by the old French pioneers.

The railway route along the north of Lake Superior belongs to the romance of science. It is the record of ten years' terrific fight with the oldest and toughest rocks known to the geologists, and it embodies the most remarkable engineering on the whole American continent. From Fort William to Winnipeg the road parallels the route of the old Hudson Bay traders, whose trail can still be seen in Winnipeg's chief street. From Winnipeg, across the prairies, the Canadian Pacific was itself the pioneer. Across the Rockies it climbs steep passes that thirty years ago were still untrod, and when at last it threads the Selkirks and the Gold Range it sweeps down tremendous canyons which have no parallel in the scenery of the world. In this last section we have one of the most stirring romances of modern history, for, had the Canadian Pacific not been rushed through at any cost to the Pacific Coast, British Columbia might have been lost.

A few figures may round this tale. The employés of the Canadian Pacific now number nearly 80,000. There are over 1,400 locomotives, 1,627 passenger cars, 45,000 freight cars. The number of passengers carried in 1908 was 9,463,179, and the number of tons of freight carried was 15,040,325. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy initiated a pension scheme which entitles employés who are incapacitated by old age, sickness, or accident, and who have served a given number of years, to a comfortable income according to their position. To this pension scheme the employés contribute nothing, the company providing the necessary funds.



"THE DOG LAID THE DYNAMITE AT HIS MASTER'S FEET AT THE MOMENT WHEN IT EXPLODED."

(*See page* 642.)

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DENNIS.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

THE odd thing was that his name was really Dennis. In the West, Dennis stands generically for the under dog, for the man who is left. His name is — Dennis! Why? Perhaps some reader of THE STRAND will answer the question. The man in this story was christened Dennis, and, being a native son of the Golden West, he took particular pains to keep the fact a secret from the "boys." When he punched cattle on the ranges he was known as "Kingdom Come" Brown, because, even in those days, it was plain to tenderfeet that physically and intellectually D. Brown, cowboy, was not likely to inherit the kingdoms of the earth.

Ever since he had been breeched ill-fortune had marked him for her own. Nevertheless, he was rich in the possession of a temperament which soared like a lark above suffering and disappointment. He believed steadfastly that his "turn" would come. "It ain't goin' to be like this yere—*always*," was a phrase familiar to the boys. To this the boys replied, "Not much!"

In their hearts they, too, believed that the turn would come, but that, humanly speaking, it would occur in the sweet by and by. Hence the nickname. The hardest nuts admitted that Brown was travelling upon the rough road which leads upwards. His golden slippers were waiting for him—sure! He set an example which none followed, but which all, in sober moments, commended. He neither drank nor swore. He remained faithful to the memory of a woman who had married somebody else. For her sake he sold his horse and saddle and became a lumberman. The losing of his Sadie was, of course, the heaviest of his many bludgeonings. She was a simple soul, like D. Brown, inured to hard work, and at the mercy of a drunken father, who had perilously escaped by the very skin of his teeth from the clutches of Judge Lynch. To give to Sadie a home had been the consuming desire of poor Dennis. For this he pinched and saved till, at last, the needful sum lay snug in the bank. Then the bank "bust"!

Without a word to Sadie, Dennis drifted away to some distant range, and before he was seen again Bud Barker had appeared. Why Bud, a big, brutal lumberman, desired to marry Sadie, no longer young, never pretty, penniless, and admittedly fond of Dennis, must remain a mystery. Why Sadie married Bud is a question easily answered. Bud was "boss" of a logging-camp, and none had ever denied his Cæsarean attributes. He had the qualities and vices conspicuously absent in Dennis. He was Barker, of Barker's Inlet. The mere mention of his name in certain saloons was enough to put the fear of God into men even bigger than himself. A sort of malefic magnetism exuded from every pore of his skin. When he held up his finger Sadie crawled to him. She believed, probably, that she was escaping from a drunken father, and she knew that Bud could and would supply many things for which she had yearned—a parlour, for instance, possibly a piano, and a silk dress. She would have taken Dennis without these amenities, but Dennis had fled to the back of Nowhere without even saying good-bye.

Months after the marriage Dennis came back. The boys described the wedding and the subsequent flitting to Barker's Inlet. Dennis listened, stroking his too thin, straggling moustache. Next day he sold his horse and saddle.

When he appeared at Barker's Inlet and asked for a job, Bud Barker smiled. He had heard of Dennis, and he knew that Sadie had given to Dennis what never would be given to him—the love and confidence of a simple woman. Into his savage bull-head crept the determination to torment these two unsophisticated creatures delivered by Fate to be his slaves, and as such at his mercy.

Accordingly, Dennis was engaged.

Bud's position at the inlet must be defined. Some years before he had been known as a timber-cruiser—that is to say, a man who "locates," during his wanderings through

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forests primeval, belts of timber which will be likely to allure the speculative lumberman. Barker, therefore, had discovered the inlet which bore his name, and in consideration of his services, and with a due sense of his physical and mental qualifications, he had been appointed boss of the camp by the real owners—a syndicate of rich men, who knew that logs were worth ten dollars a thousand feet, and that the man to make them so was Bud Barker. The syndicate wisely gave Bud a free hand, knowing that, in everything which concerned the working of men and machinery to the limit, Bud would begin at the point where their less elastic consciences might leave off. The syndicate, therefore, remained in Victoria, or Vancouver, or San Francisco, and said of Bud that he was a rustler from "Way back, and as lively as they make 'em."

It will be guessed that Bud's principal difficulty was engaging men. Having engaged them, he was certain to get plenty of work out of them, and they couldn't leave till they had earned sufficient money to take themselves elsewhere. All the boys came to Bud stony-broke; otherwise they would never have "signed on." To be treated like a hog, to root assiduously for Bud, or to starve, stared several able-bodied men in the face. One genial Californian remarked, "It's a choice between Death and Damnation."

You will now understand why Bud smiled when Dennis Brown asked for a job.

He knew that Dennis was a cow-puncher, and not a star performer on his own pitch, and he had only to look at the man to realize how unfitted he was for the rough work of a logging-camp. A derisive chuckle gurgled from his huge, hairy throat as he growled out:—

"Say! This ain't like teachin' Sunday-school."

"I know it ain't," said Dennis, cheerfully. But his heart sank at the mention of the Sunday-school. Long ago he had taught in a Sunday-school. It was simply awful to think that the piety of a too ardent youth was now to be held up to the ridicule of the boys.

"I believe your name is—Dennis?" continued the boss of Barker's Inlet.

"It is," our unhappy friend admitted.

"Go up to the bunk-house," commanded Bud, "and tell Jimmy Doolan with my regards to take particler care of yer. I'll speak to him later." Then, as Dennis was moving off, he added, in a rasping voice: "You an' my wife is acquainted, eh? Wal, when you've dropped your blankets, come up to the house and say howdy."

"YOU AN' MY WIFE IS ACQUAINTED, EH?"

Dennis went up to the house. There was one house at the inlet: a four-roomed frame building with three coats of paint on it and a red roof. It stood some distance from the collection of shacks and cabins at the mouth of the Coho River, and it overlooked some of the most glorious scenery in the world. In front stretched the Sound, a silver sea just dimpled by the soft spring breeze. To right and left, and behind, lay the forest—that silent land of the North, illimitable as space, everlastingly green when the snows had melted, shadowy, mysterious, terrible!

As Dennis approached the

house he heard a terrific sound—the crash of a felled and falling tree—some giant who had held his own in the struggle for existence when William the Norman ruled in England. And then, from all points of the compass, the echoes, in varying cadence, repeated that tremendous, awe-inspiring sound—the last sobbing cry of a Titan.

A moment later Sadie received him and ushered him into the parlour, where a small piano, a table of shellwork, and crimson plush curtains challenged the interest and curiosity of all who were privileged to behold them. "Let me take yer hat," said Sadie.

The hand she held out trembled slightly. Dennis perceived that she was thinner and paler.

"Yer well fixed," he murmured. "An' happy as a clam, I reckon?"

"I'd oughter be happy," said Sadie, dubiously. Then she added, hastily, "Never expected to see you in a loggin'-camp."

"No? Wal, I kinder wondered how you was makin' it. You don't look extry peart, Mis' Barker. Lonesome for ye, ain't it?"

Already he knew that except for a few squaws she was the only woman in the camp.

"I don't mind that," said Mrs. Barker.

Something in her tone arrested his attention. Stupid and slow though he was, he divined that Sadie's thin, white cheeks and trembling hands were not caused by lonesomeness. He stared at her intently, till the blood gushed into her face. And then and there he knew almost everything.

"Got a baby?" he asked, thickly.

She answered savagely, "No, I hav'n't, thank God!"

Above the chimneypiece hung an enlarged photograph of her husband, taken a couple of days after his wedding. Mr. Barker had faced the camera with the same brutal complacency which distinguished all his actions. He smiled grimly, thrusting forward his heavy lower jaw, inviting inspection, obviously pleased to exhibit himself as a ferocious and untamed animal. Through the sleeves of his ill-cut black coat the muscles of his arms and shoulders showed bulgingly. The ordinary observer, looking at the photograph for the first time, would be likely to reflect: "Here is a ruffian who needs a licking, but he has not got it yet."

"How's paw?" said Sadie.

"Las' time I seen the old man he was paralyzed drunk, as usual."

"Yes, he would be that," assented Sadie, indifferently.

After this conversation languished, and very soon the visitor took his leave. When Sadie handed to him his hat she said, awkwardly, "You never told me good-bye," and to this indictment Dennis replied, laconically, "Holy Mackinaw! I couldn't."

Those who know the wilder portions of this planet will understand that all was said between these two weaklings who had loved each other dearly. Dennis returned to the bunk-house. Sadie ran to her bedroom and cried her eyes out.

Within a week the camp knew two facts concerning the new-comer. His name was—Dennis! And he had loved Bud Barker's dough-faced wife!

Bud's selection of his first instrument of torture indicated subtlety. He bought from a Siwash Indian the most contemptible-looking cur ever beheld at the inlet, and he christened the unfortunate beast — Dennis. There was a resemblance between dog and man. Each, in the struggle for existence, had received more than his due share of kicks, and the sense of this in any animal manifests itself unmistakably. And each, moreover, exhibited the same amazing optimism, which is, perhaps, a sure sign of a mind not quite balanced.

Dennis, the dog, followed his new master wherever he went. Bud would introduce him with the remark, "His name is Dennis, *too*." And if Dennis, the man, happened to be present, Bud would swear at the dog, calling him every evil name which came to the tip of the foulest tongue in British Columbia. Always, at the end of these commination services, Bud would say to Dennis, the man, "I ain't a-speakin' to you, old socks, so keep yer hair on."

That the cow-puncher (who, in his day, must have carried a "gun") did keep on his hair became a topic of talk amongst the boys, confirming a conviction that Dennis had been aptly named. Certainly he lacked backbone and jawbone. Moreover, change of skies brought to him no change of luck. Within a fortnight he was badly hurt and obliged to remain in bed for nearly a week.

"I got mixed up with a log," he explained to Sadie. "It bruk loose, an' I didn't quite get outer the way. See?"

"Me, too," whispered Sadie. "Same trouble here—'zactly."

Twice while he lay upon his back she brought to the bunk-house a chocolate-layer cake and some broth. Upon the occasion of her third visit she came empty-handed, with her too pale eyes full of tears and her heart full of indignation.

"HE STARED AT HER INTENTLY, TILL THE BLOOD GUSHED INTO HER FACE."

"I ain't got nothing," she muttered. "Bud says it's *his* grub."

"That's all right," replied Dennis, noting that she walked stiffly. "But, look ye here; he ain't been wallopin' ye, has he?"

"Yes, he has. When he was through I tole him I'd sooner have his blows than his kisses any day."

"I hadn't oughter hev come here," said Dennis.

"Never saw the sun shine till you did," murmured Sadie.

At this he tried to take her hand, but she evaded his grasp. Then, with an extraordinary dignity, looking deep into the man's eyes, she said, slowly: "I tole you that because it's God's truth, and sorter justifies your comin'; but I aim ter be an honest woman, and you must help me to remain so."

With that she flitted away.

Next day Dennis went back to work. And what work, for a man never at best strong, and now enfeebled by severe pain and illness! Some magnificent timber had been found a couple of miles inland, situated not too far from the Coho. The experts had already felled, stripped, and sawed into logs the huge trees. To Dennis and others remained the arduous labour of guiding, with the help of windlasses, these immense logs to the river, whence they would descend in due time to the inlet, there to be joined together into vast rafts, later on again to be towed to their destination. Of all labour, this steering of logs through dense forest to their appointed waterway is the hardest and roughest. Dennis, of course, wore thick gloves, but in spite of these his hands were mutilated horribly, because he lacked the experience to handle the logs with discretion. Even the best men are badly knocked about at this particular job, and the duffers are very likely to be killed outright.

At the end of ten lamentable days Dennis came to the conclusion that Bud Barker wanted to kill him by the Chinese torture of Ling, or death by a thousand cuts. More than one of the boys said: "Why don't you get what dough is comin' to ye and skip?" Dennis shook his head. Not being able to explain to himself why he stayed, he held his tongue, and thus gained a reputation for grit which lightened other burdens. Jim

Doolan, the big Irishman, was of opinion that Dennis Brown was little better than a derned baby with a soft spot in his head, but he admitted that the cow-puncher was "white" and obviously bent upon self-destruction. By this time the camp knew that the boss was taking an unholy interest in Dennis, although he continued to treat him with derisive civility. The rage he couldn't suppress was vented upon the dog. And Dennis never saw the poor beast kicked or beaten without reflecting: "He does that to Sadie when nobody ain't lookin." In his feeble fashion he tried to interfere. Dollars to Bud Barker were dearer than cardinal virtues, and he had never been known to refuse an opportunity to make a bit on any deal. Dennis offered to buy the dog.

"What's he worth?" said Bud, thrusting out his jaw.

"I'll give five for him."

"Five! For a dog that I've learned to love? Not much!"

"Ten?"

"Nope!"

"Fifteen?"

Bud laughed.

"You ain't got money enough to buy him," he said. "I'm goin' to have more fun than a barrel o' monkeys out o' this yere dog, and don't you forget it!"

After this, Dennis, the Sunday-school teacher, the man whose golden slippers were awaiting him in the sweet by and by, began to lie awake at night and wrestle with the problem: "Is a man ever justified in breaking the sixth commandment?" The camp held that Bud bore a charmed life. Men had tried to kill him more than once, and had perished ingloriously in the attempt. His coolness and courage were indisputable. There are moments in a lumberman's business when nothing will save an almost impossible situation but the instant exercise of the most daring and devil-may-care pluck, determination, and skill. Bud was never found wanting at such moments. To see him "ride a log" was a sight to inspire admiration and respect in a Texas broncho-buster. To kill such a superb animal might well rack a simple and guileless cowboy whose name was—Dennis.

It is relevant to mention that Dennis, the dog, licked the hand that beat him, fawned upon the foot that kicked him, and rendered unto his lord and master implicit and invariable obedience. The Siwash, his former owner, had trained him to retrieve, and of this Bud took shameless advantage. He would throw his hat or a glove or a stick into the middle of a rapid, and the gallant Dennis would dash into the swirling waters, regardless of colliding logs, fanged rocks, or spiky stumps. One day the dog got caught. Bud, with an oath, leapt on to the nearest log, from that to another and another till he reached the poor beast, whom he released with incredible skill and audacity, returning as he had come, followed by the dog. The boys yelled their appreciation of this astounding feat. Jimmy Doolan asked:—

"What in thunder made ye do that, Bud?"

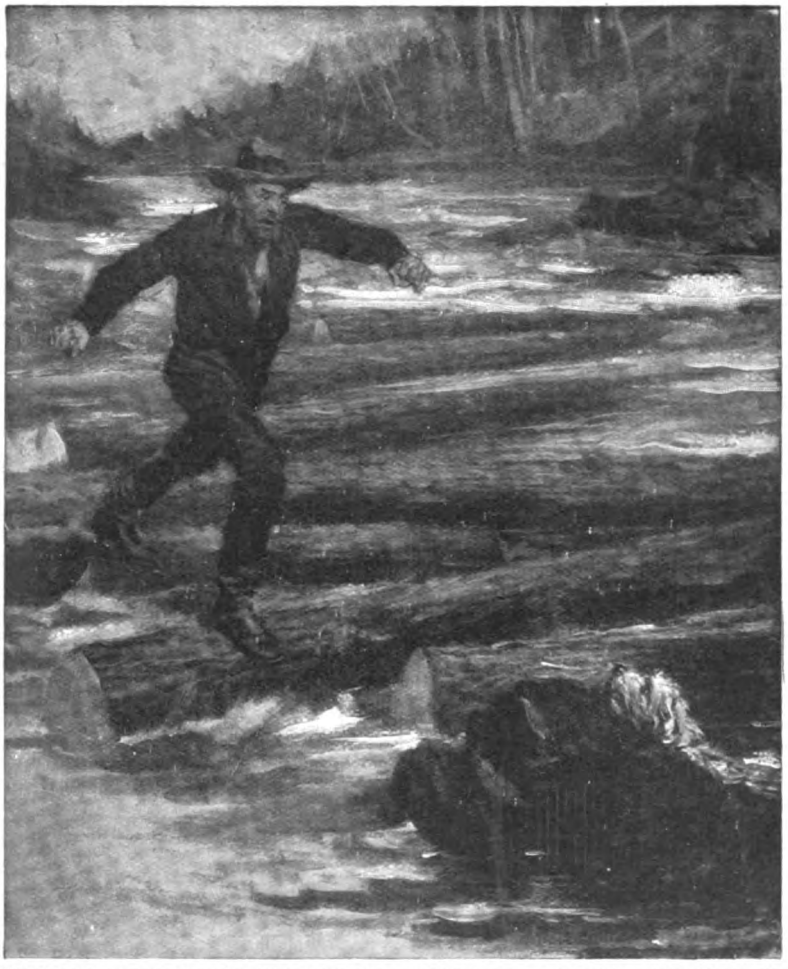
Bud scowled.

"I dunno," he answered. "Dennis Brown knows that I think the world of that cur."

Within a fortnight, by an admittedly amazing coincidence, Dennis, the man, was caught in a precisely similar fashion. As a "river-driver" Dennis was beginning to "catch on." But he had not yet learned what he could or could not do. River-drivers wear immense boots, heavily spiked. Dennis upon this occasion had been sent with a crew to what is technically called "sweep the river" after a regular drive. Such logs as have wandered ashore, or been hung up in back eddies, are collected and sent on to join the others. This is hard work, but exciting, and not without its humours. Certain obstinate logs have to be coaxed down the river. It would almost seem as if they knew the fate that awaited them in the saw-pits, and to every fibre of their being exercised an instinct for self-preservation. For instance, a log may refuse to pass a certain rock in the river which has offered no obstruction whatever to other logs. Then the lumberman, armed with his long pole with its spike to push and its sharp hook to pull, must reach that rock and pull and prod the recalcitrant traveller on his appointed way.

Dennis, in attempting this, had slipped upon the rock, and his heavy boot had been caught and held between the log and the rock. Below was a boiling rapid; above the river swirled in a heavy oily mass. Dennis, to save his life, held tight on to the rock. He was in the position of the drunken Scot who dared not abandon his grip of the rail of the refreshment bar, because if he let go he would fall down, and if he did not let go he must miss his train. Dennis held on with both hands. If he endeavoured to unfasten his boot, he would be swept into the rapid; if he did not let go and none came to his rescue, the log would grind his leg to powder.

Bud happened to see him and plunged into the river. Dennis had crawled on to



"BUD LEAPT ON TO THE NEAREST LOG, FROM THAT TO ANOTHER AND ANOTHER TILL HE REACHED THE POOR BEAST."

the rock from the other side, a feat easily achievable. Bud might have gone round; any other man in the camp would have done so. The odds were slightly against his reaching the rock, for the river was running like a mill-race.

Five minutes later both men, dripping wet, were safely ashore, and the log was careering down stream!

"Ye've saved my life," gasped Dennis.

"Never seen such a blamed fool as you in all my days," replied Bud, as he stared savagely into Dennis's mild blue eyes. "You'd hurt yerself rockin' a baby's cradle, you would. 'Bout time you quit men's work, ain't it?"

"Not yet," said Dennis.

During these weeks upon the river Dennis had not seen anything of Sadie. Bud Barker, as supreme boss, visited all crews, and then returned to his wife, with either a leer or a frown upon his face. She had come to loathe the leer more than the frown. In the different camps the boys told the same story:—

"He knocks the stuffin' out of her!"

The stay-at-home Briton, warm with roast beef and indigestion, will wonder that one man amongst a hundred should be suffered to ill-treat a thin, dough-faced little woman. Why did they not arise and slaughter him? Had Bud stolen a colt in the cattle-country he would have been lynched. Let publicists resolve the problem!

Finally, one Sunday morning, Dennis and Sadie met again.

"Holy Mackinaw!" exclaimed Dennis.

"Anything wrong?"

"Everything."

"I don't understand." But, of course, she did.

"It's God's truth, then, what the boys say?"

She hung her head.

"I thought he'd quit when I went up the river," said Dennis. "Say, Sadie, let's you an' me skin out o' this. I'll get my dough to-night."

"Oh, Dennis!" she murmured, in piteous protestation, "we'd burn in eternal torment."

"We'd burn together," said Dennis. "Anyways, if this ain't torment, and if Bud Barker ain't Beelzebub himself, I'm a liar."

She shook her head, with the tears streaming down her thin, white cheeks.

"Gee!" said Dennis, reduced to silence.

"I tuk him for better and worse," sobbed Sadie.

"You might ha' guessed that it would be worse," growled Dennis. Then, desperately, he blurted out, "Because you're dead-set on keepin' the seventh commandment, you're jest naterally drivin' me to break the sixth."

"What?"

"I've said it And he saved my life, too. But when I look at yer, I get to thinking." His voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "I think lots, nights. He comes back to ye alone, through them trees, and there's one place where the pine needles is thick as moss. And I mind me what a Dago told me onst. He'd killed his man, he had, stabbed him *from behind* with a knife he showed me: jest an ordinary knife, only sharp. An' he told me how he done it, whar to strike—savvy? It goes in slick!"

He stopped, seeing that Sadie was regarding him with wide-eyed horror and consternation.

"Dennis!"

"Yes, my name's Dennis, right enough. That's the trouble. I hav'n't the nerve to kill Bud Barker, and you hav'n't the nerve to skip off with me. We're two of a kind, Sadie—scairt to death of what comes after death. And you know it. So long!"

She caught at his arm.

"You ain't a-goin' to leave the inlet?"

"It's a mighty big country, this," Dennis replied, austerely; "but I've a notion it ain't quite big enough for Bud Barker an' me. So long!"

"I'm comin' up to-morrer, Dennis, to see 'em run the last rapid. Mebbe you was foolish to leave the range?"

He marked the interrogation in her tone, and answered, for him, almost roughly:—

"Mebbe I was, but not so fullish as you by a long sight!"

With that he returned to the bunk-house.

Not half a mile from the inlet the Coho gathers itself together for its last wild rush to salt water. And here there is a huge pool where logs lie peacefully as alligators in the sun. At the end of the pool the river flows gently in a channel free from rocks and snags. Then the channel narrows, and a little farther on you behold the head of the rapid, and half-way down the Coho Falls thunder everlastingly. When the logs reach the falls they are meat for the mills. Nothing can stop them then. One after another they rise on end to take the final plunge. Some twist and writhe as if in agony, as if conscious that the river and forest shall know them no more. Thousands have travelled the self-same way; not one has ever returned. The lower rapid of the Coho hardly deserves its name. Half a mile farther on it is an estuary across which stretches the boom.

The crews assembled on each side of the pool. The logs were pricked into slow movement. This being duffers' work was assigned to the less experienced. The picked river-drivers stood upon the rocks of the upper rapid, pole in hand. And here, watching them with a lack-lustre eye, stood Sadie in the shade of a dogwood tree in full blossom. Now and again a soft white petal would fall upon the water and be swept away. Above the hemlocks soughed softly. At her feet the giant maidenhair raised its delicate fronds till they touched her cheek.

She watched the logs go by in a never-ending procession. The scene fascinated her, although, in a sense, she was singularly devoid of either imagination or perception. Movement beguiled a woman whose own life had been stagnant for five-and-twenty years. Deep down in her heart was the unformulated but inevitable conviction that the logs were moving and that she was standing still. Bud loomed large in the immediate foreground. He, too, moved so swiftly that his huge form lacked definition. She saw him snatch a pole from one of the men and stab viciously at a log which refused to budge; and every time that his arm rose and fell a little shudder trickled down her spinal column. The log seemed to receive the blows apathetically. A bad jam was imminent. She could hear Bud swearing, and the other logs floating on and on seemed to hear him also, and tremble. His bull's voice rose loud above the roar of the falls. Sadie looked down. At her feet crouched Dennis, the dog, and he also was trembling at those raucous sounds, and Sadie could feel his thin ribs pressing against her own thin legs.

At that moment light came to her obscure mind. She was like the log. She refused to budge, funked the plunge, submitting to unending blows and words which were almost worse than blows. And by her obstinacy and apathy she was driving the best man on God's earth to premeditated murder.

That morning, let us remember, Bud had beaten the dog, and because she had interfered with a pitiful protest her husband had struck her close to the temple. Ever since this blow she had heard the roar of the falls with increasing intensity.

"Why don't it move?" she asked herself.

As she put the question the log did move, borne away by the full current. Sadie, followed by the dog, ran after it, with her eyes aflame with excitement. Dennis barked, divining something uncanny, eager to distract the mind of his mistress from what seemed to be engrossing it. Still she ran on, with her eyes upon the log. The dog knew that she must stop in a moment, that no one could pass the falls unless they went over them. Did he divine also that she meant to go over them—that at last, with her poor, imperfect vision, she had seen that way out of captivity?

She reached the point where farther advance was impossible. To her right rose a solid wall of stone; opposite rose its twin; between the two the river rushed tumultuously, tossing the great logs hither and thither as if they were spilikins.

Sadie watched her own log. After its goadings it kept a truer course than most of its fellows. But she had outstripped it. Standing upon the edge of the precipice, feeling the cold spray upon her face, hearing the maddening roar of the monster below, less to be feared than that other monster from whom she realized that she had escaped, she waited for the final plunge. . . .

What was passing in her mind at this supreme moment? We may well believe that she saw clearly the past through the mists which obscured the future. Always she had been a log at the mercy of a drunken father. Her mother had died in giving birth to her, but she knew vaguely that this mother was a New England woman. She did not know—and, knowing, could never have understood—that from her she had inherited a conscience—or shall we call it an ineradicable instinct?—which constrained her to turn aside, shuddering, from certain temptations; to obey, without reasoning, certain ethical laws, solemnly expounded to her by a Calvinistic grandmother. But Nature had been too much for her. Even as she had turned instinctively and with horror from the breaking of a commandment, so also she had selected the mate who possessed in excess the physical qualities so conspicuously lacking in her. She had fallen a victim, and a reluctant victim, to the law of compensation. When Bud Barker held up his finger and whistled, she crawled to him.

The log, slightly rolling, as if intoxicated, neared the brink of the falls. And then it stopped again, where the river was narrowest and the current strongest. No log had stopped in this place before; Sadie saw that it was caught by a small rock, and held fast by the other logs behind it.

"It won't go over," she murmured.

Within a minute a terrific jam impended. Across the river Bud was swearing horribly; and between husband and wife rose a filmy cloud of spray upon which were imprinted the mysterious colours of the rainbow, which, long ago, Sadie had been taught to regard as the most wonderful symbol in the world—God's promise that in the end good should triumph over evil.

Afraid to move, fascinated, she stood still, staring at the rainbow.

Presently Bud disappeared. When he returned Sadie could see him very plainly. He had a stick of dynamite and a fuse. Sadie saw him glance at his watch and measure the fuse. Then, leaping from log to log, he approached the one in mid-stream which lay passive, blocking the advance of all the others. With splendid skill and daring he adjusted the dynamite upon the small rock which held the log, and lit the fuse. He returned as he had come, and Sadie could hear the cheers of the men upon the opposite bank.

"It'll hev to go now," she reflected.

At this moment Dennis, the dog, must have realized that his master had left something behind on the rock. Sadie saw him spring from log to log, and then, holding the dynamite between his teeth, with the spluttering fuse still attached, follow his master.

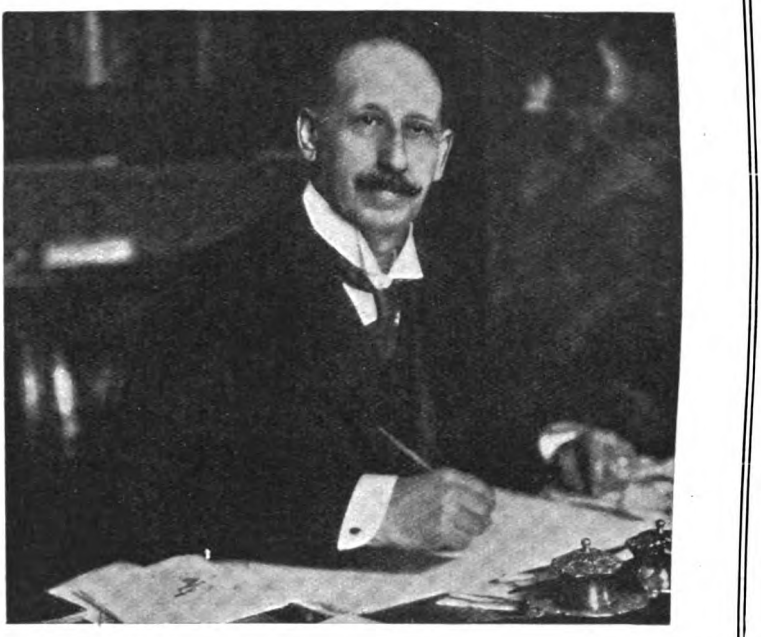
"Bud!" she screamed. "Look out!"

Bud turned and saw! And the others—Dennis Brown, Sadie, the river-drivers—saw also and trembled. Bud began to curse the dog, adjuring him to go back, to drop it, *drop IT*, DROP IT!

But the faithful creature, who had risked life to retrieve sticks thrown into fierce rapids, ran steadily on. Sadie saw the face of her husband crumble into an expression of hideous terror and palsy. His lips mouthed inarticulately; with his huge hands he tried to push back the monstrous fate that was overtaking him.

The dog laid the dynamite at his master's feet at the moment when it exploded.

And the man, whose name was Dennis, knew that his turn had come at last.



From a Photo. by] MR. IMRE KIRALFY AT THE PRESENT DAY. *[Geo. Newnes Ltd.*

"My Reminiscences."

VII.

IMRE KIRALFY.

By far the greatest living figure in the domain of public spectacle and mammoth entertainment, Imre Kiralfy is still in the prime of his powers and is now offering London an attraction as great as any of those which have preceded it during a notable career. His life has been full of incident from his earliest years, as will be seen from the following strikingly interesting chapter of his autobiography.

I HAD not yet seen five summers when Budapest, my peaceful native city, became transformed into a widespread military camp. Cannon boomed, musketry rattled, and in my childish ears resounded incessantly the tramp of armed men — the patriots of Hungary. Their leader, Louis Kossuth, had proclaimed Hungary's independence of the Austrian Government. Well do I remember when my eyes first beheld the national red, white, and green flag of my country. And often yet, after sixty years, when the soul-stirring strains of the "Rakoczy March" greet me, played on some London barrel-organ or by some strolling band, all those childish scenes come back, and I fancy again I catch a glimpse of the noble and valiant Kossuth and hear the crowd talking of the great deeds of Batthyanyi, Bem, Vetter, and Guyon, or, shuddering, tell of the brutal vengeance of the terrible Baron Haynau and his ally Jellachich. Whenever Kossuth won a victory the Hungarians were jubilant, and cried "Élien a Kossuth!" ("Long live Kossuth!") openly in the streets. Whenever, on the other hand, the Austrians won the patriots were prudently quiet, and one heard cries of "Es lebe der Kaiser!" ("Long live the Emperor!"). I remember one day hearing sounds of jubilation. I ran out, shouting as loud as I could, "Élien a Kossuth!" Unluckily it was the wrong day. The Austrians had just won a battle, and

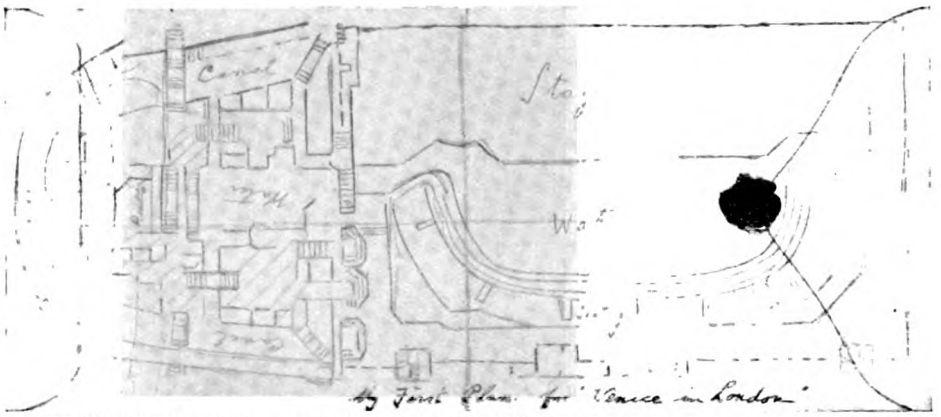
although some of the soldiers laughed at my precocity, one of them advised me to run back home to my mother. Luckily, I took the advice. Once our house was struck by a shell, and all the family set to work to stuff mattresses and pillows in the windows. Afterwards we took refuge in a little wood near the city, where we camped in tents. Peace came at last, when the traitorous General Gorgei delivered the brave Magyar army over to the enemy.

IMRE KIRALFY AS A MUSICIAN, AGE 16.
From a Photograph.

I used often to wonder what I should like to be best when I grew up, but I felt I should never care to be a soldier. I am afraid I was considered rather a clever child by my family. I was still only a tiny child when my father took me to the opera. On my return, I imitated each one of the singers in turn so faithfully that my father threw up his hands and declared I was a born singer. Flattered by the praises of all who heard me, in a very short time—12th of November, 1849—I made my first public appearance on the stage. I appeared before a large audience as the gipsy child in Weber's "Preciosa." Judging by the applause that reached me, I must have made a success, but a still better test was that engagements were offered to me in other places. I went on a tour through Germany, where I performed in the leading towns. I was presented as an infant prodigy to Frederick William IV. of Prussia, and became a favourite of the unfortunate Maximilian, who was afterwards shot by the Mexicans for accepting the title of Emperor of Mexico. The Archduke, as he then was, seemed never to lose an opportunity of showing his goodwill towards me. I did not see him for some years, but one day, happening to be with my father and mother at a little place called Pola, I learnt they were going to lay the keel of a great battleship there. I believe it was to be called *Francis Joseph I.* I was anxious to see the sight, and forced my way with my brother to the edge of the crowd. Suddenly, the band struck up and along came the Archduke Maximilian. He turned, caught sight of my brother and me, and warmly declared we must join the Royal party. Whenever I read the history of the cruel fate of this kind and gentle Prince, is it any wonder that I should shed a tear?

MR. IMRE KIRALFY, AGE 25.
From a Photograph.

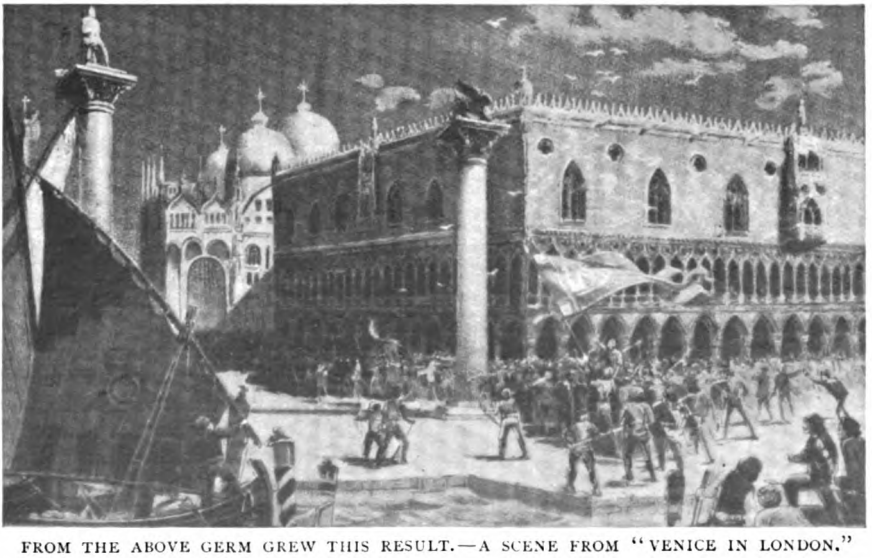
All this time my education was not being neglected. One of the company acted as my tutor. I also had lessons in music and drawing. When I returned home to Budapest each season I attended school regularly. Even at eight years of age my mind was almost perpetually active. I was always casting about for new things with which to excite the wonder of my family and friends. I took it into my head that I was destined to be a great conjurer, and studied all the details I could procure. I believe I did acquire, judging by the astonished expressions I used to see about me, some dexterity in the art of legerdemain. But, alas! I fear I was never destined to rival Houdin or Maskelyne. Perhaps it was best that I did not. At another time I remember believing I was cut out for a civil engineer. I spent hours and days studying the action of railway locomotives. The result was the construction, at the mature age of twelve, of a horseless vehicle for the conveyance of passengers over ordinary roads. This sounds like an anticipation of a



MR. KIRALFY'S ROUGH SKETCH OF "VENICE IN LONDON," 1892, DONE ON THE BACK OF AN ENVELOPE.

modern motor-car, but my idea was far superior to that. It was to do away with the necessity for any engine whatever. Unfortunately, my invention had one serious defect—it wouldn't work. I had wholly underestimated the power required to propel my machine automatically; but, nevertheless, I went on until I convinced myself of this fact, without much minding the cold water all the wiseacres threw on my great project. Failing thus as an inventor, I thought I should succeed better as a musician. I had already learnt to play the violin and the piano, and now during my first visit to Italy, with my mind filled with the beauty of the scenery and the architecture, I set myself in earnest to the study of harmony. One year later I had the pleasure of hearing my first composition played by an orchestra in Milan. The cholera was raging there at the time, and some of the piteous scenes I witnessed will never be effaced from my memory.

It was Venice, however, which completely entranced me. The windows of my bedroom were opposite that of Verdi—only a very narrow canal separated us—and so I lay night after night and heard this great genius compose his operas in such ecstasy as I shall never forget. Little did I think as I stood, a lad of fourteen, on one of the bridges that crossed the Grand Canal of the famous city, sketching in water-colour the vista beloved of so many artists, that thirty years later I should conjure up this very scene, not merely in imagination, but in bricks, wood, canvas, and plaster, in the very midst of far-away London. I have not mentioned my sense of colour before, because, as a child, I



FROM THE ABOVE GERM GREW THIS RESULT.—A SCENE FROM "VENICE IN LONDON."

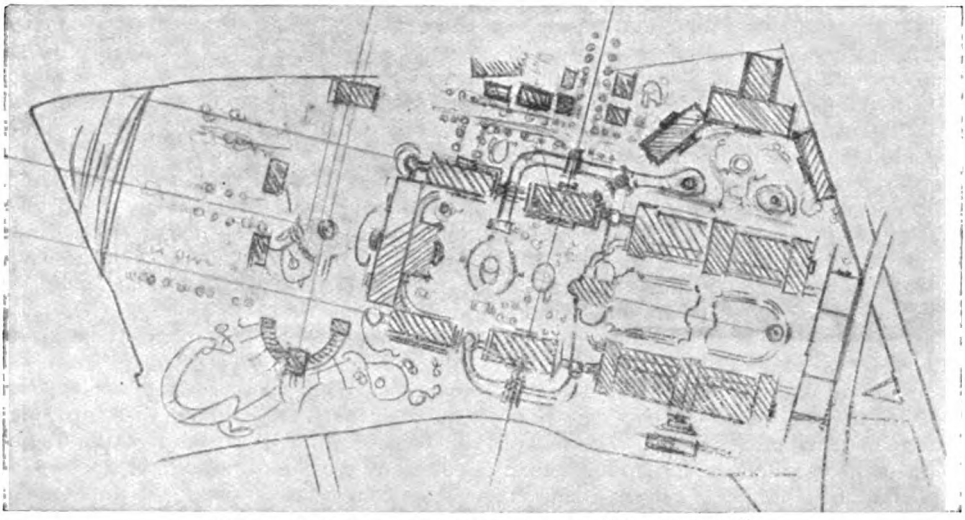
was perhaps too versatile and did not yet recognise what it was I possessed to a greater degree perhaps than any of my fellows. I loved colour. I had a passion for prismatic effects. All kinds of spectacle fascinated me, and I saw too often the weakness of many of the organizers of such entertainments. I saw how much better could be done if they would only study the harmonious arrangement of the prismatic colour combinations.

But my mind was not made up nor my career fully determined until 1867, when, at the age of twenty-two, I went to Paris. The object of my visit was the International Exhibition in the Champs de Mars. This was the supreme achievement in the way of pageants and exhibitions. Not a single detail escaped me. I went about daily viewing this great spectacle, in whole and in parts from every point of view, and to my youthful mind the greatest man in the world then was the director-in-chief of that great exhibition. At night, often until the early hours of the morn, I wrote music. I loved to write for large orchestras. I set to full orchestra many of the compositions of my then friend Camille Schubert, purely for the pleasure of the work. A year later found me in Brussels on the eve of a great municipal fête, which was to last a week. There were to be races, balls, festivals, operas, pantomimes, sports, and games. Four thousand soldiers had been told off to participate in the preparation of these fêtes. In the very midst of the organization the master of the ceremonies, harassed and overworked, lost his reason. I have since been told that the municipality itself was at its wits' end to find someone to carry on the work of organization. By chance, luckily enough for me, my name was mentioned, and at only twenty-three years of age I became installed as the director of the Brussels fêtes. But my path was not one of roses. To my dismay I found everything in confusion, but I plucked up courage, flung myself with enthusiasm into the business, planned a spectacle on a far more colossal scale than my predecessors, and put into practice some of the ideas I had already formed.

MR. KIRALFY'S DESIGN FOR A POSTER FOR HIS GREAT "AMERICA" SPECTACLE AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR, 1893.

After my initial success at Brussels came a calm. I found no chance in Europe to repeat my triumph, and so resolved to emigrate to America. One day, in 1869, I landed in New York. There I was destined to remain for a quarter of a century. I saw instantly that the great popular want in America was spectacle—spectacle that was more or less familiar to Europeans. Spectacular dramas there were; but they were on a very small scale, and greatly deficient in either colour or magnificence. I introduced into American theatres a scenic representation of Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days," and this served me as a vehicle for the production of gorgeous scenic effects, but before that came a mammoth spectacle called "The Black Crook."

No theatre would serve to exploit the vast pictures which I began to conceive in my mind. I envied the ancient Romans their Colosseum and their wide, free amphitheatres. My first experience in architectural work was in Philadelphia, where I was confronted by the necessity of building a theatre, or of not exhibiting the spectacle. I felt that the



FIRST ROUGH PLAN IN PENCIL OF THE "WHITE CITY."

time had come, so I drew up plans of my own, and that is how the Broad Street Theatre came to be built.

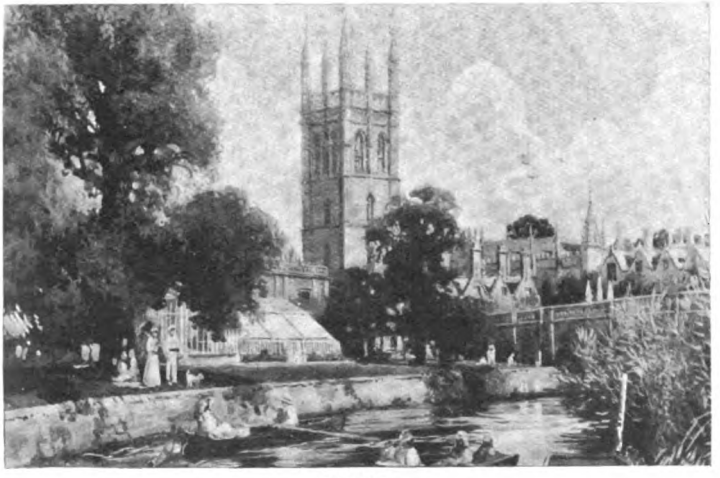
The idea of a play dealing with Siberia and the Nihilists occurred to me, and I handed over the plot and details to an American dramatist, Bartley Campbell, commissioning him to write it for me. But although a large sum was paid on account, when Campbell finished the work he refused to give it up to me. He produced it himself with enormous success—he called it "Liberis"—so that opportunity was lost. However, I took the matter before the Courts, but here again Fate intervened, for Bartley Campbell suddenly went insane and died in an asylum. This failure proved another turning-point in my career.

I resolved to dispense with theatres—to "produce" in the open air—to create my own spectacle in some untrammelled expanse outside the city. I found on Staten Island, near New York, just the spot I wanted, and there, at St. George's, constructing a colossal stage and scenery, I engaged a thousand performers and produced "The Fall of Babylon." That was over twenty years ago. Great as the success of this experiment was, I had something still more ambitious in my mind. This was "Nero; or, The Burning of Rome." For this spectacle I constructed a stage with a proscenium opening four hundred and eighty-five feet wide, and employed one thousand five hundred performers. But to make this statement conveys no idea of the labour of organization and operation. When a drama is produced on such a large scale, of what use would be

From a] THE "WHITE CITY." *[Photograph.*

a stage-manager or a prompter confronted by such distances? I had to create a special system of control, so that I could communicate with the performers and "heads." To do this I caused thirty electric bells, invisible and inaudible to the public, to be placed on the stage at intervals, and so, by a code of signals operated from a gigantic keyboard, I was master of the situation. In the same way the conductor of the orchestra kept all the singers and dancers in unison—all by a single pressure on a button, ringing numerous bells — which unison greatly mystified the audience. As to the size and management of the scenery, one scene represented the exterior of Nero's palace, approached by a series of terraces and steps, upon which no fewer than five hundred performers, singers, dancers, and figurantes were grouped in a scene of revelry. These had previously taken their places at the wings, and then, at a signal, the whole mighty scene, performers and all, was rolled in on a series of circular railway tracks.

You may, perhaps, suppose that this enterprise was sufficient for me at one time; but I found opportunity also to produce at the same time an original pantomime at the New York Academy of Music, a leading metropolitan theatre. One scene represented a graveyard by moonlight, a beautiful, artificial moon rising at the back. It so happened that one night I was watching "Nero," when the real moon rose with splendid effect behind the palace of the Cæsars. Yet many spectators must have supposed it was an artificial moon, for I overheard a young lady near me say to her mother: "Ah, yes, it's pretty, but not so realistic as the one we saw in Mr. Kiralfy's pantomime at the Academy of Music!"



OXFORD.

LLANDUDNO.

MR. KIRALFY'S LATEST ENTERPRISE AT THE "WHITE CITY"—STRIKING MODELS OF FAMOUS HEALTH AND TOURIST RESORTS.

Those were the days of P. T. Barnum, the famous American showman. Although he was then an old man, I suppose he thought I was beginning to invade his own particular domain. At all events, he saw "Nero," and offered me a great sum to be allowed to produce it in connection with his own show in London. I was just then starting for London, so he commissioned me to examine Olympia and tell him whether or not it would be suitable for "Nero." I told him it would; and so "Nero," rewritten and produced upon a much smaller but more artistic scale, was seen by Londoners.

It was while I was staying at

Barnum's place at Bridgeport, Connecticut, that the idea of "Venice" flashed across my mind—not a "Venice in Italy," but a Venice transported to London. I took out a scrap of paper—an envelope—from my pocket, and then and there schemed out my idea. My mind went back to my studies of Venice thirty years before; the whole thing as it should be rose up before me, and down it went, even the details, on the back of that envelope. When "Venice" attracted its thousands and hundreds of thousands to Olympia in 1892, it had all arisen naturally from my plans on the back of that envelope.

A still greater opportunity was at hand for me. The Columbian Exhibition was to bring the whole universe to Chicago. A dramatic pageant on an unprecedented scale was demanded, and that is how "America," in twelve acts, came into being at the immense auditorium in Chicago—the largest theatre then in the world. There has since been a larger one. I have built it myself. "America," I am told, marks an epoch in the history of the stage. On its commercial side, at all events, no such average of receipts has ever been recorded before.

By this time I had resolved to settle down in London. Incidentally I may mention that it was not my first period of residence in the world's capital, for in the middle 'seventies, during a visit, I had met an English lady who became Mrs. Kiralfy and my eldest son was born here. But London seemed to offer the greatest chances of the lasting success I sought. Some years before, overtures had been made me by the gentlemen associated with the series of exhibitions at Earl's Court. They offered me flattering terms to produce a spectacle in connection with the German Exhibition, but I saw that nothing could be done with Earl's Court unless a long lease could be obtained, all the old buildings pulled down, and a wholly new scheme carried out. Such a lease of twenty-one years was now obtained. A syndicate was formed to carry out my ideas, and I was appointed director-general. I had never ceased planning schemes of architecture and of colour, and I think I may say that for some years I found at Earl's Court a fairly ample field for my energies. There I produced in succession the "Empire of India," "India and Ceylon," "The Victorian Era," "The Universal Exhibition," "Greater Britain," "Woman's," "International," "The Military Exhibition," and "Paris in London."

Then this part of my career came to an end. It was all only a prelude to what I shall consider the summit of my life's achievements in the domain of public spectacle—the Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. In this I felt it was necessary to surpass all my previous labours. I must have something at once novel and commanding—something in keeping with the greatness of the project. One night I lay awake in bed and, as if by magic, I saw, stretched out in my mind's eye, an imposing city of palaces, domes, and towers, set in cool, green spaces and intersected by many bridged canals. But it had one characteristic which made it strangely beautiful. Hitherto I had dealt in colour in the shimmering hues of gold and silver. This city was spotlessly white. I saw it all in an instant, and the next day I had jotted down the scheme of what London has learnt to know as the "White City." More than four years were needed—four years of unremitting toil—to make that scheme a reality; but on the day when His Majesty King Edward VII. and President Fallières of the French Republic, in the midst of a cheering multitude, visited the Franco-British Exhibition I knew that the result had justified all the labour. That was the proudest day of my life.

It would seem strange indeed if the "White City," which was reared with such pains and labour on the barren wastes of Shepherd's Bush, should have been as evanescent as a summer's dream. Fate and the public voice have preserved it from that destiny, and I hope the great Imperial Exhibition now opening will be considered worthy of its forerunners.

Looking back now upon a public career of nearly sixty years, it is very gratifying to me to think that I have never rested content with that which both my friends and critics have thought to be my best. I fear I have never followed the adage and let well enough alone. Still more gratifying is the thought that I may have helped to raise the standard of spectacular entertainment and that I have contributed something to the artistic needs as well as to the gaiety of the nations.

MR. DODD'S MISTAKE.

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

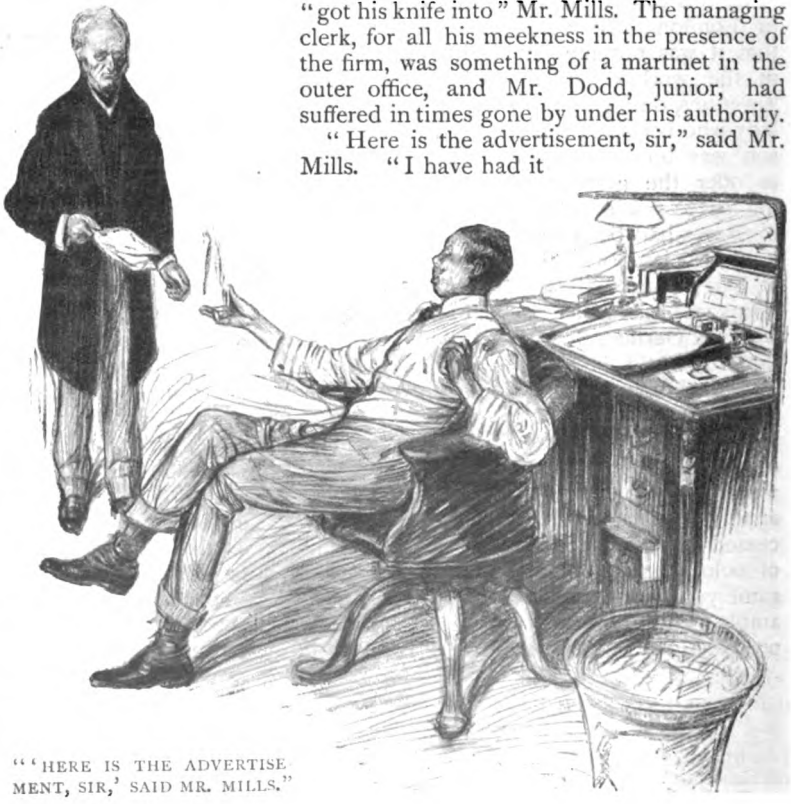
IT was a hot morning in August—so hot that Mr. Augustus Dodd, junior partner in the firm of Kenrick, Scribe, Dodd, and Son, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, had so far relaxed the rigours of professional etiquette as to be sitting at work in his shirt-sleeves. Mr. Kenrick, most respectable of family lawyers, was holiday-making in Switzerland; Mr. Scribe was enjoying himself with his family at Etretat; Mr. Dodd, senior, was taking his pleasure at Yarmouth; and upon Mr. Dodd, junior, rested all present responsibility in the affairs of the firm.

Mr. Kenrick and Mr. Dodd were lawyers of the old school, men of weight, perhaps a trifle old-fashioned in their professional habits. Mr. Dodd, senior, had risen from the ranks. He was accustomed to say that he believed in three things—push, honesty, and hard work. Mr. Dodd, junior, also believed thoroughly in the first, professed a qualified adherence to the second, and regarded the third without marked enthusiasm. He was not attractive in appearance, and even his hopeful parent had been obliged to fall back upon the saying, "Handsome is as handsome does," when he had proposed him to his senior as a partner a twelvemonth before. Mr. Scribe had said at the time that that was undoubtedly so, but had intimated that Mr. Augustus Dodd's actions had not outstripped his looks in this respect during his employment in a subordinate capacity by the firm. However, Mr. Dodd, senior, had used the first of his favourite qualities to such good effect that his son was now a full-fledged partner.

The little room in question was decidedly stuffy on this hot August morning, and Mr. Dodd, junior, had betaken himself to the stately apartment occupied by Mr. Kenrick, much to the disgust of Mr. Mills, the managing clerk, who looked upon this apartment, with its Turkey carpet, heavy mahogany furniture, and general air of old-fashioned respectability, as a sort of holy of holies. But Mr. Mills was a meek little man, and to him a partner in the firm of Kenrick, Scribe, Dodd, and Son was a personage to be approached with deference, even when that personage took the form of the dough-faced young gentleman with the rakish air who was seated in his shirt-sleeves in Mr. Kenrick's sacred chair, smoking an American cigarette.

There was, indeed, rather more deference required for dealing with Mr. Augustus Dodd than with either of the senior partners, for that gentleman, to use his own expression, had "got his knife into" Mr. Mills. The managing clerk, for all his meekness in the presence of the firm, was something of a martinet in the outer office, and Mr. Dodd, junior, had suffered in times gone by under his authority.

"Here is the advertisement, sir," said Mr. Mills. "I have had it



"'HERE IS THE ADVERTISEMENT, SIR,' SAID MR. MILLS."

put into all the morning papers, and propose to continue it for the present."

Mr. Dodd put out his hand and took the folded newspaper which Mr. Mills had brought in to him.

"If Mrs. Eliza Sloop," he read, "to whom the late Earl of Weston entrusted the care of his daughter eighteen years ago, will call at the offices of Messrs. Kenrick, Scribe, Dodd, and Son, Lincoln's Inn Fields, she will hear of something to her advantage."

"That will make 'em talk," said Mr. Dodd. "Nobody knows that the late Earl of Weston had a daughter."

"I recollect the birth of her ladyship, sir," said Mr. Mills. "And the death of the mother and child, if I may be allowed to call them so, was recorded concurrently."

"'Was recorded concurrently!'" echoed Mr. Dodd. "What does that mean? I haven't had the benefit of a University education."

Mr. Mills smiled a wan smile at this pleasantry. "Nor I, sir," he said. "I mean that the notice in the *Times*, which we have amongst his lordship's papers, announced the death of the Countess of Weston and the Lady Frances on the same date."

"Oh, that's what you mean, is it?" said Mr. Dodd. "Then why can't you say so? What did old Weston say in the paper he left? I don't remember all the circumstances. The matter has been in Mr. Kenrick's hands."

"His lordship said, sir, that he had put the child out to nurse with this woman, Eliza Sloop, paying her a hundred pounds to take her young ladyship away and never let him see her again."

"Nice way to behave!" commented Mr. Dodd. "Who was Eliza Sloop?"

"There is nothing to show, sir," said Mr. Mills. "The child was born in his lordship's town house, and we have been unable to trace the woman."

"And now he has made the daughter his sole heiress. Well, she'll be a catch for somebody, eh?" And Mr. Dodd caressed the outer hairs of a meagre moustache with a complacent and thoughtful air. "We can't do anything more at present," he resumed, handing back the newspaper. "I'm going out to see one or two people now, Mills. I shall be back about three."

Mr. Dodd put on his coat and his hat and went round to the Firstnighters' Club hard by, where he indulged in a heavy luncheon and a nap of some duration, for he had been up late the night before and proposed to stay up late that evening.

When he returned to the office and let himself in to Mr. Kenrick's room by the door marked "Private" Mr. Mills approached him again, showing some excitement in his demeanour, usually so placid.

"A woman calling herself Eliza Sloop has called, sir," said Mr. Mills, "accompanied by a young person whom she states to be Lady Frances Weston."

Mr. Dodd's face brightened. He had been looking forward to a dull afternoon, relieved only by a surreptitious perusal of one of the excellent novels of Mr. Nathaniel Gould.

"Where are they?" he asked. "Show 'em in here."

"If I may be allowed to suggest, sir," said Mr. Mills, "I should regard the woman's story with considerable suspicion. I have examined her to some extent myself, and I do not trust her."

"Look here, Mr. Mills," said the junior partner. "Are you at the head of this office at present, or am I?"

"You, sir, certainly," replied Mr. Mills. "I only suggest caution."

"I think I know my way about, thank you," said Mr. Dodd. "Show the ladies in at once. Have you got the papers?"

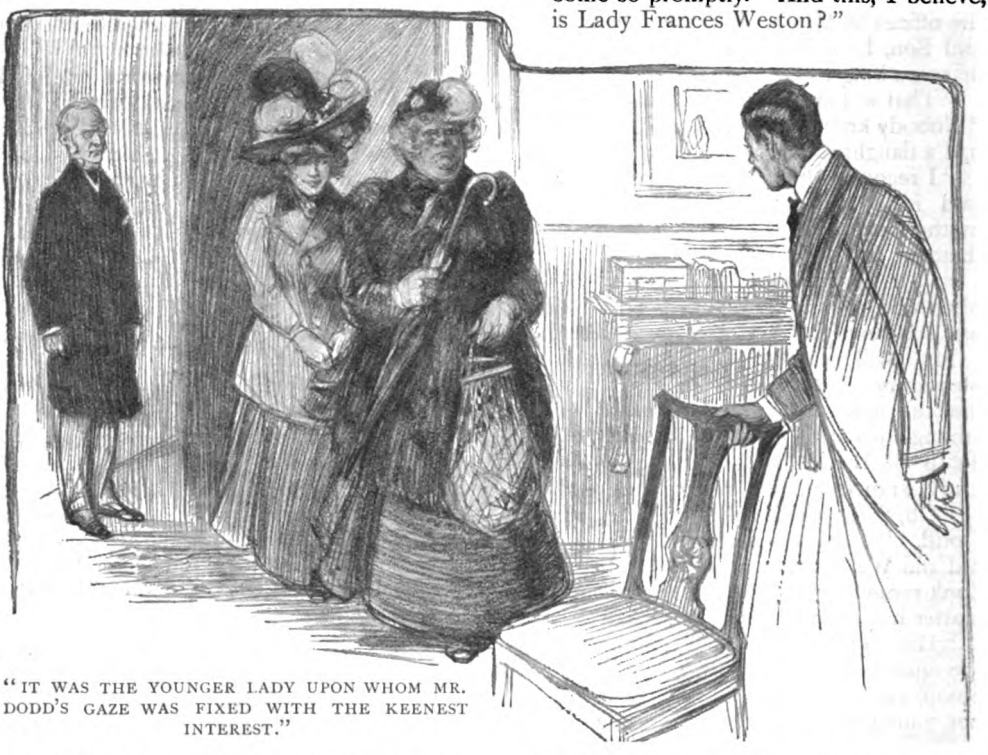
Mr. Mills deposited on the table a bundle of documents and left the room, returning an instant later to usher in the two ladies.

"Time enough, too," the elder of them was heard to say as the door opened. "Keepin' me and her ladyship kickin' our 'eels for an hour in a dog's 'ole without even a carpet!"

The lady who gave vent to these expressions of annoyance was of a massive figure, and, despite the heat, which she seemed to feel acutely, wore a heavy jacket purporting to be sealskin, shiny in some places and bald in others. Her large, moist face was surmounted by a frizz of iridescent, copper-coloured hair, upon which was perched a confection of crimson plush, with a white feather which had seen better days. She carried an umbrella and a bag of netted string, and advanced into the room with a firm tread and an air which seemed to betoken that she would stand no nonsense from anybody.

But it was the younger lady upon whom Mr. Dodd's gaze was fixed with the keenest interest as the pair of them advanced across the room to the chairs placed in readiness for them. At first sight she hardly seemed to bear any obvious signs of noble lineage. Her face was not an unpleasant one. Her mouth, if of somewhat generous proportions, showed an excellent set of teeth, and her

eyes were large and sparkling. But her nose was of a nondescript shape, and her ears stuck out from their nest of frizzled hair at an obtuse angle. For the rest, she was clad in a skirt of royal blue, over which was a jacket of thick brown cloth. She wore a violet silk handkerchief round her neck, and



"IT WAS THE YOUNGER LADY UPON WHOM MR. DODD'S GAZE WAS FIXED WITH THE KEENEST INTEREST."

on her head was a gigantic erection loaded with nodding plumes. Her hair in front was arranged in a mop which came down nearly to her eyebrows, and what there was of it behind was twisted into that form of coiffure known as a "bang." Neither the older nor the younger lady wore gloves.

Mr. Dodd, however, did not allow the politeness of his attitude to be affected by appearances. He put on his most engaging air as he shook hands with both ladies and motioned them to their seats, which so far softened the mood of Mrs. Sloop that she relaxed her air of haughty indignation, and allowed herself the relief of mopping her brow with a dirty handkerchief, extracted from the aforesaid string bag.

"You have called, I believe, with reference to our advertisement in this morning's papers?" said Mr. Dodd.

"Yuss," said Mrs. Sloop, producing a copy of the *Daily Record* out of the string bag, and pointing out the passage in question with a fat and not over-clean forefinger. "There it is; and if I've come to the wrong place I'll thank you to say so, young man, before we go any farther."

"Quite right, Mrs. Sloop, quite right," said Mr. Dodd. "Very pleased that you have come so promptly. And this, I believe, is Lady Frances Weston?"

"And have you any objection?" inquired Mrs. Sloop, with a trace of hostility. "Because if you 'ave, say so."

"None at all, Mrs. Sloop," returned Mr. Dodd. "I am very pleased to make the acquaintance of both of you," and he went through the process of shaking hands with both of them again before returning to his seat, a process which was received by the Lady Frances with a giggle, instantly suppressed. Mrs. Sloop, however, heard it, and turned on her.

"I'm ashamed of you, Fan," she said, indignantly. "Can't you be'ave yourself like a lady of title, after all the pains I've taken to bring you up as sech, pore as I am, and gone without often enough that you shouldn't want? Anybody 'ud think that you'd never been shook 'ands with by a gentleman before. Be'ave, or I'll take you straight home."

There was that in her guardian's eye which sobered the Lady Frances for the time being.

Mrs. Sloop turned to Mr. Dodd with an ingratiating smile. "You mustn't be surprised at my talkin' to 'er ladyship familiarlike," she said. "Eighteen years come next month she's lived with me like my own daughter, and, if you'll believe me, I've never so much as told 'er she wasn't my own until this very morning, sech being my instructions from the Hearl when I undertook the bringing up of 'er."

"Quite natural, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr. Dodd. "And now to come to business! What was the circumstance under which Lord Weston gave you the charge of his daughter?"

Mrs. Sloop stiffened at once. "Ham I to understand," she said, with impressive dignity, "that my being the Mrs. Eliza Sloop mentioned in this 'ere very paper I 'old in my 'and is denied?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Dodd. "But we must have the story and the proofs, you know. We are all very good friends, I hope; but we must go on business lines."

"That's all right," said Mrs. Sloop, combatively. "That's all right. I don't ask for nothing better; and the proofs I've got in this 'ere bag, which I put them in myself with my own 'ands before I left 'ome. But I venture to hask because the old geézer outside, beggin' yours, give me to hunderstand that there'd be trouble, and if it's trouble that's wanted it won't be Eliza Sloop what'll come off second best, and so I tell him and you and all and sundry."

"If my clerk has gone beyond his duties in any way, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr. Dodd, grandly, "I shall take notice of it. You are now dealing with a partner in the firm, and a gentleman, and need have no fear in telling me your story."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Sloop. "That's enough for me. I know a gentleman when I see one, and you know a lady. That's all right. And now I'll tell yer. I wasn't always in the position I'm in now."

She paused, and Mr. Dodd was about to utter a phrase of condolence when she proceeded. "I've risen in the world. But I ain't one to be ashamed of my early days, and I don't mind telling you that before I was married I was in service. My last place was as lady 'elp to Mrs. Derry, whose 'usband drove the Hearl of Weston's kerridges. I'd been married about a year when Lady Frances 'ere was born, at the same time as a child of my own, who died of croup—suffered terrible—and I was visiting Mrs. Derry in a friendly way at the mews. I was told that the Countess 'ad died, and the Hearl wanted a nurse for the Lady Frances. Well, to cut a long story short, when I went to the 'ouse his lordship give me the baby and told me to take it away and bring it up as my own instead of the one I'd lost. Which I done, and 'ere we are."

"Quite so, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr. Dodd, to whom this sudden ending of a dramatic story may have seemed somewhat inconclusive. "The Earl, I believe, paid you a sum of money at the time?"

"And is that to be brought up in my teeth?" said Mrs. Sloop, indignantly. "Was I to slave my fingers to the bone to keep the child of a Hearl rolling in luxury, without gettin' nothin' for it?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr. Dodd again. "I merely asked the question."

"Ah! and well you may ask the question," responded Mrs. Sloop. "Yuss, 'e did give me a sum of money, and little enough it was for all I've done. He give me a measly 'undred pounds, and if I've spent one of them on 'er ladyship 'ere, I've spent a thousand, and so she'll tell you."

The Lady Frances, thus appealed to, withdrew her gaze from a bust of Plato over the bookcase and hastily corroborated this statement by word of mouth. Mr. Dodd made a mental note to the effect that it did not appear to be corroborated by the present appearance either of the donor or recipient of the sum mentioned.

"And for that sum," he said, "you undertook to bring up the child and to preserve the secret?"

"Hi did," replied Mrs. Sloop, concisely.

"Very well, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr. Dodd. "Your story tallies with that which I have here," and he tapped his bundle of papers, "as I need not tell you," he added, hastily, perceiving the ominous fire glinting again in the lady's eye. "Now, you mustn't mind my asking you, just for the sake of form, you know, to satisfy the trustees—of course, *I* believe you implicitly, as I need scarcely say—if you have got any—any papers or anything to prove that you are the ladies we are looking for."

To Mr. Dodd's relief this not unreasonable request was met in the frankest possible manner by Mrs. Sloop.

"Yuss, I 'ave," she said. "I put 'em in my bag with my own 'ands this morning, as I told you." She rummaged amongst the miscellaneous contents of the string bag and produced a dirty envelope, which, when opened, was seen to protect a half-sheet of note-paper. This Mrs. Sloop, holding tight

to one corner, submitted for the perusal of Mr. Dodd. It contained these words:—

"In consideration of the sum of one hundred pounds, paid to her by me, Eliza Sloop has undertaken to take entire charge of my infant daughter Frances and to bring her up as her own. I have in my possession a signed promise from Mrs. Sloop undertaking to keep secret the identity of the child. This is to state that, if that promise is broken, she will be prosecuted with all the rigours of the law.—WESTON."

Mr. Dodd scrutinized this extraordinary document, which bore a date of some eighteen years before, with considerable interest.

"Nobody could deny that that paper is in Lord Weston's handwriting," he said; "and I have amongst these papers the undertaking referred to. So far so good, Mrs. Sloop. You will have no difficulty in proving your own identity, I imagine. Now as to the young lady. Have you anything to show that she is actually the Lady Frances Weston?" Mr. Dodd was getting bolder.

"Don't scream, dear, don't scream!" said Mrs. Sloop to the Lady Frances, who, to do her justice, had shown no signs of thus misbehaving herself. "I'll see you righted. And what shows it better than that, I should like to know?" And Mrs. Sloop produced triumphantly from the string bag the copy of a birth certificate, which was undoubtedly that of a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Weston.

"Quite so," said Mr. Dodd. "Of course, I haven't the slightest doubt about the matter myself, you understand. But in our position we are obliged to have everything cut and dried. I'm afraid that, for the purposes of actual proof, you know, the mere certificate of the birth of the child will hardly be enough."

"I've got something else, too," said Mrs. Sloop, making another dive into the string bag and producing a small package wrapped in crumpled tissue paper. This, when uncovered, proved to be an old coral, mounted in silver, and bearing upon it the initials "J. D." "That belonged to Fan's—I mean Lady Frances's mother," she said. "There's her initials, and I can prove it."

"That puts the matter beyond a doubt in my mind," said Mr. Dodd. "But now, can you produce anyone who is prepared to swear in a court of law—just for the sake of form, you know—that this young lady is the child you took to nurse eighteen years ago? Anybody who has seen you constantly since then, for instance."

"I can produce a dozen who'll swear anything," said Mrs. Sloop, boldly.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Dodd. "Then I think you had better come here again to-morrow morning, Mrs. Sloop—say at eleven o'clock—and bring one or two friends who have known you since you first took charge of Lady Frances. Then, when I have heard their stories, we shall be in a position to get to work."

"What at?" inquired Mrs. Sloop. "The advertisement said that if I called here I should hear something to my advantage. There it is in black and white—'will hear of something to her advantage.' What is it? That's what I want to know. We've talked a lot, and I've given you the proof that we're what we say we are. Where do we come in—me and Lady Frances?"

"Well," said Mr. Dodd, with his most engaging air, "the news we have got is perhaps rather more to the advantage of Lady Frances than yourself, Mrs. Sloop. But I have no doubt you will be able to arrange with her where you come in; and I've no doubt you will come in on the ground floor, as we say. You know, I suppose, that Lord Weston is dead?"

"Yuss, we knowed as much as that," said Mrs. Sloop. "We shall 'ave our mourning by to-morrow."

"He made a will," pursued Mr. Dodd, "leaving all his property to his only child, Lady Frances Weston. There is no other heir, and the title dies with him."

"'Ow much?" inquired Mrs. Sloop.

"That I can hardly tell you yet," replied Mr. Dodd. "But there is a big place in the country and a house in London, as well as some large investments and a considerable sum of money lying at the bank."

"'Ow much?" inquired Mrs. Sloop again.

"I can hardly tell you the exact amount just now," said Mr. Dodd. "But it amounts to some thousands of pounds."

"'And it over, then," said Mrs. Sloop. "We'll wait for the 'ouses and the investments. We may as well take the money."

"I'm afraid I can't hand it over just yet, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr. Dodd. "There will be preliminaries to settle first, and the will must be proved, you know."

"Oh, drat the proving!" exclaimed Mrs. Sloop. "Is me and 'er ladyship to be kept in poverty when there's all that money belonging to us? Come, young man. You know me and I know you. We're all friends 'ere. Let's 'ave the money now, and we'll wait for the rest. I'll tell you what I'll do, now.

You give us them thousands in the bank, and you shall 'ave a cool 'undred of it to put in your own pocket. That's what I call business."

Mr. Dodd resisted this attempt to undermine his professional virtue.

"I'm afraid it is out of the question, Mrs. Sloop," he replied. "You will realize that when you know a little more of the law, as you will do before we have put all this business through for you."

"Drat the law!" said Mrs. Sloop. "Why should the law come between a lady and her rights? Can't we get nothing, then, to go on with? *One* of them thousands, now!"

"Quite impossible, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr. Dodd.

"A 'undred, then!"

"I'm afraid that even a hundred——"

"Twenty pounds, then! Ten pounds! Five pounds! Come, now, five pounds won't break you, and you shall 'ave it back when we get the rest."

"Perhaps I might be able to advance you five pounds for present expenses on my own responsibility," said Mr. Dodd.

"Come, now, that's something," said Mrs. Sloop. "I'll take it in cash, please."

"I'll get it for you at once," said Mr. Dodd, "if you will wait here a minute." And he went out of the room.

Mrs. Sloop and the Lady Frances, left alone, eyed each other. "Say something to 'im when 'e comes back," whispered Mrs. Sloop, urgently. "Don't sit there like an image. Say something 'aughty, like a lady."

The Lady Frances giggled. "'E's such a rum-looking little cove," she remarked.

"I'll rum you if you don't be'ave," said Mrs. Sloop. "You see me. I ain't afraid of 'im, nor of anybody. Why didn't I think of the mourning? Course you ought to wear it for your own father. But, there, you can't think of everything."

It was hardly to be expected that the Lady Frances should feel any deep grief for the death of a parent whom she had never seen. Considering, however, the somewhat startling disclosures that had been made to her that morning, it was, perhaps, curious that she should have giggled again at this remark. Mrs. Sloop was about to fall on her again, but just at that moment Mr. Dodd returned.

His face was slightly flushed. He had had to ask Mr. Mills for the advance he proposed to make on the responsibility of the firm, and Mr. Mills had so far forgotten his subordinate position as to suggest that the five pounds should be debited to Mr. Dodd junior's private account, and to express more than a doubt as to whether he would ever see it again.

"Here you are, Mrs. Sloop," said Mr Dodd, counting five bright sovereigns into that lady's outstretched palm. "And we shall see you both here to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Lady Frances, now that business is over for the present, let me congratulate you heartily on coming into your own again. It is a shame that you should have been kept out of it for so long."

The Lady Frances giggled.

"DON'T SIT THERE LIKE AN IMAGE. SAY SOMETHING 'AUGHTY, LIKE A LADY."

"I hope we shall see something more of one another," continued Mr. Dodd, turning to the elder lady. "In business hours I'm a business man, Mrs. Sloop, but out of them I'm a bachelor. Eh, what?"

The last ejaculation was in the nature of a verbal dig in the ribs, and Mrs. Sloop accepted it as such. "Go along with you," she said.

"We might all three have an evening out together," suggested Mr. Dodd. "What do you say?"

Mrs. Sloop's massive face took on an expression of dignified horror. "What! And er father 'ardly cold in 'is grave!" she exclaimed. "Now, be'ave yourself, Fan," she added, angrily.

For the Lady Frances had giggled again.

Mr. Dodd shortly afterwards bowed the two ladies out of the room by the private door. Then he returned to his chair, and sat for some time toying with a paper-knife, a thoughtful frown on his face.

"She's a bit raw," he said, at last. "But a title and fifteen thousand a year gilds a good deal of rawness. It's too good a chance to let slip."

Then he took a piece of paper and wrote on it, "Mr. Augustus and the Lady Frances Dodd, of Wrentham Abbey," and regarded it with his head on one side. The inscription appeared to afford him considerable gratification. When he had looked at it for some time at different angles he laid it aside and busied himself with the papers relating to the estate of the late Earl of Weston, until it was time to go home.

As he passed through the outer office the respectful Mr. Mills accosted him again. "Shall I send a wire to Mr. Kenrick, sir," he asked, "stating that these persons have put in a claim?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Dodd. "I have taken the matter in hand myself. And look here, Mr. Mills, I have satisfied myself that these ladies are what they have stated themselves to be. I won't have you calling them persons."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Mills. "I may mention that I have my doubts on the subject."

"Then keep 'em to yourself," said Mr. Dodd. "I don't want to hear anything further on the subject from you. I may be a little late to-morrow morning. You can open the letters." And Mr. Augustus Dodd set forth to cull what pleasures the town affords in the height of August.

Mr. Dodd was later at the office the next morning than he had intended to be. He hurried through the Fields just as the clock at the Law Courts was striking eleven, and descried in front of him three figures, dressed in the deepest black, making for the same point as himself.

"Ah, Mrs. Sloop," he said, as he overtook them, "we arrive together. Good morning, Lady Frances. You look a perfect picture."

Mrs. Sloop, in deference to the sombre suits of mourning which she and her charge had adopted, maintained a chastened air. "This is not the time for empty compliments," her demeanour seemed to say, as she accepted Mr. Dodd's greeting and turned to the lady at her side.

"My friend, Mrs. Crouch," she said, "what's known me, girl and woman, for thirty years."

The lady who acknowledged this introduction with a stately bow was not of a prepossessing appearance, and was made even less so by the obvious traces of a recently-inflicted black eye, which Mrs. Sloop hastened to excuse by the information that she had "fell against a bedpost, pore thing."

Mr. Dodd expressed commiseration and conducted the trio, without further ado, up the stairs of the office and into Mr. Kenrick's room.

"Will you kindly be seated?" he said, politely. "I will just look through my letters and then I shall be at your service." And he rang the little handbell on the table.

The summons was quickly answered by Mr. Mills, who wore an air more determined than usual. He carried a sheaf of letters in his hand.

"I've got a policeman outside, sir," he said, briskly, "if you would like to give these persons in charge."

Mrs. Sloop changed colour and rose from her seat, as did her companions. "What do you mean?" she said, truculently. "What are you talking about policemen for?"

"You know perfectly well," said Mr. Mills. "Shall I call him in, sir?"

Mr. Dodd, a prey to the most alarming surprise, was about to reply, when Mrs. Sloop forestalled him. "Come along, Lady Frances," she commanded, majestically. "Come along, Mrs. Crouch. Little I thought when I brought you to this den of thieves that you'd come to be insulted. You shall 'ear from me further, you couple o' beauties! Policemen, indeed!" And she swept out of the room, followed by the other two, in a manner which would have been impressive in the extreme if it had not also been rather hurried.

"YOU SHALL 'EAR FROM ME FURTHER, YOU COUPLE O' BEAUTIES!"

Mr. Mills made no movement to detain her. "There's no policemen," he said, when the door had closed behind the three women. "But we sha'n't be troubled with them again."

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Mills?" inquired Mr. Dodd, with an attempt to assert his ruffled dignity.

"Read that, sir," said Mr. Mills, selecting a letter from the bundle he held in his hand and placing it on the table before him. Mr. Dodd, still under the influence of the recent shock, read it through. It was dated from a villa in Sorrento, and ran as follows:—

"SIRS,—News having reached me of the death of my brother, the Earl of Weston, I write to inform you that his only child, a daughter, is in my care. After the death of his wife, Lord Weston gave the child into the charge of a woman of the name of Sloop, from whom I rescued her. I was only able to do so by paying a considerable sum of money to this woman, and promising secrecy as long as my brother should be alive. I have brought Lady Frances Weston up with my own children, and nobody at present knows who she really is; but I have all the proofs of her identity. I am leaving for England with her to-morrow, and shall call upon you as soon as possible after my arrival in London.—Yours truly,

"MARY GIUSTINIANI."

Mr. Dodd turned a lack-lustre gaze upon Mr. Mills.

"The Princess Giustiniani," explained that gentleman. "We drew up her marriage settlement."

Mr. Dodd threw the letter abruptly on one side. "You had better wire to Mr. Kenrick," he said, shortly. "I wash my hands of the whole affair. Any other letters to attend to?"

"Nothing of any importance, sir," replied Mr. Mills. He seemed curiously cheerful. Mr. Dodd, on the other hand, was distrait, and gave his instructions about the correspondence which he proceeded to go through with more than a little brusqueness.

Mr. Mills gathered up the letters to take them away, and placed another paper on the table.

"I don't know whether you want this kept, sir," he said, suavely.

It contained the words, "Mr. Augustus and the Lady Frances Dodd, of Wrentham Abbey."

"Confound you, get out of the room!" shouted Mr. Dodd, suddenly enraged.

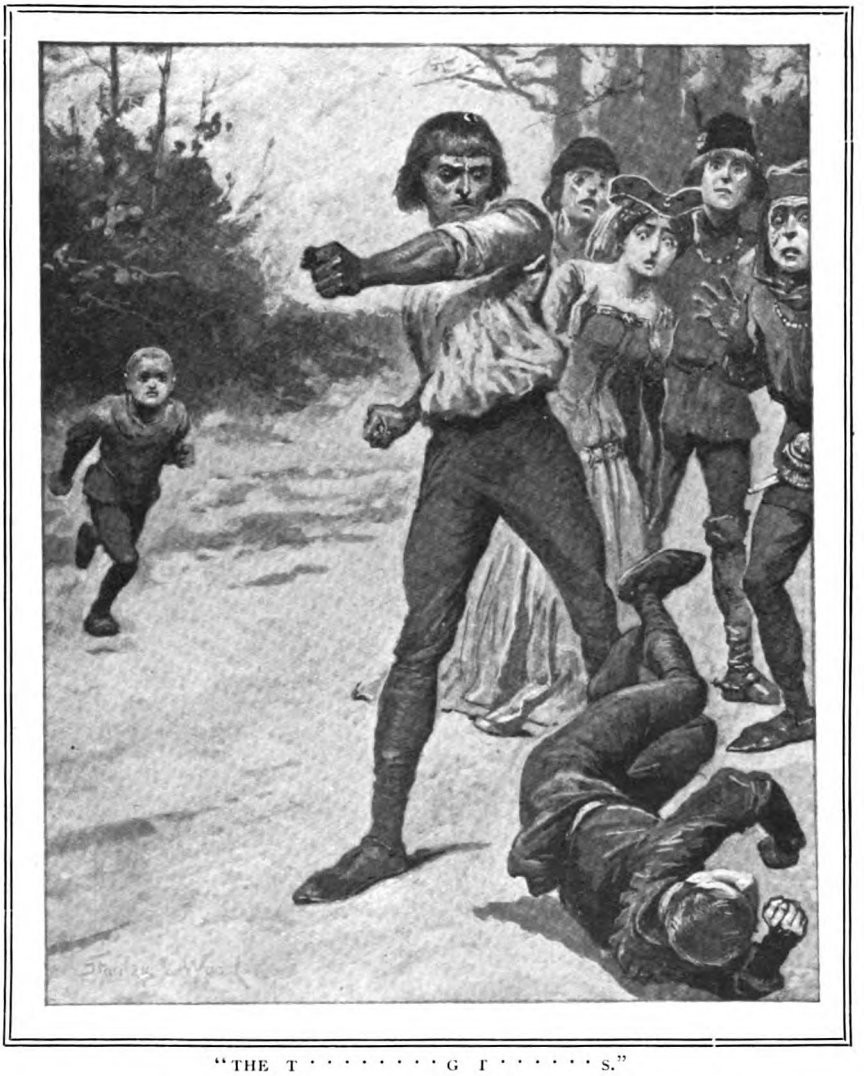
"Missing Detail" Pictures.

[In any of the pictures accompanying this article the addition of a single detail will instantly solve the problem and explain the artist's meaning.]

IT is amusingly related that Sir John Gilbert once painted a mediæval battle scene in which the central figure was preparing to demolish his opponent at a single blow. Unluckily, it was not made very clear to the spectator by what means the terrible deed was to be accomplished, inasmuch as the artist had wholly neglected to delineate a weapon of any kind whatsoever. The picture was sent to the exhibition before the omission was noted, and was duly charged by a flock of mystified beholders, who probably set it down on the spot for a "problem picture." Any further speculation, however, was cut short by an ingenious friend of the artist, who altered the inscription on the frame to "The Magic Falchion." What human prowess could withstand an invisible weapon like that?

Once a famous German painter resolved on a splendid representation of the story of William Tell. He decided to abandon tradition and to give his own version of the apple incident. Both in appearance and costume the chief characters were as unlike the

"H · · · · · · · · · B · · ·"



"THE T · · · · · · · · G · · · · · · · S."

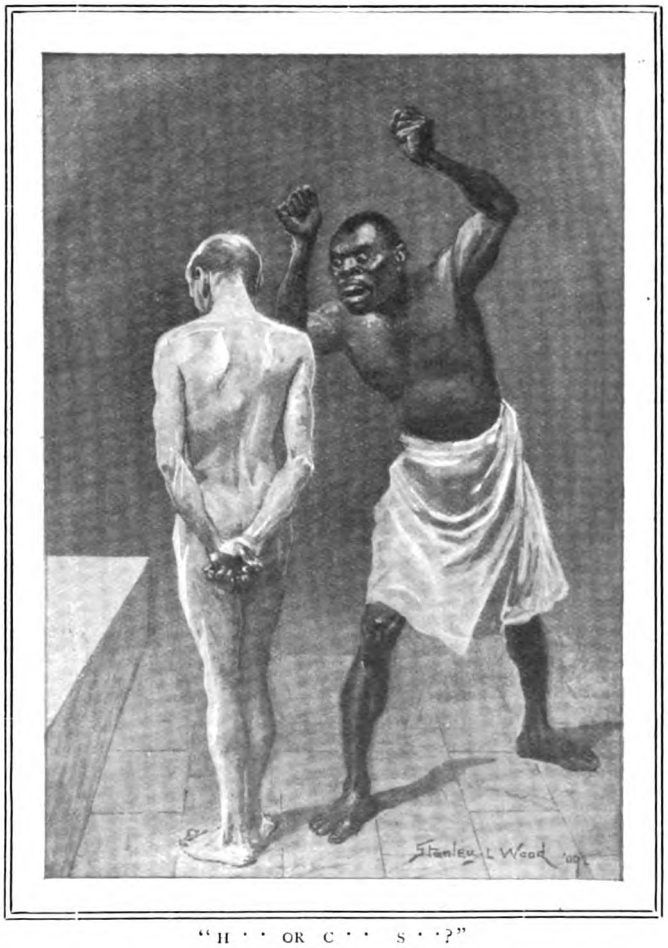
conventional William Tell and his son as possible. The canvas was at last all complete, with the exception of one detail, and the painter's studio was thronged by his friends come to view the work. The secret of the subject had been well kept, and on this occasion not a soul guessed it. All they saw was a man aiming a shaft at another in cold blood, and according to the painter's story all remained ignorant until with a dexterous stroke or two of his brush he introduced an apple, and so furnished all present with a clue to his picture.

In the same or a similar way Edouard Detaille painted his picture called "Le Bombe." You saw a huddled group of people of both sexes, with consternation writ large on their faces, staring with all their might at some object in the middle of the narrow street. What was the object? A piece of canvas was laid over the smoking bomb and visitors were asked to guess the cause of so much terrified apprehension. How many guessed right we are not told, but it proved, no doubt, a useful test of the correct focusing of the gaze of the people in the picture. It was necessary that the gaze of all should be directed at a single point on the ground, whether there was any object apparent there to the spectator or not.

A large number of anecdotes of this description could be related, showing the ludicrous effects of a temporary lapse of the painter's memory, either due to stress of

work or because his mind was diverted to other difficult but by no means so essential details of his composition.

In many of what are called "incident pictures"—pictures which tell a story, dozens of examples of which are now hanging on the walls of the Royal Academy—you will find that one or two details are indispensable to the proper understanding of the painter's meaning. Omit these and the true significance is lost. Suppose, for instance, a picture



"H · · OR C · · S · ·?"

is made up of the following ingredients: one garden, four female figures in attitudes of terror, one mouse.

Now, should the painter, either intentionally or unintentionally, omit the mouse, the meaning of his picture must be guessed, because it is not absolutely certain what inspires the terror of the little group of ladies. But if the mouse is boldly inserted in the very middle of the composition, all theories that the alarm is caused by an earthquake, a ghost, or a dynamite bomb become instantly shattered. It is really rather an entertaining diversion to go round a large gallery of pictures and see which detail of each would be missed most. "Missing words" is no novelty in literature; "missing details" might easily become a popular pastime in art.

In the introductory picture a well-known artist has depicted an interesting scene. It interests us without our being in the least aware what it is all about. We see a youth in the middle of a drawing-room, surrounded by various members of the family. He has the air of being a visitor in a somewhat awkward situation. What is the awkward situation? Alarm, approval, distrust, amusement are severally depicted on the faces of the group. Can it be that the unfortunate young man is explaining something in a

"B · · · · · · · S B · · ·."

manner which does not carry conviction? But all these surmises are vain, inasmuch as the artist informs us that he has not quite finished his picture. One highly important detail has been omitted. When this detail is inserted the whole situation becomes clear, and we find ourselves face to face with one of those familiar incidents of domestic life in every country and every class of civilized society. It might be entitled "H · · · · · · · · · B · · ·," and as such prove one of the most popular features of any British picture exhibition.

The next picture arouses our sympathy to an even greater degree. A group of mediæval characters are the horrified spectators of some incredibly brutal behaviour on the part of a powerfully-built man. He has apparently knocked down a small boy with a blow of his fist, while another boy is evidently rushing to the rescue. Who and what is this man? Is he the father of the children? The artist assures us that he is not, and that with a simple detail added the signification of the picture would immediately become clear. He entitles his composition "The T · · · · · · · g T · · · · · s," which ought to furnish us with a clue, but probably will do nothing of the kind.

The inhuman tortures practised upon helpless Christians by Moors and Turks has furnished the theme of many canvases. The instrument of murder and oppression is usually a Nubian slave, as would appear to be the case in the picture next ensuing. Contemplate the repulsive features of the negro, and calculate therefrom the degree of terror on the face of the miserable naked victim, who is, to all seeming, about to be launched into eternity at the hands of an assassin. Is there any hope? The artist declares that the picture is really a very pleasant one, awakening agreeable memories, but that to its perfect comprehension he has neglected to contribute a slight detail, which, however, may be supplied by the intelligent reader of this page. The title is "H · · or C · · · S · ·?"

What incident is more terrifying than the sudden madness of a human being—often taking the form of a homicidal "running amok," from which we retreat in abject fear? Of what other explanation is the above picture

capable? An elderly gentleman has suddenly gone crazy, or is there an alarm of fire? Is it a scene in "An Englishman's Home," when the enemy begins bombarding the front door? The artist's title for this picture is "B · · · · · · · s B · · ·"; but having carefully omitted one essential particular we are all left for the nonce in the dark.

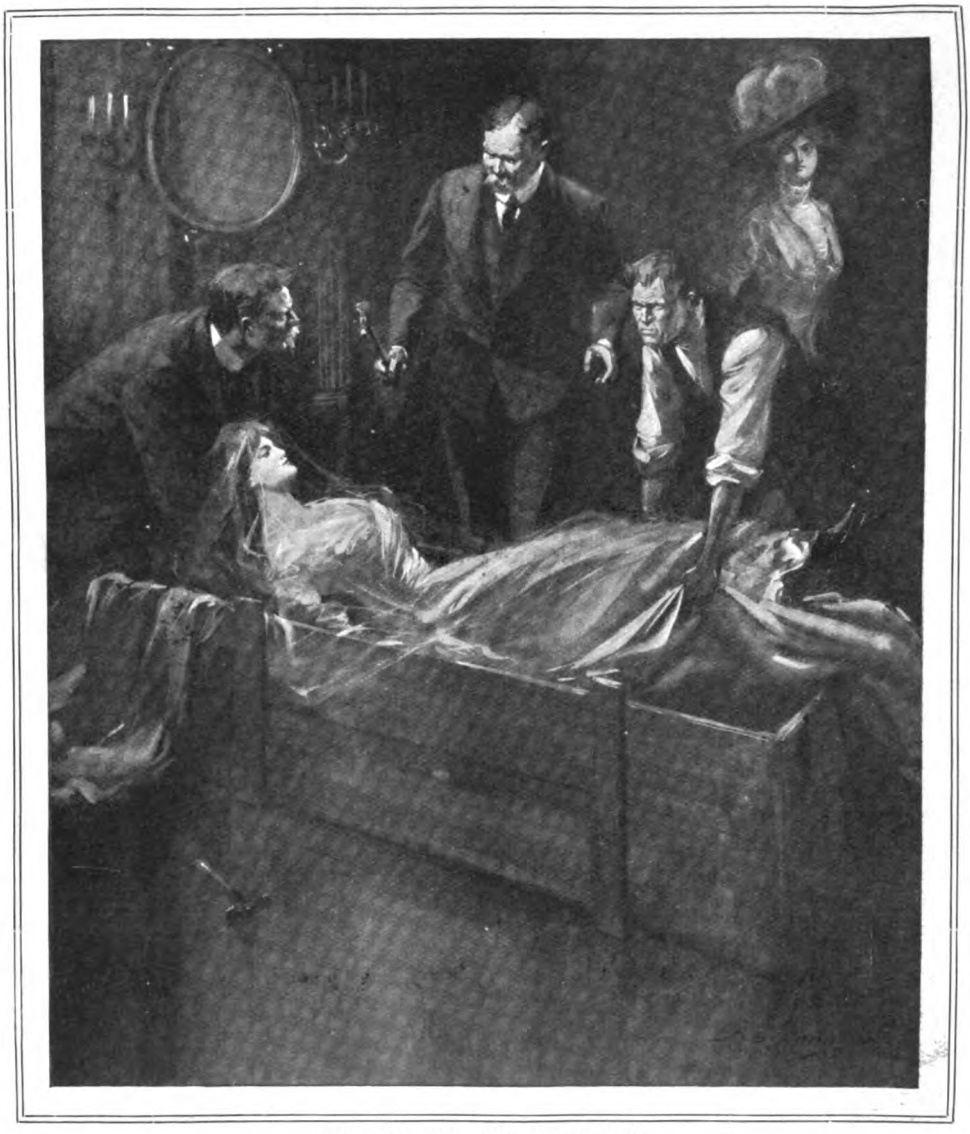
One would say that the *motif* of the next picture had furnished forth scores, if not hundreds, of plays, novels, and paintings—the foul crime committed by the heartless villain who, instead of hiding his head in shame at the horrors he has wrought, stands smiling by, callous in his wickedness. There are twenty stories which would fit this picture, on that account. Why, then, should he smile when others are smitten with grief and despair? Here, again, we are informed by the artist, a little detail has been omitted, which would put quite another complexion upon the affair, and rob the quasi-villain of some of the odium which at present would seem to attach to his presence and deportment. This is entitled "At the W · · · · ."

Eugène Sue and other writers, both French and English, of his school have given us some powerful delineations of the horrors of the Morgue and the gruesome fate which often overtakes youth and beauty at the hands of those ghouls whose traffic is with the dead.

"AT THE W · · · ·."

but we are convinced not a single one of them would be right. For we are assured that the handsome and imperturbable gentleman in evening dress on the right is by no means a villain, but a respectable member of society; and although in a way responsible for the tragedy which has just taken place, yet deserves to have no stigma put upon him

In the following picture we behold apparently a scene of cold-blooded infamy. A beautiful woman has been snatched by Death from the bridal altar—doubtless by poison—and is being hurriedly consigned at dead of night to oblivion by order of the murderer, doubtless her husband. Such things were frequent enough, we may believe,



"P · · · · · · THE M · · · ·."

in mediæval Italy, but the artist has surely violated probabilities in making the costumes contemporary with our own times. Perhaps, however, this is but a stage play—a particularly lurid transpontine melodrama? Not so. It has nothing to do with the theatre, but is a vivid representation of a present-day scene—one, moreover, which does not violate the probabilities. It lacks a revealing detail. Can you, reader, supply it? The title is P · · · · · · the M · · · ·."

Finally, we come to another picture, "D · · · · · · · · · the L · · · · ·," which introduces us to a couple of hapless young people hurling themselves or being hurled from a height. We can well figure to ourselves the despair and terror of the poor mother as she beholds the awful fall, knowing, alas, only too well that a moment later, unless Providence intervenes (or our conception of the situation be incorrect), their two crushed and lifeless forms will be stretched upon the ground. Can it be that the pair have miscalculated the distance of their fall? No; the artist states that the scene is of the most ordinary

"D · · · · · · · · · THE L · · · · ·."

description, only at the last moment he erased a slight but highly important detail, which any clever child could replace in the course of a few minutes. So the title of the picture is not "The Fatal Precipice," after all.

In order, however, that the intelligent reader may not be kept wholly in the dark, that he may have some plain key to the principles upon which these missing detail pictures are based, we will reveal the exact title of this last picture. It is "Descending the Ladder." Nay, more, we will undertake to complete Mr. Hodgson's picture by inserting the elucidating detail which he has omitted. One sees at a glance what a difference this makes to the composition. Anybody, even a small child, can draw a ladder; it is the least difficult accessory to the picture. Yet anything else could have been left out without very much impairing the artist's meaning.

The "missing details" of all the pictures in this article will be given in our next number.

SOLUTION—"DESCENDING THE LADDER."

The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest Ishmael Ameer, known as the "White Prophet," and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands, which are transferred to Colonel Macfarlane. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder. Colonel Macfarlane, while carrying out his orders, is assaulted by Colonel Lord, who, feeling his reputation ruined, remains in hiding. Shortly after, in the disguise of a Bedouin, he decides to go to Khartoum, to which place Ishmael Ameer is also on his way, leaving Helena under the impression that her father has been murdered by the "White Prophet." In the dress of a Parsee lady Helena, for purposes of revenge, also goes to Khartoum, where she encounters Ishmael Ameer, and while acting as his secretary becomes his betrothed.]

SECOND BOOK :—The Light of the World.

CHAPTER VI.

BEING betrothed to Ishmael, and therefore in effect his wife, Helena now had no difficulty in reading the secret he had so carefully hidden from British eyes. Every morning she sat with him in the guest-room while he received his messengers and agents, and if they demurred at her presence, being distrustful of her because she was a woman, he would say :—

"Have no fear. My wife is myself. Think of her as you think of me."

Thus, little by little, she realized what the plan of his opposition to the Government had been when, in Cairo, after the closing of El Azhar, he had sent out his hundred emissaries. It was to tell the people in every village of Egypt and the Soudan to pay no taxes until their faith was free and the Government took its hand off the central seat of their religion.

She also realized that the people had obeyed Ishmael, and had suffered as the consequence. Agents were coming every day with secret letters and messages concealed in their turbans, telling of the pains and penalties already endured by those who had boldly refused to pay the taxes due at that season of the year.

At first these lamentations were couched after Eastern manner in the language of metaphor. Pharaoh was laying intolerable burdens upon the people. What were they to do? God had once sent Moses, a man of prayer, to plead with Pharaoh to loosen his hand. Would He not do so again?

But as the people's sufferings increased the metaphors were dropped, and the injustices they laboured under were stated in plain terms. Hitherto, when a summons had been taken out against a man for the non-payment of his taxes, the magistrate might remit, or cancel, or postpone; but now there was nothing but summary execution everywhere, with the result that stock and crops were being sold up by the police, and neither the Mudurs (the Governors) nor their sarrufs (cashiers) cared what price was realized so long as the amount of the taxes was met.

"Is there no redress, no remedy, no appeal? What are we to do?" asked the people, in the messages that came in the turbans.

"Be patient!" replied Ishmael. "It is written, 'God is with the patient.'"

A hundred times Helena wrote this answer, at Ishmael's dictation, on pieces of paper hardly bigger than a large postage-stamp, and it was hidden away in some secret place in the messenger's clothes.

As time went on the messages became more urgent and painful. The law said that at times of distraint the clothes of the debtor, his implements of cultivation, and the cattle he employed in agriculture were to be exempt from seizure, but the district officers were seizing everything by which the people worked, and yet requiring them to pay taxes just the same.

"What are we to say?" asked the messengers.

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"Say nothing," answered Ishmael. "Suffer and be strong. Not for the first time on the banks of the Nile have people been required to make bricks without straw. But God will avenge you. Wait!"

This message also Helena wrote a hundred times, wishing it had been more explicit, but Ishmael committed his signature to no compromising statement, no evidence of conspiracy, and that deepened Helena's conviction of his cunning and duplicity.

The intensity of her feeling against Ishmael did not abate by coming to close quarters. Day by day, as she sat in the salamlik, she poisoned her mind and hardened her heart against him. She even found herself taking the side of his people in the sufferings he continued to impose upon them. She was sure, too, that in addition to his plan of passive resistance he had some active scheme of vengeance against the Government. What was it? She must wait and see.

It vexed her to find that the authorities of Khartoum were less patient. One day, when the messengers were coming in larger numbers than usual, the Governor of the city, with a company of his police, attempted to take Ishmael by surprise. The artifice failed. Before they could reach the guest-room, Black Zogal, who had been standing at the door, turned his face inward and touched his lips. At the next moment the reed pen that had been in Helena's hand and the papers that had been before her suddenly disappeared, and when the officers entered the house a blind man who was present was feigning prayer:—

"Direct us in the right way, O God, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, not of those who go astray."

After a while letters began to arrive from Cairo. They were from the Sheikh el Islam (the venerable Chancellor of El Azhar), and contained the messages of the Ulema.

The Ulema had appealed to the representatives of the Powers, who had answered them that they could do nothing unless it became clear to all the world that the action of England was imperilling the peace of Egypt, and thereby the lives of the Europeans. What were they to say?

"Fools!" cried Ishmael. "Don't you see that they *want* you to rebel? Grasp every hand that is held out to you in goodwill, but fly from the finger that would point you into the fire."

Helena thought she saw light at last. Having expelled England from Egypt by making it impossible for her to govern the country, Ishmael intended to establish, like the Mahdi, an entirely worldly and temporal Power, with himself at the head of it.

The second letter from the Ulema at Cairo contained a still more serious message. Having met and concluded that the action of the Government justified the proclamation of a Jehad, a holy war, on the just ground that the unbelievers were trying to expel them from their country, they had solemnly sworn on the Koran to turn England out of Egypt or die in the attempt.

To this letter Ishmael sent an instant answer, saying:—

"No! What will it profit you to turn England out of Egypt while she holds the Soudan and the sources of the Nile? O blind and weak! If you have forgotten your souls, have you no thought for your stomachs?"

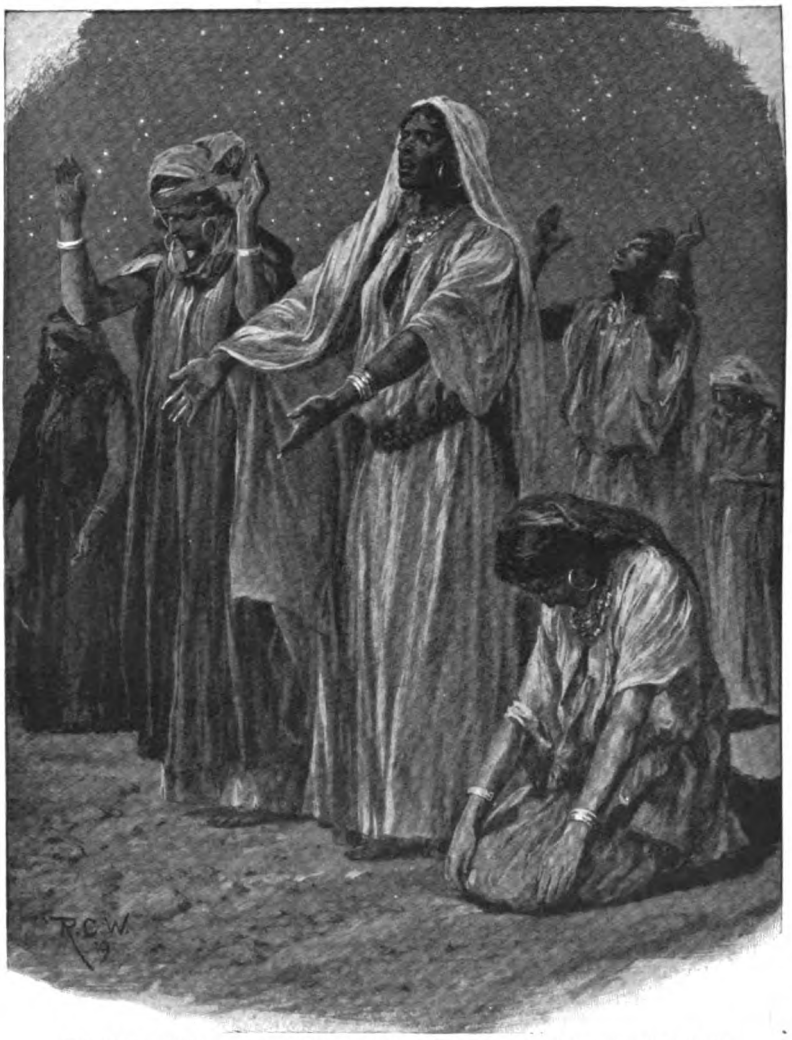
Then came further letters from the Sheikh el Islam, saying that the fellaheen were being evicted from their houses and lands, and that their sufferings were now so dire that no counsels could keep them from revolt. Even the young women were calling upon the young men to fight, saying they were not half the men their fathers had been, or they would conquer or die for the homes that were being taken from them and for the religion of God and His prophet.

To this message also Ishmael returned a determined answer.

"War is mutual deceit," he said. "Avoid it. Fly from it. I will countenance no warfare. That is my unalterable mind. Hear it, for God's sake!"

But hardly had Ishmael's answer gone from Khartoum when messengers began to arrive from all parts of Egypt saying that the fellaheen had already risen in various places, and that battalions of the British Army had been sent out to suppress them; that the people had been put down with loss of life and suffering, and that many were now trooping into the cities homeless and hopeless, and crying in their despair, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

It was a black day in Khartoum when this news came, for among Ishmael's immediate following there were not a few who had lost members of their own families. Some of these, that night when all was still, went out into the desert, far away from the tents, and sang a solemn dirge for the dead. It was a melancholy sight in that lonesome place, for they were chiefly women, and their voices under the deep blue sky with its stars made



"THEIR VOICES UNDER THE DEEP BLUE SKY WITH ITS STARS MADE A MOST TOUCHING LAMENTATION."

a most touching lamentation, like that of the sobbing of the sea.

Helena heard it, and, with her heart still poisoned against Ishmael, it made her yet more bitter against him, as against one who for his own ends was holding the poor, weak people under their cruel fate by the spell of superstitious hopes and fears.

Knowing the Moslem ethics of warfare, that it is only wicked when it is likely to fail, she convinced herself that Ishmael was merely biding his time for the execution of some violent scheme, and remembering his own secret (the secret of the crime he thought he had hidden from everybody) the idea took possession of her that he was laying some personal plot against the Consul-General.

One day a lanky fellow, with a short-cut Moslem beard, arrived by train, and, after the usual Arabic salutations, produced a letter. It ran:—

"The bearer of this is Abdel Kader (friend of God), and he is our envoy to you with a solemn message which is too secret to commit to paper. Trust him. He is honest and his word is true. Your friends, who wait for you in Cairo with outstretched arms——"

And then followed the names not only of many of the Ulema of Cairo, but of most of the notables as well.

Abdel Kader proved to be a sort of Arab Don Quixote, full of fine language and grand sentiments. Much of this he expended upon Ishmael in the secrecy of the carefully-guarded guest-room before he came to the substance of his message, which was to say that as a great doctor of Moslem law, Jamel el Din, had upheld assassination itself as a last means of righting the wrongs of the people, the leaders had reluctantly concluded that the English lord (Lord Nuneham) must be removed in order that his heavy foot might be lifted from the necks of the oppressed. To this end they had decided that he should be assassinated some day as he passed in his carriage on his afternoon drive over the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge, but lacking a person capable of taking the lead in such an affair they appealed to Ishmael to return to Cairo for this purpose.

Having discharged himself of the burden

of his message, the Arab Don Quixote was proceeding with many large words that were intended to show how safely this act of righteous vengeance might be executed by one whom the law dare not touch for fear of the people, when Ishmael, who had listened breathlessly, burst out on him and cried:—

"No, no—I tell you no! Return to them that sent you and say, 'Ishmael Ameer is no murderer.' Say, too, that the world has no use for patriots who would right the people by putting them in the wrong. Away with you! Away!"

At that he rose up and went out of the salamlik with a flaming face, leaving the envoy to strike his forehead and to curse the day that had brought him.

Helena, who alone—save old Mahmud—had been present at this interview, found herself utterly shaken at the end of it by a storm of conflicting feelings, and from that time forward her heart was constantly being surprised by emotions which she had hitherto struggled to suppress.

Day by day, as messengers came thronging into Khartoum with sadder and yet sadder stories of the people's sufferings—how, living under the shadow of the sword, impoverished by the law and by the cruel injustice of the native officers, the sheikhs and the sarrufs, sold up and evicted from their homes, they were tramping the deserts, men, women, and children, hungry and naked and with nothing of their own except the sand and the sky—Helena saw that Ishmael's face grew paler and paler, as if his sleep had left him, and under the burden of his responsibility for what had befallen the country as the consequence of its obedience to his will his heart was bleeding and his life ebbing away.

"Master, is there no help for us?" the messengers would ask, with tears in their half-witted eyes. "You are our father, we are your children. What are we to do? We are sheep without a shepherd. Will you not lead us?"

To all such pleading Ishmael would show a brave face and say:—

"Not yet! Wait! The clouds that darken your sky will lift. Be patient! The arm of our God is long! Never despair! Allah feeds the worm that lies between the stones. Will he not feed you also? Yet better your bodies should starve than your souls should perish! Hold fast to the faith! Your children and your children's children will bless you!"

But sometimes in the midst of his comforting his voice would fail, and, like Joseph, whose bowels yearned over his brethren, he would stop suddenly and hasten away to his room, lest he should break down altogether.

Helena saw all this, and it was as much as she could do to withstand it, when one night she was awakened in the small hours by Mosie, who was whispering through the door of her bedroom:—

"Lady, lady, master sick; come to him."

Then she walked across to the men's side of the house and heard Ishmael, in his own room, calling God to forgive him, and crying like a child.

At that moment, in spite of herself, Helena felt a wave of pity take possession of her, but at the next moment, being back in her bedroom, she remembered her own secret, and asked herself again:—

"What pity had he for me *when he killed my father?*"

CHAPTER VII.

DOWN to this time Ishmael's conduct had been marked by the most determined common sense; but now came an incident that seemed to change the trend of his mind and character.

One day a man of the Jaalin tribe arrived with a letter in the sole of his sandal.

"God give you greeting, master," he said, in his West-country dialect, and a tone that seemed to foretell trouble.

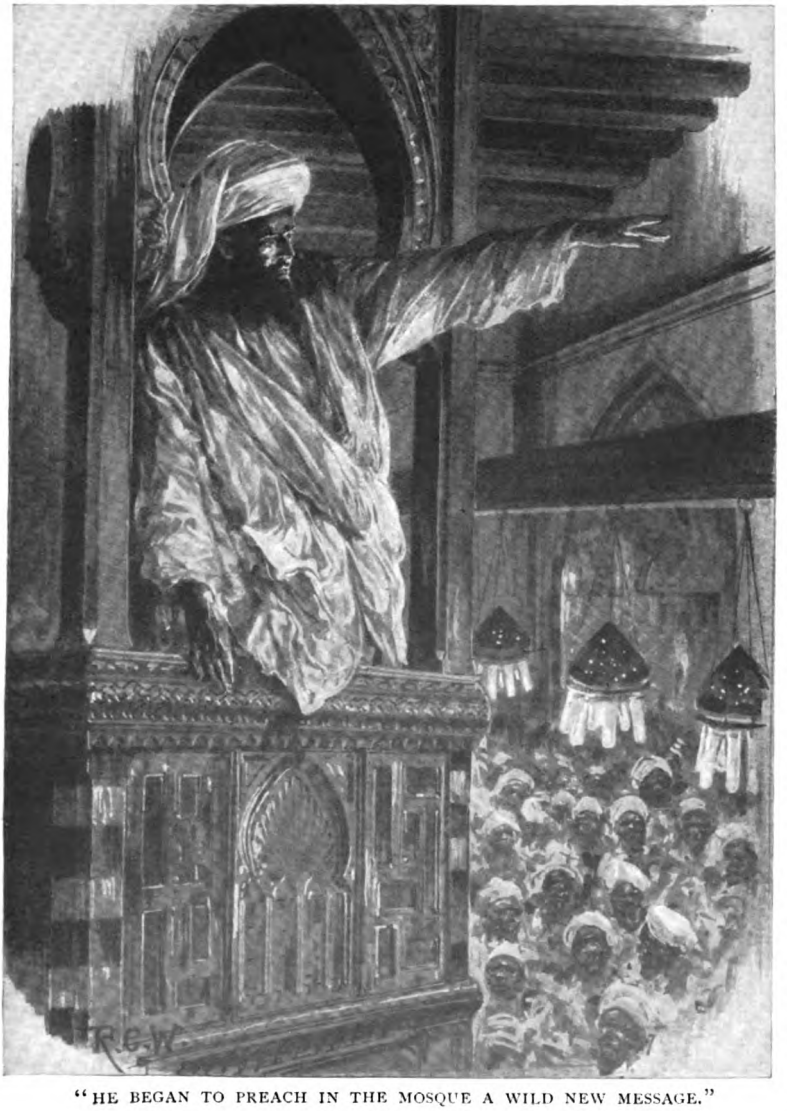
With trembling fingers Ishmael tore open the letter, and read that to drown the cries of distress and to throw dust in the eyes of Europe (for so the Ulema understood the otherwise mysterious object) the Consul-General was organizing a general festival of rejoicing to celebrate the anniversary of the British occupation of Egypt.

At this news Ishmael was overwhelmed. Helena saw his lips quiver and his cheeks grow pale as he held the crinkling paper in his trembling hands. In the absence of other explanation the cold-blooded cruelty of the scheme seemed to be almost devilish.

That day he disappeared, escaping from the importunities of his people into the desert. He did not return at night, and at sunrise next morning Black Zogal went in search of him. But the Nubian returned without him, telling some wild, supernatural tale of having come upon the master in the midst of an angelic company. His face was shining with a celestial radiance, so that at first he could not look upon him. And when at length he was able to lift his eyes, the master, who was alone, sent him back, saying he was to tell no man what he had seen.

Four days afterwards Ishmael returned to Khartoum, and there was enough in his face to explain Black Zogal's story. His eyes, which seemed to stare, had a look of unearthly joy. This was like flame to the fuel of his people's delirium, for they did not see that under the torment of his private sufferings the dauntless courage and hope of the man had begun to turn towards madness.

He began to preach in the mosque a wild new message. The time of the end had come! Famine and pestilence, poverty and godless luxury, war and misery—were not these the signs foretold of the coming of the latter day?



"HE BEGAN TO PREACH IN THE MOSQUE A WILD NEW MESSAGE."

Lo, the cup of the people's sufferings was full! Behold, while the children of Allah wept, men feasted and women danced! Never since the black night when the first-born of Egypt were slain had Egypt been so mocked! Egypt, the great, the ancient, the cradle of humanity—what was she now but a playground for the idle wealthy of the world!

"But *maleysh*" (no matter), he cried. "The world travaileth and groaneth like a woman in labour, but as a woman forgets her pains when the hope of her heart is born, so shall the children of God forget Pharaoh and his feastings when the Expected One is come. He is coming now, the Living, the Deliverer, the Redeemer. Wait! Watch! The time is near!"

The new message flashed like fire through Ishmael's followers. Every eventide for thirteen centuries the prayer had gone up to heaven in Islam for the advent of the divinely-appointed guide who was to redeem the world from sorrow and sin, to deliver believers from the hated bondage of the foreigner and to re-establish the universal Caliphate; and now, in the utmost depths of their oppression and suffering, when hope had all but died out of their hearts, the true Mahdi, the Messiah, the White Prophet was about to come.

The people were beside themselves with joy. They were like children of the desert who, after a long drought in which their wells have been dried up, run about in glee when the first drops of rain begin to fall. They were ready

for any task, any enterprise, and Ishmael, who began to make plans for going back to Cairo (for it was there, according to his view, that the Expected One was to appear), sent them with letters to all corners of the country, telling his messengers to return home.

Helena wrote these letters with a trembling hand. In spite of her secret errand, she was surprised by a certain sympathy. The great hope, the great dream, touched her pity and gave her at the beginning some moments of compunction. But after a while she began to see it as a wicked madness, and that enabled her to steel her heart against Ishmael again.

The man who held out such crazy hopes to a credulous people might be harmless in England, but in Egypt he was a peril. Once let an ignorant and superstitious populace believe that the end of the world was coming, that a Messiah was about to appear, and human government was a dead letter. What then? Revolution and bloodshed, for the first duty of a Government was to preserve law and order!

Helena asked herself if the time had not come at last to write to the Consul-General, or perhaps to steal away from Khartoum and return to Cairo, that she might report what she had seen and learned.

After reflection she concluded that the only result of doing so would be that of punishing yet further the poor, misguided populace who had been punished enough already. It was Ishmael alone who ought to suffer, whether for his offences against his followers, his conspiracy against the Government, or his crime against herself; and in order to punish him apart she would have to separate him from his people.

How was she to do this? It seemed impossible, but fate itself assisted her.

A few days after Abdel Kader had gone off in his humiliation the shadow of his lanky body appeared across the threshold of the guest-room, where Ishmael was sitting with no other company than old Mahmud and Helena, who was writing the usual letters while little Mosie fanned her to drive off the flies.

"The peace of God be with you, master," he said, in a low and humble voice, and then, with a shy look of triumph, he produced a letter which had been given to him at Halfa.

The letter was from the Sheikh el Islam, and it told Ishmael, after the usual Arabic salutations, that the festival of which he had already been informed was to take place on the Ghezireh (the island in front of Cairo); that the rejoicings were to begin on the anniversary of the birthday of the English King, something more than a month hence; that the British soldiers would still be in the provinces at that time, quelling disturbances and helping the district officers to enforce the payment of taxes; and that, as a consequence, the Egyptian Army alone would be left in charge of the city.

"The Egyptian soldiers are Moslems, O my brother—the brothers and sons of our poor afflicted children of Allah. It needs only the right word from the right man, and they will throw down their arms at the city gates and then the army of God may enter!"

Ishmael read the letter aloud in his throbbing voice, and his face began to shine with ecstasy. In an instant a wild scheme took shape in his mind.

He would announce a pilgrimage! With ten thousand, twenty thousand, fifty thousand of his followers he would return to Cairo to meet and greet the Expected One! The native army would help them to enter the city, and once within the struggle would be at an end! In a single hour his fifty thousand would be five hundred thousand! The Government could not turn them out; it dare not make war upon them; the whole world would cry out against a general massacre, and God Himself would not permit it to occur!

But somebody must go into Cairo in advance to prepare the way—to make sure there should be no bloodshed! Some trusty messenger, some servant of the Most High, who could kindle the souls of the Egyptian soldiers to such a blazing flame of love that not all the perils of death could make them take up arms against the children of God when they came to their gates!

While Ishmael propounded this scheme with gathering excitement and a look of frenzy, Helena sat trembling from head to foot and clutching with trembling fingers the reed pen she held in her hand, for she knew that her hour had struck at last—the hour she had waited and watched for, the hour she had come to Khartoum to meet. She held her breath and gazed intently into Ishmael's quivering face as long as he continued to speak, and then, in a voice which she could scarcely recognise as her own, she said:—

"But the messenger who goes in advance into Cairo—he must be one whose wisdom as well as courage you can trust."

"True, true; most true," said Ishmael, speaking eagerly and rapidly.

"Someone whose word will carry influence with the Egyptian Army."

"Please God, it shall be so," said Ishmael.

"If the soldiers are native and Moslem, the officers are British and Christian; therefore, the risks they run are great."

"Great, very great; but God will protect them."

"To disobey may be to suffer imprisonment, perhaps discharge, possibly death."

"I know! I know! But God will bring them to a happy end."

"Therefore," said Helena, whose nervousness was gathering feverish strength, "the messenger who goes into Cairo in advance must be one who can make them forget the dangers of death itself."

Ishmael reflected for a moment, and then, in a burst of eagerness, he said:—

"The counsel is good. *I will go myself!*"

Helena's flushed face looked triumphant. "The man of all men," she said. "What messenger from Ishmael could be so sure as Ishmael himself?"

"Yes, please God, I will go myself," said Ishmael, in a louder voice, and he began to laugh—it was the first laugh that had broken from his lips since Helena came to Khartoum. Then he paused and said:—

"But the people?"

"Anybody can follow with them," said Helena. "Their loyalty is certain; they need no persuading."

"I'll go," said Ishmael, "for above all there must be no bloodshed."

Then old Mahmud, who alone of the persons present in the guest-room seemed to be untouched by the excitement of the moment, turned to Helena and said:—

"But is Ishmael the only one for this enterprise, my daughter?"

"He knows everyone and everyone knows him," said Helena.

"But he who knows everybody, everybody knows," the old man answered; "not the soldiers merely, but their masters also."

At that Helena's nervousness gathered itself up into a trill of unnatural laughter, and she said, "Nonsense! He can be disguised! The farda (headdress) of a Bedouin, covering his head and nearly all his face—what more is wanted?"

"So you are not afraid for him, my daughter?"

"Afraid? I will make the farda myself, and with my own hands I will put it on."

"Brave heart of woman!" cried Ishmael. "Stronger than the soul of man! It is *my* duty and I will do it!"

With that he turned to Abdel Kader, who had looked on with his staring eyes, and said:—

"Go back to Cairo by the first train, and say, 'It is well—God willing, he will come.'" And then, in the fever of his new purpose, he went off to the mosque.

There he first called upon the people to repeat the Shehada, the Moslem creed; and after that he administered an oath to them—never, by the grace of God and His Prophet, to reveal what he was going to say except to true believers, and only to them on their taking a like oath of secrecy and fidelity.

The people repeated in chorus the words he spoke in a loud voice, and concluded, each man with his right hand on the Koran and his left upraised to heaven, with a solemn "Amen!"

Then Ishmael told them everything—how the time had come for their deliverance from bondage and corruption to the glorious liberty of the children of God; how, as the people of the Prophet had returned from Medina to Mecca, so they were to go up from Khartoum to Cairo; how he was to go before them and they, under another leader, were to follow him, and God would give them a great reward.

At this news the poor, unlettered people grew delirious in their excitement, each man interpreting Ishmael's message according to his own vision of the millennium. Some saw themselves turning the hated foreigner out of Egypt; others were already in imagination taking possession of Cairo and all the rich lands of the valley of the Nile; while a few, like Ishmael himself, were happy enough in the expectation of prostrating themselves at the feet of the divinely-appointed guide who was to redeem the world from sorrow and sin.

As soon as prayers were over Black Zogal ran back to old Mahmud's house with a wild story of flashes of light which he saw darting from Ishmael's head while he spoke from the pulpit.

Helena heard him. She was sitting alone in the guest-room, tortured by contending thoughts. "Am I a wicked woman?" she asked herself, remembering how easily she had taken advantage of Ishmael's fanatical ecstasy. But then she hardened her heart against Ishmael again, telling herself that his simplicity was cunning and that he was an impostor who had gone so far with his imposture that he could even impose upon himself.

How could one who had committed a crime, a cruel and cowardly crime, be anything but a villain? A madman, perhaps, but all the same a villain.

And then other thoughts thronged upon

her, sweet and bitter thoughts, with memories of Gordon, of her father, of the early days in Grasmere, of the short morning of happiness in Cairo, and of the brief lift in the clouds of her life that was now plunged in perpetual night.

Thus she stifled every qualm of conscience by going back and back to the same plea, the same support :—

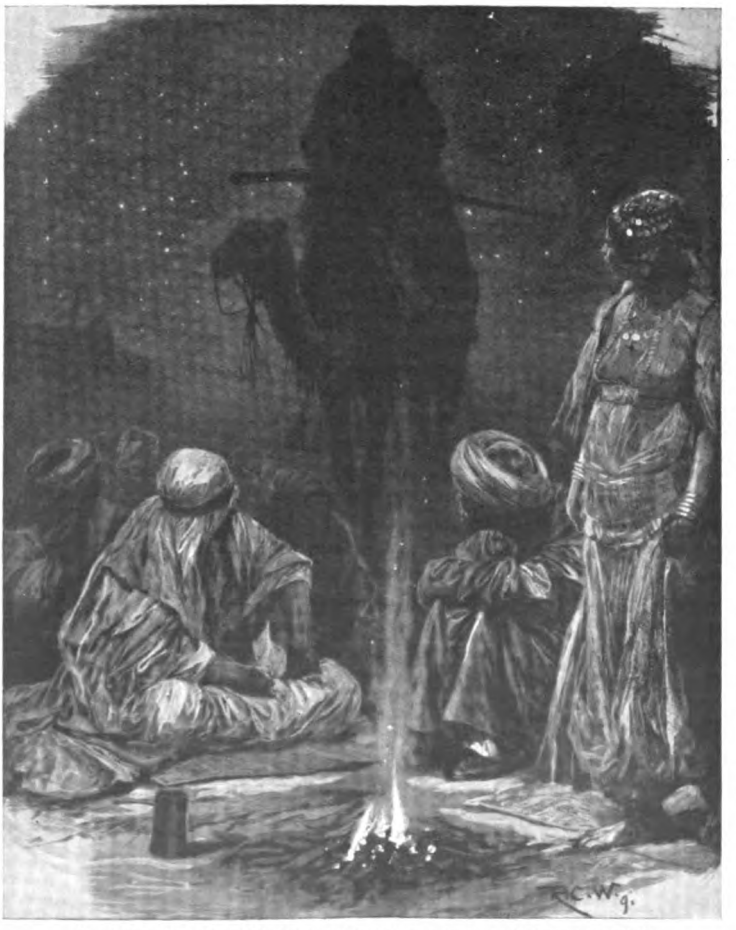
"*After all, he killed my father!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

In a village outside blind-walled, dead Metimmeh, with its blank and empty hovels, emblems of Mahdist massacres, two travellers were encamped. One of them was what the quick-eyed natives called a "white Egyptian," but he was dressed as a Bedouin sheikh; the other was his servant. They were travelling south, and, having been long on their journey, their camels had begun to fail them. A she-camel ridden by the Bedouin was suffering in one of its feet, and the men were resting while a doctor dressed it.

Meantime the villagers were feeding them with the best of their native bread and making a fantasia for their entertainment. The night was a little cold, and the people had built a fire before which the travellers were sitting, with the sheikh of the village by their side.

In a broad half-circle on the other side of the fire a group of blue shirted Arabs were squatting on the sand. A singer was warbling love-songs in a throbbing voice, a number of his comrades were beating time on the ground with sticks, and a swaggering girl, who glittered with gold coins in her hair and on her hips, was dancing in the space between. On their nut-brown faces was the flickering red light of the fire, and over their heads was the great, tranquil whiteness of the moon.



"THEY HEARD THE HOLLOW THUD OF A CAMEL'S TREAD."

In the midst of their fantasia they heard the hollow thud of a camel's tread, and presently a stranger arrived—a lanky fellow, with wild eyes and a North-country accent. The sheikh saluted him, and he made his camel kneel and got down to rest and to eat.

"The peace of God be with you!"

"And with you! What is your name?" asked the sheikh.

"They call me Abdel Kader, and I am riding all night to catch the train from Atbara in the morning."

"It must be great news you carry in such haste, O brother."

"The greatest! When the sun rises above the horizon we see no more the stars."

It was obvious enough through all his fine language that the stranger was eager to tell his story, and after calling for an oath of secrecy and fidelity he told it to the sheikh and the Bedouin in bated breath.

The time of the end had come! A pilgrimage had been proclaimed! Ishmael Ameer was to go up to Cairo secretly and his people were to follow him; the Egyptian Army were to help them to enter the city, the hated foreigner was to be flung out of the country, and Egypt was to be God's!

The sheikh of the village was completely carried away by the stranger's news, but the Bedouin listened to it with unconcealed alarm.

"Is this the plan of Ishmael Ameer?" he asked.

"It is," said the stranger; "and God bring it to a happy end."

"Did anybody put it into his head?" asked the Bedouin.

"Yes, a woman—his wife, and God bless and reward her!"

"His wife, you say?"

"Even so," said the stranger, and then, with many fine sentiments and much flowery speech, he told of the lady—the white lady, the Rani, the Princess—who had lately been married to Ishmael Ameer and had now so much power over him.

"What says the old saw?" said the stranger. "'He who eats honey risks the sting of bees,' but no danger in this case."

And then followed more fine sentiments on the sweetness and wisdom of woman in general and of the Rani in particular.

"Well, he who lives long sees much," said the Bedouin, with increasing uneasiness, and, turning to the sheikh, he asked if he might have the loan of a fresh camel in the place of the one that was disabled.

"Certainly. But my brother is not leaving me to-night?" asked the sheikh.

"I must," said the Bedouin.

"But the night is with us," said the sheikh.

"And so is the moon, and the tracks are clear," said the Bedouin. "But one thing you can do for me, O sheikh—send a letter into Khartoum by the train that goes up from Metimmeh in the morning."

That was agreed to, and then, by the light of a large tin lamp which his servant held before him as he sat on the sand, the Bedouin wrote a hurried message to Ishmael Ameer, saying who he was and why he was making his journey, and asking that nothing should be done until they came together.

By this time the fantasia was over, the fire had died down, the camels had been brought up, the flowery stranger had started afresh on his northward way, and the sheikh and his people were standing ready to say farewell to the two travellers who were facing south.

"God take you safely to your journey's end, O brother," said the sheikh. Then with a grunt the camels knelt and rose, and at the next moment, amid a chorus of pious ejaculations, into the glistening moon-track across the sand the Bedouin and his man disappeared.

The Bedouin was Gordon. He was thinner and more bronzed, yet not less well than when he left Cairo, for he had the strength of a soldier inured to hardship. But Osman, his servant and guide, having lived all his life in the schoolroom and the library, had dwindled away like their camels, which were utterly debilitated and had lost their humps.

Their journey had been long, for they had missed their way, being sometimes carried off by mirages and sometimes impeded by mountain ranges that rose sheer and sharp across their course. And often in the face of such obstacles, with his companion and his camels failing before his eyes, Gordon's own spirit had also failed, and he had asked himself why, since he knew of no use that Heaven could have for him there, he continued to go on through this bleak and barren wilderness.

But doubt and uncertainty were now gone. He was in a fever of impatience to reach Khartoum, that he might put an end to Ishmael's scheme. That scheme was madness, and it could only end in disaster. Carried into execution it would be another Arabi insurrection, and would lead to like failure and as much bloodshed.

The Englishman and the British soldier in Gordon no less than the friend of the Egyptian people rebelled against Ishmael's plot. It was political mutiny against England, which Ishmael in Cairo had protested was no part of his spiritual plan. What influence had since played upon him to make him change the object of his mission? Who was this white woman, this Rani, this Princess, who had put an evil motive into his mind? Was she acting in the folly of good faith, or was she deceiving and betraying him? His wife, too! What could it mean?

In Gordon's impatience only one thing was clear to him—that for England's sake, and for Egypt's also, he must reach Khartoum without delay. He must show Ishmael how impossible was his scheme, how dangerous, how deadly, how certain to lead to his own detection, and perhaps death.

"We are thirty hours from Omdurman. Can we do it in a day and a night, Osman?" he said, as soon as the camels swung away.

"God willing, we will," said Osman, in a voice that betrayed at once his weakness and his devotion.

They rode all night—first in the breathless moonlight with its silvery, shimmering haze, then in a strong wind that made the clouds to sail before the stars and the camels beneath them to feel like ships that were riding through a running sea, and last of all in the black hour before the dawn when it was difficult to see the tracks and the beasts stumbled in the darkness.

The morning grew grey and they were still riding. But Osman's strength was failing rapidly, and when, half an hour afterwards, the sun in its rising brightness began to flush with pink the stony heights of distant hills, they drew rein, made their camels kneel, and dismounted.

They were then near to a well, from which a group of laughing girls, with bare bronzed arms and shoulders, were drawing water in pitchers and carrying it away on their heads. While Osman loosened the saddles of the camels and fed the tired creatures with dhurra, Gordon asked one of the girls for a drink, and she held her pitcher to his lips, saying with a smile, "May it benefit thee!"

After half an hour's rest, having filled their water-skins and being refreshed with biscuits and dates, they readjusted the saddles of the camels, mounted and rose and started again, making their salaams to the young daughters of the desert, who stood grouped together in the morning sunshine and looked after them with laughing eyes.

The clear, vivifying, elastic desert air breathed upon their faces, and their camels, strengthened by rest and food, swung away with better speed. All day long they continued to ride without stopping. Gordon's impatience increased every hour as he reflected upon the probable consequence of the scheme with which the unknown woman had inspired Ishmael, and Osman, being told of the danger, forgot his weakness in the fervour of his devotion.

The shadows lengthened along the sea-flat sand while they passed over wastes without a bush or a scrub or a sign of life, but just as the sun was setting they entered the crater-like valley of Kerreri, with its clumps of mimosa and its far view of the innumerable islands of the Nile.

This was the scene of Gordon's first battle, the Battle of Omdurman, and a score of tender and thrilling memories came crowding upon him from the past. Yonder was the thicket in which he had taken the Calipha's flag, the spot where he had left Ali: "Show the bits of the bridle to my colonel, and tell him I died faithful. Say my salaams to him, Charlie. I knew Charlie Gordon Lord would stay with me to the end."

How different the old battlefield was to-day! Instead of the deafening roar of cannon, the wail of shell, the frenzied shouts of the dervishes, and the swathes of sheeted dead, there was only the grim solitude of stony hills and yellow sand, with here and there some white and glistening bones over which the vultures circled in the silent air.

Night had fallen when they entered Omdurman, and the change in the town, too, struck a chill into Gordon's heated spirit. No longer the dirty, disgusting Mahdist's capital, it was deodorized, swept, and sweet. Could it be possible that he was opposing the forces which had brought this civilizing change?

When the travellers reached the ferry the last boat for Khartoum had gone, and, the Nile being high, they had no choice but to remain in Omdurman until morning.

"*Maleysh!* All happens as God ordains," said Osman. But Gordon's impatience could scarcely contain itself, so eager was he to undo the work of the woman who had done so much ill.

They lodged in a kahn of the old slave-market, which was now full of peaceful people sitting about coffee-stalls lit by lanterns and candles, where formerly the air was tense with the frenzied gallopings of the wild Baggara and the melancholy boom of the great ombeya, the fearful trumpet of death.

Before going to bed Gordon wrote another letter to Ishmael, saying he had got so far and expected to meet him in the morning. Then, being unable as yet to sleep under a roof, after sleeping so long on the desert, he dragged his angerib into the open and stretched himself under the stars.

There, gazing up into the great vault of heaven, a memory came back to him which had never once failed to come when he lay down to sleep—the memory of Helena. Every night on his long desert journey, whatever the discomfort of his bed, if it was only the hole between two stones which the Arab shepherds build to protect themselves from the wind, his last thought had been of her.

She was gone, she was lost to him, she would be in England by this time, and he was exiled from home for ever; but in the twilight moments of the heart and mind that go between the waking sense and sleep she was with him still.

And now, lying on his angerib in Omdurman, he could see her radiant eyes and hear her deep, melodious voice, and catch the note of the gay raillery that was perhaps her greatest charm. Though he had done this ever since he left Cairo, he felt to-night as if the sweet agony of it all would break his heart.

He looked up at the stars, and found pleasure in thinking that the same sky was over Helena in England. Then he looked across at Khartoum, and saw that all the windows of the Palace were lit up as for a dance.

A mystic sense of some impending event came over him. What could it be, he wondered! Then he remembered the word of Osman, who was now breathing heavily at his side.

"*Maleysh!* All happens as God ordains," he thought. And then, sending a last greeting to Helena in England, he turned over and fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY the following morning Abdullah entered Ishmael's room while the master was still sleeping, for a messenger from Metimmeh, coming by train, had brought an urgent letter.

Ishmael read the letter and rose immediately, and when Helena met him in the guest-room half an hour afterwards she saw that he was excited and disturbed.

"Rani," he said, "I have been thinking about our plan, and have certain doubts about it. Better let it rest for a few days, at all events."

Helena asked why, and she was told that a stranger was coming whose counsel might be wise, for he knew Cairo, the Government, and the Egyptian Army, and he had asked Ishmael to wait until he arrived before committing himself to any course.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"One who loves the people and has suffered sorely for his love of them."

"What is his name?"

"They call him Omar Benani."

At that moment she learned no more than that the stranger was a Bedouin chief of great name and influence, that he had rested at Metimmeh the night before, but was now coming on to Khartoum as fast as a camel could carry him.

"He may be here to-night, to-morrow at latest," said Ishmael, "so let us leave things where they are until our brother arrives."

This news threw Helena into a fever of excitement. She saw the possibility of her scheme coming to naught. The Bedouin who was now on his way might destroy it.

She was afraid of this Bedouin. If he knew Cairo, the Government, and the Egyptian Army, he must also know that the plan which Ishmael had proposed to himself was impossible. That being so, he would advise Ishmael against it. His influence with Ishmael would be greater than her own, and as a consequence her plan would fail. Then all she had hoped for, all she had come for, all she had sacrificed so much for would be lost and wasted.

What was she to do? There was only one thing possible—to cause Ishmael to commit himself to her plan before the Bedouin arrived in Khartoum.

Again fate assisted her. The same train that brought the Bedouin's letter brought another messenger from Cairo. He was an immensely tall Dinka, who had been employed to avert suspicion. As soon as he was alone with Ishmael and his household he slipped off his sandal, and, tearing open the undersole, produced a very small letter.

It was from the Ulema of El Azhar, and gave further particulars of the forthcoming festivities, with one hint of amazing advice that certainly could not have come from men of the world.

The Consul-General had decided to give his annual dinner in honour of the King's birthday, not, as usual, at the British Agency, but in the pavilion of the Ghezireh Palace, on the island in front of the city. All the authorities would be there that night, housed under one roof. The British Army would still be in the provinces, and the Egyptian Army alone would be left in defence of the town. Therefore, to prevent the possibility of bloodshed there was only one thing to do—turn the key on the pavilion in order to imprison the persons in command, and then open the bridge that crossed the Nile, that Ishmael's following, with the consent of the native soldiers, might enter Cairo unopposed.

It was a plot whereof the counterpart could only have been found in the commentators of Moslem law, and perhaps for that reason alone it took Ishmael's heart by storm. But it required immediate confirmation, for if the secret scheme was to be carried out the arrangements were matters of urgency and the reply must be received at once.

There were some moments of tense silence after Ishmael had read the letter, for already he had begun to hesitate, to talk again of waiting for the Bedouin, who knew Egypt better than anyone in the Soudan, and was

wise and brave and learned in war. But Helena, seeing her advantage, began to speak, with a flushed face and a trembling tongue, of the train that left Khartoum for Cairo that morning and of the interval of four days before the departure of another one.

"There can be no time to lose," she said, with a choking sense of duplicity. "Especially if the Ulema are to arrange for your own arrival as well."

At length Ishmael, no longer the man he used to be, strong above all in common sense, but an enthusiast living in a world of dreams, was swept away by the Ulema's scheme. Seeing only one sure way to avoid bloodshed —that of shutting up the British officials in the midst of their festivities while the bridge that crossed the Nile was opened and his followers took peaceful possession of the city —he called on Helena to write his reply. It ran:—

"To his Serenity the Sheikh el Islam, from Ishmael Ameer, the slave of God: Good news! In the interests of peace I agree, though liking not, for other reasons, your plan of imprisoning Pharaoh and his people in their pavilion lest it should be said of us, 'Behold, the true believer resorts to the tricks of the infidels, who trust not in the good arm of God!'

"Nevertheless, I send you this word of greeting, giving my consent and saying, 'Shortly I go down to Cairo myself to call upon our brothers under arms to our very great Lord the Khedive to refuse, when the day of our deliverance comes, to shed the blood of the children of the Most High.'"

Having dictated this letter, and added the usual Arabic salutations, he signed it; and then, full of a fresh enthusiasm, he went off to midday prayers in the mosque, where, with greater fervour than before, he delivered his new message about the coming of the end.

Helena was now alone, for the Dinka had gone in with Abdullah to eat and to rest. The signed letter lay before her and she knew that her time had come. In great haste she made a copy of the letter, and without waiting to think what she was doing she added Ishmael's name to it. Then, hiding the original in her bosom, she called for the Dinka, gave him the copied letter, and hurried him off to the train, which was leaving immediately. After that, with a sense of mingled shame and triumph, she wrote to the Consul-General. Her excitement was so great that she could hardly hold the pen or frame coherent sentences. This was what she said: —

"DEAR LORD NUNEHAM,—You will remember that in the letter I wrote to you before I left Cairo I told you that I should write again, and that when I wrote your enemy and mine and Gordon's, as well as England's and Egypt's, would be in your hands.

"SHE CALLED FOR THE DINKA AND GAVE HIM THE COPIED LETTER."

"I am now fulfilling my promise, and you shall judge for yourself whether I am justifying my word. Ishmael Ameer, at the instigation of the Ulema, is about to return to Cairo. His object is to organize a mutiny among the soldiers of the Egyptian Army, so that a vast multitude of his followers, coming behind him, may take possession of the city.

"This is to be done during the forthcoming festivities, and it is to reach its climax on the night of the King's birthday. Proof enclosed. It is the original of a letter to the Chancellor of El Azhar, a copy having been sent instead.

"Ishmael will travel by train—probably within a week—and he will wear the disguise of a Bedouin sheikh. I leave you to wait and watch for him.

"Did I not say I was not idly boasting? In haste—HELENA GRAVES.

"P.S.—I send this by my boy, Mosie. Please keep him in Cairo until you hear from me again."

When she had finished her letter she paused for a moment and looked fixedly before her. Although she said nothing, her lips moved as if she were interrogating the empty air. She was asking herself again, "Am I cruel and revengeful and vindictive?" And she was replying to herself as she had replied before: "If so, I cannot help it. I have lost my father and I have lost Gordon, and I am alone and my heart is torn."

Strengthened by this thought, she took Ishmael's letter from her bosom and folded it inside her own. But while she was in the act of putting both into an envelope she paused again, for a new and more startling memory had flashed upon her. It was the memory of the marks upon her father's throat and of the missing finger-print which had somehow formed so fatal an evidence of Ishmael's guilt.

How had it happened that she had forgotten this fact until now—that during all the time she had been in Khartoum she had never once remembered to verify it—that even at the moment she could not say whether the third finger of Ishmael's left hand was intact or not?

But no matter! It was not a fact of the greatest consequence, and in any case she was too far gone to think of it now.

She sealed her envelope and addressed it, and then called for Mosie. The black boy came running at the sound of her agitated voice.

"Mosie," she said, in a breathless whisper, "you have always said that you loved me so much that you would lay down your life for me." The black boy showed his shining white teeth as if from ear to ear. "Do you think you could find your way back to Cairo alone and deliver a letter to the English lord?"

"Let lady try me," said Mosie, who was ablaze with excitement in an instant.

Then she told him how he was to go—by train to Halfa, by Government boat to Shellal, by train again from Assouan to his journey's end, travelling in the native compartments always. She also gave him strict injunctions against speaking to anyone, either in Khartoum or on the way, or in Cairo until he came to the British Agency. There he was to ask for the Consul-General and give into his hands—his only—her private letter.

"The train leaves in half an hour, Mosie, so you'll have to be quick," she whispered.

"Yes, lady, yes, yes," said Mosie at every word, and in his eagerness to be gone he almost snatched the letter out of her hand.

"No; give me one of your sandals," she said, and when he had whipped it off she took her scissors and, lifting the undersole, she hid her letter underneath.

Then she hurried into her room, and returning with a small canvas bag, which contained nearly all the money she had left in the world, she gave it to the black boy and sent him off.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER that she sat down, for her heart was beating violently and she could scarcely breathe. At the same moment she caught sight of her face in a hand-glass that stood on the table at which she wrote, and the features looked so strange that they scarcely seemed to be her own.

If anybody with the eye of the spirit could have gazed at that moment into the deepest recesses of her soul—harder to look into than the obscurity of the sea—he would have seen a battlefield of contending passions. She was reflecting, for the first time, on the whole meaning of what she had done. She had condemned Ishmael Ameer to death! Or at least—at the very least—to lifelong imprisonment in the penal settlements of Damietta and Halfa!

When she put it so the furnace of her conscience seemed to consume her, and in order to live with herself she had to oppose that thought with thoughts of Gordon—Gordon gone, she knew not where, an exile, an outcast, his brilliant young life wasted, never to be seen again.

This relieved the riot in her brain, and to

"SHE WAS REFLECTING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ON WHAT SHE HAD DONE."

ease her heart still further she made herself believe that what she had done had not been to revenge herself but to avenge Gordon, whom Ishmael's evil influence had destroyed.

"Serve him right," she thought. "Let him go to Damietta. What better does he deserve?

At that moment Ayesha, Ishmael's little daughter, came running with bare feet into the house, and seeing Helena she leapt into her arms and kissed her. The kiss of the child seemed like a blow; it made her dizzy.

At the next moment—while Ayesha was mumbling affectionate play-words which Helena did not hear, and Zenoab, the Arab nurse, stood beating her impatient foot upon the floor—there came from outside the murmur of a crowd. It was the crowd of Ishmael's followers, bringing him home from the mosque.

They were calling upon God and His Prophet to bless him, touching his white caftan as if it were divine and virtue were coming out of him.

He dismissed them with words of rebuke—gentler and more indulgent than before, perhaps — and, entering the house, he called for food.

A few minutes afterwards Ishmael and Helena and old Mahmud were sitting in the guest-room together, drinking new milk and eating soft bread.

"But where is your boy, O Rani?" asked Ishmael, who missed the great fan of ostrich feathers.

Helena made a halting excuse. Mosie had been troublesome — she had sent him back to where he came from—Cairo.

"Cairo?" asked the Arab woman, with a glance of suspicion.

Helena looked confused, but Ishmael saw nothing. He was more than usually excited, enthusiastic, and full of great hopes. After a while he talked of the Bedouin who was coming.

"Our brother is not in fact a Bedouin," he said.

"Not a Bedouin?"

"Neither is he a Moslem. He is a Christian, and, indeed, an Englishman."

"An Englishman?"

"Ah, yes; he is one who loves the Moslems, and has gone through shame and degradation rather than do them a wrong."

Helena was afraid to ask further questions. She could only listen, terrified by a vague apprehension.

"Truly, O lady, he who loveth all the children of God, him God loveth," said Ishmael. "This brave man was a soldier, and if he has suffered rather than do an evil act, will God forget him? No!"

Helena shuddered. The idea that was taking shape in her mind seemed incredible. Ishmael was speaking in the softest tones, yet his voice seemed like the subterranean sounds that precede great shocks of earthquake.

"He is coming. Be good to him, my Rani. If we could take his heart out and weigh it, we should find it gold."

Helena was struck with a sort of stupor. "Am I dreaming?" she asked herself. "What am I thinking about?" It was one of those mysterious moments on the eve of the great events of life when murmurs come from we know not where.

The long hours of that day passed in a sort of dark confusion. At last the sun set and the moon rose over the desert—the golden Southern moon, in the purple violet of the Eastern sky—and lit up the wilderness of sand as with a softer sun.

It grew late, and Helena rose to go to her room. As she did so she almost fell from dizziness, and Ishmael helped her to the door of the women's quarters. She had seen his lustrous eyes upon her with the expression that had made her tremble on the night of the betrothal. But again, in the same scarcely audible voice, he said:—

"God give you a good morning!" And putting, for the first time, his lips to her hand he went away.

When she was alone a long hour passed in silence. The bedroom was in a state of perfect calm, yet a frightful tumult was going on in her brain. Could it be possible that he who was coming was . . .

No! The wild irony of that thought was too terrible.

That at the very moment when she thought she was avenging Gordon for the injury he had suffered at the hands of Ishmael—that at that moment, by some sinister eccentricity of destiny, he . . . he himself . . .

In the midst of her hideous pain a sweet and joyous sound fell upon her ear. It was the voice of the child, who had awakened for a moment from her peaceful sleep.

"Will you not come into bed, Rani?"

"Yes, yes, dear, presently," she answered, and at the next moment the child's equal and tranquil breathing, so gentle, so calm, fell on her ear again.

Innocence is the most formidable of all spectacles that can confront an uneasy conscience, and when at length Helena got into bed, and the child, in the blind mists of sleep, put her arms about her neck, she had to justify herself by thinking that in everything she had done, everything she had tried to do, she had been moved by incidents of the most irresistible provocation.

"After all, *he killed my father!*" she thought.

But, nevertheless, she felt again, as she was dropping off to sleep, that she was falling, falling, falling over the edge of a yawning precipice.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Helena awoke next morning she was immediately conscious of a great commotion both within and without the house. After a moment Zenoab came into the bedroom and began to tell her what had happened.

"Have you not heard, O Rani?" said the Arab woman, in her oily voice. "No? You sleep so late, do you? When everybody is up and doing, too! Well, the master has news that the great Bedouin is at Omdurman, and he is sending the people down to the river to bring him up. The stranger is to be received in the mosque, I may tell you. Yes, indeed, in the mosque, although he is English and a Christian."

Then Ayesha came skipping into the room in wild excitement.

"Rani! Rani!" she cried. "Get up and come with us. We are going now — this minute—everybody."

Helena excused herself; she felt unwell and would stay in bed that day; so the child and the nurse went off without her.

Yet left alone she could not rest. The feverish uncertainty of the night before returned with redoubled force, and after a while she felt compelled to rise.

Going into the guest-room she found the house empty and the camp in front of it deserted. She was standing by the door of the salamlik, hardly knowing what to do, when the strange sound which she had heard on the night of the betrothal came from a distance.

"Lu-lu-lu-u-u!"

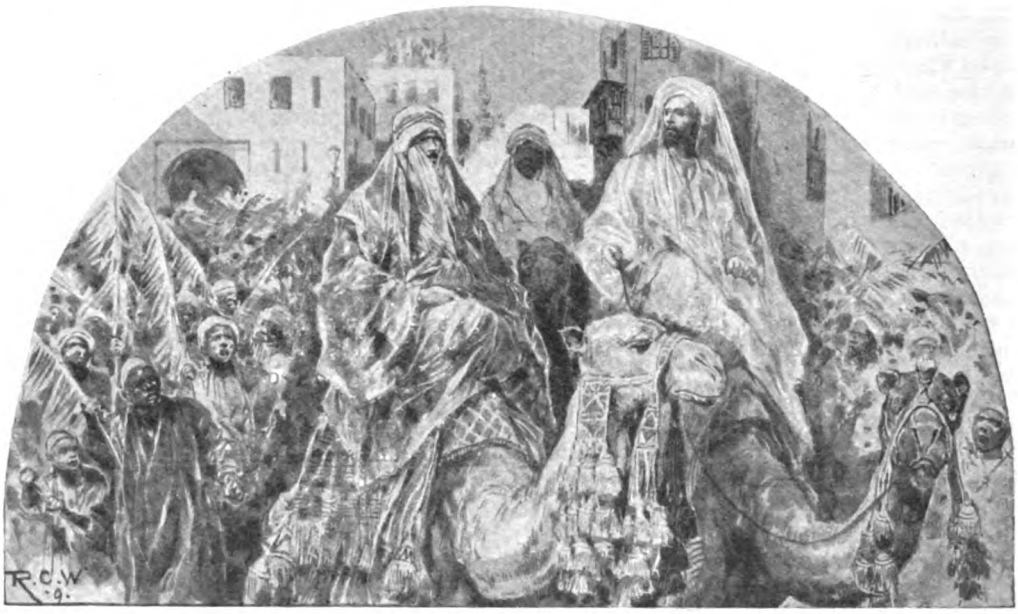
It was the zagarheet, the women's cry of joy, and it was mingled with the louder shouts of men. The stranger was coming; the people were bringing him on. Who would he be? Helena's anxiety was almost more than her brain and nerves could bear. She strained her eyes in the direction of the jetty, past the Abbas Barracks and the Mongers Fort.

The moments passed like hours, but at length the crowd appeared. At first sight it looked like a forest of small trees approaching. The forest seemed to sway and to send out monotonous sounds as if moved by a moaning wind. But, looking again, Helena saw what was happening—the people were carrying green palm branches and strewing them on the yellow sand in front of the great stranger.

He was riding on a white camel—Ishmael's

camel—and Ishmael was riding beside him. Long before he came near to her Helena saw him, straining her sight to do so. He was wearing the ample robes of a Bedouin, and his face was almost hidden by the sweeping shawl (the farda) which covered his head and neck.

But it was *he!* It was Gordon! Helena could not mistake him. One glance was enough. Without looking a second time she ran back to her bedroom and covered her eyes and ears.



"IT WAS HE! IT WAS GORDON!"

For a time the voices of the people followed her through the deadening walls.

"Lu-lu-u-u!" cried the women.

"La ilaha illa-llah!" shouted the men.

But after a while the muffled sounds died away, and Helena knew that the great company had passed on to the mosque. It was like a dream—a mirage of the mind. It had come and it was gone, and in the dazed condition of her senses she could almost persuade herself that she had imagined everything.

Her impatience would not permit her to remain in the house. She, too, must go to the mosque, although she had never been there before. So, putting on her Indian veil, she set out hurriedly. When she came to herself again she was in the gallery, which was reserved for women only. People made way for her, and she dropped into a seat. Then she realized that she was sitting between Zenoab and little Ayesha.

The mosque was a large, four-square edifice, full of columns and arches, and with a kind of inner court that was open to the sky and had minarets in every corner. The gallery of the women looked down on this court, and Helena saw below her, half in shadow, half in sunshine, the heads of a great concourse of men in turbans, tarbooshes, and brown felt skull caps, all kneeling in rows on bright red carpets. In the front row, with his face towards the Kibleh (towards Mecca), Ishmael knelt in his white caftan, and by his side, with all eyes upon him, as if every interest centred on that spot, knelt the stranger in Bedouin dress.

The prayers were proceeding, now surging like the sea, now silent like the desert, sometimes started, as it seemed, by the voice of the unseen mueddin on the minarets above, then echoed by the men on the carpets below, but Helena hardly heard them. Of one thing only she was conscious—that by the tragic play of destiny *he* was there while *she* was here.

After awhile she became aware that Ishmael had risen and was beginning to speak, and she tried to regain composure enough to listen to what he said.

"My brothers," he said, "it is according to the precepts of the Prophet—peace to his

name—to receive the Christian in our temples if he comes with the goodwill of good Moslems and with a heart that is true to them. You know, O my brothers, whether I am a Moslem or not, and I pray to the Most Merciful to bless all such Christians as the one who is here to-day."

More of the same kind Ishmael said, but Helena found it hard, in the tumult of her brain, to follow him. She saw that both the women about her and the men below were seized with that religious fervour which comes to the human soul when it feels that something grand is being done. It was as though the memory of a thousand years of hatred between Moslem and Christian, with all its legacy of cruelty and barbarity, had been wiped out of their hearts by the stranger on whom their eyes were fixed—as though by some great act of self-sacrifice and brotherhood he had united East and West—and this fact of his presence at their prayers was the sign and symbol of an eternal truce.

The sublime spectacle seemed to capture all their souls, and when Ishmael turned towards the stranger at last and laid his hand on his head and said, "May God and His Prophet bless you for what you have done for us and ours," the emotions of the people were raised to their highest pitch and they rose to their feet as one man, and, holding up their hands, they cried, the whole congregation together, in a voice that was like the breaking of a great wave:—

"You are now of us, and we are of you, and we are brothers!"

By this time the women in the gallery were weeping audibly, and Helena, from quite other causes, was scarcely able to control her feelings. "Why did I come here?" she asked herself, and then, seeing that the Arab woman was watching her through the slits of her jealous eyes, she got up and crushed her way out of the mosque.

Back in her room, lying face down upon the bed, she sought in vain to collect her faculties sufficiently to follow and comprehend the course of events. Yes, it was Gordon. He had come to join Ishmael. Why had she never thought of that as a probable sequel to what had occurred in Cairo? Had he not been turned out by his own?—in effect, cashiered from the Army? — forbidden his father's house? And had she not herself driven him away from her? What sequel was more natural, more plainly inevitable?

Then she grew hot and cold at a new and still more terrifying thought—Gordon would come *there!* How could she meet him? How look into his face? A momentary impulse to deny her own identity was put aside immediately. Impossible! Useless! Then how could she account to Gordon for her presence in that house? Ishmael's wife! According to Mohammedan law and custom, not only betrothed but married to him!

When she put her position to herself so, the thread of her thoughts seemed to snap in her brain. She could not disentangle the knot of them. A sense of infidelity to Gordon, to the very spirit of love itself, brought her for a moment the self-reproach and the despair of a woman who has sinned.

In the midst of her pain she heard the light voices of people returning to the house, and at the next moment Ayesha and Zenoab came into her room. The child was skipping about, full of high spirits, and the Arab woman was almost bitterly merry.

"Rani will be happy to hear that the master is bringing the stranger home," said Zenoab.

Helena turned and gazed at the woman with a stupefied expression. What she had foreseen as a terrifying possibility was about to come to pass. She opened her mouth as if to speak, but said nothing.

Meantime, the Arab woman, in a significant tone that was meant to cut to the quick, went on to say that this was the highest honour the Moslem could show the unbeliever, as well as the greatest trust he could repose in him.

"Have you never heard of that in your country, O Rani? No? It is true, though! Quite true!"

People supposed the Moslem guarded his house so jealously that no strange man might ever look upon his wife, but among the Arabs of the desert, when a traveller, tired and weary, sought food and rest, the sheikh would send him into his harem and leave him there for three days with full permission to do as he thought well.

"But he must never wrong that harem, O lady! If he does the Arab husband *will kill him!* Yes, and *the faithless wife as well!*"

So violent was the conflict going on within her that Helena hardly heard the woman's words, though the jealous spirit behind them was piercing her heart like needles. She became conscious of a great crowd approaching, with the same ululation as before, mingled with the same shouts. At the next moment there came a knock at the bedroom door, and Abdullah's voice, crying:—

"Lady! Lady!"

Helena reeled a little in rising to reply,

and it was with difficulty that she reached the door.

"Master has brought Omar Benani back and is calling for the lady. What shall I say?"

Helena fumbled the hem of her handkerchief in her fingers, as she was wont to do in moments of great agitation. She was asking herself what would happen if she obeyed Ishmael's summons.

Would Gordon see through her motive in being there? If so, would he betray her to Ishmael?

Already she could hear a confused murmur in the guest-room, and out of that murmur her memory seemed to grasp back, as from a vanishing dream, the sound of a voice that had been lost to her.

She felt as if she were suffocating. Her breathing was coming rapidly from the depth of her throat. Yet the Arab woman was watching her, and while a whirlwind was going on within she had to preserve a complete tranquillity without.

"Say I am coming," she said.

The supreme moment had arrived. With a great effort she gathered up all her strength, drew her Indian shawl over her head in such a way that it partly concealed her face, and then, pallid, trembling, and with downcast eyes, she walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

GORDON had that day experienced emotions only less poignant than those of Helena. In the early morning, after parting with Osman, the devoted comrade of his desert journey, he had encountered the British Sub-Governor of Omdurman, a young captain of cavalry who had once served under himself and now spoke to him, in his assumed character as a Bedouin, with a certain air of command.

This brought him some twinges of wounded pride, which were complicated by qualms of conscience as he rode through the streets, past the silversmiths' shops, where grave-looking Arabs sold bracelets and necklets; past the weaving quarter, where men and boys were industriously driving the shuttle through the strings of their flimsy looms; past the potters' bazaar and the grain market, all so sweet and so free from their former smell of sun-dried filth and warm humanity packed close together.

"Am I coming here to oppose the power that in so few years has turned chaos into order?" he asked himself; but more personal emotions came later.

They came in full flood when the ferry steamer by which he crossed the river approached the bank on the other side, and he saw standing there, near to the spot on which the dervishes landed on the black night of the fall of Khartoum, a vast crowd of their sons and their sons' sons who were waiting to receive him.

Again came qualms of conscience, when out of this crowd stepped Ishmael Ameer, who kissed him on both cheeks and led him forward to his own camel amid the people's shouts of welcome. Was he, as a British soldier, throwing in his lot with the enemies of his country? As an Englishman and a Christian, was he siding with the adversaries of religion and civilization?

The journey through the town to the mosque, with the lu-luing and the throwing of palm branches before his camel's feet, was less of a triumphant progress than an abject penance. He could hardly hold up his head. The sight of the black and yellow faces about him, shouting for him—for him, of another race and creed—making that act his glory which had led to his crime—this was almost more than he could bear.

But when he reached the mosque; when he found himself, unbeliever though he was, kneeling in front of the Kibleh; when Ishmael laid his hand on his head and called on God to bless him, and the people cried with one voice, "You are of us, and we are brothers!" the sense of human sympathy swept down every other emotion, and he felt as if at any moment he might burst into tears.

And then, when prayers were over and Ishmael brought up his uncle, and the patriarchal old man, with a beard like a flowing fleece, said he was to lodge at his house; and finally, when Ishmael led him home and took him to his own chamber, and called to Abdullah to set up another angerib, saying they were to sleep in the same room, Gordon's twinges of pride and qualms of conscience were swallowed up in one great wave of human brotherhood.

But both came back with a sudden bound when Ishmael began to talk of his wife, and to send the servant to fetch her. They were sitting in the guest-room by this time, waiting for the lady to come to them, and Gordon felt himself moved by the inexplicable impulse of anxiety he had felt before. Who was this Mohammedan woman who had prompted Ishmael to a scheme that must so surely lead to disaster? Did she know what she was doing? Was she betraying him?

Then a door on the women's side of the house opened slowly, and he saw a woman

enter the room. He did not look into her face. His distrust of her, whereof he was now half ashamed, made him keep his head down while he bowed low during the little formal ceremony of Ishmael's presentation. But instantly a certain indefinite memory of height and step and general bearing made his blood flow fast, and he felt the perspiration breaking out on his forehead.

A moment afterwards he raised his eyes, and then it seemed as if his hair rose upright. He was like a man who has been made colour-blind by some bright light. He could not at first believe the evidence of his senses —that she who appeared to be there was actually before him.

He did not speak or utter a sound, but his embarrassment was not observed by Ishmael, who was clapping his hands to call for food. During the next few minutes there was a little confusion in the room—Black Zogal and Abdullah were laying a big brass tray on trestles and covering it with dishes. Then came the ablutions and the sitting down to eat—Gordon at the head of the table, with Ishmael on his right and old Mahmud on his left, and Helena next to Ishmael.

The meal began with the beautiful Eastern custom of the host dipping a piece of bread in the molocheea (a sort of soup) and handing the sop to his guest as a pledge of peace and brotherhood, faith and trust. This kept Gordon occupied for the moment, but Helena had time for observation. In the midst of her agitation she could not help seeing that Gordon had grown thinner, that his eyes were bloodshot and his nostrils pinched as if by physical or moral suffering. After a while she saw that he was looking across at her with increasing eagerness, and under his glances she became nervous and almost hysterical.

Gordon, on his part, had now not the shadow of a doubt of Helena's identity, but still he did not speak. He, too, noticed a change—Helena's profile had grown more severe and there were dark rims under her large eyes. He could not help seeing these signs of the pain she had gone through, though his mind was going like a windmill under constantly changing winds. Why was she there? Could it be that the great sorrow which fell upon her at the death of her father had made her fly to the consolation of religion?

He dismissed that thought the instant it came to him, for behind it, close behind it, came the recollection of Helena's hatred of Ishmael Ameer and of the jealousy which had been the first cause of the separation between themselves. "Smash the Mahdi!" she had said, not altogether in play. Then why was she there? Great God! could it be possible . . . that after the death of the General . . . she had . . .

Gordon felt at that moment as if the world were reeling round him.

Helena, glancing furtively across the table, was sure she could read Gordon's thoughts. With the certainty that he knew what had brought her to Khartoum, she felt at first a crushing sense of shame. What a fatality! If anybody had told her that she would be overwhelmed with confusion by the very person she had been trying to avenge, she would have thought him mad; yet that was precisely what Providence had permitted to come to pass.

The sense of her blindness and helplessness in the hands of destiny was so painful as to reach the point of tears. When Gordon spoke in reply to Ishmael's or old Mahmud's questions, the very sound of his voice brought memories of their happy days together, and, looking back on the past of their lives and thinking where they were now, she wanted to run away and cry.

All this time Ishmael saw nothing, for he was talking rapturously of the great hope, the great expectation—the near approach of the time when the people's sufferings would end. A sort of radiance was about him, and his face shone with the joy and the majesty of the dreamer in the full flood of his dream.

When the meal was over, the old man, who had been too busy with his food to see anything else, went off to his siesta, and then, the dishes being removed and the servants gone, Ishmael talked in lower tones of the details of his scheme—how he was to go into Cairo, in advance, in the habit of a Bedouin, such as Gordon wore, in order to win the confidence of the Egyptian Army, so that they should throw down the arms, which no man ought to bear, and thus permit the people of the pilgrimage, coming behind, to take possession of the city, the Citadel, the arsenal, and the engines of war, in the name of God and His Expected One.

All this he poured out in the rapturous language of one who saw no impediments, no dangers, no perils from chance or treachery; and then, turning to where Helena sat with her face aflame and her eyes cast down, he gave her the credit of everything that had been thought of, everything that was to be done.

"Yes, it was the Rani who suggested it," he said, "and when the triumph of peace is won God will write it on her forehead."

The afternoon had passed by this time, and the sun, which had gone far round to the west, was glistening like hammered gold along the river, in the line of the forts of Omdurman. It was near to the hour for evening prayers, and Helena was now trembling under a new thought — the thought that Ishmael would soon be called out to speak to the people who gathered in the evening in front of the house, and then she and Gordon would be left alone.

When she thought of that she felt a desire which she had never felt before and never expected to feel—a desire that Ishmael might remain to protect her from the shock of the first word that would be spoken when he was gone.

Gordon, on his part, too, was feeling a thrill of the heart from his fear of the truth that must fall on him the moment he and Helena were left together.

But Black Zogal came to the open door of the guest-room, and Ishmael, who was still on the heights of his fanatical rapture, rose to go.

"Talk to him, Rani! Tell him everything! About the farda you intend to make, and all the good plan you propose to prevent bloodshed."

The two unhappy souls, still sitting at the empty table, heard his sandalled footsteps pass out behind them.

Then they raised their eyes and for the first time looked into each other's faces.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN they began to speak it was in scarcely audible whispers.

"Helena!"

"Gordon!"

"Why are you here, Helena? What have you come for? You disliked and distrusted Ishmael Ameer when you heard about him first. You used to say you hated him. What does it all mean?"

Helena did not answer immediately.

"Tell me, Helena. Don't let me go on thinking these cruel thoughts. Why are you here with Ishmael in Khartoum?"

Still Helena did not answer. She was now sitting with her eyes down and her hands tightly folded in her lap. There was a moment of silence while he waited for her to speak, and in that silence there came the muffled sound of Ishmael's voice outside, reciting the Fatihah :—

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures . . ."

When the whole body of the people had repeated the solemn words there was silence in the guest-room again, and then, in the same hushed whisper as before, but more eagerly, more impetuously, Gordon said :—

"He says you put this scheme into his mind, Helena. If so, you must know quite well what it will lead to. It will lead to ruin — inevitable ruin — bloodshed — perhaps great bloodshed."

Helena found her voice at last. A spirit of defiance took possession of her for a moment, and she said, firmly :—

"No, it will never come to that. It will all end before it goes so far."

"You mean that he will be . . . will be *taken?*"

"Yes, he will be taken the moment he sets foot in Cairo. Therefore the rest of the plan will never be carried out, and consequently there will be no bloodshed."

"Do you *know* that, Helena?"

Her lips were compressed; she made a silent motion of her head.

"*How* do you know it?"

"I have written to your father."

"You have . . . written . . . to my father?"

"Yes," she said, still more firmly. "He will know everything before Ishmael arrives and act as he thinks best."

"Helena! Hele . . ."

But he was struck breathless, both by what she said and by the relentless strength with which she said it. There was silence again for some moments, and once more in the silence the voice of Ishmael came from without :—

"There are three holy books, O my brothers — the book of Moses and the Hebrew prophets, the book of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and the plain book of the Koran. In the first of these it is written: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the latter day he will stand upon the earth.'"

Gordon reached over to where Helena sat at the side of the table with her eyes fixed steadfastly before her, and, touching her arm, he said, in a whisper so low that he seemed to be afraid the very air would hear :—

"Then . . . then . . . you are sending him *to his death!*"

She shuddered for an instant, as if cut to the quick; then she braced herself up.

"Isn't that so, Helena? Isn't it?"

With her lips still firmly compressed she made the same silent motion of her head.

"Is that what you came here to do?"

"Yes."

"To possess yourself of his secrets and then . . ."

"There was no other way," she answered, biting her under lip.

"Helena! Can it be possible that you have deliberately . . ."

He stopped, as if afraid to utter the word that was trembling on his tongue, and then said in a softer voice:—

"But why, Helena, why?"

The spirit of defiance took possession of her again, and she said, "Wasn't it enough that he came between you and me, and that our love . . . "

"Love! Helena! Helena! Can you talk of our love *here* . . . *now?*"

She dropped her head before his flashing eyes, and again he reached over to her and said in the same breathless whisper:—

"Is *this* love . . . for me . . . to become the wife of another man? . . . Helena, what are you saying?"

She did not speak; only the hard breathing through her nostrils told how much she suffered.

"Then think of the other man! His wife! When a woman becomes a man's wife they are one. And to marry a man in order to . . . to . . . Oh, it is impossible! I cannot believe it of you, Helena."

Suddenly, without warning, she burst into tears, for something in the tone of his voice rather than the strength of his words had made her feel the shame of the position she occupied in his eyes.

After a moment she recovered herself, and, in wild anger at her own weakness, she flamed out at him, saying that if she was Ishmael's wife it was in name only; that if she had married Ishmael it was only as a matter of form, at best a betrothal, in order to meet his own wish and to make it possible for her to go on with her purpose.

"As for love . . . *our* love . . . it is not *I* who have been false to it. No, never for one single moment . . . although . . . in spite of everything . . . for even when you were gone . . . when you had abandoned me . . . in the hour of my trouble, too . . . and I had lost all hope of you . . . I . . . "

"Then why, Helena? You hated Ishmael and wished to put him down while you thought he was coming between you and me. But why . . . when all seemed to be over between us . . . "

Her lips were twitching and her eyes were ablaze.

"You ask me why I wished to punish him?" she said. "Very well, I will tell

"OH, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! I CANNOT BELIEVE IT OF YOU, HELENA."

you. Because . . . " she paused, hesitated, breathed hard, and then said, " because *he killed my father!*"

Gordon gasped, his face became distorted, his lips grew pale, he tried to speak, but could only stammer out broken exclamations.

" Great God! Hele . . . "

" Oh, you may not believe it, but I *know*," said Helena.

And then, with a rush of emotion, in a torrent of hot words, she told him how Ishmael Ameer had been the last man seen in her father's company; how *she* had seen them together and they were quarrelling; how her father had been found dead a few minutes after Ishmael had left him; how *she* had found him; how other evidence gave proof, abundant proof, that violence, as a contributory means at least, had been the cause of her father's death; and how the authorities knew this perfectly, but were afraid, in the absence of conclusive evidence, to risk a charge against one whom the people in their blindness worshipped.

" So I was left alone—quite alone—for you were gone, too; and therefore I vowed that if there was no one else *I* would punish him."

" And that is what you . . ."

" Yes."

" Oh, God! Oh, God!"

Gordon hid his face in his hands, being made speechless by the awful strength of the blind force which had governed her life and led her on to the tragic tangle of her error. But she misunderstood his feeling, and with flashing, almost blazing eyes, though sobs choked her voice for a moment, she turned on him and said:—

" Why not? Think of what my father had been to me and say if I was not justified. Nobody ever loved me as he did—nobody. He was old, too, and weak; for he was ill, though nobody knew it. And then this . . . this barbarian . . . this hypocritical . . . Oh, when I think of it I have such a feeling of physical repulsion for the man that I can scarcely sit by his side."

Saying this she rose to her feet, and standing before Gordon, as he sat with his face covered by his hands, she said, with intense bitterness, as if exulting in the righteousness of her vengeance:—

" Let him go to Damietta, or to death itself, if need be. Doesn't he deserve it? Doesn't he? Uncover your face and tell me. Tell me if . . . if . . . tell me if . . ."

She was approaching Gordon, as if to draw away his hands, when she began to gasp and stammer as though she had experienced a sudden electric shock. Her eyes had fallen on the third finger of his left hand, and they fixed themselves upon it with the fascination of fear. She saw that it was shorter than the rest, and that, since she had seen it before, it had been injured and amputated.

Her breath, which had been labouring heavily, seemed to stop altogether, and there was silence once more, in which the voice of Ishmael came again:—

" When the Deliverer comes will He find peace on the earth? Will He find war? Will He find corruption and the worship of false gods? Will He find hatred and vengeance? Beware of vengeance, O my brothers! It corrupts the heart; it pulls down the pillars of the soul. Vengeance belongs to God, and when men take it out of His hands He writes black marks upon their faces."

The two unhappy people sitting together in the salamlik seemed to hear their very hearts beat. At length Gordon, making a great call on his resolution, began to speak.

" Helena!"

" Well?"

" It is all a mistake—a fearful, frightful mistake."

She listened without drawing breath—a vague foreshadowing of the truth coming over her.

" Ishmael Ameer did not kill your father."

Her lips trembled convulsively; she grew paler and paler every moment.

" I know he did not Helena, because . . ." (he covered his face again) " because I know who did."

" Then who . . . who was it?"

" He did not intend to do it, Helena."

" Who was it?"

" It was all in the heat of blood."

" Who was . . . "

He hesitated; then stammered out, " Don't you see, Helena?—it was I."

She had known in advance what he was going to say, but not until he had said it did the whole truth fall on her. Then in a moment the world itself seemed to reel. A moral earthquake, upheaving everything, had brought all her aims to ashes. The mighty force which had guided and sustained her soul (the sense of doing a necessary and a righteous thing) had collapsed without an instant's warning. Another force, the powerful, almost brutal force of fate, had broken it to pieces.

" My God! My God! What has become of me?" she thought; and without speaking

she gazed blankly at Gordon as he sat with his eyes hidden by his injured hand.

Then in broken words, with gasps of breath, he told her what had happened, beginning with the torture of his separation from her at the door of the General's house.

"You said I had not really loved you—that you had been mistaken and were punished, and . . . and that was the end."

Going away with the memory of these words in his mind, his wretched soul had been on the edge of a vortex of madness in which all its anger, all its hatred, had been directed against the General. In the blind leading of his passion, torn to the heart's core, he had then returned to the Citadel to accuse the General of injustice and tyranny.

"'Helena was mine,' I said, 'and you have taken her from me, and broken her heart as well as my own. Is that the act of a father?'"

Other words he had also said in the delirium of his rage — mad and insulting words such as no father could bear—and then the General had snatched up the broken sword from the floor and fallen on him, hacking at his hand—see!

"I didn't want to do it; God knows I did not, for he was an old man and I was no coward, but the hot blood was in my head, and I laid hold of him by the throat to hold him off."

He uncovered his face—it was full of humility and pain.

"God forgive me, I didn't know my strength. I flung him away; he fell. I had killed him—my General, my friend."

Tears filled his eyes. In her eyes also tears were gathering.

"Then you came to the door and knocked. 'Father!' you said. 'Are you alone? May I come in?' Those were your words, and how often I have heard them since! In the middle of the night, in my dreams, oh, God, how many times!"

He dropped his head and stretched a helpless arm along the table.

"I wanted to open the door and say, 'Helena, forgive me, I didn't mean to do it; and that is the truth, as God is my witness.' But I was afraid—I fled away."

She was now sitting with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyelids tightly closed.

"Next day I wanted to go back to you, but I dare not do so. I wanted to comfort you—I could not. I wanted to give myself up to justice—it was impossible. There was nothing for me to do except to fly away."

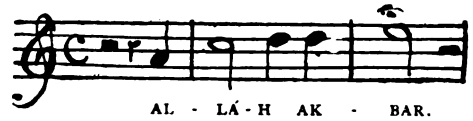
The tears were rolling down his thin face to his pinched nostrils.

"But I could not fly from myself or from . . . from my love for you. They told me you had gone to England. 'Where is she to-night?' I thought. If I had never really loved you before I loved you now. And you were gone! I had lost you for ever."

The tears choked his voice; they were forcing themselves through her closed eyelids. There was another moment of silence, and then nervously, hesitatingly, she put out her hand to where his hand was lying on the table and clasped it.

The two unhappy creatures, like wrecked souls about to be swallowed up in a tempestuous ocean, saw one raft of hope—their love for each other, which had survived all the storms of their fate.

But just as their hands were burning as if with fever and quivering in each other's clasp, like the bosom of a captured bird, a voice from without fell on their ears like a trumpet from the skies. It was the voice of the mueddin calling to evening prayers from the minaret of the neighbouring mosque :—



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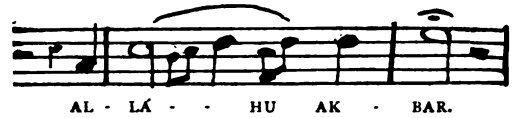


(God is most great !)

It seemed to be a supernatural voice, the voice of an accusing angel, calling them back to their present position. Ishmael—Helena—the betrothal!

Their hands separated and they rose to their feet. One moment they stood with bowed heads at opposite sides of the table, listening to the voice outside, and then, without a word more, they went their different ways—he to his room, she to hers.

Into the empty guest-room a moment afterwards came the rumbling and rolling sound of the voices of the people, repeating the Fatihah after Ishmael :—

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures. . . . Direct us in the right way, O Lord . . . not the way of those who go astray."

(To be continued.)

From a Photo. by] MR. PELISSIER INTRODUCES HIS TROUPE. *[S. Langfier, Glasgow.*

"THE FOLLIES."

By H. G. PELISSIER.

The wit and extreme cleverness of "The Follies," as this troupe of performers denominate themselves, have brought into existence an entirely new form of entertainment which is making all London laugh. The following article by their inimitable leader, Mr. H. G. Pelissier, will be welcomed by our readers.

THE idea of "The Follies" originated with a Christmas Day performance in the drawing-room at my parents' house at Finchley. We took the idea from the first troupe of pierrots some of us had seen at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight. The members of our little company were all amateurs, of course; but the performance proved so successful that we became much in request at local charitable institutions. We made our first professional appearance at Worthing Pier in June, 1897, and afterwards at other seaside resorts. At first—not being an "institution"—we found the public somewhat cold and unresponsive. They did not understand quite what we were driving at. Were we trying to be funny? It's all very well to smile now—but just take the jokes out of *Punch* and put them in the *Times*, and see how they would be received. However, our spirits were not easily damped. I once overheard an old lady in the audience remark to her friend, "Ah, well! they all look very happy—*poor things!*" We did contrive to keep pretty cheerful. Gradually our performances became better known and we met with increasing success.

We had many amusing experiences during our first few years, playing to large audiences and to some we had to strain our eyes to see. The worst house we have ever performed to was, I think, at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. We were told that we should find business there excellent, but upon our appearance at the hall, after a very long drive, we found about a dozen people only. The performance had not proceeded long when a little girl rushed in and exclaimed to one of the audience: "Mother, mother, our house is on fire!" This evidently so scared the audience that they all rushed to the exit and never returned.

Once in a Yorkshire town I sought to mollify a rather surly landlord by offering him a couple of seats for himself and his wife. He declined them gruffly, and upon my assuring him that the performance was

perfectly refined, he crushed me by replying, "Maybe, but the wife and I never go to the hall unless there's elephants."

I was told once of a man who came to see "The Follies" in a northern town regularly every evening for a week. He sat in a front stall, and always wore the same sad smile, no matter how funny we were—or tried to be. At last a friend of mine spoke to him and asked him what he thought of the performance. "It fascinates me," he said; "I have never seen anything so sad. Grown men and women, and with absolutely no consciousness of sin."

I suppose at bottom the British are a serious people, but once you convince them that your fun is to be taken seriously their laughter makes the welkin ring—even a tired, weary, second-hand welkin, that at first sight would seem to have no ring in it. I think "The Follies" are now taken seriously.

Although I had had many tokens of public approbation before, I never felt perfectly safe until a Metropolitan newspaper spoke of us as an "institution." Then the object of my ambition was realized. And yet I was not without a pang of remorse. Years ago, when entertainers in pierrot costume were a novel feature at the seaside, I overheard a materfamilias remark, "What a pity they don't blacken their faces! Children always laugh so much at the dear old niggers."

The dear old niggers! I, too, owe them a debt of gratitude. I'm afraid the niggers

ONE OF THE BEST AND FUNNIEST OF MR. PELISSIER'S FANTASIES WAS ENTITLED "LOVE'S GARDEN." BACCHUS (MR. PELISSIER) IS PIERCED BY A DART FROM CUPID'S BOW, AND THEN MAKES LOVE TO MRS. GRUNDY (MR. LEWIS SYDNEY), WHO HAS COME TO LOVE'S GARDEN ON BEHALF OF THE L.C.C.

From a Photo.] [*by Illustrations Bureau.*

have had their day. As one of the best of them remarked to a pierrot reproachfully, "'Taint as if you were content to rub off the bloomin' burnt cork. No. You must go and whitewash yourselves."

Well, one institution succeeds another, and after the pierrot the jester may take some other guise. As for "The Follies," the principal *rôle* they fill in the scheme of twentieth-century society is satire. I do not propose in this article to compare myself to Juvenal—as the old lady said of the grave-digging scene in "Hamlet," "It's a little out of place in a piece of this kind"—and as to Aristophanes, I've never allowed his name to be mentioned in my company since a London newspaper remarked of one of my burlesques that it was good, "but," it added, "how much better Aristophanes would have done it!" I cannot believe that any wise public end is served by making these invidious comparisons between Aristophanes and myself.

There is a legend that in the summer we produce all our burlesque plays on the sands at Margate, Ramsgate, and other marine resorts. We have never had a play in the open, and only twice have made a collection. This

MR. NORMAN A. BLUMÉ. MR. DAN EVERARD. MR. H. G. PELISSIER.
MISS MURIEL GEORGE. MISS GWENNIE MARS. MR. LEWIS SYDNEY. MISS ETHEL ALLANDALE.

From a Photo. by] THE COMPANY. *[Illustrations Bureau.*

was at Ilfracombe. When the collector—a local man—had finished we counted up and found only sixteen shillings. We were deeply pained, and began to entertain fearful suspicions of the collector. The next evening, resolved that this unpleasant incident should not occur again, we made the collection ourselves. The total marked out at one shilling and fourpence halfpenny!

It is always a source of astonishment to me that a certain section of theatre-goers never get tired of one sort of entertainment. If they like melodrama, it is melodrama they go to see; if it is musical comedy, then musical comedy is the thing for them. When London had five "Hamlets" playing at one time you might have supposed that every theatre-goer had seen "Hamlet" at least once. So I prepared a "Hamlet" burlesque with some confidence. This was one of the lyrics:—

A BURLESQUE OF "FAUST" WAS ONE OF THE ENTERTAINMENTS OF "THE FOLLIES." THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MR. PELISSIER AS MEPHISTOPHELES AND MR. NORMAN BLUMÉ AS FAUST. *From a Photo. by* [*Illustrations Bureau.*

No wonder that I'm called the moody Dane
When my uncle with the State plays fast and loose;
For it's quite enough to drive a prince insane
When he sees his country going to the deuce.
So I try to drown my sorrows in the Bacchanalian bowl,
I think my country's woes are fast forgotten;
What with ghosts that moan and groan, and a teetotaller on the throne,
The State of Denmark's absolutely rotten.

But I'm afraid that, in spite of those five "Hamlets," the play was still "caviare to the general." The twisted quotations of what I thought household words puzzled many. One man frankly said he had heard something like it before. The general idea of the piece was good, but he didn't think it was strictly original, which reminds me of the story of the man who got into Exeter Hall in mistake for the Tivoli, and giggled all through an exhortation of the Rev. Simon Magnus, under the impression he was listening to the late Dan Leno. When he came away a friend asked him how he enjoyed the show—whether Leno was funny. "Oh, yes," he said, unwilling to confess that he lacked a sense of humour, "he was funny—but," he added, his sense of truth prompting him to qualify a little, "not so funny as he used to be!"

Try as we may it is hard to reach everybody's sense of humour. We had a burlesque pantomime. While the stage-hands set the palace scene the Fairy Queen came on in a front-cloth scene to sing—or attempt to sing—a burlesque sentimental ballad. Everything was caricatured, and we fondly imagined that the audience was ill with excess of mirth. One sweet old soul was asked how she liked

MR. PELISSIER AS BACCHUS—"MY FRIENDS SAY I WAS THE INCARNATION OF THIS PAGAN GOD."

ONE OF MR. PELISSIER'S DIFFICULT RÔLES—MISS MAUD ALLAN AS SALOMÉ.

From Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

the pantomime. "Really," she said, "I've no doubt they did their best—but people could not help laughing. I don't know when I've seen such a disgraceful pantomime—the scenery was wretched and the dresses tawdry. The only pretty song was 'Dear Heart'; but there was so much noise going on behind the scenes I could scarcely hear a word."

Of course, the essence of caricature is its exaggerated resemblance to something you already know. If you don't know that something the merit of the burlesque doesn't strike you with any force to speak of. Once, while I was frantically endeavouring to give an impersonation of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, I overheard an embarrassing remark. I will frankly admit that Mr. Tree's physical proportions and my own differ; but genius conquers difficulties. Just as I thought I had entered the very soul of the latest Sir Peter Teazle, someone in the stalls remarked to a somewhat deaf old gentleman, "He's supposed to be George Robey!" I was only thankful that I wasn't supposed to be Consul.

Speaking of impersonations rendered somewhat difficult by physical considerations, none of my friends ever believed I could render the illusion of Miss Maud Allan realistic. One observed, "Why does Pelissier go out of his way—actually out of his way—to attempt difficulties, when there is Mr. Oscar Asche?"

At another time someone observed, "It's a pity 'The Follies' are not more original. I've been to see them twice; but it's nothing but imitations of the other plays or other people. Now, if Mr. Pelissier would only write a really good original play!"

Then there is the vexed question of the national sense of humour. Which country

has the best sense of humour? I suppose I ought to be able to look at this question broadly, because I am an Englishman, whose father was a German of French extraction. My own opinion is that other countries are not funnier, but only different in their ideas of fun. This is especially true of American humour. It is far funnier to Americans than it is to us. Yet I have witnessed many of their comedies with an enjoyment all the more intense because some of the dialogue was mysteriously elusive.

We were early rebuked for burlesquing "Hamlet." Shakespeare's work, they say, is sacred. I don't think Shakespeare would have thought himself above a little innocent laughter. Perhaps he would have assisted us—as many burlesqued persons do to-day. I should have liked to have collaborated with Shakespeare. When we travestied Wagnerian opera before the King and Queen at Sandringham, His Majesty positively roared with laughter—thus, as we modestly thought then, and as time has proved, setting an example to his subjects. I don't know whether Wagner would have equally enjoyed it, but then Wagner, unlike the "divine William," was no humorist.

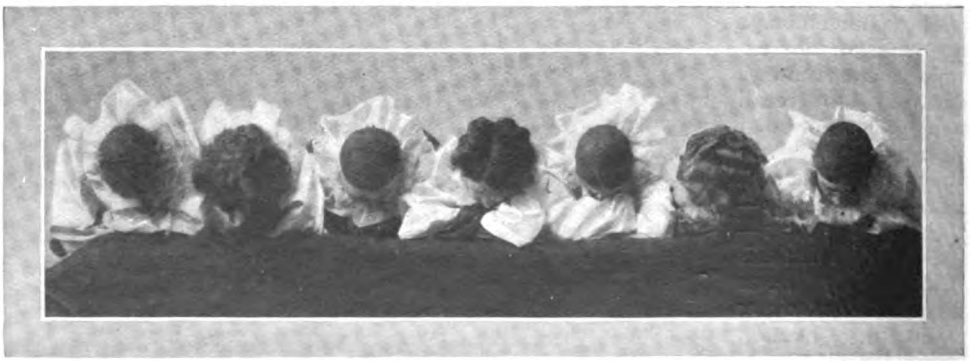
I find upon consideration of the foregoing that I have made a good many references to a "dear old lady." The reason is obvious. Whenever I have any moral to point amongst my friends, or any example to cite, I always endeavour to recall some saying of that "dear old lady." You remember Macaulay's schoolboy. People—hypercritical people—used to object that this "dear old lady" never existed. *N'importe*, as my remote ancestor, Marshal Pélissier, would have said. She exists now. Take the joke about the "dear old lady" who wrote to the S.P.C.A. to protest against the prevalent scratching of race-horses—isn't it the dear, innocent old soul we all laugh at? So, if you want an easy recipe for imparting a pungency to even such a commonplace remark as "Pass the mustard," preface it by "As a dear old lady said," and the laughter of an enlightened circle will be your reward. That is the advantage, as I said before, of being an "institution."

As regards burlesquing a play, I cannot pretend to have any particular method. I just go and see a piece once, perhaps twice, and get the essence of the play. Mr. Arthur Davenport usually goes with me, and from him I get a lot of assistance, and after we have seen a piece it doesn't take us long to turn it upside down or inside out. We look out for its salient points. Every-

MR. LEWIS SYDNEY AS THE GARDENER IN "THE KING OF CADONIA," AS "POTTED" BY MR. PELISSIER.
From a Photo by [*Illustrations Bureau.*

THE PARODY OF THE ELECTION SCENE IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."
MR. PELISSIER, AS SHAND, M.P., WEARS A COMBINATION OF KILTS AND A PORTER'S UNIFORM.
From a Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.

thing has salient points, with one exception—a theatrical critic was rude enough to say that my own person has no salient points. I don't think I have any method in anything. There was certainly none in my musical education. I had lessons from no one in particular; and for this I sometimes feel glad, because I might have got used to someone's uninteresting system, while my own would have served me better. It has always been somewhat amusing to me to think that my songs were not appreciated at the music-halls before I started with "The Follies," especially as they are always well received when I put them into my "Follies" programme. Of the thirty-odd songs that I have had published, the most popular have been the one I call "Awake" ("The lark now leaves its watery nest") and the comic song, "What a Happy Land is England!"



From a Photo. by] "WE ARE SEVEN." ENVOI! *[S. Laughter, Glasgow.*

MR. HARDFORD'S RIVAL.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

"'HAD sighed to many, though he loved but one,'" read Letitia, in an earnest, mournful tone. Then she looked up from the volume of "Childe Harold," which had just come into her hands that morning—a gift from her uncle, Admiral Rodney Latymer—she looked up to the farthest cornice of the ceiling, but in her eyes there was no sign of her appreciation of the design of the late Messrs. Adam. She sighed and repeated the words in an undertone. "'But *one*—he loved *but one*.' Byron is my poet. He speaks to me—to my heart. 'He loved but one.'"

"Yes, but one—at a time," said her mother, glancing up from the letters which she was writing at the table. "So far as I can gather of that young poet-lord, about whom such a fuss was made a few years ago, he was pretty free with his loving."

"I cannot believe it, mamma," cried Letitia, firmly. "No, I will never believe it. His own heart is in every line of this beautiful poem."

"Oh, his heart! If every man wrote what was in his own heart, we should have some very queer reading, Letitia; only I wouldn't let much of it come into your hands."

The young lady sitting in a pose of studied negligence on the sofa, her satin sandals just peeping out from the edge of her clinging muslin frock, the waist of which was just a few inches below the line of her shoulders, smiled sadly, and then shook her head so that the fair, short ringlets on each side of her face shook gently as the tendrils of a lovely climbing flower in a breeze.

"'He loved but one.' He knows what love is—that true soul can love but one and love but once," she murmured.

Her mother, having blown out the red wax taper from which she had sealed her letters, rose from the table and seated herself beside her daughter, picking up the volume that the latter had just laid down.

"'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' They say he beat his poor wife," she remarked, quite pleasantly.

"Nonsense; how can you, mamma!" cried Miss Walland, almost snatching the volume from her mother's hand.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Walland, gravely, "I am sorry that your uncle brought you the book, if it has made you forget that—that——"

"I am glad, for it has caused me to remember," said the girl, turning away.

"And I was hoping that you were being brought to see how it was possible for you to find happiness! Dear Letitia, is it not unnatural for a young woman to shut herself out from all happiness in life because the man she once loved has gone?"

"Once loved? Dear mamma, when you say 'loved,' it is not necessary for you to say 'once loved.' Love, if it be real, is once—and for ever. 'Had sighed to many, though he loved but one.'"

Mrs. Walland rose impatiently.

"Don't be a fool, Letty!" she cried. "The idea of suggesting Byron as the apostle of constancy—a man who—who——"

She could have finished her sentence, for she was quite *au courant* with the piquant gossip that was being circulated regarding Byron, but she thought it prudent to let it remain incomplete. She changed the note of her remonstrance.

"Letitia, I think it almost indelicate of a young lady to take up such an attitude as you have done in regard to Mr. Hawker, considering that he never actually declared himself to you—that he never even asked for permission to address you."

For a moment the girl was startled. It was an age of blushing, and she blushed even when she had sufficiently recovered herself to say:—

"In the case of an ordinary gentleman, mamma, that might be so, but in the case of Mr. Hawker—oh, I understood him. Does not Lord Byron say something about the quick instinct of love?"

She picked up the volume, and had begun to search its pages when her mother cried:—

"Instincts of fiddlesticks!"

"Oh, mamma!"

"I beg your pardon, dear. I only meant

that—that—well, you know that Mr. Hardford adores you, and I fancied that latterly I had observed signs which led me to hope you had come to see how foolish—in fact, I might even say how impious it is to remain mourning for a man who was really nothing to you."

Letitia looked at her sadly for a few moments.

"Nothing to me?" she said. And then she laid her pretty ringlets down upon the unsympathetic arm of the sofa, and her mother knew that she was in tears.

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Walland. "Calm yourself; I will say no more. I only thought it possible that with Mr. Hardford your future would be assured, but, of course, if you refuse to listen to his prayers, there is nothing more to be said."

She had risen, but not before she had cast an angry glance at "Childe Harold," muttering, "I'll put that book in the fire the first chance I get."

Then she went to the writing-table and began to put away certain papers into her desk. Before she had quite finished with them Letty was beside her.

"Dear mamma," she said, laying a hand upon her mother's arm. "Dear mamma, I am sorry if I gave you cause to think that I had forgotten my duty."

"Your duty?"

"My duty to the one whose memory I had vowed to cherish. I allow that for a time—a short time—I did think it possible that I might one day look with favour on Mr. Hardford, but happily I have come to learn the truth of my own heart before it is too late. I can love but one."

Mrs. Walland took both her hands in her own and looked into her eyes. The eyes that she looked into filled with tears.

"My poor child!" cried the mother, but when she was about to put her arms round her daughter, Letty moved back, shaking her head sadly. With her handkerchief at her eyes she went slowly to the door and out of the room.

Mrs. Walland kept her eyes fixed on the door for some time, then she reseated herself at her desk and took out a sheet of the note-paper which she had just put away, and after another few moments of thought began to write her letter.

"14, Queen Caroline Street, Bloomsbury,
"October 15th, 1819.

"DEAR MR. HARDFORD,—It grieves me to have to tell you that——"

She had just written the line, when she was interrupted by the entrance of the parlourmaid.

"What is it now, Fanny?" she asked.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Hardford."

Mrs. Walland rose to greet her visitor—a young man of good appearance, wearing Hessian boots and the usual coat of many capes, only partly concealing an abundant supply of waistcoats.

"My dear madam—you have sounded her?" he said, in a low voice, but one that was tremulous with excitement. "You have? Well, what luck?"

Mrs. Walland shook her head, then took a step to her desk, and gave him the sheet of paper on which she had written that single line. He read it and returned it to her.

"No luck for me," he said. "She is still thinking of that man. I might have known that I had no chance. The living have no chance with the dead. A man can have no more powerful rival than a dead lover. Well, after all, that is the sort of girl every man would like to be beloved by."

"Dear sir," said Mrs. Walland, "I feel that I was wrong to give you the encouragement that I did. But indeed I fancied from certain signs which I thought I had read aright that she was favourably disposed in regard to you."

"So did I. We did not know her—her constancy."

"Her cruel—her absurd constancy! Oh, Mr. Hardford, I sympathize with you with all my heart. Let me entreat of you not to despair. I have still hope that my daughter will come to perceive your merit."

He laughed somewhat grimly.

"Unfortunately—or should I say fortunately, madam?—the merit of a man has nothing to do with a girl's falling in love with him," said he. "But in my case the merits of the living cannot compete with those of the dead. That is why I feel so hopeless just now. Bring my rival back to life and I'll face him boldly. Till then——"

He picked up his hat from the chair where he had put it; but when he was in the act of extending his hand to Mrs. Walland, Letitia appeared at the door. He bowed to her gravely and she returned his salutation. She hastened to shake hands with him, and there was a certain colour in her cheeks at the moment.

Mrs. Walland watched her for a while, and then gave a little start, as if a thought had suddenly occurred to her.

"Mr. Hardford has come to say good bye, Letty," said she.

"HE BOWED TO HER GRAVELY, AND SHE RETURNED THE SALUTATION."

"To say good-bye?" echoed Letty.

"Yes; he is about to travel. Are you not, Mr. Hardford?"

"To travel, madam?" he cried, in surprise; but she gave him a look and he recovered himself. "Ah, yes; I am setting out for—for Bath."

He glanced dubiously at Mrs. Walland, who quickly gave an addition to the itinerary which brought it within the area of romance.

"Yes, and thence to the port of Bristol, where he will doubtless find a ship to convey him to the Indies," she cried. "Is not that so, Mr. Hardford?"

"My meaning, madam, only much better expressed," said the young man.

Letitia was obviously affected.

"I am so sorry!" she murmured. "Is it to the East or West Indies you are going, Mr. Hardford?"

He looked inquiringly at Mrs. Walland, saying, also inquiringly:—

"The West?"

"Yes, the West," said Mrs. Walland, approvingly. "Alas! Alas! a dreadful place for yellow fever and snakes. Your uncle told me no later than yesterday that all who are spared by the yellow fever are devoured by the snakes. Ah, no one ever comes back alive from the West Indies. Your uncle should know; he was there no later than last spring."

Letitia took a step toward the visitor as if about to speak; but several moments elapsed before she had sufficient command of herself to say, in a low voice:—

"Why should you want to go to so dreadful a place?"

Mrs. Walland thought that this was the right moment to slip away and leave the young man to shift for himself. She felt that she had put him on the right track, and he must travel the rest of the way without a guide.

"You ask me why—why?" he said, gently. "I will tell you, Letty. It is because I don't mind where I go. With me there are only two places in the world: one is where you are, the other where you are not. Letty, if you give me one word of hope, I will stay by your side for evermore—I will protect you from every danger. Speak, dear—one word—one little word."

He had caught her hand. She allowed him to hold it for more than a moment. Then she took it quickly away and put it behind her.

"It is impossible! I have come to see how impossible it is!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Hardford, you know that I care for you——"

"My dear one!"

"No, no; do not misunderstand me. I care for you, but not—not with that sort of love."

"Letty, there is only one sort of love, and that is—love."

"I know that you can be a true friend; but love—ah, one can love but once."

"I only ask that you should begin now—with me."

She shook her head sadly.

"I am sorry—so sorry; but it is too late, too late," she said, slowly. "Do not blame me if I led you on to believe that your dream might possibly be realized. I myself thought—nay, I hoped—that I might be able to give you that love which you deserve; but now I have been brought to see the truth. Constancy is not only the sublimest of the virtues, it is also the sublimest form of happiness. My love is in the grave."

She turned away from him, and he knew that her eyes were full of tears. He made no attempt to follow her. He only said, in a low voice:—

"That is a rival to whose claims I bow. I am but a living man."

He went slowly to the door. Only when his hand was on the handle did she look toward him.

"You will come to say good-bye before you go, will you not?" she said.

"Why should I do so?" he asked, sadly.

"I could not bear to think of our parting like this. We have been such good friends. Ah, do come, if only for a moment, when you have had time to—to—feel my decision less acutely."

"If I can bring myself to it I will come."

At the door he bowed and gave a sigh, then abruptly hurried away. She threw herself on the sofa, crying:—

"Oh, traitress—traitress! I long to love him, but I must not! I will be constant—constant to my hero who lies in a foreign grave. 'He loved but one!'"

She was still lying with her face down to the cushion when a cheerful voice, by no means deficient in volume, sounded outside the room. She started up and made some attempt to arrange her ringlets, but she had not succeeded to any appreciable extent when the door was flung open and there entered a middle-aged gentleman in naval uniform—her uncle, Admiral Latymer, of His Majesty's frigate *Boadicea*.

"Niece ahoy!" he cried. "I wondered if there was anyone at home. I thought when young Hardford ran athwart my hawse that you would be somewhere in the offing, hey? Halloa! what's this? Piping your eye? Now, if I thought that that fellow had anything to do with those tears, I'd——"

"No, no; Mr. Hardford has nothing to do with them. It is only I who am—am something of a fool, uncle," she cried.

"No young woman is a fool who sheds tears in time, niece," said Admiral Latymer, gravely. "The fools are those who weep when 'tis too late" He glanced round the room, as if endeavouring to obtain a clue to her mood, and his eyes rested on the volume of Byron. It had a suspicious look. "I see you have been reading those blessed poems," he said. "A bit mawkish, hey? Great Captain! to think of the grandson of Foul Weather Jack Byron writing poetry!"

"I can never thank you sufficiently for that book, uncle. One line of it was enough for me."

"And that is about as much as most sensible people could stand. But about Hardford—no quarrel, I hope?"

"No; we parted good friends."

"Hey, so bad as that?"

She shook her head. He seated himself on the sofa beside her, saying:—

"Come, my dear, I'm not such a bad sort of chap to confide in. I can see that you have some trouble. When I was here last, in Waterloo year, you were the brightest—the chattiest bit of a chit——"

"Waterloo year! Ah, that is what Waterloo year meant to thousands of poor women—that change from brightness to darkness."

"That's not the way to look at it, niece. That dark cloud which blackened the face of Europe was swept away when the Duke gave the order for the whole line to advance. The charge that followed meant the breaking of that power of evil."

"It meant the breaking of my heart."

There was a pause before he said in an altered tone:—

"My dear, you must remember that I have been seafaring for the past four years. I know nothing of what has happened."

"Do not ask me to tell you anything, dear uncle," said Letty. "Here is mamma; she will tell you."

Mrs. Walland entered the room, and Letty went to meet her.

"Uncle Rodney does not know; you have not told him anything?" she said.

"I had not the heart," replied her mother. "Besides, I hoped so much from Mr. Hardford. Indeed, Letty, you showed yourself very favourably disposed toward him."

"I was to blame," said Letty, "but I did not know my own heart then."

"Do you now?" cried her mother, with an abruptness that appeared to startle the girl. She seemed making an effort to speak, but it was some time before a word came, and then it was but one word.

"Mother—mother!" she cried, and then fled through the door with a sob.

The mother had still her eyes fixed upon the door when the Admiral spoke.

"Now, in the name of all that's wonderful, all that's womanly—there's no difference—what has come over that girl?" he asked. "When I was here a week ago she was bright and cheerful. I thought that she and young Hardford were about to make a match of it. But now——"

"It was all that book which you brought to her," said Mrs. Walland.

"What—Byron? But it's only poetry. Nobody pays any attention to that sort of flummery."

"Oh, don't they? I wish you had thrown the book to the sharks rather than bring it here."

"They are gross feeders, but I doubt if any shark would swallow all that there's in that book. But how could it affect Letty?"

"She came across a passage in it extolling constancy."

"Well, there couldn't be much harm in that."

"You don't understand."

"I certainly don't. Remember that I've been to sea for the past four years. I've a lot of leeway to make up. Tell me as much as you think I should know—perhaps a trifle more."

"I can tell you all in a few sentences. She was in love with a soldier."

"And a rattling good sort of fellow for a girl to love, too—next to a sailor."

"She was devoted to him, and I suppose it was understood between them that, if he returned with the Duke from his last victorious campaign, he would ask my leave to address her. She said that, knowing how precarious was the life of a soldier in those dreadful days, he was too honourable to propose to her. But for my part, though the man is dead, I must say that I distrusted him from the first."

"I see it all now. That was why she talked in that way of Waterloo. He was killed?"

"Yes; and she was heart-broken. She might have married well more than once, but she refused every offer. She was never touched till young Mr. Hardford appeared. I am convinced that he made an impression on her, and I had great hopes that all might be well had you not brought to her that disquieting volume of Byron. Then she felt angry with herself for having forgotten Captain Hawker even for a moment."

"Forgotten whom?"

"Captain Hawker, her lover, who died at Waterloo."

"What, Dick Hawker?"

"Richard was his name. Of course, you must have met him here when you were last at home."

"To be sure I did; and, what's more, I met him in town to-day."

Mrs. Walland was too much astonished to be able even to utter an exclamation of astonishment. She could only stand and gaze at her brother mutely for many moments. At last she seemed to find in his smile—for Admiral Latymer was actually smiling—a clue to his meaning. She shook her head. He was a sailor and fond of his jest, but still——

"You fancy that I'm joking, but you're wrong," he said. "I tell you I came across Dick Hawker this very day."

"What? What is this? But he was killed — not an officer of his regiment survived."

"He certainly survived. I met him in the bar of the Red Dragon, in Charles Street. He knew me at once, though I confess that he had the advantage of me. He reminded me that we had met here, and then I recalled him. I told him that I was coming to see you this evening, and he invited himself to pay his respects to you. Why, he may be here at any time."

"Merciful Heaven! Can it be possible? No, no; it is impossible."

"Did you see his name in the list of the killed?"

"Of the missing. There was no time after the battle to identify the slain. But if he was alive, why did he not come to us—write to us—something to let us know—to let *her* know?"

"Better ask himself; he will be here presently. Does she love the fellow still?"

"Can you ask? She has rejected every offer for his sake."

The Admiral began pacing the room as if it were his quarter-deck. He was frowning, and he made some play with his fists upon the empty air. At last he stopped suddenly in front of his sister, stared her in the face, and, striking the palm of his left hand with his right fist, cried:—

"Let him come, and be hanged to him!"

Mrs. Walland had by now time to recover from her shock of surprise, and her first thought was, "If he really is coming I shall have to break the terrible news—the joyful news, I mean—to Letty."

Her brother saw what was in her mind.

"Yes," he said, "you'll have to break it to her."

"But how—how? Can you suggest a scheme?"

"Not I. Best prepare for a faint. A faint is the very least that one can look for. Oh, Lord High Admiral! Now the fun begins."

His last phrase was uttered *sotto voce*, for Letty had entered the room and was coming toward him smiling, with outstretched hands.

"Dear uncle, forgive me for my selfishness," she said. "I was selfish—thinking only of myself and my affairs instead of thinking of you. I mean to make your visit a cheerful one. I am thinking of a theatre just now. Nothing tragical, I don't want anything tragical—something cheerful."

The Admiral looked at her blandly, but blankly. He took a step toward Mrs. Walland, whispering to her behind his hand:—

"Now's your chance. Stand by to break the news."

"No, no; you are a man; it is for you to do it," she whispered in reply.

"STRIKING THE PALM OF HIS LEFT HAND WITH HIS RIGHT FIST, HE CRIED, 'LET HIM COME, AND BE HANGED TO HIM!'"

"What's the matter?" said Letty. "Why are you whispering? I was always taught that 'twas rude to whisper in company."

"Tell her," muttered Admiral Latymer.

"It is your duty," she murmured; "only be gentle with my child."

He frowned and cleared his throat ostentatiously, glancing from the mother to the daughter. Then he pulled himself together and faced the bewildered Letty.

"My dear niece," he said, "you must promise me not to be alarmed — above all, not to go off in a faint."

"Heavens! What has happened?" cried the girl. "Do not tell me that Mr. Hardford has made away with himself!"

"No, no; no one has made away with himself—no, just the opposite," said the

Admiral, adding below his breath, "Worse luck!"

"Just the opposite—the opposite? What do you mean?" cried Letty.

Her uncle rubbed the end of his nose with his forefinger for some moments; then he gave an exclamation and turned quickly to his niece.

"Look you here," he cried; "didn't Dick Hawker make you believe that he was killed at Waterloo?"

"Oh, uncle——"

"Well, he was a liar! He's alive! I saw him to-day, and, what's more, he's on his way——"

The door was thrown open and the maid announced:—

"Captain Hawker to wait upon you, ma'am."

Before the name had been spoken there entered the room a medium-sized man with a somewhat bloated face—a man whose appearance suggested a prosperous German shopkeeper—especially when he smiled. He was smiling very copiously as he advanced bowing. At first Letty gave a little start; then she remained pale and rigid where she was standing beside her uncle. Her mother watched her anxiously; her uncle curiously, with a shrewd smile.

And then the visitor bowed with his heels together before Mrs. Walland.

"My dear lady, how well I remember you, Mrs. Valland—I beg your pardon, you pronounce the 'W' in this country, Mrs. Walland. I should have known you anywhere. Four years has but made you look younger, madam."

He bowed once more, and, passing Admiral Latymer, winked, whispering:—

"That's the right sort of thing to say to the old ones, Admiral, hey?"

Admiral Latymer clenched his hand. For a moment he seemed about to resent, in shipboard fashion, the man's familiarity, but a second later he appeared to have changed his mind—changed it to the opposite point of the compass, in fact, for his fingers relaxed, and with one of them he gave the gentleman a sly thrust in the ribs, whispering:—

"Ah, you knowing dog!"

He glanced at his niece. She was standing there, pale and as rigid as before.

At the same moment the visitor glanced toward Letty. He raised his hands in the manner of a Dutchman, crying, "Ach!" And, sure enough, it was a genuine Dutchman's exclamation that came from him.

"This can never be my dear Miss—Miss—" he was clearly trying to recall her name—"my dear Miss—Hetty—of course, it is Miss Hetty! You see, I have not forgotten you, Miss——"

"My daughter's name is Letitia, sir," said Mrs. Walland, severely.

He was in the act of shaking hands with the girl, and he retained her hand while he said:—

"To be sure—Miss Letty, for short. Didn't I say Letty? If I didn't it was because I was so surprised to find that she was still Miss Het—Letty, instead of being Mrs.—something or other. What have the beaux been thinking of—or perhaps I should ask you what have *you* been thinking of for the past four years?"

"Yes, that's more to the point, certainly. Only you might say, '*Whom* has she been thinking about?'" said Mrs. Walland. Then she looked at him critically from head to foot and added, "No; on second consideration I believe that *what* is the right word after all."

The man did not seem to hear her. He was standing with his arms akimbo, smiling at the girl. There was no smile on her face, however, even when he put his face closer to hers and said in a low tone:—

"Fair Miss Letty! I do believe, now that the room and the furniture and yourself have given a jog to my memory, that we had some tender passages together—hey? Ah, I was a gallant son of Mars in those days, Admiral." (He was compelled to address the Admiral, for Letty had turned and walked quickly to the sofa, on which she seated herself.) "Yes, when we were at home we had too much spare time on our hands—we hadn't much when we were in camp. While we were waiting for our marching orders I know I found this house a very hospitable one." He glanced around. "Ah, yes; how the good old time comes back!" He had walked to a beautiful mahogany garde-du-vin which stood between the windows, and he looked down on it smiling. He laid an affectionate hand on it, saying:—

"I remember this piece of furniture well. It was always well stocked in those days—yes, in *those* days."

He bent his head over it reverently until his nose was on the edge of the lid.

"The beast!" said Mrs. Walland, taking a step toward the man, when the Admiral interposed, raising a cautionary hand, while he whispered:—

"Not yet—not yet; give him plenty of rope—the rope's end will follow."

He might easily have been overheard by the visitor, for he had come slowly down the room to Mrs. Walland, and now he was beside her, still smiling.

"Dear madam," he said, "I am overwhelmed by the delightful memories of this room. Only one thing is necessary to waft me back to live in the old days in earnest."

"In sober earnest?" said the Admiral.

"Pray what is that, sir?" said Mrs. Walland.

"Madam, I frankly admit that I am a sentimentalist," he said, with unctuous gravity. "The tears come to my eyes and gush forth, madam, when I recall—if I do not mistake, the year of the vintage was in the early 'seventies—it was claret in those days, but I believe that for sentimental purposes brandy would do quite as well. I do not doubt that the household where a vintage claret found a shelter would extend its hospitality to a really fine O.D.V. Am I right, widow?"

Mrs. Walland was about to speak when again Admiral Latymer interposed.

"Come along, my lad," he cried, with breezy heartiness. "We should find ourselves a good way down Queer Street if we failed at any time to show hospitality to a distinguished spirit—a distinguished ghost revisiting us after so long an interval."

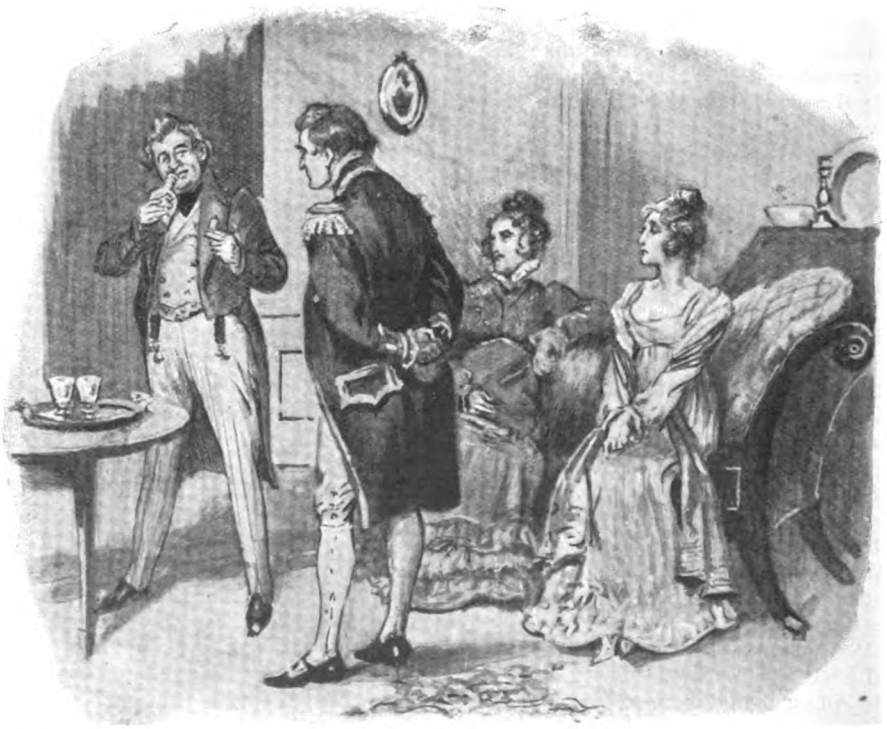
He hastened to the garde-du-vin, followed by the visitor, and, raising the lid, brought forth a tray of bottles and glasses, which he placed on the table, Mrs. Walland and her daughter watching him from the sofa. Letty's face wore a curious expression of mingled scorn and disgust, which did not decrease when Hawker's voice was heard saying, as he winked at her uncle:—

"You may depend on my giving shelter to your distinguished spirit, Admiral."

He took the decanter and withdrew the stopper, smelling and smiling.

"Ah, I knew what I might expect when I offered to come here this evening," said he. "It was claret in those days, but now"—he poured out half a tumbler of the brandy and passed it under his nose. Then he looked toward the ladies and bowed courteously, saying:—

"Ladies, I give you the solemn toast of the dear departed—dear departed days. The days are dead, madam—the claret days—but



"'AH, I KNEW WHAT I MIGHT EXPECT WHEN I OFFERED TO COME HERE THIS EVENING,' SAID HE."

their ghost has returned from the spirit world in the form of brandy."

He drained his glass and held it out to Admiral Latymer, who at once refilled it, crying, jovially :—

"Ha, my lad, that's the real Admiral's tap; none of your seven-water grog about it. But are you not something of a ghost yourself, Mr. Hawker? Weren't you killed at Waterloo?"

Mr. Hawker looked at him for a moment, then tossed off the contents of his tumbler and laid the tip of a finger against his nose.

"Admiral," he said, "haven't you seen a spirit advertised as full of flavour and body?"

"Yes; and I've seen a body full of spirit and — yes, flavour," said the Admiral, pointedly.

"That's me, sir—*me!*" cried the other, striking himself on the chest. "I'm legally a ghost, but there's a pretty fair amount of body about me, hey?"

"Yes, pretty fair," assented the Admiral, courteously.

"Waterloo didn't make an end of me; no, not quite. For why, sir—why? Because I wasn't there."

"Oh, you sly rogue! But your regiment was there."

"Yes, and it's there still—the most of it. But I'm here, sir, here; ready to drink to the memory of——"

"No, I'm hanged if you do!"

Admiral Latymer snatched away the tumbler when Mr. Hawker was stretching out a hand for it where it stood on the table.

"What d'ye mean, sir?" cried the visitor. "Not drink to the memory of my dear old comrades?"

"Tell us first how it is that you are not now among your dear old comrades," said the Admiral.

The fellow laughed vinously.

"Well, if you will have it," he said. "But mind, I'm no braggart. 'Twas a smart trick, but I'm not boasting of it. You force me. 'Twas in this way: we had arrived in Brussels all right and the Duke was letting old Blücher rub the rough edges off the Frenchies, and so far as we could learn they were pretty rough. The good people of Brussels were very kind to us. We had a dance every night. On the last night of all there was a big ball given by the Duchess of Richmond; but only for the big-wigs--staff officers. I found myself in very pleasant quarters at the house of a diamond merchant named Goldstein — a German — and he had a daughter—Ada was her name—a nice, sensible girl—and before I had been in her company for three days we were ready to make a match of it. She had lovely fair ringlets and a splendid bust. Did I mention that her name was Goldstein?"

"Yes, Ada Goldstein," said the Admiral. He had begun to turn up the cuffs of his coat, but he turned them down again.

"She was a peacefully-inclined young woman was Ada, and she made me a peacefully-inclined young man. See?"

He leered at the Admiral, who once more began to work at his cuffs, muttering:—

"I wonder if he'll finish before I kick him out?"

"You see," continued the man, confidentially, "before I left England I was pretty heavily dipped, and my own regiment was beginning to be rather hot for me. What was I to do? There was Waterloo in front of me. Lord! those French cuirassiers! I had once to stand against their charge—once only! Never again! And 'Never again!' was what I thought when Fräulein Goldstein showed me that there was an alternative to the charge of sabres which I could see in an awful nightmare now and again. She was a sensible young woman. So we stood together at the window and watched the red-coats streaming out of Brussels that night. The torches shone upon that red river that flowed down the street and on to Waterloo. 'A sea of blood! A sea of blood!' cried Ada. For a minute, I confess, I felt foolish when my own regiment marched past, the drums and fifes playing the old quick-step. But the next day, when the news came that not a single officer had survived—ah, I laughed, I laughed, and—Gott in Himmel! how I kissed my Ada! How ——"

His chuckling was interrupted by Letitia, who had rushed across the room to her uncle, catching his arm with one hand, while with the other she pointed to Hawker, crying:—

"Kill him—kill him! Kill that wretch!"

"Leave him to me," said the Admiral, whose cuffs were now fully turned up on a thoroughly business basis.

The visitor began to suspect something.

"Stand back!" he cried. "I married her. I tell you I married her honourably."

He ducked behind the table to avoid the Admiral's onslaught.

"I swear that I married her!" he yelled

again; but the last word was uttered from the landing, though Admiral Latymer got but a single blow at him.

And then the Admiral quietly closed the door and dusted his hands. Letty ran to the sofa and buried her face in one of the cushions.

The door opened a little way and a head showed itself in the aperture.

"British hospitality!" cried Mr. Hawker, and vanished quickly.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Walland, bending over her daughter, "you were not to blame. In those awful days before Waterloo every soldier was in our eyes a hero."

The Admiral was still at the other side of the room. He had discovered the hat which their visitor had inadvertently left behind him, and he picked it up with the tongs, opened the door, and kicked it through. It struck, full on the body, Mr. Hardford, who was on his way upstairs. He wore a travelling cloak and boots.

"Halloa! what's this?" he said.

"Fling it over the banisters," roared the Admiral.

But the young man had no chance of doing so, for Letty had rushed to him and thrown herself frantically into his arms, crying:—

"Dearest, stay with me! I never loved anyone but you—never—never!"

"He'll stay, don't you doubt it," remarked her uncle, with a great show of sagacity.

And he did stay.

"I NEVER LOVED ANYONE BUT YOU—NEVER—NEVER!"

THE NEW FASHION IN POPULAR PRINTS.

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SHORTLY after the election of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States the great American public was vastly entertained by the story of his exploits with the bears of Arizona. One day there appeared at the entrance to a confectionery store in the Broadway, New York, Mr. Roosevelt in effigy aiming a gun at the stuffed figure of a bear, the exhibit being entitled "Teddy's Bear." This was seen by an enterprising art publisher, who straightway had a drawing made of the episode thus depicted, which was reproduced in a small photogravure print. The print sold like hot cakes, and was promptly followed by others of a similar character.

This was the beginning of the vogue of the Teddy Bear, and also of a new form, mainly humorous in idea, of popular art. At first exploited in America, it has during the past year or two invaded the United Kingdom, and has now become a prominent feature in the printsellers' windows of both countries.

The extraordinary success of these prints is not wholly due to the fresh and quaint type of humour which they mostly embody. It is also partly explained by the fact that in their shape and size art publishers have, for the

"JUST AT THAT MOST INTERESTING AGE."

"HER MASTER'S VOICE."

first time, practically recognised the changes which have taken place in internal domestic architecture. In the flat and the small suburban villa of to-day there is no longer available the amount of wall-space which, in the last generation, had to be covered with pictures and prints. It is not merely that rooms are smaller; the wall-space is further reduced by the oak panelling and other ornamental devices with which the builders

THE HORSE: "WHAT ON EARTH DOES HE WANT?
HE'S PULLING THE REINS FOR ME TO STOP
AND MAKING A NOISE FOR ME TO GO ON."

of to-day equip houses and flats. Mural adornment thus becomes a matter of inches instead of feet.

Cheaper processes of reproduction have also lent themselves, of course, to this new movement in popular art. Subjects such as

are illustrated in these pages were first sold on the other side of the Atlantic at as low a price as a dollar apiece; the price in England has now been further reduced to one or two shillings. They are reproduced in photogravure of as good a style as that employed for guinea prints, tastefully mounted in various tints that lend themselves easily to cheap and effective framing. It is noteworthy that those executed in England show a distinct superiority over those imported from the United States. The Americans, with all their skill and ingenuity, cannot yet equal the cheap photogravure work of certain English firms.

Up to the present the most successful subjects have come from American artists. But other subjects are in preparation which are the result of original work on the part of

English artists, Mr. John Hassall being one of those whose services have been requisitioned for the purpose. An excellent example of his work is reproduced—"Ain't Mustard Nasty Without Meat On It?" Speaking generally, the publishers find that there is no lack of English artists with technical cleverness, but they are not so prolific in the ideas that catch the popular taste as their American *confrères*. As a rule they have to be given

the ideas from which to work up their pictures. Both American and English artists who have given their attention to this new class of work are of academic training. In America they are graduates of leading art schools and exhibitors at the principal exhibitions, although their names would not be familiar to the British public. Several of these artists, however, now devote themselves exclusively to the production of these "catchy" little prints, which they find much more remunerative than the painting of gallery pictures.

These American prints are above all things "catchy"—"catchy" both in the fundamental idea and the method of expressing it

pictorially. The inscription—or "legend" as it used to be called by the old cartoonists—is often only less important than the picture. It has usually to express much in a few words,

"The Horse: 'What on earth does he want? He's pulling the reins for me to stop and making a noise for me to go on.'"

But, however much assistance the humour

like "Just at That Most Interesting Age." In the case of another subject reproduced here the quality of the joke justifies the exceptional length of the inscription which it bears:—

of a print may derive from the inscription, the artist has to depict the main idea with unerring force. In "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before," for instance, observe

the look of mingled curiosity and fear on the child's face as it turns to see the approach of the mother whose shadow is reflected on the wall. It is this look which goes right home to your feelings. Every other detail, such as the finger-marks on the child's dress, although most faithfully rendered, is subsidiary to it.

ferocious creature and the demure little maiden standing by his side. But this artistic licence has been taken by the greatest comic artists, from Cruikshank to Caran D'Ache.

But from the first childhood has figured most largely in these prints—it is the subject

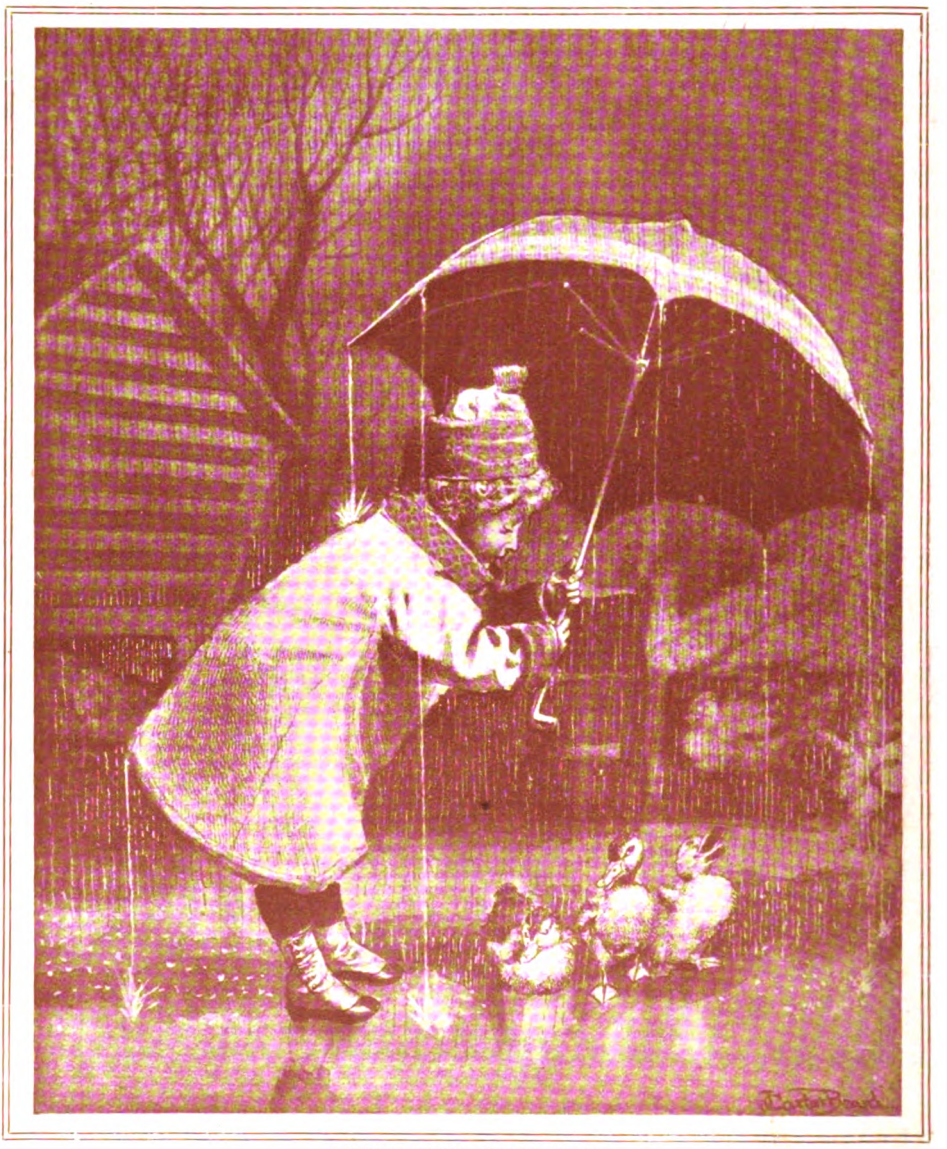
It must be admitted that artistic licence has sometimes to be taken in order to obtain the necessary broad effect on prints measuring only five and a half by seven and a half inches. In the print, "Don't Be Afraid, Doggie," for instance, the animal's head is made unduly large in order to emphasize the comicality of the contrast between the

of all but two of those we reproduce—and in the humour of childhood pathos is frequently blended. It is not to be discovered, perhaps, in "Just at That Most Interesting Age," "Ain't Mustard Nasty Without Meat On It?" and "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"; but it is not far off in "There's a Man in the House," "Mistaken Charity,"

"Whose Baby is Oo?" and "Let's Keep This One, Nursie."

After the humour of childhood the favourite theme—as was only to be expected—of these American picture-makers is the humour of love. The kiss as a signal to the horse is but one of many similar jokes off the beaten track which have been given artistic rendering. One of the quaintest of these prints, perhaps, "Her Master's Voice," shows a Cupid talking through a gramophone.

It should be added that, whilst humour is the mainstay of these American prints, there are others of an uncompromisingly serious and sentimental character, such as those illustrating Scriptural themes—"The Rock of Ages" and "Scatter Seeds of Kindness"—and song-titles—"The Lost Chord" and "Love's Old Sweet Song." But it is humour which gives them their distinctive savour, and has won for them the popularity that seems destined to make them familiar objects in the Englishman's home for many years to come.



"MISTAKEN CHARITY."

THE CASTLE SECRET.

By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

THE storm without raged horribly. Inside the old Berninerburg the red light of the wood fire leapt and flickered on the rough stone walls, bare but for the suits of armour and the heads of stags and boars affixed to them here and there.

The elusive, leaping radiance hid in part the poverty of the vast place. It did not look dreary in the warm, rosy medium of fire-light. By the long table, which was pushed up near the hearth, sat the old Overlord of Bernin. His face was lowering, his expression a mixture of rage and something not far removed from despair. His two sons sat near him, slouching half across the table, their dark, ferocious faces now visible, now hidden, as the flapping wood-flame rose and fell. Their wives were there also, one of them lean and hard-faced, the other over-blown and bold, stout and lazy, both wearing expressions of boredom mixed with hatred and disgust.

The large hall was full of gusty draughts, and the wind screamed sadly in the chimney. Outside a fine, frozen, sifting snow was drifting in the cutting north wind that battered the weather-beaten face of the old castle.

The time was January, in one of the first years of the nineteenth century, but the faces and the whole appearance of the Overlord and his family seemed properly to belong to the Middle Ages.

They might well be dejected, for, after years of boisterous, ill-gotten plenty, they sat faced with ruin and starvation.

The Berninerburg dominates the northern lip of the narrow, precipitous Centras Pass into Italy.

For centuries the Stolberg family had been Overlords, and for centuries they had taken toll of all that passed across the Centras, whether of man or merchandise. The gaunt walls of that castle could tell weird tales of violence in the old bad bygone days. There was a torture-chamber, which had not been out of fashion for so much as a century past; and there was an *oubliette*, which let the victim down, by means of a fall of a couple of hundred feet, full into the boiling waters of the Centras river, which whirled him away, and so fulfilled the doubly excellent purpose of killing him outright and of clearing away the mess.

The present family of Stolberg, as represented by the Overlord, his two sons, and his young daughter, not present this evening in the hall, had not found it necessary to resort to either torture-chamber or *oubliette* to enforce their tolls. They kept a score or so of men-at-arms, whose persuasions had always proved effectual. Travellers by the Centras knew that they would be plundered, but under the present rule they knew pretty well to what extent. It is wonderful how mildly folks will submit to extortion when they know what to expect.

The family prospered mightily. The old Overlord had married a lady of high birth, and, though her sons had grown up robber chiefs like their father, her young daughter, born some years later, had proved to be of finer stuff. They had sent her northwards to her mother's people in Tyrol, and she had returned educated, handsome, richly dressed, and prepared to look down with contempt upon her loutish brothers, whose wives were bitterly jealous of her. Her mother was dead, but her father took an almost insane delight in her. She was to marry some great personage—perhaps a crowned head.

And then came Napoleon, and in a few weeks the Pass was taken, the men-at-arms dead or scattered, the Berninerburg pillaged, and the raging old tyrant and his sons left with their lives and little else.

French troops garrisoned the Centras, merchandise and other traffic paid toll to the French conqueror; and the story of the Stolberg family was to all appearance finished.

The worst of it all was that the young French colonel who commanded the garrison was apparently incorruptible. Johann and Gerholt Stolberg had tested him, going as far as they dared, with hints of future profits on a scale undreamed-of, would he but cast in his lot with them, who knew the Pass as the palm of their hand.

He was a handsome fellow, a Breton, tall and fair and square and silent; a good swordsman, but no gambler; a man, they had by now decided, who was not accessible to bribes. It was Gerholt from whom the

new inspiration came. The family conclave had sat long, gloomy, and heavy-hearted, not knowing where to turn for plunder in future, and seeing clearly enough that plunder was their only accomplishment, and they must either rob or starve. At last, out of the gloom where he sat, Gerholt sent forth a word:—

"Try him with Aline."

There was a little stir among those who listened. His father looked up suddenly, and one could catch the gleam of his rheumy eyes, half anger, half unwilling interest.

"The fellow is handsome," grumbled Johann in his beard. "If he married Aline he would be our ally for ever."

"AS SHE SPOKE SHE WAS DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE."

"Idiot!" said Johann's wife, with a fine connubial contempt. "Would he be such a fool as to marry without a dowry?"

Johann chuckled. "Not such as you, Anna Sophia; but Aline is a tempting morsel."

The old Overlord growled.

Gerholt moved forward, laying his arms on the table in his eagerness.

"If he did not marry her——" he began. But his father stopped him with something between an oath and a scream.

"Hear me out!" said Gerholt, savagely. "Let me say what I mean. It is this. If we can get him here, and Aline fails, there is the *oubliette*." A gasp went round the circle, and eyes seemed to glitter in the dusk. "If I mistake not, the second in command would be easy enough to bribe if his master had disappeared. And the *oubliette* is safe — there is no chance of miscarriage. Moreover, it is done in a moment. And we could all swear he left the house in safety."

Still there was silence.

"He is an enemy," said Gerholt, sulkily. He spoke as if someone had blamed him. "Were he a friend it would be another matter. But if he stays where he is we must starve, for all I see to help it."

The great clock somewhere in the shadow ticked on. It was as though the family held its breath. Then a glimmer of light danced upon the high upper part of the wall of the great hall. It moved forward, and grew brighter. Upon the stone gallery that led to the rooms of the upper floors appeared the slender form of Aline Stolberg, in long, sweeping white robes, carrying a lamp in her hand.

"All sitting in the dark!" said her fresh young voice "What a weird thing to do on a night like this! I will call Amalia, and lay supper."

As she spoke she was descending the staircase, her light nodding and wavering over the walls and

the floor and the high roof and the sulky group about the hearth.

She wore the kind of dress with which portraits of the Empress Josephine have made us familiar—high-waisted, with folds across the bosom, and a clinging skirt. Her lovely hair was bunched into curls, and framed a face full of spirit and fire.

She advanced and set down the lamp on the table.

Her father leaned forward, and suddenly his heavy hand fell upon her arm.

"Aline, if I desired to ask a guest to supper, could you serve us up a good meal, such as one sets before a—gentleman?" he asked.

"If Hans or Gerholt will shoot me something," she replied, "it could be managed. The cellars are full of good wine, as you know."

She was perfectly frank and unsuspecting. As the eyes of the three men rested upon her they felt that she was an ideal decoy. No man could look into those eyes and suspect treachery.

Her father leaned back in his chair with a sigh and fingered his heavy beard. Lawless as he had always been, he had his standards, such as they were. The betrayal of a guest would have been a forsaking of those standards. But he hated the French conquerors; this man was an enemy, and they were like to starve ere long unless they came to terms with the present guardians of the Pass.

Nobody spoke as Aline, leaving her lamp on the table, ran lightly away to the kitchen, whence she presently emerged, followed by a huge, brawny peasant girl, carrying a mighty ham in one hand and the remains of a joint of beef in the other. These were placed upon the board, with loaves, cheese, and great pitchers of beer; and the Stolberg family drew in chairs and fell to at their meal.

But a few months back there had been blazing torches in every sconce and a lackey behind each chair. There had been great pasties and smoking hot dishes of game and plum-pudding. In all his being the old Overlord resented his lost dignity, his present humiliation.

Aline also was changed and silent. Her thoughts were often busy, regretting her past life at her aunt's Tyrolese castle. There had met a circle of cultivated men and women from all parts of Europe. Situated on the highway between Austria and Italy, it was a house of call for all whose birth or talents claimed recognition. The girl who sat so patiently at this rough meal had been used to the exclusive service of a maid to dress her hair and a footman to follow her when she chose to walk abroad. Chiefly she recalled the image of Gaston Levaillant, a young officer who had stayed some days at the castle and with whom she had held much talk. He had been forced to leave to join his regiment before the charming friendship could ripen into anything deeper. But Aline had not forgotten him.

What would he think of her, could he see her now, one of a disgraced family, stripped of their claims to consideration, clinging to life in this gaunt, despoiled fortress, wondering whence the next week's bread was to come?

"This Colonel de l'Annion," said Johann, grumblingly, "this commander of the French garrison—I suppose it would be good manners on our part to offer him a day's hunting in the mountains?"

"The commander of the French garrison?" said Aline, staring at her brother.

"It is the wisest thing I have heard from your brother for weeks past," said the Overlord, gruffly. "When conquered, the best thing is to take defeat, and propitiate the conquerors. It was for this that I asked if supper could be properly served for once."

Aline was much surprised. Perhaps this is too mild a word. She was astounded. To hear her father and brother breathing peace and goodwill to their enemies in this unexampled fashion made her suspect something, she knew not what.

The meal was as gloomy and morose as all their meals now were. They were an ill-assorted party, who got on pretty well as long as they could divide the wide castle between them. But now that poverty forbade more than one fire, and the nights were long and cold, they were driven together into an unwished-for society, and the only way to keep the peace, as a rule, was to say nothing at all.

The old Overlord sat glaring at his beautiful girl. She ought to be the wife of some great noble, not herding here with her unkempt brothers and their half-savage wives.

The atmosphere was so charged with strong feeling of some unpleasant kind that, as soon as they had finished eating, Aline slipped away to the nursery, to sit beside the cot of her little niece, Gerholt's only child. She had laid supper, and she thought that Anna Sophia or Theresa might take it away.

As soon as she was gone Johann went to a side-table, and with difficulty unearthed a

pen of some kind, a bottle of ink, some paper, and a sand-box. He carried these to the light of the lamp, and sat down to write an invitation among the plates and dishes.

The night grew more and more terrific. The wind whirled, shrieking about the grey towers of the Berninerburg, and without the hard, granulated snow piled itself in ever-increasing drifts against the walls.

At the height of the tempest there came a thundering knock upon the great door of the hall.

Father and sons leapt to their feet and stared one at the other. The three men were now alone, the daughters-in-law having betaken themselves above, leaving the strewn supper things upon the table.

Some benighted traveller knocking for shelter from the storm! It had been a frequent enough occurrence when they were lords of the Pass. But the last few months had passed for them in unbroken solitude.

Johann fastened some of the buttons of his coat and slouched to the door, wincing from the cold as he left the warm area by the hearth. He drew back the little slide which covered the grille and demanded who was there.

A strong, manly voice was heard, crying that the owner of it had lost his way. Could they direct him back to the town?

A sudden curious gleam played on Johann's face. He swiftly turned to his father and brother and made a motion with his hand. Then, as in anxious hospitality, he let down the bars and admitted Colonel de l'Annion.

The tall, well-built form of the soldier stepped from the wild whirl of snowflakes into the half-light of the wide, dim hall. He paused a moment, and his expression showed that he was surprised to find himself where he was. Evidently he had completely lost his way.

"HE PAUSED A MOMENT, AND HIS EXPRESSION SHOWED THAT HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF WHERE HE WAS."

There he stood in the stronghold of these free-booters who were his enemies; and for a moment, looking at the three of them, he felt as if he had walked into a trap. But the warmth of the welcome he received was disarming. The old Overlord came forward in stately fashion to greet him; and Johann and Gerholt were wise enough not to overdo the air of grand courtesy with which one receives an honourable foe.

"It is a fortunate chance that brings you here," said the Overlord. "We were in the act of writing to invite you to take a day's hunting with us

on the Alp. The wolves have been troublesome this winter, and we could promise you good sport."

The Colonel replied that they were very kind.

"We would then have tried, in spite of —er—the fortunes of war, to set before you a better meal than we can now offer. But since the supper is still on the table, such as it is, sit down and eat, for I dare swear you are hungry."

"Hungry! I have eaten nothing since midday," he replied, "and then it was only black bread and goat's cheese! Your fine ham looks more tempting than any food I ever saw!"

Johann hastened to carve, and Gerholt, lifting down a lamp, went off to the cellar with a jug. They were quite brisk.

The young man fell to with a will, and the old Overlord, seated in his stamped leather chair, watched him with ruminating eyes.

It was too fatally easy. The man had walked into the trap without waiting to be asked. Moreover, no human soul knew that he was there.

There was no need of Aline—his darling need not be dragged into this. The responsibility for what was to be done rested only with him and his sons. The *oubliette* was a quick death—and if his body should be found in the Centras river, what so natural as that he should have lost his way and fallen in in the storm?

What had been only a brooding, dark idea, a half-formed notion, leapt in a flash into a fully-arranged plan.

Here, in his power, was the man who was incorruptible. He could sweep him out of his path as easily as one brushes a fly from one's plate, and with as little fear of consequences. The future of his family depended upon it. He could deal with the second in command.

With quick cunning, sharpened by the stress of the moment, he felt that the immediate thing was to warn his sons to keep the women out of the affair. His intention was that, if possible, no woman of his household should know of the arrival of the stranger.

He strode from the room as the thought struck him, intercepted Gerholt on his way back from the cellar, and bid him tell the women not to come downstairs, as the storm was growing worse and they were best in their beds. "And when you have done this," he said, "go and take the oil-can; make sure that the *oubliette* works properly."

Gerholt stood a moment, like one turned to stone. A dull red flush came up under his tanned skin. His shifty eyes sought his father's face and found there a sudden quietness, a deadliness of determination which was something to rest upon. He took a long breath and went to do his errand, his father returning to the hall with the jug of wine.

"It is nearly three miles from hence to the barracks," said the Overlord, as he set down the fine, rare Rhine wine beside his guest. "The drifts will make it impossible to-night, for there is no moon. I fear you will be driven to accept our hospitality. For what is lacking to your comfort you must blame Bonaparte, not us."

Colonel de l'Annion tasted the exquisite wine, and leaned back in his chair with the delicious lassitude of a tired man whose hunger is appeased. He was a fine soldier, keen and watchful, but his own disposition was so straightforward that he was not quick to suspect villainy in others. These men, vanquished foes, had treated him with rough courtesy. He had no reason to suppose their design to be evil. That they might wish to propitiate him was more than likely. That they should desire to murder him was in his opinion out of the question. He failed to see how such an act could serve them; for there was the garrison, just the same though he were disposed of. He had little hesitation in accepting their offer of a bed; and he said a few well-chosen words about courtesy between gentlemen, though enemies. The words made the Overlord wince, but Johann found them droll. This man was of the true freebooter type—predatory in all his instincts. The sight of De l'Annion's fine diamond ring, the brooch in his cravat, and the costly gold watch which he drew from his fob were so many extra inducements in his eyes. He began to plan a way to let the death-hole swallow its victim when he had laid aside his valuables.

Very fine cigars were at the service of the guest when he had supped. He drew up his chair to the fire, at his host's invitation; and the final touch was thus put to his feeling of complete well-being.

He thought the robber-fortress very picturesque. It reminded him of a certain Tyrolese castle to which he had gone in his young days, when a soldier of fortune, under an assumed name, before he joined the army of the Republic, and where he had met the one woman who haunted his wild, poetic, Breton dreams.

Gerholt meantime had proceeded upstairs.

He found his own wife already in her bed—"the only place in which to get warm in this Famine Castle," as she politely remarked. Anna Sophia was fussing over a small pan of charcoal, in the room where her own children slept. She received without surprise the message that she had better not come down again that evening. Such a message commonly meant that the Overlord was intending to drink more than he could carry with dignity and seemliness.

He passed on to where Aline sat, at the bedside of Lora, her little niece. Lora, a timid child, had been frightened at the storm, and Aline had sat by her until she was asleep.

She rose and crept noiselessly to the door when Gerholt looked in.

"Father says you are to get to bed and not come down again," he said, shortly. He did not trouble to make his message plausible; she was but a girl, and the Overlord's commands were not held to need explaining in the Berninerburg. Aline did not ask "Why?" But her attention was again arrested. What was going on downstairs? Her father's sudden mildness towards his enemy, the hint of a guest to supper, had put her on the alert. Since she came home she had suffered keenly in her gradual realization that both her brothers were no better than rascals. And now that they were near starving, she knew they were desperate rascals.

She crept to her own room. It was very cold. She struck no light, but groped for a warm cloak, and, wrapping it about her, set her door ajar, and listened to hear where Gerholt went and what he did.

At the extremity of the passage in which her room was placed was a round tower. The chamber in this tower was the fatal one, to enter which one must cross the *oubliette*. For many years this had lain there harmless, and when she came from school Aline had wished to have that tower chamber for her own use. But this idea had been negatived by both father and brothers. The tower overhung the rushing Centras; and below this floor half of it was hollow, the hollow growing larger as it went down, so that no unfortunate could snatch at a wall in his downward course.

Aline, as she stood in the dark, heard Gerholt come softly along the passage. He tried her door as he went by. She pressed hard against it, and, as he carried no light, he thought it was fastened. He went along, groping his way, and set open the door of the tower chamber. She heard him shut himself in and move about there for some time. What could he possibly be doing? He emerged after a while, during which she watched and shivered. He left a light in the tower chamber, closed the door behind him, and went to the windlass in the passage, to wind up a pitcher full of water from the river below. This he carried into the room, and as he entered the astonished girl saw that he had made up the bed after a fashion. Again he came out, set down the light he carried, knelt down, and very cautiously lowered the *oubliette*, and she heard him working the rusty mechanism to and fro, until it moved without noise. Finally, he closed the trap and crept stealthily away.

The moment he had gone his sister slipped out of her room and ran along the passage. Kneeling down, she tried the *oubliette* with both hands, and found that it was perfectly safe and fast. What could it mean? Was somebody to be escorted to that room in safety, allowed to pass over the fatal spot, but not allowed to emerge again with life?

She slipped like a shadow along the passage, and tiptoed to the vaulted archway, where it came out upon the hall gallery. She dared not go farther for fear of being seen, but she stood in the shadow and heard a strange voice—a voice that sent a thrill through her. Someone laughed and spoke again, with a strong French accent on the unfamiliar German words. Ah, that was why she thrilled! It was a French voice she heard, and it recalled another French voice.

And suddenly the thing dawned upon her. They had a Frenchman there—it might even be the Colonel himself—and they were going to murder him!

She began to tremble, and shook so much that she could hardly stand. Wild and lawless she knew her men-folk to be; but assassins—— That is a different matter. At any personal cost she must save them from this crime. But how to do it?

The unsuspecting victim was to be shown to his room, and then, she supposed, the *oubliette* would be prepared and he would be decoyed out on some pretence.

Her heart beat wildly. She made up her mind what to do. She must hide and watch, and when the *oubliette* was unfastened she must manage in some way to fasten it up again.

But here she came full up against a serious difficulty. She had never meddled with the thing, and had no idea how it worked. Oh, for some gleam of light upon the horrible plan, for some ally in her fight with evil!

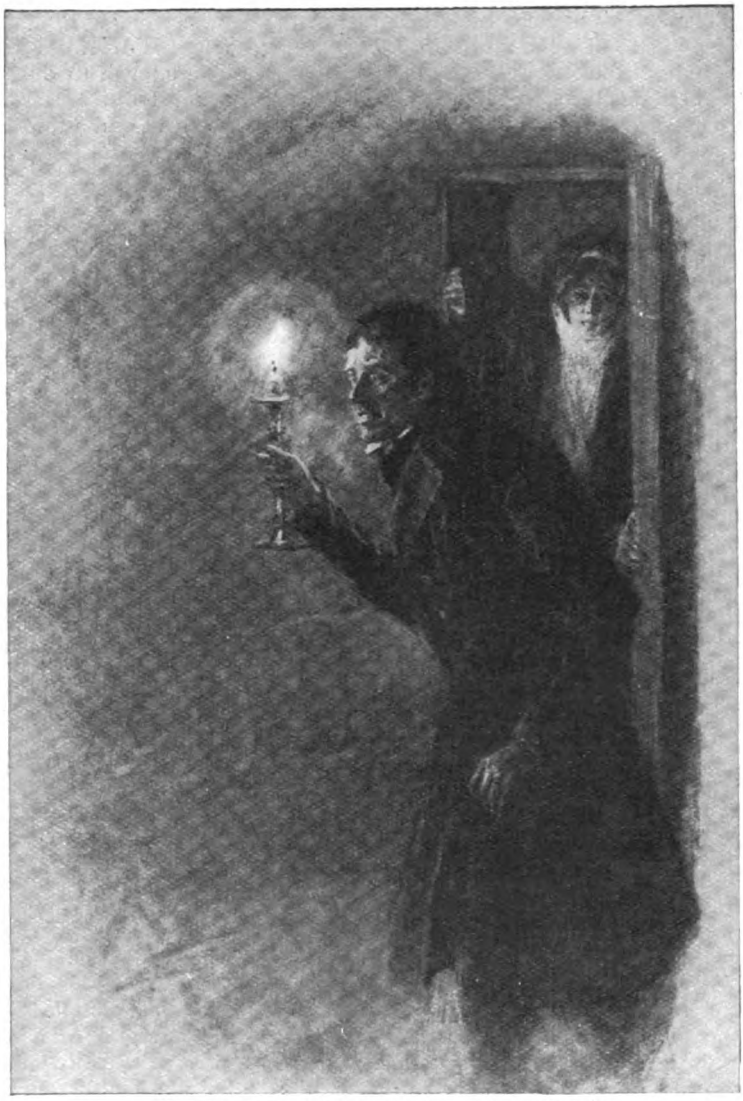
She heard a step upon the stone stair and an approaching voice. It was Gerholt. Her mind flew, her brain seemed to spin for a moment as she hesitated what to do.

Her acute ears told her that he was coming up alone. He left the others still in the hall below, for a laugh followed him up the stair.

Should she catch him and make to him a frantic appeal—confess to him that she knew?

It had never, in her experience, been of the least use to appeal to Gerholt's mercy; and the risk was too tremendous. If her appeal failed he would lock her up somewhere out of harm's way until all was over. She was a clever girl, and she realized that, having once determined on so desperate a course, the three men would not be lightly deterred. Their case must be more hopeless, their house more wholly ruined, than she had known or understood.

Who could the intended victim be? Whoever he might be, her only chance to save him was to remain hidden. She heard the footfalls of her brother reach the gallery, and whisked up a few steps of the winding stone stair which ascended to the top floor of the round tower, and the door to which was within a few feet of the *oubliette*.



"GERHOLT APPEARED, MOVING STEALTHILY."

She was barely hidden before Gerholt appeared, moving stealthily. She saw his face, for he carried a light. He looked ghastly, the sweat stood on his forehead. Should she startle him, trusting to the disorder of his nerves? She had almost done it, when the conviction flashed across her that he would doubtless tell her she was mad. The *oubliette* was safe and firm.

He crossed it, setting foot gingerly thereon, entered the tower room, and lighted up two torches, which blazed finely. He left the door wide, showing the bed within the cheerless place, and, kneeling down by the innocent-looking stone, manipulated it in some way she could not see, and the square flag gave way and showed an atrocious black chasm gaping there. She heard the raging flood howling below in its rocky gorge. She watched the twitching face of the murderer as he leaned over and raised the thing into place, leaving it so balanced that a touch would send it down.

They had, then, changed their plans; the thing was to be done forthwith.

Gerholt slunk away.

There was the trap, ready set. The guest, attended by his hosts to the open door of his lighted chamber, would have but to pass that threshold alone—and there would be the sudden shriek, the gaping hole, the hollow reverberations of the falling body, the plunge into the mad, hurrying, ice-cold flood—and for ever silence.

There was one thing she might do. She could not secure the *oubliette*, but she could push it down so that the pitfall gaped wide in the guest's path, plain to be seen. Gerholt might very possibly think that he had adjusted it badly and that it had fallen. But to do this was to proclaim her men-folk villains before this unknown guest. She must think of some other plan—one that might give them a chance.

There was no time. Oh for time—a moment to think! They must mean to usher him upstairs forthwith, or they would not have left the torches burning. It must be stopped—it must be stopped! The stigma must be removed from the men of her house. How else could anyone hereafter break bread in these accursed walls? How could one bring up little children to a heritage of such horror?

A thought came to her—it was a chance, just a chance, to save him without exposure. It all depended upon whether her father and brothers loved her better than their own dark purposes. Would they let her sacrifice her own life?

Why, if so, then she would. How could one live, the sister and daughter of traitors who would murder a defenceless guest?

She was still fully dressed. She darted into her room, searched a drawer, and took out one or two small objects, which she held in her hand. She actually smoothed her hair, that no traces of dishevelment might appear, and even as she did so there was the sound of voices and steps upon the stairs.

Had she tried to find the secret of the trap she must have been caught in the act.

She held her breath. The crisis had come, and in the next ensuing minute she might be hurled to a horrible death.

Had her father come upstairs? She was almost certain that, if he were there, he would risk any shame, any exposure, sooner than let her go to her death. If she could but persuade them to take their guest back to the hall for five minutes, the honour of the family might be saved.

Standing in the shadow of her dark doorway, she saw them advance. There was not light enough to distinguish features, but she could tell there were but three—her two brothers, and a third behind—not her father's leonine head.

She caught Johann's miserable laugh of false jocularity. He walked in front, hiding the others in the narrow space.

His sister stepped out into the passage just ahead of him, causing him to exclaim in nervous panic.

"Oh, you men!" said she, playfully. "Is this the way you prepare for a guest? The house of Stolberg is not so fallen but that we may provide soap and clean towel, not to say a brush and comb." She looked Johann full in the eyes. "Won't you take back the gentleman for a minute, while I go and complete the preparations?"

Johann made a motion to grip her by the arm, but she moved away from him, farther along towards the fatal spot.

"Give the things to me; I will take them in," he said, hoarsely.

"Nothing of the kind; it is my place to make ready the guest-room."

"My father told you to go to bed," gasped Johann, seeing that, should the tragedy be now enacted, there must be an unexpected witness. "It is late, it is not seemly. Give me the things."

"No, no; if I do not make that bed myself, no wink of sleep will your guest obtain."

There was a curious exclamation from behind—the stranger pushed past Gerholt, who was a shaking jelly of fear.

"Mademoiselle!"

The voice, the accent, struck upon the girl's very heart. In her state of nervous tension she uttered a cry, for the tall, grave officer before her was Gaston Levaillant, her undeclared lover of Tyrol.

He came up to her, grasped her hands, and his blue eyes met hers with a sudden light of extraordinary gladness which he had no time to conceal. "The age of miracles is not past," he said, "since I find you here."

"Monsieur!" faltered the girl, her hand imprisoned in his and lingeringly kissed.

"And you think," he said, in tones that trembled with joy, "that I would allow you to go and minister to my comfort? Your brothers know I am a soldier, and take with gratitude the shelter they offer to an enemy. Give me the things; I will take them with me."

"Let one of my brothers take them," said

Aline, firmly. "Our house is fallen, but must not break the laws of hospitality."

Johann saw that the girl must be got rid of. "I will take the things," he said, sourly, "and Gerholt had better ask the Colonel down into the hall again for five minutes—since you and he are friends, it seems."

"On no account will I give extra trouble," cried Gaston, gladly. "Your father is tired, and it is late. We shall meet in the morning. Give me the things; I will take them with me, with grateful thanks."

He started to move along the passage, holding out his hands to her for the towel and soap she carried.

She moved along with him, just ahead of him.

By the sombre glitter in the eyes of the two human wolves, the girl saw that there was no help. The man's fate was determined. They were strung up to crime, and could not be deterred.

"'DOGS!' HE THUNDERED, 'TREACHEROUS DOGS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?'"

"Johann! Gerholt!" she cried, despairingly. She got before De l'Annion, holding him with her two hands. "One of you go forward—don't let him wait on himself."

Gerholt had collected himself. All hung on this moment. "Stop, Aline!" he cried, angrily; "cannot the Colonel carry his own brush and comb across his own threshold?"

"Not while I live, to vindicate the honour of the house of Stolberg," said Aline, in a ringing voice. And, as De l'Annion, still anxious to save her any possible trouble, pressed on, she gave a cry of despair, snatched the things from his hold, turned, fled a few steps onward, and disappeared from sight, without a cry or a sound.

There was a simultaneous yell of horror. Then the brothers turned to see the Colonel with his back to the wall, his pistol in one hand, his sword in the other.

"Dogs!" he thundered, "treacherous dogs! What have you done? Tell me, before I run you through, what lies beneath that accursed hole. Is there any chance to save her?"

The yell, the loud, angry voices, told the Overlord that the thing had miscarried. He hurried up the stair, and Gerholt, gibbering like a maniac, fell to the floor at his feet.

"Aline! Aline!" was all he could gasp out.

"Aline!"

The old man tottered forward, glanced at the gaping hole, and fell prone upon the ground as if dead.

It was in this wise that the secret of the castle came to light.

It appears that during her lifetime the late lady of the castle, mother of Aline, had been always full of nervous terror lest harm should come to someone by means of the *oubliette*.

We need not suppose that she suspected her husband of a desire to use it upon his guests. But as her wild sons grew to manhood, she may well have had strange thoughts. Anyhow, she made a scheme, and had it put privately into execution during one of her lord's absences from the castle, with the knowledge only of her seneschal, one Franz, a Tyrolese.

They made a strong, thick net of knotted ropes, strong enough to bear the weight of a heavy body violently flung upon it, and spread it out below the mouth of the *oubliette*. They dared not put it very high up lest when the trap was opened it might be seen. But so obscure was the shaft that at a depth of about twelve feet the thing was not perceptible.

It was Franz who, when the castle was roused that night, and the hue and cry went round for ropes and for men to shut down the sluices and stop the racing water below, told the Overlord that his daughter was in all probability quite safe, merely stunned.

But it was Colonel de l'Annion who went down, when the rope was brought, into the foul mouth of the shaft that should have been his tomb, and brought back to the light of day and the warmth of love the girl who had offered her life for his.

The horror of the whole episode gave a wholesome shock to the lawless instincts of the Stolbergs.

They knew in their hearts how lucky they were that the accident of the Colonel's love for their sister should have given them immunity.

And the Colonel found himself able to represent to Napoleon that the Stolbergs should not be kept in idleness. There, starving in their eyrie, they were a menace to society; but, enrolled as soldiers, they developed into the kind that were needed in the army of the First Empire.

The brush and comb and towel were kept under glass in the Breton manor where General de l'Annion, after his wound at Austerlitz, passed the evening of his days. The soap escaped the meshes of the net, and was the sole prey claimed that night by the rushing waters of the Centras.

THE CABINET AS CHILDREN.

THOUGH we have it on the authority of Sir W. S. Gilbert that—

> . . . Every boy and every gal
> That's born into the world alive
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative !

it falls to the lot of very few boys to become Cabinet Ministers. For this reason, if for no other, the early days of those who have risen to Cabinet rank are of more than usual significance. Thinking, therefore, that our readers would be interested in a series of childhood portraits of the present Cabinet, we give in this article, through the courtesy of Ministers themselves, as complete a collection as it is possible to obtain.

The early days of Mr. Asquith were passed in the busy Yorkshire town of Morley, where he was born in 1852. One of his childish recollections is of carrying a flag in a Sunday-school procession and singing patriotic songs. After two years at the Moravian Boarding School he passed to the City of London School, and to the soundness of the training he there received Mr. Asquith has more than once alluded with gratitude. We have been told that "To have the privilege of reading a copy of the *Times* at a local bookseller's appears to have had a far greater fascination for him than playing at football or cricket," which indicates that his mind early in life showed its bent towards the serious side of things.

By winning the Balliol Scholarship for the first time in the history of his school, Mr. Asquith achieved his first big success, and embarked on the brilliant career which culminated in his acceptance of the Premiership in 1908.

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Methuen, publishers of the "Life of Mr. Asquith."

Lord Loreburn, still perhaps better known to the public as Sir Robert Reid, was born on the 3rd of April, 1846, and, like his colleague in the Cabinet, Lord Morley, owes his education to Cheltenham College. The Lord Chancellor distinguished himself at school by winning a Balliol Scholarship, and his career at Oxford was one of exceptional brilliance. Always very keen on cricket, he obtained his "Blue," and was in the eleven against Cambridge at Lord's for three years.

Mr. Reginald McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was born in London on July 6th, 1863. His early education was gained in Germany and France, after which he became a pupil at King's College, London. Here he rapidly worked his way to the highest class in the college, and thence passed to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Rowing has always been a favourite recreation of Mr. McKenna's, and he was bow in the Cambridge eight in 1887.

Mr. Herbert John Gladstone, the youngest son of the "Grand Old Man," was born at No. 12, Downing Street, on the 7th of January, 1854, and, like his famous father, received his education at that nursery of politicians—Eton. At Oxford he did well, taking a first class in Modern History, and being History Lecturer at Keble College for some years. The Home Secretary was, of course, as a boy, a familiar figure in "Mr. Gladstone's village," as Hawarden is frequently called, and always took a great interest in all forms of outdoor sport, being, in particular, very keen on cricket and football. The fact that, while young Gladstone was at Eton, his father put twopence on the Income Tax caused him to be known by the nickname of "Tuppence."

ROBERT THRESHIE REID (LORD LOREBURN).

Edinburgh Academy was the scene of Mr. Haldane's schooldays, and he recently indulged in some amusing reminiscences when addressing the Cadet Corps of his old school.

"You are," he said, "a little more luxurious than we were. I am told that the boys sometimes spend twopence and even threepence on their lunches. We never had more than a penny . . . I recall how we used to fight for a currant bun and half an Albert across the bar in the janitor's window. The only drinking water was in a trough; under the swaying bodies of the mass of boys fighting to get their lunches you dipped down as well as you could and got a jugful of water and crumbs, and slaked your thirst for the day." Those were, indeed, as Mr. Haldane said, good, hardy times. The Secretary for War, who is shown at the age of two, was born in 1856.

"He is a sturdy, healthy little fellow, stronger and much more lively than his little sister. He has fine curly hair. I am quite proud of him. May he live to become a great man." So wrote Mr. William George, then a schoolmaster at Manchester, to a

REGINALD MCKENNA.

HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE.

relative on January 17th, 1863, the day on which David Lloyd George was born. Two years later, on the death of the father, the family returned to an uncle's house in Wales. Mr. Lloyd George has more than once told how much he owes to his uncle's training. He it was who taught him the rudiments of French and gave him, while still quite a boy, a love of literature.

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE.

In his uncle's home, in the typical Welsh village of Llanystumdwy, young Lloyd George spent his childhood and passed from the village school to the University College at Aberystwyth. Here ended his school education. Having passed the preliminary examination at the age of

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

fourteen, he was articled two years later as a clerk in a solicitor's office, and so gained the first milestone on the road which was to lead him to Downing Street and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

To say that Lord Pentland — or Captain John Sinclair, as he was till quite recently — was trained at Edinburgh Academy, Wellington, and Sandhurst is to give a good idea of his early training. The Secretary for Scotland, who was born in 1860, is shown in the following photograph at the age of seven or eight, and, as the portrait suggests, he has played golf from childhood. In his early years Lord Pentland spent the holidays travelling with his parents, and often at his grandfather Sir John Sinclair's seat of Barrock, in Caithness, or golfing with his father.

Of Mr. Winston Churchill, who was born in 1874, it may truly be said that he has lived in an atmosphere of politics almost from the cradle. Both at Blenheim and in his parents' home in London political celebrities were constant visitors, and Mr. Churchill has many boyish recollections of

JOHN SINCLAIR (LORD PENTLAND).

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

the great Parliamentary figures of those days.

Though somewhat delicate in appearance, the President of the Board of Trade was a bright, lively boy, with any amount of good spirits, and, as might be expected in the light of later events, showed at an early age a taste for adventure. His education stands to the credit of Harrow, whence he went direct to Sandhurst, and at the age of twenty commenced his career by obtaining a commission in the 4th Hussars.

Mr. Walter Runciman, the President of the Board of Education, who is the son of Sir Walter Runciman, head of the well-known "Moor" line of steamships, was born at South Shields in 1870, and after attending a preparatory school near Westoe went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. The early photograph of him here shown is a particularly good example of child portraiture, and at the time it was taken his parents probably little thought that their son was destined to be the foremost figure in such a fierce controversy as that which recently raged over the Education Bill. A good deal of Mr. Runciman's youth was spent at sea, and while still a boy he visited nearly every important port in Europe.

Lord Carrington, the President of the Board

CHARLES ROBERT WYNN (EARL CARRINGTON).

of Agriculture, who is here shown at the age of two years, was born on the 16th of May, 1843. Many of his boyish recollections centre round High Wycombe, the constituency he represented for several years. He particularly remembers the church services of those early days, when the school-children were seated in rows one above the other, in charge of a man armed with a very long stick. With this stick he could reach the heads of any of the children, and during the service it was much in evidence, each time it was so used bringing forth a squeal or a piercing howl. "I used to congratulate myself in those days," says his lordship, "upon being in the wooden construction which my family used as a pew."

WALTER RUNCIMAN.

A GAME OF PATIENCE.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

"DAFTERNOON, ma'am!"

The visitor nodded graciously to the chorus of salutation, and a wave of her muff signified it was her pleasure that all should resume seats.

"The dear mites!" she exclaimed. "I should simply love to go round and kiss every one of them. They look so clean and good and obedient." The class made an effort to indicate by facial expression that it was worthy of this praise, a few in the back row slightly overdoing it and allowing their features to become painfully contorted.

"You must feel it a great privilege," turning again to the assistant mistress, "to be entrusted with the early stages——"

"They're not bad, Lady Victorine, considering the neighbourhood."

"Oh, but they're wonderful! Look at that sweet dot with blue eyes in the second row."

"She is," admitted the assistant, "quite a good child, comparatively speaking."

"I knew it!" declared the visitor, dreamily. "I knew it!" She went forward. "What's your name, dear little girl? What do they call you? Speak up! Don't be frightened of me. Louder!"

"A WAVE OF HER MUFF SIGNIFIED IT WAS HER PLEASURE THAT ALL SHOULD RESUME SEATS."

"Says her name is Amy," explained the other.

"She distinctly said Imy. Oh, of course! Now, that is the kind of error that you ought to eradicate, if you don't mind my saying so. It should be done kindly, gently, but firmly. By the by, I hope you never punish them on any account. I should be sorry to think that sweet little people like this had to endure any sort of correction for any cause whatsoever. It is only patience that is required in dealing with them. I have often thought that if I were in your position I should make it my aim to be a pattern to them of gentleness and good temper and—well, so on and so forth."

A pupil teacher brought a message from the head mistress. The young assistant, begging the visitor to excuse her for five minutes, said the pupil teacher would remain in charge of the class-room.

"No!" placing her muff with determination on the table beside the register book. "Here is the chance to which I have been looking forward for some time. You can leave me with the little dears, and I'll do my best to amuse them. Don't hurry back, if the head mistress has business to talk about. Now, then!" to the class of small people, with an ingratiating smile, as the two left. "What would you like me to do? Shall I tell you a fairy story?"

A shrill chorus of "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well, then. You must all keep very quiet and listen carefully, because I'm going to make up a story all out of my own head, and I shall have to think as I go along. Now I'm going to begin. All quiet, please."

The infants assumed a pained air of resignation.

"There was once a castle ever so high up on a steep mountain, looking down on a broad, deep river. What's that, my little man?"

The small boy, his right arm still up, repeated the inquiry.

"Never mind whether there were any fish in it. Perhaps there were, and perhaps there were not; it doesn't matter."

"My fawther goes fishing on Sundays. I go with him if I've been a good boy."

"And I'm sure you are always a good boy, aren't you, Tommy?"

"I don't think!"

"Well, as I was saying, there was this castle right up at the top of the mountain, and people going in boats along the river sometimes heard a voice singing up there. Shall I tell you what the song was?"

She coughed, and, gazing at a drawing of a tiger on the walls, sang four lines. The class, with an effort, arrested a desire to comment on the performance.

"And nobody could guess whose voice it was, because they knew that two wicked giants, who were brothers, lived there all by themselves. And people said to themselves, 'It can't be Richard and it can't be Robert, and we don't know who it can be, singing so beautifully up there.' Now, what do you think the explanation was? No," to one guess, "not a gramophone. It was a beautiful Princess who had been stolen when she was a baby, and who lived on because the two wicked giants couldn't decide which should eat her."

"Why didn't they cut her in 'alves?"

"Couldn't decide which should eat her, and they used to have dreadful, dreadful fights, the beautiful Princess looking on. She had the most lovely face—wish you'd leave off fidgeting about there in the back row—and the sweetest disposition, and she kept hoping—haven't you a handkerchief, little girl? Very well, then, use it. Kept on hoping that someone would come to rescue her. Until one day, I say, until one day——" Another inquiry. "No, she didn't go to school. Never had been to school."

"Lucky kid!"

"Until one day—if you don't leave off whispering to each other I can't go on with the story; very bad manners indeed—until one day, she was looking out of the window down at the broad, deep river and singing that song of hers. Shall I tell you how it went again?"

A unanimous reply.

"Very well," slightly discouraged, "I don't want to sing to you if you don't want to hear me. I thought you'd like to be sung to nicely."

"We do!" said Amy.

"The Princess was singing that pretty song of hers when all at once—I wonder whether it is that you children can't leave off sniffing, or won't leave off sniffing? You can form no idea how disturbing it is to anyone who is trying to tell you a pretty story. Now, if I find any of you doing it again, I shall simply—— As I was saying, all at once she caught sight of a white boat close to the bank of the river with a handsome Prince just stepping—— Who is that blowing a whistle? I insist upon knowing who it was blew a whistle whilst I was speaking!"

She spoke with authority and vehemence, but no one answered; only by finding the

most innocent-looking child was she able to discover the culprit. The whistle impounded and placed upon the table, she faced them again, scarlet-faced and determined.

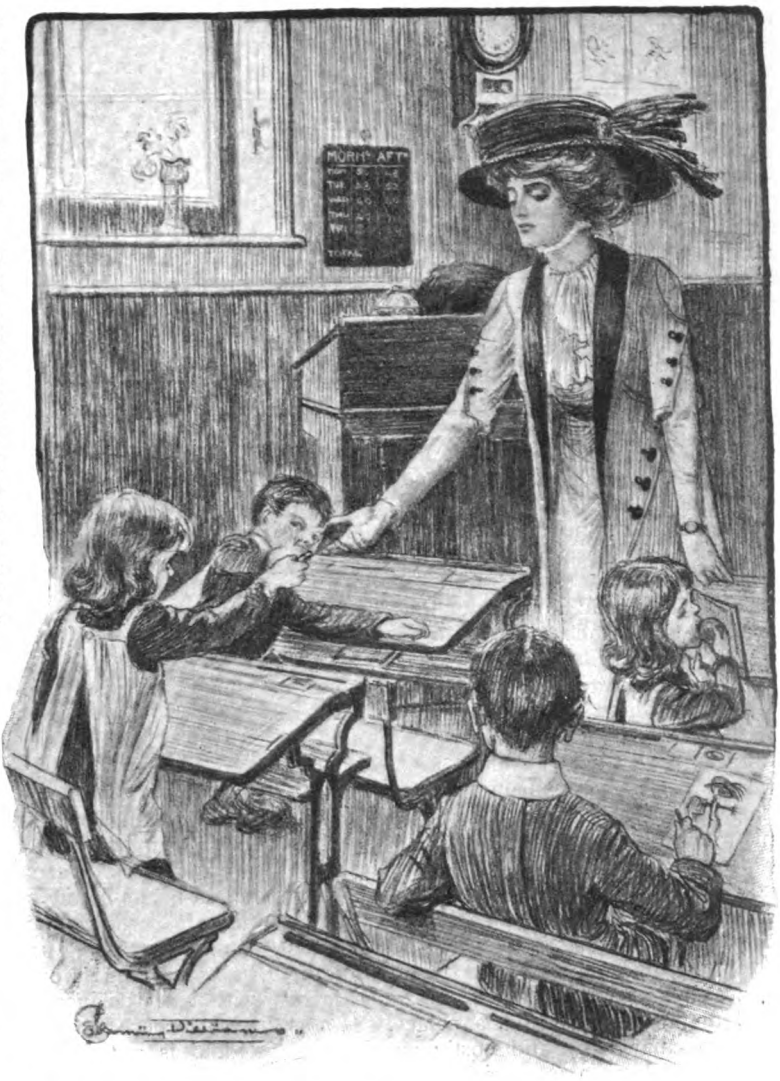
"I'm not going to lose my temper with you," she declared, rapidly. "You are doing all you can to make me lose my temper, but you won't succeed, because it happens that I can always keep calm, no matter what is done to annoy me. If you imagine for a single moment that you can irritate me beyond the limits of endurance you are very much mistaken. It would be a good thing for you if you always had people like myself to deal with." She rapped at her forehead with her knuckles. "Let me see. Where was I?"

"He was stepping on board of the steamer."

"Not a steamer, Amy dear," slightly amused at the blunder. "Steamers weren't invented at the time I'm speaking about."

"Why not?"

"The handsome Prince was stepping on board the boat, when, looking up, he caught sight, to his great surprise—— Someone's eating an apple! Who is it scrunching an apple? If you don't all tell me, this very minute, who it is making that dreadful noise in eating an apple I shall go round and shake every one of you until I find out. There's nothing gets on my nerves to the same extent. Will you," screamed the lady above the tumult and quivering with annoyance, "or will you not, keep silence and tell me——"



"ONLY BY FINDING THE MOST INNOCENT-LOOKING CHILD WAS SHE ABLE TO DISCOVER THE CULPRIT."

The door opened, and at the appearance of the teacher the class, as though by magic, became docile, attentive, deferential. The teacher apologized for length of absence; hoping the children had not been tiresome.

"They've been perfectly delightful!" said the visitor, in her earlier manner, and fanning herself with her muff. "So easy to manage. Only wish I could promise myself the pleasure of coming to see them again."

The Light Side of Finance.

By HARRY FURNISS.

IV.

THERE are many stories of the lighter side of finance in which love affairs find a place. Perhaps none of these are more peculiar than the story of James Lick, a name famous all over the world through a monument to his memory, the great Lick Observatory, in California. In the financial world the great city of San Francisco is a monument to Lick's luck—he foresaw the possibility of the great city of the Pacific Slope, bought the land on which it now stands, and became a millionaire. Before that time the name of Lick was great in the musical world. Lick's pianos—out of which he made the money which he invested in land—were manufactured by him. But on the poetic side of life—a world apart from such things as piano-making and mud-flats—the great Lick Mill stands as a monument to Lick's love.

In early life James Lick sought the hand of a miller's daughter, but was repelled by the father on the ground that the young suitor did not possess a mill. Many years afterwards, when he had become one of the richest men in the States, he erected a large mill and adorned it like a palace. It was built of mahogany and costly woods, and erected solely as a memorial of his youthful attachment. His only pleasure was to contemplate this palatial mill and to gloat over the man who had spurned him for his poverty.

Another eccentricity of his was his bequest of sixty thousand dollars to be devoted to a statue to the composer of "The Star-Spangled Banner"; I suppose because that national air had, in years past, worn out so many of the pianos he had made his money in manufacturing.

Lick was a generous man, and would have made an excellent husband. Narrow finance of the well-to-do brings more misery to married folk than drink or extravagance. A side-light on the misery caused by meanness actually showed that in the "free" country, quite recently, a wife brought an action against her husband for divorce on the ground that excessive economy constitutes legal cruelty.

According to the wife's story, this husband, who, though born in America, was apparently of Scottish origin, established a strong claim to the diamond belt for meanness. On the twelfth anniversary of the wedding the wife asked for an increase of two dollars on her weekly allowance to supply the table. This so enraged the husband that he forthwith deserted her. The climax in thrift was reached when her husband compelled their son to take long steps to save his shoes. Short-stepping was extravagance, he said, because by increasing his stride the boy could cover just as much ground and save leather also.

The name of Vanderbilt is one of the greatest in the *rôle* of financial giants that the world has ever seen. America is justly proud of the family of fortune. The "Commodore," who founded the great house, a man of surpassing power in commerce, must have been, one would imagine, a gentleman with a well-balanced mind and, at the height of his success, a man of supreme dignity. Gould is another name to conjure with in finance. The founder of that gigantic fortune, one would think, must have been such another as the founder of the Vanderbilts—dignified, unimaginative, a pillar of the great commercial world. Yet nothing could better illustrate the lighter side of finance than a scene enacted between these two giants, which I will now describe.

One night Vanderbilt and Gould met on most important business in the former's parlour, when both were in the zenith of their fame. In the eyes of the public they were bitter enemies, and matters had come to a climax. No sooner had the great rivals exchanged courtesies, and started their private conversation on a question in relation to which many millions were at stake, than the Ancient Mariner, the Commodore—

Vanderbilt the First—apparently overcome by the excitement of the meeting, suddenly fell down in a faint and rolled off his chair on to the floor, where he lay as if dead. Mr. Gould's anxiety may be more easily imagined than described. It is said "that his first impulse was to rush to the door and summon aid; but he found it locked and no key in it. This," continues an authentic account of the historic scene,* "increased his alarm, and he became greatly agitated. Vanderbilt lay limp and motionless. Once there was a heavy sigh and a half-suffocated breathing, as

VANDERBILT'S LITTLE COMEDY.

if it were the last act of respiration." His rival watched the great financier lying in this condition; every minute seemed hours. What could he do, should his rival die? Great heavens! What a position! It was well known that they were deadly rivals. It was common knowledge that they had publicly denounced each other. Vanderbilt was much the older, the richer, and the greater. Gould had everything to gain by his death. He had sought a private interview, late at night. Now, to find Gould alone in Vanderbilt's parlour, Vanderbilt dead, and Gould bending over him, would have been one of the most tragic events in the history of commerce. But the trick did not work. Yes, reader, the trick! Vanderbilt the Great was acting the whole time so as to rouse Gould's sympathy and induce him to smooth matters over!

Another striking product of financial America was Daniel Drew, a Wall Street speculator, who at one time (1865) was the richest man in the United States, worth, it is said, thirteen million dollars. Drew began life as a cattle-drover, but with the assistance of a New York butcher, Henry Astor—a brother of the great millionaire, John Jacob Astor—he bought cattle in Ohio and drove them himself over the Alleghany Mountains, each journey occupying two months. In time he opened a cattle-yard in New York, made money, paid Astor back his loan, and in the end became a great power in Wall Street, where he was known as "Uncle Daniel." He never altered his attire, but still dressed in the slovenly clothes of his cattle-droving days. Like Vanderbilt, Drew was absolutely uneducated. He pronounced the word shares "sheers," and Vanderbilt spelt boiler "boylar." Neither man believed in books, keeping all their gigantic accounts in their heads, and Drew's speculations were colossal.

Of his methods of making money the following anecdote will afford an excellent idea.

One evening he entered a club in which were assembled a number of men of the financial world. Old Daniel ran in, as if to look for some important stockbroker, and then ran out again.

"Guess Dan'l has some points," said one.

"He's on the scoop," said a second.

"It would be worth a few million dollars to know what's in Uncle Daniel's head," said a third.

Drew re-entered the room more excited than he left it. Carelessly pulling a large

* "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street," by Henry Clews.

THE CLEVER RUSE OF DANIEL DREW.

pocket-handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe his fevered brow, he drew with it a small piece of white paper, which fluttered to the floor, apparently unseen by him. Then he hurriedly departed. A rush was made for the slip of paper, on which were written, in his own handwriting, the following ominous words: "Buy me all the Oshkish stock you can, at any price you can get it, below par."

Here was news indeed! All thought that particular stock was already too high; this accidental discovery clearly showed they were wrong. Some new move was, no doubt, imminent; not a moment was to be lost. All those present joined, and the first thing the following morning purchased thirty thousand shares from a broker whom old Drew had in wait for them, and he scooped in an enormous profit.

In finance, as in any other game, it is the tricks that win the pool.

The word "pool" recalls to my mind another trick of Drew's which ought to be mentioned in connection with what I have been saying, for it reminds me of water. Take the Stock Exchange expression, "watering stock"; what was its origin? It originated in a clever ruse of Daniel Drew, who was, as I have said, originally a drover, and he continued to sell cattle after he had become a speculating king in the financial world. It was his practice to give his cattle salt, so as to create thirst, and to make them drink large quantities of water, which caused them to swell, and appear, on sale day, much bigger and fatter than they really were. This watering of cattle was cute, clever, successful business, and neither more nor less dishonest than "watering stock," which has to be done in the same wily way. Knowledge such as enabled the level-headed Drew to perform both watering feats with success is obviously of more service to students who want to live in this practical age than theories about how water finds its level or what are its chemical constituents.

Wealthy men, if not guilty of trickery, are often abnormally suspicious of tricks. The celebrated author, the late Charles Reade, was one of this kind. He always imagined he was being robbed, and set traps to catch the thieves. When he became lessee of the old Queen's Theatre he suspected that his ticket office cheated him by letting in the public for anything they could get and keeping the money. So Reade turned up the collar of his overcoat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and, shuffling up to the box-office as the people were going in, he shoved a half-crown into the box-office keeper's hand, and whispered:—

"It's all right—that's for you—I don't want a ticket. Just pass me through."

The clerk ran out, seized Reade by his coat-collar, and was passing him roughly into the street, when he recognised his "chief."

CHARLES READE TURNED OUT OF HIS OWN THEATRE.

Reade next suspected the theatre-sweepers. Money and valuables must be lost in the theatre; none, however, were brought to him. So he dropped a five-pound note under one of the seats, and waited.

Presently in came a charwoman with the note, which "somebody must have dropped, as she found it under one of the seats."

Reade gave her the five pounds.

Bribery, blackmail, corruption of all kinds frequently illustrate the light side of finance. There is a story of a young man who, late one cold and wintry night, found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that unfortunately, after taking the half-sovereign out of his purse, he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep. The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep, the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering mercenary was not allowed into his warm abode until he had slipped the half-sovereign back again.

It may be truly said that the most beneficial financier to the man in the street is the pawnbroker. There are many well-known stories of the way in which the clever rogue outwits them. The following is a true one.

In the East-end of London many pawnbroking establishments have been run by one able financier who, having made a fortune, now sees his sons, brought up in the business, follow in his steps, occasionally gives them his advice, and takes a general fatherly interest in some of the larger establishments. The sons are as shrewd as their father.

One day a young man, well dressed, swaggered into their principal establishment and asked for a temporary loan of thirty pounds on a very fine bracelet. He had no sooner

THE JANITOR OUTWITTED.

left the shop than the old pawnbroker walked in with a list of stolen articles which the police had just issued. The first on the list was, beyond question, the very bracelet upon which the young man had borrowed the money. In a moment both old and young pawnbrokers were in a taxi-cab on the way to Scotland Yard. In passing round a corner the young man exclaimed to the father, "There he is, in that cab. I have no doubt about that being the fellow I have just given the thirty pounds to."

"Hi, cabby," called the father to their driver, "track that cab down and, when you can, block him in."

The taxi-cab driver did his work well. Seeing a policeman at a little distance he waited until they came opposite to him and then blocked the way of the hansom. The young man in it was out like a shot, but the policeman was after him, and he was captured, brought back, and charged by the young pawnbroker with having obtained thirty pounds.

"You are quite mistaken. I have never been near your shop."

"I'll risk that," said the old pawnbroker. "Constable, do your duty."

In the hansom with the policeman the culprit was taken to the police-station, the pawnbrokers following in the taxi.

Next morning the young man who had obtained the money was placed in the dock. The police evidence was given reluctantly, and was to the effect that the prisoner was searched when brought to the station, and no gold was found upon him and no pawnticket. The magistrate had no alternative but to dismiss the case.

THE PAWNBROKERS AND THE SWINDLER.

However, the pawnbrokers, though puzzled, had complied with the law and saved their loss.

"Sharp work, collaring him," said the old father, appreciatively.

"Yes, dad; but I've been thinking we were not sharp enough. What happened in the hansom? Possibly something like this: 'Look here, policeman, I don't want to be lagged for this. Here's thirty golden sovereigns for you. Settle how you like.'"

And probably that was the correct solution too.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER V. (*continued*).

THEY did as Dickie had said, and for two days Mr. Beale was content to eat and doze and wake and watch Dickie's busy fingers and eat and doze again. But on the third day he announced that he was getting the fidgets.

"I must do a prowl," he said. "I'll be back afore sundown. Don't you forget to eat your dinner when the sun comes level with the top of that high tree. So long, matey."

Mr. Beale slouched off in the sunshine in his filthy old clothes, and Dickie was left to work alone in the green and golden wood. It was very still. Dickie hardly moved at all, and the chips that fell from his work fell more softly than the twigs and acorns that dropped now and then from some high bough. A goldfinch swung on a swaying hazel branch and looked at him with bright eyes, unafraid; a grass snake slid swiftly by—it was out on particular business of its own, so it was not afraid of Dickie, nor he of it. A wood-pigeon swept rustling wings across the glade where he sat, and once a squirrel ran right along a bough to look down at him and chatter, thickening its tail as a cat does hers when she is angry.

It was a long and very beautiful day, the first that Dickie had ever spent alone. He worked harder than ever, and when by the lessening light it was impossible to work any longer he lay back against a tree-root to rest his tired back and to gloat over the thought that he had made two boxes in one day—eight shillings in one single day—eight splendid shillings!

The sun was quite down before Mr. Beale returned. He looked unnaturally fat, and as he sat down on the moss something inside the front of his jacket moved and whined.

"Oh, what is it?" Dickie asked, sitting up, alert in a moment. "Not a dawg? Oh, farver, you don't know how I've always wanted a dawg."

"Well, you've a-got your want now, three times over, you 'ave," said Beale, and, unbuttoning his jacket, took out a double handful of soft, fluffy, sprawling arms and

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legs and heads and tails—three little fat white puppies.

"Oh, the jolly little beasts," said Dickie; "ain't they fine? Where did you get them?"

"They was give me," said Mr. Beale, re-knotting his handkerchief, "by a lady in the country."

He fixed his eyes on the soft blue of the darkening sky.

"Try another," said Dickie, calmly.

"Ah! it ain't no use tryin' to deceive the nipper—that sharp he is," said Beale, with a mixture of pride and confusion. "Well, then, not to deceive you, mate, I bought 'em."

"What with?" said Dickie, lightning quick.

"With—with money, mate—with money, of course."

"How'd you get it?"

No answer.

"You didn't pinch it?"

"No; on my sacred sam, I didn't," said Beale, eagerly. "Pinching leads to trouble. I've 'ad my lesson."

"You cadged it, then?" said Dickie.

"Well," said Beale, sheepishly, "what if I did?"

"You've spoiled everything," said Dickie, furious, and he flung the two newly-finished boxes violently to the ground, and sat frowning, with eyes downcast.

Beale, on all fours, retrieved the boxes.

"Two," he said, in awestruck tones; "there never was such a nipper."

"It doesn't matter," said Dickie, in a heart-broken voice; "you've spoiled everything, and you lie to me, too. It's all spoilt. I wish I'd never come back outer the dream, so I do."

"Now, lookee here," said Beale, sternly; "don't you come this over us, 'cause I won't stand it, d'year? Am I the master, or is it you? D'ye think I'm going to put up with being bullied and druv by a little nipper as I could lay out with one 'and as easy as what I could one of them there pups?" He moved his foot among the soft, strong little things that were uttering baby-growls and biting at his broken boot with their little white teeth.

"Do," said Dickie, bitterly; "lay me out if you want to. I don't care."

"Now, now, matey"—Beale's tone changed suddenly to affectionate remonstrance—"I was only kiddin'. Don't take it like that. You know I wouldn't 'urt a 'air of yer 'ed; so I wouldn't."

"I wanted us to live honest by our work—we was doing it. And you've lowered us to the cadging again. That's what I can't stick," said Dickie.

"It wasn't. I didn't 'ave to do a single bit of patter for it, anyhow. It was a wedding, and I stopped to 'ave a squint; and there'd been a water-cart as 'ad stopped to 'ave a squint too, and made a puddle as big as a tea-tray, and all the path wet. An' the lady in her white, she looks at the path, and the gent 'e looks at 'er white boots, an' I off's with me coat, like that there Rally gent you yarned me about, and flops it down in the middle of the puddle, right in front of the gal. And she tips me a smile like a hangel and 'olds out 'er 'and—in 'er white glove and all; and yer know what my 'ands is like, matey."

"Yes," said Dickie. "Go on."

"And she just touched me 'and and walks acrost me coat. And the people laughed and clapped—silly apes! And the gent 'e tipped me a thick 'un, and I spotted the pups a month ago, and I knew I could 'ave 'em for five bob, so I got 'em. And I'll sell 'em for thribble the money; you see if I don't. An' I thought you'd be as pleased as pleased—me actin' so silly, like as if I was one of them yarns o' yourn an' all. And then, first minute I gets 'ere, you sets on to me. But that's always the way!"

"Please, please forgive me, father," said Dickie, very much ashamed of himself. "I am so sorry. And it *was* nice of you, and I *am* pleased—and I do love the pups—and we won't sell all three, will us? I would so like to have one. I'd call it True. One of the dogs in my dream was called that. You do forgive me, don't you, father?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Beale.

Next day again a little boy worked alone in a wood, and yet not alone, for a small pup sprawled and yapped and scrapped and grunted round him as he worked. No squirrels or birds came that day to lighten Dickie's solitude, but True was more to him than many birds or squirrels. A woman they had overtaken on the road had given him a bit of blue ribbon for the puppy's neck in return for the lift which Mr. Beale had given her basket on the perambulator. She was selling ribbons and cottons and needles from door to door, and made a poor thing of it, she told them. "An' my grandfather 'e farmed 'is own land in Sussex," she told them, looking with bleared eyes across the fields.

Dickie only made a box and a part of a box that day. And while he sat making it, far away in London a respectable-looking

"AN' I OFF'S WITH ME COAT, AND FLOPS IT DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PUDDLE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE GAL."

man was walking up and down Regent Street among the shoppers and the motors and carriages with a fluffy little white dog under each arm. And he sold both the dogs.

"One was a lady in a carriage," he told Dickie, later on. "Arst 'er two thick 'uns, I did. Never turned a hair, no more I didn't. She didn't care what its price was, bless you. Said it was a dinky darling and she wanted it. Gent said he'd get her plenty better. No—she wanted that. An' she got it, too. A fool and his money's soon parted's what I say. And t'other one I let 'im go cheap for fourteen bob to a black clergyman—black as your hat he was, from foreign parts. So now we're bloomin' toffs, an' I'll get a pair of reach-me-downs this very bloomin' night. And what price that there room you was talkin' about?"

It was the beginning of a new life. Dickie wrote out their accounts on a large flagstone near the horse trough by the Chequers, with a bit of billiard chalk that a man gave him.

It was like this:—

Got Box	4	Spent Dogs	5
,, Box	4	,, Grub	18
,, Box	4	,, Train	4
,, Box	4	,, Leg	2
,, Dog	40		
,, Dog	14		
	70		29

and he made out before he rubbed the chalk off the stone that the difference between twenty-nine shillings and seventy was about two pounds—and that was more than Dickie had ever had, or Beale either, for many a long year.

Then Beale came wiping his mouth, and they walked idly up the road. Lodgings—or rather *a* lodging—a room. But when you have had what is called the key of the street for years enough, you hardly know where to look for the key of a room.

"Where'd you like to be?" Beale asked, anxiously. "You like country best, don't yer?"

"Yes," said Dickie.

"But in the winter-time?" Beale urged.

"Well, town then," asid Dickie, who was trying to invent a box of a new and different shape to be carved next day.

"I could keep a look-out for likely pups," said Beale. "There's a-plenty here and there all about—and you with your boxes. We might go to three bob a week for the room."

"I'd like a 'ouse with a garden," said Dickie.

"Go back to yer Talbots," said Beale.

"No—but look 'ere," said Dickie; "if we was to take a 'ouse—just a little 'ouse, and let half of it."

"We ain't got no sticks to put in it."

"Ain't there some way you get furniture without payin' for it?"

"'Ire systim. But that's for toffs on three quid a week, reg'lar wages. They wouldn't look at us."

"We'll get three quid right enough afore we done," said Dickie, firmly, "and if you want London I'd like our old house because of the seeds I sowed in the garden. I lay they'll keep on a-coming up for ever and ever. That's what annuals means. The chap next door told me. It means flowers as comes up fresh every year. Let's tramp up and I'll show it you—where we used to live."

And when they had tramped up and Dickie had shown Mr. Beale the sad-faced little house, Mr. Beale owned that it would do 'em a fair treat.

. "But we must 'ave some bits of sticks, or else nobody won't let us have no 'ouses."

They flattened their noses against the front window. The newspapers and dirty sacking still lay scattered on the floor as they had fallen from Dickie when he had got up in the morning, after the night when he had had the dream.

The sight pulled at Dickie's heart-strings. He felt as a man might feel who beheld once more the seaport from which in old and beautiful days he had set sail for the shores of romance, the golden splendour of The Fortunate Islands.

"I could doss 'ere again," he said, wistfully; "it 'ud save fourpence. Both 'ouses both sides is empty. Nobody wouldn't know."

"We don't need to look to our fourpences so sharp's all that," said Beale.

"I'd like to."

"Wonder you ain't afeared."

"I'm used to it," said Dickie; "it was our own 'ouse, you see."

"You come along to yer supper," said Beale. "Don't be so flash with yer own 'ouses."

They had supper at a coffee-shop in the Broadway.

"Two mugs, four billiard balls, and 'arf-a-dozen doorsteps," was Mr. Beale's order. You or I, more polite if less picturesque, would, perhaps, have said, "Two cups of tea, four eggs, and some thick bread and butter." It was a pleasant meal. Only just at the end it turned into something quite different. The shop was one of those old-fashioned ones divided by partitions like the stalls in a stable, and over the top of this partition there suddenly appeared a head.

Dickie's mug paused in air half-way to his mouth, which remained open.

"What's up?" Beale asked, trying to turn on the narrow seat and look up, which he couldn't do.

"It's 'im," whispered Dickie, setting down the mug. "That red-'eaded chap wot I never see."

And then the red-headed man came round the partition and sat down beside Beale and talked to him, and Dickie wished he wouldn't. He heard little of the conversation, only "Better luck next time" from the red-headed man, and "I don't know as I'm taking any" from Beale, and at the parting the red-headed man saying, "I'll doss same shop as wot you do," and Beale giving the name of the lodging-house where, on the way to the coffee-shop, Beale had left the perambulator and engaged their beds.

"Tell you all about it in the morning," were the last words of the red-headed one as he slouched out, and Dickie and Beale were left to finish the doorsteps and drink the cold tea that had slopped into their saucers.

When they went out Dickie said:—

"What did he want, farver, that red-headed chap?"

Beale did not at once answer.

"I wouldn't if I was you," said Dickie, looking straight in front of him as they walked.

"Wouldn't what?"

"Whatever he wants to."

"Why, I ain't told you yet what he *does* want."

"'E ain't up to no good; I know that."

"'E's full of notions, that's wot 'e is," said Beale. "If some of 'is notions come out right, 'e'll be a-ridin' in 'is own cart and 'orse afore we know where we are, and us a-trampin' in 'is dust."

"Ridin' in Black Maria, more like," said Dickie.

"Well, I ain't askin' *you* to do anything, am I?" said Beale.

"No, you ain't. But whatever you're in I'm a-goin' to be in, that's all."

"Don't you take on," said Beale, comfortably. "I ain't said I'll be in anything yet, 'ave I? Let's 'ear what 'e says in the morning. If 'is lay ain't a safe lay, old Beale won't be in it—you may lay to that."

"OVER THE TOP OF THIS PARTITION THERE SUDDENLY APPEARED A HEAD."

"Don't let's," said Dickie, earnestly. "Look 'ere, father, let us go, both two of us, and sleep in that there old 'ouse of ours. I don't want that red-'eaded chap. He'll spoil everything—I know he will—just as we're a-gettin' along so straight and gay. Don't let's go to that there doss; let's lay in the old 'ouse."

"Ain't I never to 'ave never a word with nobody without it's you?" said Beale, but not angrily.

"Not with 'im; 'e ain't no class," said Dickie, firmly. "And oh, farver, I do so wanter sleep in that 'ouse! That was where I 'ad the dream, you know."

"Oh, well, come on, then," said Beale. "Lucky we've got our thick coats on."

It was quite easy for Dickie to get into the house, just as he had done before, and to go along the passage and open the front door for Mr. Beale, who walked in as bold as brass. They made themselves comfortable with the sacking and old papers, but one at least of the two missed the luxury of clean air and soft moss and a bed-canopy strewn with stars. Mr. Beale was soon asleep, and Dickie lay still, his heart beating to the tune of the hope that now, at last, in this place where it had once come, his dream would come again. But it did not come, even sleep—plain, restful, dreamless sleep — would not come to him. At last he could lie still no longer. He slipped from under the paper, whose rustling did not disturb Mr. Beale's slumbers, and moved into the square of light thrown through the window by the street lamp. He felt in his pockets, pulled out Tinkler and the white seal, set them on the floor, and, moved by memories of the great night when his dream had come to him, arranged the moon-seeds round them in the same pattern that they had lain in on that night of nights. And the moment that he had lain the last seed, completing the crossed triangles, the magic began again. All was as it had been before—the tired eyes that must close, the feeling that through his closed eyelids he could yet see something moving in the centre of the star that the two triangles made.

"Where do you want to go to?" said the same soft small voice that had spoken before. But this time Dickie did not reply that he was "not particular." Instead he said, "Oh, *there!* I want to go there," feeling quite sure that whoever owned that voice would know as well as he, or even better, where "there" was, and how to get to it.

And as on that other night everything grew very quiet, and sleep wrapped Dickie round like a soft garment. When he awoke he lay in the big four-post bed with the green and white curtains; about him were the tapestry walls and the heavy furniture of the dream.

"Oh!" he cried aloud, "I've found it again—I've found it—I've found it!"

And then the old nurse with the hooped petticoats and the queer cap and the white

ruff was bending over him; her wrinkled face was alight with love and tenderness.

"So thou'rt awake at last," she said. "Didst thou find thy friend in thy dreams?"

Dickie hugged her.

"I've found the way back," he said; "I don't know which is the dream and which is real, but *you* know."

"Yes," said the old nurse, "I know. The one is as real as the other."

He sprang out of bed and went leaping round the room, jumping on to chairs and off them, running and dancing.

"What ails the child?" the nurse grumbled; "get thy hose on, for shame, taking a chill as like as not. What ails thee to act so?"

"It's the not being lame," Dickie explained, coming to a standstill by the window that looked out on the good green garden; "you don't know how wonderful it seems, just at first, you know, *not* to be lame!"

And then, as he stood there in the sunshine, he suddenly knew.

Having succeeded in dreaming once again the dream which he had so longed to dream, Dickie Harding looked out of the window of the dream-house in Deptford into the dream-garden with its cut yew trees and box avenues and bowling greens, and perceived without doubt that this was no dream, but real—as real as the other Deptford, where he had sown artistic bird seed and gathered moon-flowers and reaped the silver seeds of magic. For it *was* magic; Dickie was sure of it now. He had not lived in the time of the first James, be sure, without hearing magic talked of. And it seemed quite plain to him that if this that had happened to him was not magic, then there never was and never would be any magic to happen to anyone. He turned from the window and looked at the tapestry-hung room—the big bed, the pleasant, wrinkled face of the nurse—and he knew that all this was as real as anything that had happened to him in that other life where he was a little lame boy who took the road with a dirty tramp for father, and lay in the bed with the green curtains.

"Didst dream of thy friend?" the nurse asked again.

"Yes. Oh, yes," said Dickie; "and I carved boxes in my dream and sold them—and I want to learn a lot more things—so that when I go back again—I mean when I dream that dream again, I shall be able to earn more money."

"'Tis shame that one of thy name should have to work for money," said the nurse.

"It *isn't* my name, *there*," said Dickie; "and old Sebastian told me everyone ought to do some duty to his country, or he wasn't worth his meat and ale. And you don't know how good it is having money that you've *earned yourself*."

"I ought to," she said; "I've earned mine long enough. Now, haste and dress, and then breakfast and thy fencing lesson."

When the fencing lesson was over Dickie hesitated. He wanted, of course, to hurry off to Sebastian and to go on learning how to make a galleon. But also he wanted to learn some trade that he could teach to Beale at Deptford; and he knew quite as surely as any master craftsman could have known it, that nothing which required delicate handling, such as wood-carving or the making of toy boats, could ever be mastered by Beale. But Beale was certainly fond of dogs. Dickie remembered how little True had cuddled up to him and nestled inside his coat when he lay down to sleep under the newspapers and the bits of sacking in Lavender Terrace, Rosemary Street.

So Dickie went his way to the kennels to talk to the kennel-man. He had been there before with Master Roger Fry, his fencing master, but he had never spoken to the kennel-man. And when he got to the kennel he knocked on the door of the kennel-man's house and called out, "What-ho! within there!" just as people do in old plays. And the door was thrown open by a man in a complete suit of leather, and when Dickie looked in that man's face he saw that it was the face of the man who had lived next door in Lavender Terrace, Rosemary Street, the man who dug up the garden for the parrot seed.

"Why," said Dickie, "it's you."

"Who would it be but me, little master?" the man asked, with a respectful salute, and Dickie perceived that, though this man had the face of the man next door, he had not the man next door's memories.

"Do you live here?" he asked, cautiously—"always, I mean."

"Where else should I live?" the man asked, "that have served my lord, your father, all my time, boy and man, and know every hair of every dog my lord owns."

Dickie thought that was a good deal to know—and so it was.

He stayed an hour at the kennels and came away knowing very much more about dogs than he did before, though some of the things he learned would surprise a modern veterinary surgeon very much indeed. But the dogs seemed well and happy, though they were

doctored with herb tea instead of stuff from the chemist's, and the charms that were said over them to make them swift and strong certainly did not make them any the less strong and swift.

When Dickie had learned as much about dogs as he felt he could bear for that day, he felt free to go down to the dock-yard and go on learning how ships were built. Sebastian looked up at his voice and ceased the blows with which his axe was smoothing a great tree-trunk that was to be a mast, and smiled in answer to his smile.

"Oh, what a long time since I have seen thee!" Dickie cried.

And Sebastian, gently mocking him, answered: "A great while, indeed—two whole long days. And those thou'st spent merry-making in the King's water pageant. Two days—a great while, a great, great while."

"'OH, WHAT A LONG TIME SINCE I HAVE SEEN THEE!' DICKIE CRIED."

"I want you to teach me everything you know," said Dickie, picking up an awl and feeling its point.

"Have patience with me," laughed Sebastian. "I will teach thee all thou canst learn; but not all in one while. Little by little, slow and sure."

"You must not think," said Dickie, "that it's only play, and that I do not need to learn because I am my father's son."

"Should I think so?" Sebastian asked; "I that have sailed with Captain Drake and Captain Raleigh, and seen how a gentleman venturer needs to turn his hand to every guess craft? If thou'rt as pleased to learn as Sebastian is to teach, then he'll be as quick to teach as thou to learn. And so to work!"

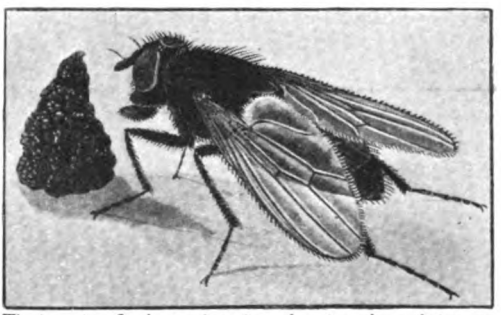
He fetched out from the shed the ribs of the little galleon that he and Dickie had begun to put together, and the two set to work on it. It was a happy day. And one happiness was to all the other happinesses of that day as the sun is to little stars—and that happiness was the happiness of being once more a little boy who did not need to use a crutch.

(*To be continued.*)

A MARVELLOUS EXPLOSIVE.

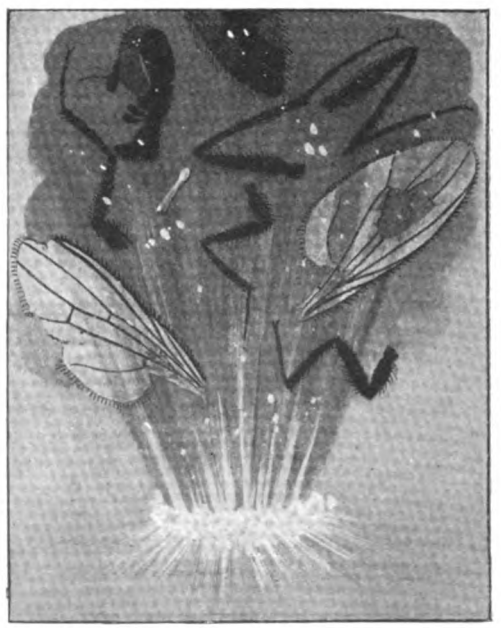
Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.

WHAT would be the consequences of firing a barrelful of nitrogen-iodide it would be impossible to say, simply because thestuff is too awful to be made in such quantities. It may sound like a joke, but it is nevertheless the whole truth, that the tread of a house-fly is sufficient to explode this dangerous material. However, I had better describe its composition first, and then deal with its wonderful effects.



The incautious fly about to investigate the minute heap of nitrogen-iodide explosive seen magnified — A mere touch with a foot discharges it.

Nitrogen is one of the most important gases of the atmosphere, without which the life of either plant or animal would not be possible; yet it has a strong repulsion, so to express it, for the other gases—hydrogen, oxygen, carbonic-acid, and so on. That is the reason why so many substances that contain it have explosive tendencies, such as nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, and gun-powder. Quite four-fifths of the air consists of nitrogen, which so acts on the tissues of plants as to form their life-giving principles, and also those of the creatures that feed upon them, either directly or indirectly — and that practically means all living creatures. The commonest basis of nitrogen is to be found in ammonia, or smelling-salts, which evaporate very quickly to their original state. Nitrogen is one, and the chief, partner in nitrogen-iodide. The other portion consists of iodine. Now there may arise some confusion in this connection, if I do not explain. Iodine is often purchased at the chemist's for various purposes, or supplied by doctors and hospitals to their patients. In this state it is a reddish-brown liquid, that leaves a deep stain on the skin. In reality this is *tincture* of iodine. That used for the experiments is a granular metallic-looking powder. Roughly, it may be likened to gun-powder, having grains many times smaller than that substance. A teaspoonful of it may cost sixpence; and if it be supplied in pure white paper, that paper will become, within a day, stained a deep chocolate colour by the emanations of the chemical. Iodine is obtained from various kinds of seaweed, and is a poison.

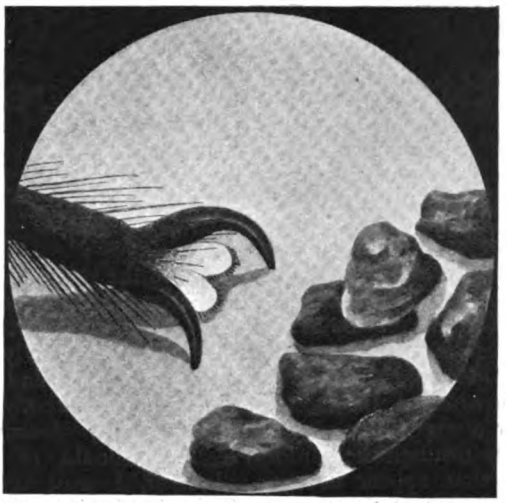


The result of inquisitiveness, on a magnified scale.

To prepare this outrageous explosive a small piece of solid ammonia is dropped into half a cupful of hot water. When it has dissolved, a little of the powdered iodine is placed in the liquid and stirred up for a few minutes. Then the whole is poured upon blotting-paper covering another cup and slightly pressed into it to make an

accommodating cavity. The result is that some wet powder remains on the surface of the filter paper.

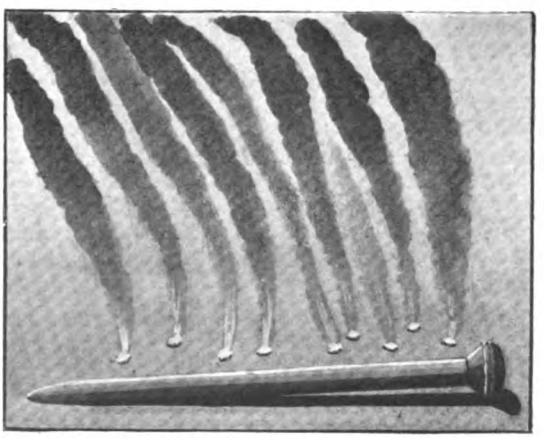
This should be disposed of in tiny heaps, say less than an eighth of an inch high, spread several inches apart on a piece of smooth board. While these mounds remain damp nothing will occur; but when they become thoroughly dry the very slightest of causes will explode them. You have only to touch one ever so lightly with a small feather, when it will fire off with a loud crack and discharge a dense violet or purple cloud a foot or more high. The report resembles, alike in its suddenness, loudness, and keenness, those made by the fireworks known as crackers. Instead of a big flash, there is a sudden glow, instantly followed by the explosion.



When the grains of nitrogen-iodide are magnified in proportion with a fly's foot they appear like pebbles.

A particle of dust, if it should be a mere trifle heavier than its neighbours, is sufficient to explode a small pile of this curious substance.

As I have said, the most remarkable fact concerning it is that a fly treading upon this explosive will ignite it. I have tested this by actual practice, so that both the illustrations and the description have been prepared after observing the whole operation. It is not necessary that a fly should walk over the compound. It has only to let one foot come into contact with the explosive, when the jolt causes it to explode and to blow the insect into the air.



A magnified pin in comparison with some grains of nitrogen-iodide, which explode violently by being simply breathed on.

Although to us the substance is simply a powder, the grains are to a fly what road-stones are to men. The sudden concussion of one particle against another would quite probably cause a resounding noise to the insect, followed instantly by the thundering explosion. A fly's foot, in a popular sense, consists of two glue-pads (by means of which it can affix itself upside down) situated between two curved claws, by the leverage of which the pads are lifted. Such sharp contrivances, striking hard against a particle, would be like a roadmaker's pickaxe coming in contact with a stone and producing a spark.

Another manner in which the peculiar property of this explosive can be demonstrated is by scattering a small quantity of the dry powder over a sheet of clean paper. It then resembles pepper, and only needs a few sharp breaths of the manipulator—just sufficient to make them roll—to cause each speck to ignite and explode, meantime giving off a long, thin column of dense purple smoke. If a barrelful of nitrogen-iodide *could* be made, it would have to be kept moist to prevent danger; for if it were allowed, even for only a moment or so, to become dry—in which event only it is explosive—a bit of dirt such as might get into one's eye would be capable, by falling upon it, of sending the whole to smithereens. By comparison, gunpowder is a mild, innocent, inoffensive material.

The Life Story of the Lacewing Fly.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," etc., etc.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

ON almost any evening during the summer twilight the charming Lacewing Fly may be seen; its curious flight alone will suffice to identify it. Between the hedgerows of the lanes, in the garden paths, or along the woodland glades, it may be readily distinguished from the numerous moths that appear as the daylight declines. The flights of the moths are very varied in character; some of the larger and dark-coloured kinds sweep past at a tremendous pace, their movements leaving doubt in the mind of the observer whether his eyes have not deceived him, while many of the smaller and pale-coloured species flutter about like wind-tossed snowflakes. Between these two extreme methods, every gradation of locomotion by flight may be observed. Distinct from all, however, appears that of another insect. It is apparently travelling along a straight line, its pale, silvery wings extended wide and rapidly vibrating, but its progress is so slow and laboured when compared with even the slowest-flying moth that we are reminded of a traction engine moving along a road on which motor-cars and cyclists are hurrying by. This slowly-progressing insect is the Lacewing Fly.

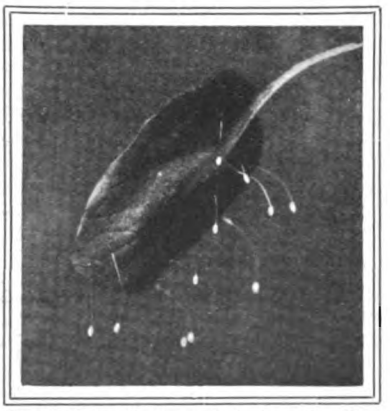


Fig. 1.—The stalked eggs of the Lacewing Fly—natural size.

Although I liken its progress to that of the traction engine, the fly itself is by no means a clumsy insect. Indeed, it is one of the most delicate and charming amongst British insects. Its body is of a pale emerald green, while its lace-like, silvery-grey wings are iridescent with lovely hues, varying from pink to green in the changing light. Also its eyes are veritable living jewels, sparkling one moment like burnished gold, the next becoming rubies of the deepest crimson, only to quickly change again in the shifting light to emeralds of the brightest green; hence it is sometimes called the Golden-eyed Fly.

The Lacewing Fly is easily captured with a sweep of the hand as it toils past in its slow and apparently laboured flight; lest, however, my description of its æsthetic features should so tempt the inquiring observer, I must offer a word of warning. This lovely insect when captured in the hand almost immediately becomes offensive in the highest degree, for it can produce an odour so evil that, deceived by the insect's delicate form and pretty colours, its captor often fails to recognise in it the source of so vile a characteristic—so incongruous is the combination. This offensive trait probably protects the insect against the attacks of some of its foes, and how excellent a protective device it is those of my readers who inadvertently handle a Lacewing Fly will soon discover, for the smell is not removed from the fingers with one washing, and when gloves and clothes have become involved the unfortunate wearer is troubled with it for days afterwards. The Lacewing Fly is, indeed, the counterpart of the skunk amongst British insects.

When gardeners become more scientific, and learn to recognise that many insects which they ruthlessly exterminate are their best friends, the Lacewing Fly will hold a very high place in their estimation; indeed, they will find it extremely profitable to occasionally capture a few of them, or, even better, to collect their eggs for the express purpose of placing them in their greenhouses. The eggs may frequently be found on the leaves of various plants in the garden and fields. In illustration Fig. 1 a lilac leaf is shown on which may be seen eleven of these curious stalked eggs. Now,

if a stem bearing such a leaf as this were transferred to a greenhouse during June, it is very probable that that simple action would entirely obviate the necessity for the use of tobacco paper and similar fumigating devices later on as a means of exterminating the aphides or blight; for the Lacewing Fly in its early stages is one of the natural foes of these troublesome pests.

Fig. 2.—A magnified view of one of the eggs.

In Fig. 2 an enlarged view of one of these eggs is shown, and it is interesting to investigate the significance of its curious form and also how it was produced. The Lacewing Fly when egg-depositing presses the end of the abdomen against a leaf and ejects a drop of glutinous fluid, which spreads into a tiny conical foot-stalk. The end of the abdomen is then quickly raised, and from the summit of the deposited gluten a thread is drawn out, which hardens with exposure to the air. On the top of the thread she then deposits an egg.

In from seven to eight days the larva emerges from the egg, and the necessity for the long stalks on which the eggs are placed then becomes obvious. The newly-hatched larva is a most voracious animal, and its appetite increases prodigiously as it grows.

From one of a number of eggs which I had under close observation for the preparation of this article, in exactly seven days after it was deposited I witnessed the emergence of the larva. After it had broken through the shell it stood for several minutes on the broken part at the end of the thread. Then it proceeded to feel its way carefully along the egg-stalk towards the leaf, on which I had placed several aphides.

As soon as it reached the leaf an aphis crossed its path, and, in spite of the fact that it was double its own size, the larva immediately gripped it by means of the large mandibles with which it is armed. The aphis wriggled, but all in vain. At the end of twenty-five minutes the larva cast on one side the empty and shrunken skin of the aphis. Such was its first meal. When about ten days old it could, when hungry, devour aphides at the rate of thirty to forty per hour. Also, from experiments made, I discovered that aphides were not the only kind of food of which it would partake. It spent some considerable time amongst a batch of eggs of the common cabbage-moth, inserting its sharp mandibles into their shells and sucking their contents. The juices of little caterpillars just emerged from the egg it seemed to particularly relish.

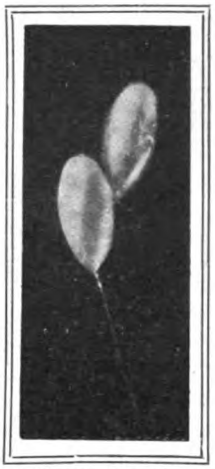


Fig. 3.—An abnormal egg: two eggs deposited on one foot-stalk.

Furthermore, one of its younger brothers that I had confined with it suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; the mystery, however, was explained by the finding of its shrunken skin amongst those of the aphides. Also, this larva had no objection to sucking the eggs of its own species when they were offered to it. This latter fact probably

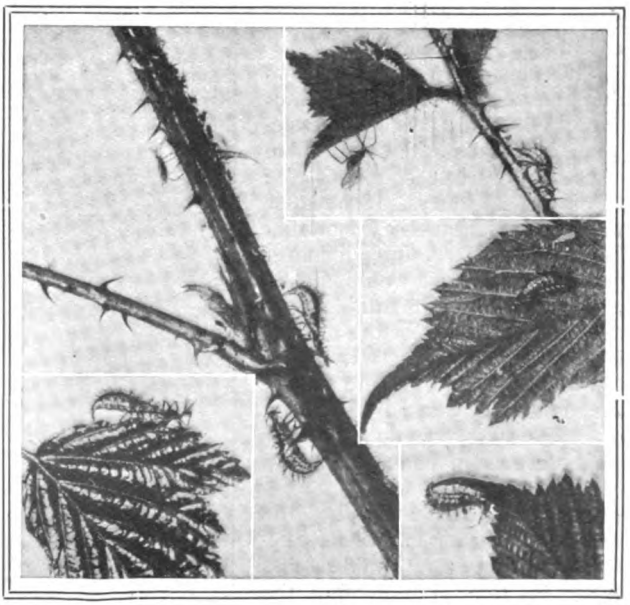


Fig. 4.—Some novel photographs showing larvæ of the Lacewing Fly capturing and devouring aphides or green flies—natural size.

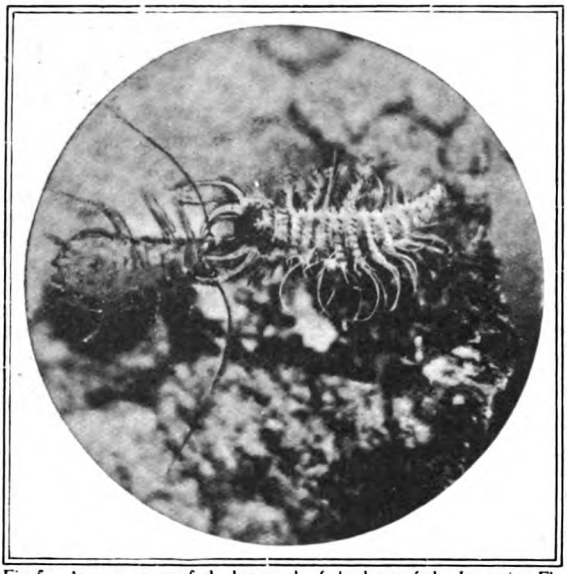


Fig. 5.—A unique magnified photograph of the larva of the Lacewing Fly attacking an aphis, or green fly.

explains the origin and use of the stalks, for if the Lacewing Fly's eggs were deposited on the leaf like those of the moths and other insects, they would doubtless experience the same fate when this ravenous larva came upon them, but it makes no attempt to climb the smooth stalk. Its only journey along that path is when it emerges from the egg; and if its movements are then watched through a magnifying lens it becomes plain that this is a very difficult though necessary task that it has to perform.

The illustration Fig. 3 shows that abnormal eggs are sometimes deposited by insects. The Lacewing Fly that deposited this double egg evidently lost count, or else was in a great hurry. If the latter was the case, I fear that the mother insect sadly erred, for whichever larva emerged first would almost certainly insert its mandibles into the egg of the other before making its journey along the stalk.

From what I have here stated, it should be obvious, I think, that a leaf or stem containing a few of these eggs, if conveyed into a greenhouse or placed amongst plants, will ultimately be the means of causing much destruction amongst the aphides and other injurious insects that the gardener well knows. In Fig. 4 several photographs are shown to illustrate how these active little larvæ move about the leaves and branches, capturing and devouring their prey. When full grown they are only about half an inch in length, but their feeding powers are most astonishing. To properly appreciate the attack of one of them upon its prey, a magnifying lens should be used, and in Fig. 5 the scene is depicted as it then appears. The larva is seen on the surface of a leaf holding the aphis and sucking its juices by means of its huge, sickle-shaped jaws.

For twelve days the larva proceeds with its destructive work amongst the aphides, mites, and other plant parasites, becoming more ravenous every day, until on the twelfth day it may often be seen to destroy aphides at the rate of one per minute.

About the twelfth day, however, it gives up feeding and prepares for the next stage of its existence. It draws itself up in ball-like fashion, usually on the edge of a leaf, and slowly envelops itself in silk which it spins for the purpose. A few hours later it has changed into an almost circular cocoon about the size of a sweet-pea; three cocoons are shown on bramble leaves at natural size in Fig. 6.

Sixteen days later the cocoons are cut open from within, a circular lid opening at the top of each, and, like a Jack-in-the-box, the fully-

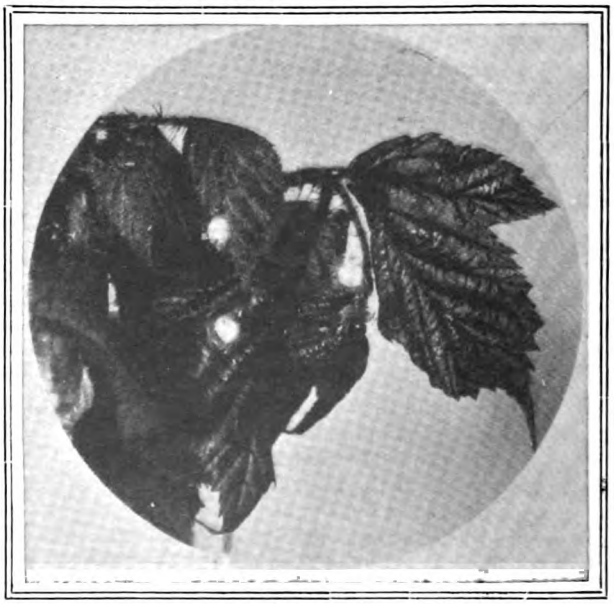


Fig. 6.—The curious cocoons of the Lacewing Fly on bramble leaves—natural size.

developed insect emerges. It is surprising how so large an insect can develop in so small a cocoon, but immediately it appears upon the surface of the leaf its wings begin to shake out their folds, and a few minutes later we see the insect developing in all its charming hues. Its bright green body, its gauzy and iridescent wings, and its sparkling eyes (together with its abominable characteristic of producing a most vile odour) have all been acquired in some mysterious way during the sixteen days while it was crushed within its little cocoon upon the leaf. How the magic was performed is a secret hidden deep within the pages of Nature's book.

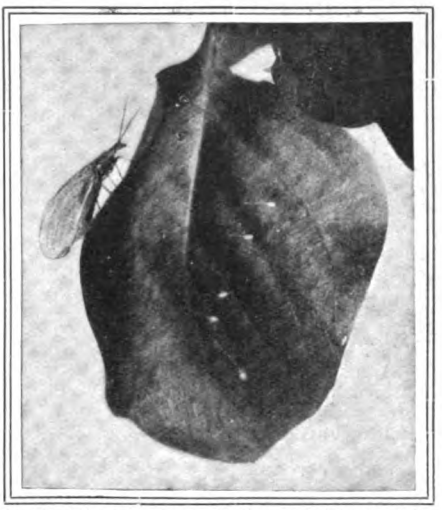


Fig. 7.—The Lacewing or Golden-eyed Fly depositing eggs on a lilac leaf—natural size.

The perfect insect is shown in Figs. 7 and 8, where it is seen to have been depositing its eggs upon a lilac leaf. Allowing seven days for the egg stage, twelve for the larval period, and sixteen for the pupa or chrysalis stage, it is seen that the whole development from the egg to the winged insect occupies about five weeks. It follows, therefore, that several broods of these insects appear during the summer months. The last brood of larvæ remain in their cocoons throughout the winter, appearing early in June, just as the aphides are becoming plentiful.

Réaumur estimated that a single aphis may become the first parent to no fewer than 5,904,900,000 individuals during the few weeks of its life, while Professor Huxley computed that the descendants of a single aphis, if allowed to multiply unchecked for ten generations, would then produce a bulk of organic matter equivalent in weight to that of five hundred millions of human beings, each of which could turn the scale at twenty stones.

With these computations in mind we have only to think of the vast number of aphides that may infest a single branch or leaf of a plant, and to remember that each aphis possesses this same marvellous power of multiplication, to realize that the existing vegetation of the earth is always in serious danger of becoming converted into living aphides, unless some efficient agents are always employed in the work of their destruction.

Conspicuous amongst the most important of these agents are the larvæ of the Lacewing Flies, of which there are some fourteen or fifteen species in this country, while in America these insects are equally abundant.

The female of the species here described will deposit as many as forty eggs in the course of one night. The progeny of forty larvæ feeding during the twelve days of their larval stage in a greenhouse containing plants infested with aphides would, I think, prove more effectual as aphide destroyers than several pounds spent in fumigating devices.

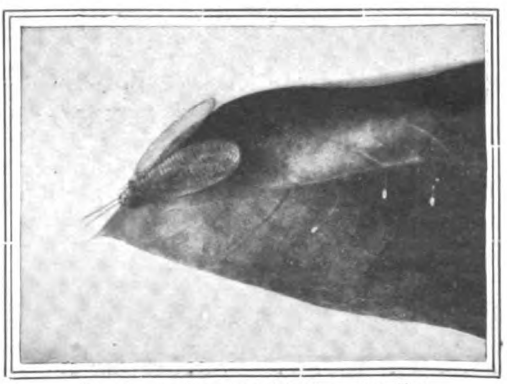


Fig. 8.—Another view of the Lacewing Fly.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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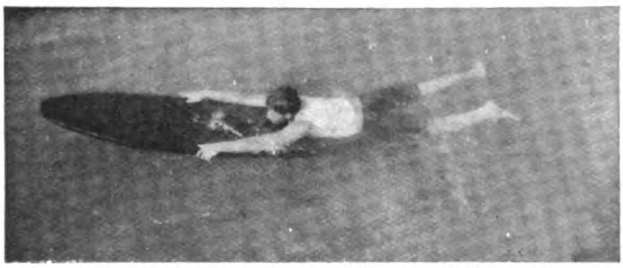
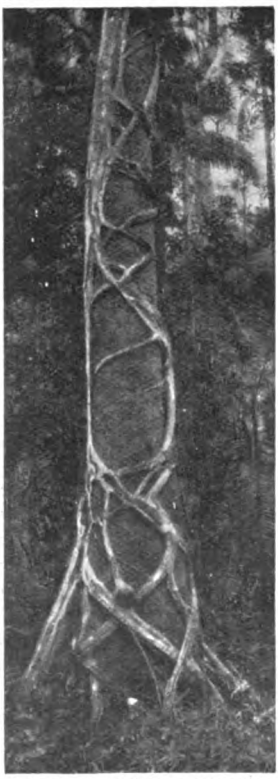




RIDING ON SURF-BOARDS AT HONOLULU.

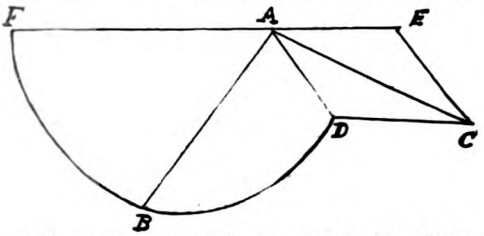
AT Waikiki Beach, the fashionable suburb of Honolulu, the skilled Hawaiian takes his surf-board out to the place where the reef breaks the swells into rollers, and catching the impetus of the topmost one he rides on its crest, stretched at full length, or even standing erect upon it. I took the photograph given above when Hawaiian John was swimming out to the reef. —Lady Lawson, c/o Messrs. H. S. King & Co., 9, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

A FOREST GIANT KILLED BY A CLIMBER.

I SEND you a photograph of a species of fig-tree which encircles the trunk and eventually crushes the life out of many a giant tree in the Queensland forest. The seeds are dropped by birds high up in the fork of a tree and soon take root. Then the tendrils descend to the ground and again take root, when the fig spreads with such amazing rapidity that the fate of the tree is quickly sealed. — Mr. Paul Newstead, George Street Post Otnce, Brisbane, Queensland.

OUR DECEPTIVE EYES.

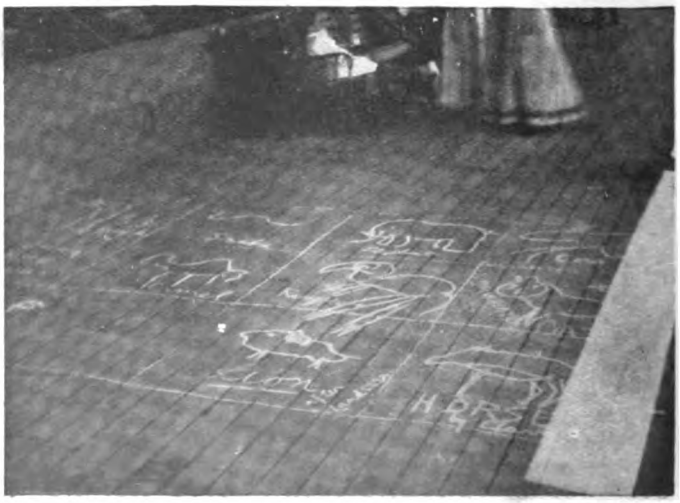
IN THE STRAND MAGAZINE last September appeared an interesting diagram in which the eye was greatly deceived as to the relative length of two straight lines. Possibly the optical illusion is even greater in the accompanying diagram. I think most people would say that the line A—B is longer



than the line A—C; yet they are equal.—Mr. C. H. Byrne, Cumballa Hill, Bombay.

AN AMUSING DECK GAME.

THESE figures were drawn on deck during a game known as the Menagerie Race, with which the tedium of a long voyage was relieved. The game is played as follows: A lady runs to a gentleman with the name of an animal written on a piece of paper. The gentleman, having read the name, tries to draw the animal in one of the spaces marked out on the deck. The lady then has to guess what the animal is, go back to the judge, and report to him. You can imagine how difficult it is to guess correctly from the figures shown in the photograph.—Mr. A. M. King, 67, Kingsmead Road, Tulse Hill Park, S.W.

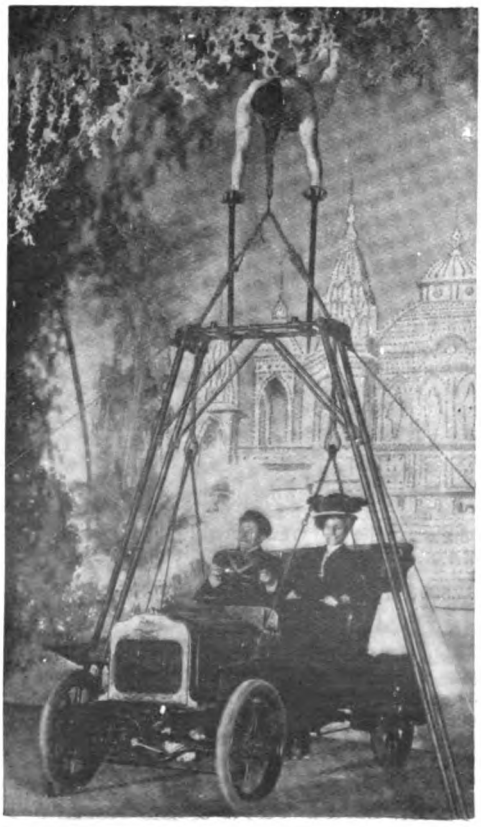


PORTRAIT DRAWN IN ONE CONTINUOUS LINE.

I AM sending you an original pen-and-ink drawing done by myself. As will be observed, the portrait is drawn in one continuous line, starting at the tip of the nose, and thickened according to the shading of the photograph from which it was copied. — Mr. Thomas Kent, Kirkwall, Orkney.

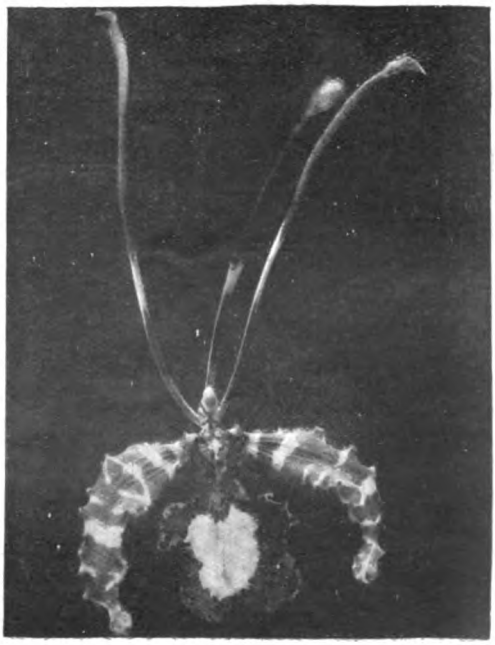
PHENOMENAL STRENGTH OF TEETH.

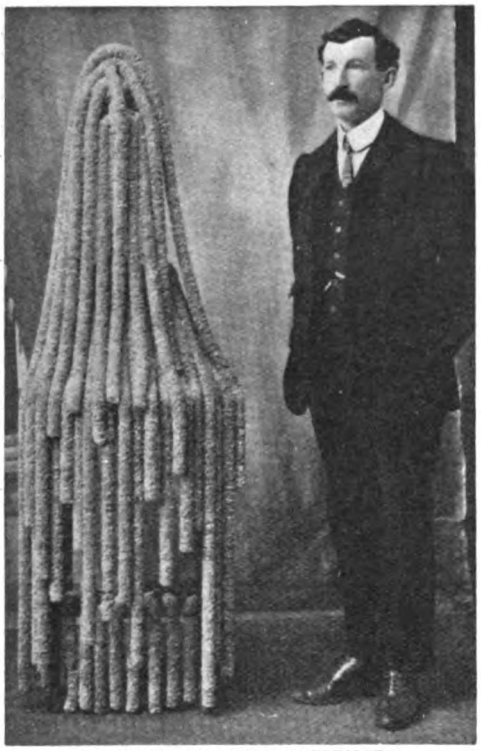
THE Good Book tells us of the feats of strength of Samson, and the classics — meaning the ancient Greek and Roman ones — narrate the feats of strength of one Herakles (or Hercules) and of Atlas; but there is no record of either of these strong men having lifted a fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-pound automobile containing two passengers with his teeth, as shown in the illustration. The "artist" who thus distinguishes himself goes by the name of "Auto-Atlas," and has been accomplishing this feat at the Walhalla Theatre, in Berlin.—Dr. Robert Grimshaw, Johannstädter Ufer 3, Dresden.



A FLOWER BUTTERFLY.

THIS is a flower of the butterfly plant (*Oncidium papilio*), one of the weirdest and most extraordinary of orchid flowers known, hailing from Trinidad. No flowers resemble insects more closely than orchids, and in this case the resemblance is very striking. What the plant gains by producing such extraordinary blossoms is difficult to understand, for little is known regarding the particular insects that visit and fertilize these quaint blossoms. Probably their irregular and contrasting colours stand out boldly in the nightlight and serve to attract amorous moths who are seeking a mate, and which, owing to their similar form, rush towards the flowers, only to discover that they may quench their thirst if they will, but not their love.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.



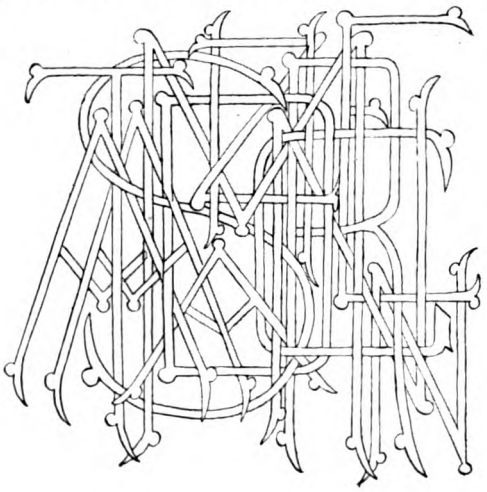


A MONUMENT TO PATIENCE.

WHAT is this fountain made of? One might make many guesses before hitting on the correct solution, which is — postage-stamps. Over one hundred thousand were used in the making of it, and their collection occupied Mr. F. Ellis, of Hayward's Heath, for nine years.—Mr. Algernon S. G. Bellchambers, New England Road, Hayward's Heath.

A CLEVER MONOGRAM.

THIS monogram is an original design in letter-locking, or, as some people term it, the interlacing of letters. The monogram illustrated, when puzzled out, will be found to be "THE STRAND MAGAZINE," and the letters have been run in and out of each other to make it more difficult to read.—Mr. F. G. Dalloway, 241A, Queen's Road, Battersea.



A PUZZLING SUM IN ADDITION.

STRANGE as it may seem, these three rows of figures actually add up to the total given. Those who have any doubt on the point should hold up the figures before a mirror and read what they see before them, when they will be convinced at once. —Mr. F. S. Maudling, 15, Godstone Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

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A STRANGE CATCH.

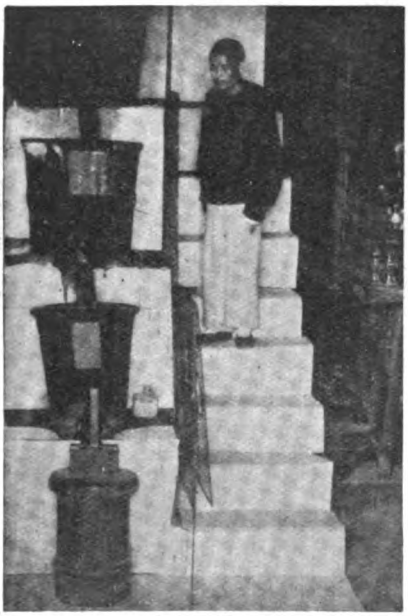
DURING some firing exercises off St. Albans Head by two of H.M. ships, the wire by which the target was being towed parted. The targets were picked up, but, instead of the wire coming in easily, it was found to be made fast to something. Recourse was had to the steam capstan, and by its means the wire was pulled up, when the end of it was found to be securely hitched round the screw of a motor boat. The boat was about twenty-four feet long, but the name was undecipherable. The engines were quite intact, and she did not appear to have been down so very long. She had evidently been sunk in a collision and was very badly holed on the starboard side. The photograph shows a man hung in a bow-line trying to prevent the wire slipping right off the boat. The engines were made by Brookes, of Lowestoft, and were eventually transferred to the Customs House at Portland for custody pending inquiries.

A WATCH-WINDING PROBLEM.

EVERY night at twelve p.m. I wind up my watch, giving twelve turns. Should I forget to wind, the watch will run down at six o'clock the following morning. It occurs to me that I may be overwinding my watch, and I determine to give only ten turns each night and commence to do so on a Monday night. Will the watch run down, and, if so, when? Note: Turns in winding are all of equal value. The solution will be given next month.—Mr. O. Sindall, 41, Clock House Road, Beckenham.

A CHINESE WATER-CLOCK.

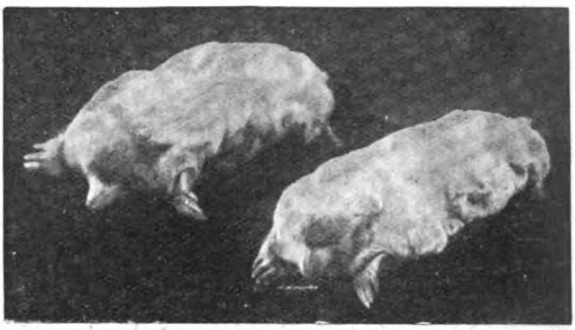
SPANNING the street Shwang-Mun-Ti, in the city of Canton, is to be seen a large monumental arch, or tower, and in one of the rooms of this tower the curious may see an ingenious clock—a relic testifying, like the compass, to the remarkable inventive genius of the Chinese. The clepsydra, or, as it is called in Chinese, Tung-Wu-Ti-Low—that is, copper jar water-dropper—consists of four copper jars standing on a brick stairway one above the other. These jars are on the average about twenty-two inches high



by about twenty inches broad. Each of the jars is connected to the one below by a small open trough, through which the water trickles. In the lowest jar is a wooden rod, very much like a flat ruler, which rises and falls according to the quantity of water in the jar, and thus indicates the time of day. The water is removed from the lower jar and placed in the upper one twice a day. This curious water-clock was made in the year 1321 A.D. to the order and at the expense of nineteen military mandarins of the city. —Mr. H. L. Manderson, St. Stephen's College, Hong-Kong.

A NATURAL HISTORY CURIOSITY.

THE photograph accompanying this is of a couple of albino (white) moles, and will, I believe, prove of great interest to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, for some of the oldest farmers and farm labourers in this district inform me that, though they have caught hundreds of the dark ones, they have never seen, and in the majority of cases have never heard of, pure white moles. The pair in the illustration are entirely white, and, what is perhaps more remarkable, were both trapped by the same man, in the same field, and within twenty-four hours of each other. The mole family is a large one, as can be easily understood from



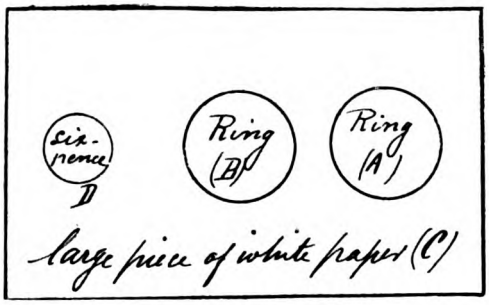
the fact that they are to be met with, not only in Britain (Ireland excepted), but right across Europe and Asia to Japan. Single white specimens have, on rare occasions, been trapped, but such a thing as a pair being taken by one man has, in all probability, never occurred before. Being such a novelty, they were, as soon as photographed, forwarded to the Museum, Park Street, Bristol. Photograph by Mr. E. Lippiatt, Clevedon.—Mr. G. W. Rowlands, Brighton Villa, Clevedon, Somerset.

HOW MANY FACES ARE THERE?

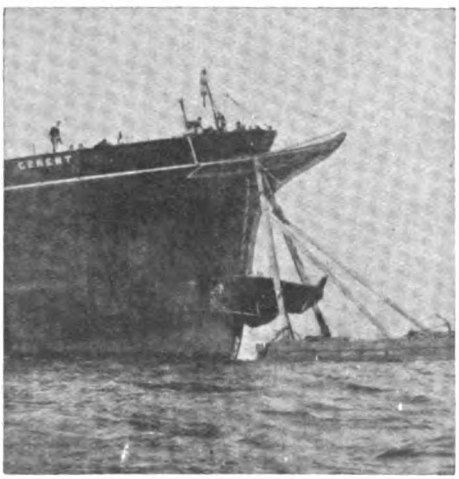
IT may amuse readers of THE STRAND to try to discover how many faces are represented in the following drawing. All these were gradually worked in from a line scrawled accidentally on the paper.—Mr. R. Ward, 6, Roundhay Grove, Leeds.

A GOOD TRICK FOR AMATEUR CONJURERS.

THE following trick, when performed with the usual "business" of a conjurer, will prove very bewildering. Take two key-rings, A and B, of similar sizes. Stick a piece of white paper under the ring A, so that it is not visible outwardly. Cut out a piece of cardboard a little larger than the rings. Place the ring B on ring A and cover the whole with



the piece of cardboard. Now, if you put all on the sixpence D and remove the ring B the sixpence will apparently have disappeared, being concealed by the piece of white paper under the ring A, which is not distinguishable from the larger piece C. If again you place the ring B on ring A and remove the whole, the sixpence will reappear.—Mr. G. Lajugie, 30, Quai Gailleton, Lyons, France.

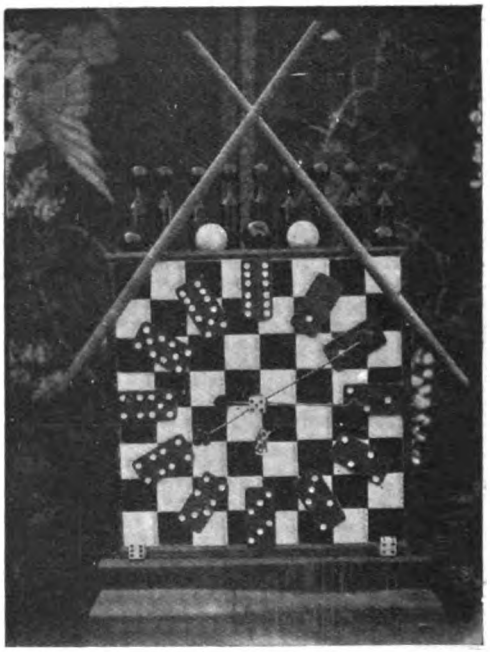


RELICS OF A COLLISION.

A REMARKABLE occurrence is shown in the above photograph of the British ss. *Gerent*, taken while she was anchored at Gibraltar after having been in collision with a Spanish steamer. The wreckage seen obtruding from her bows just above the water-line is part of the stem of the Spanish vessel.—Mr. Ernest Woodward, Armstrong's Buildings, South Gibraltar.

A CLOCK OF GAMES.

NO fewer than seven games are represented in the clock next shown, which was made by my father. The dial is a draughtboard, the figures



dominoes, the points and tail of the hands cards, the centre of the hands dice, underneath the hands cricket is represented, while on the top of the clock are the implements for billiards and skittles.—Mr. R. W. Horstmann, 2, Meddow Villas, Weston-super-Mare.

HOW BABIES ARE DRESSED IN ITALY.

THIS photograph of an Italian child about six months old shows the way in which all Italian babies are wrapped round with a kind of bandage many yards long, their arms and legs being so tightly bound that they cannot move them. The Italian women say that if they were not bound thus the children would not grow up straight, and in a small village I visited, about forty miles from Genoa amongst the mountains, they were most astonished to see an English baby without any of these extraordinary wrappings.—Mr. S. H. Yeadon, 57, Francis Street, Chapeltown Road, Leeds.

Where Wheat Wins.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON,

Vice-President Canadian Women's Press Club.

And this is what I came to when I came across the sea,
Miles and miles of unused sky and miles of untrod loam,
And miles of room for someone else and miles of room for me—
The cry of exile changing to the sweeter cry of "Home!"

WHAT an illuminating thing a map is! When one of Britain's Colonials looks at a map of the world with our possessions coloured red, he is glad that manifest destiny has broken up this "Greater Empire than Has Been" and distributed its parts around the shores of the Seven Seas. As a nation we are broader-minded, less insular, and more progressive and acceptive than if all our acres had been crowded into one continent. As it is, Britons the world over, like children who play "Tom Tiddler's Ground," can step from one little patch of red to another with facility and an air of assuredness, for is not all ours? The British Empire as a whole is a house, our maternal mansion; the corner of it in which we were born is our particular nursery, but every room of that house is equally ours to enter and occupy; and when we travel across seas to a new apartment of the mother lodge, it is to find there the Old Flag, the "tongue that Shakespeare spoke," and a brother's welcome. Is not the British Empire merely an aggregation of Old Boys' Associations from Vagabondia? If we find the room of

A THRESHING SCENE IN WESTERN CANADA.

the Old House that we were born in a bit narrow, if the brothers and sisters crowd us too closely, if, perchance, the Mother-Hubbard cupboard of that particular room be bare, we naturally look around for another corner of the Old House with a full pantry.

A particularly plummy British Empire pantry just now is Western Canada, and for the purposes of this short article we will include in that term just the three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, a great bread-yielding plain lying between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, and extending from the United States to the parallel of 60 deg. North. Last year Canada sent over half a million dollars' worth of grain to Belgium; she sent British Africa £25,720 worth. The five and a half million acres cultivated last year in Western Canada produced 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, worth nearly £16,460,905. If Canada's wheat crop for 1908 had been shipped in cars, each holding fifteen tons, the cars would make up a continuous train 1,365 miles long. But the rich things of this Last West are just beginning to be nibbled at. Western Canada has over 150,000,000 fecund acres capable of growing wheat, and less than one acre out of every twenty of this is under crop. Canada ranked first in wheat displays at the St. Louis Fair in 1904. One hundred and fifty varieties of wheat and other grains were there shown from Canada, and we bear in mind that "Canadian No. 1 Hard" is the sterling mark for wheat, the highest-valued grain in the world. The wheat production of the United States has not kept pace with the growth of population. It is interesting to note that the United States export of wheat and flour to Great Britain is fast declining, while in Canada the surplus for export over home consumption increases by leaps and bounds from year to year. Eighteen years ago the United States produced eighteen bushels of wheat to Canada's one; the United States now produces only six to our one.

Not only is the soil of Western Canada the most fertile in the world, but here in these millions of prairie-acres waiting for the plough is the world's Last West, the last unoccupied frontier under a white man's sky. Small wonder is it that into this fat mesa the peoples of all the world are crowding. The past ten years show that 325,000 people from the Mother Country have become Canadian

AMONG THE WHEAT IN WESTERN CANADA.

farmers, 300,000 Americans in that time pressed north and took up land in Canada, while 260,000 immigrants came from the rest of the world; 148,700 new people entered Canada in 1908 to take up homes, 57,124 of tion of races, unique in history. We see in Western Canada a land of wheat and kine. Western Canada is every man's and woman's opportunity if, as we have said, he or she is the right kind of man or woman.

OATFIELDS HOMESTEAD, FIFTY MILES EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

these came from the United States, 39,805 of them were English, 11,676 came from Scotland, and 3,718 from Ireland. Surely we have found the true melting-pot of the nations. And if these would-be wheat-farmers are made of the right stuff, it matters not an iota the national or family history that lies behind them, their religious belief, or inherited tendencies, they can "make good" in Britain's bread-basket, the rolling plains of Western Canada. There is room for all, and the Canadian Government gives to every man who will till it, without money and without price, a fertile farm of 160 acres.

Toward this wheat-plain is moving the greatest economic trek this world has ever seen; the historian of to-morrow will rank it with the world migrations. Here in Prairie Canada to-day is taking place the fusing of faiths, a unifying of interests, an amalgama-

What classes does Western Canada welcome? The man who has lived on a farm, is not afraid to work, and knows something of agriculture; the woman brave of heart and strong of arm who is willing to undertake domestic service. These the West receives with open arms. But the man who has lived all his life in a town, who doesn't know a potato from a pomegranate, who thinks a horse looks well harnessed between the handles of a plough, and who makes an attempt to milk a cow with a patent clothes-peg, isn't going to make a startling success of things if you drop him down in the middle of a prairie farm. Making a living from the soil, even when that soil is the most fertile on earth, is a trade which has to be learned, and the knowledge of how to do it doesn't bubble up out of the soil, nor does a special messenger drop it

from the blue of heaven. This would be a miracle, and the day of miracles is past, even in a land so specially favoured by God as is Western Canada.

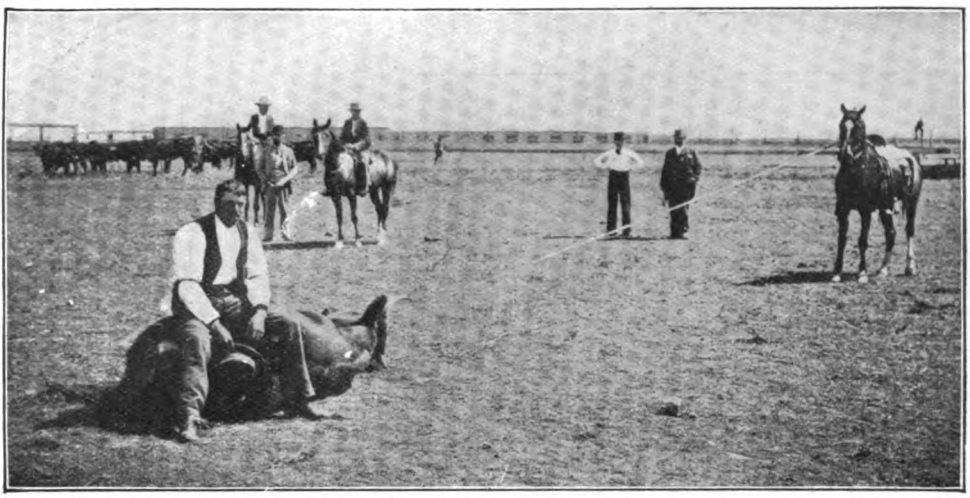
Last year an old Indian chief of the Sioux tribe was taken up to the top of Chicago's highest building, Montgomery Ward's tower, and invited to look down upon the crowded thousands of people moving like ants in the street below. "Have they any farms?" asked the old warrior. "No," was the reply. "What do they do?" said he. "Oh, they buy from each other and sell," said the white man. "All cheat," was the laconic summing-up of the situation by the old Sioux. His idea was that in the analysis of economics any man who charged for a commodity more uncultivated land is a dead asset; the land, plus the intelligent man, is yearly appreciating national wealth.

The story of colonization in the Canadian West differs in many essentials from the story of colonization elsewhere. This is the only frontier that has been conquered without bloodshed. In other lands the pioneer has gone first, and, with an axe in one hand and a gun in the other, in the face of hostile tribes has occupied the silent places. After he and his sons had created the wealth, the grandson might hope to have his produce of the soil taken out by rail. In the wheat-lands of Western Canada the railways go first, the homesteader travels out on a palace car and carries his household goods with him, the

A WESTERN CANADA CATTLE FARM.

than it cost him exploited his fellow, and that only he who created new wealth was worthy of the tribe. And is not your true creator, your nation-builder, the man who makes two bushels of wheat, two acres of sugar-beets, grow where one or none grew before? For this kind of man or woman Canada hungers. She has the land. But train deposits him within reachable distance of the field of his labours, and within a few years at the most he may expect to see a railroad practically at the edge of his acres.

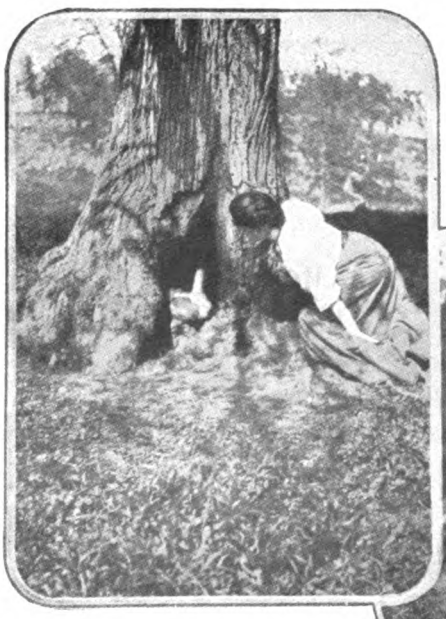
During two centuries three great agencies have been making the land morally fit for him to live in—the Hudson Bay Company, the Church Missionaries, and, within more



CATTLE ROPING NEAR CALGARY.

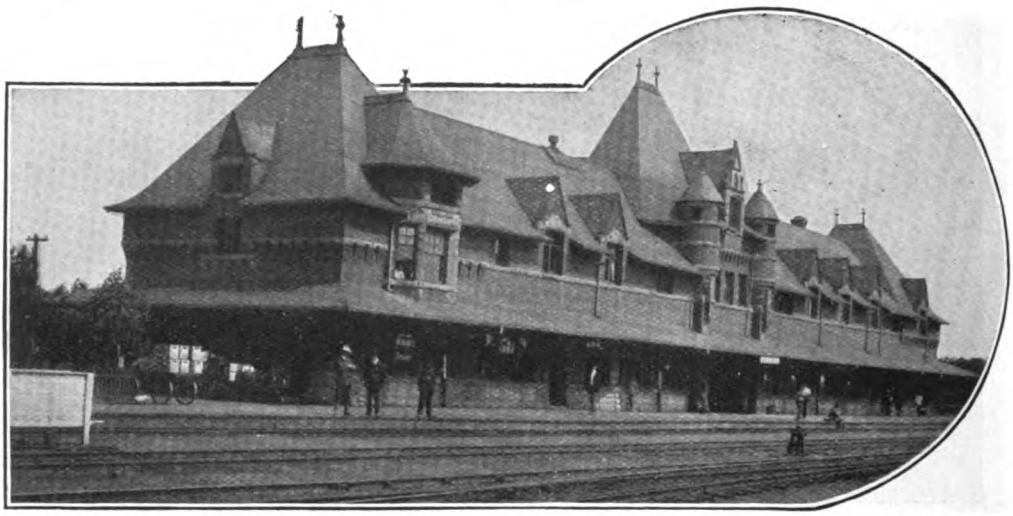
recent years, the Royal North-West Mounted Police. The man who takes up land to-day on Canada's far-flung prairies finds British law established waiting for him; he finds life and property safer here than they are in many crowded cities of the Old World; he finds churches and schools and roads and bridges. He leaves nothing behind in the Old World that the New is not able to supply.

Canada in the facilities for transportation in proportion to her population stands first among the nations. Her railway mileage per head of population is greater than that of any other country; the United Kingdom has one mile of railway to 1,821 people, Canada has one mile for every 300. Canada has a greater railway mileage than Australia and New Zealand combined; she has more railways than all the South American countries put together. The amount of capital invested in Canadian railways aggregates the enormous sum of £254,998,973. There are at present under construction in Canada 4,327 miles of new road. In 1908 railway lines in this country increased 21 per cent., or 1,248 miles, and from contracts already placed and plans confirmed it can be conservatively estimated that



"HIDE-AND-SEEK."

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."



MOOSE JAW STATION, SASKATCHEWAN, ON THE MAIN LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

the new work projected for 1909 will represent an expenditure of £18,518,518. The one great line alone, the Canadian Pacific Railway, has spent since 1902 £7,407,407 on property additions, and £18,518,518 for new operating facilities; and at the next Session of Parliament this company will seek authority to increase its capital by the issue of £10,288,068 worth of new common stock. The C.P.R. is the great Transcontinental steel spine of Canada, extending from ocean to ocean, and has projected for 1909 in the West alone about 500 miles of new branch lines.

The railway interests of Canada are indeed in good keeping. It is the men of the railways who have been the Dominion's truest pioneers, for, in working for their several companies and adventuring into new territories, they have been the means of discovering and developing opportunities which would otherwise have lain dormant for years to come.

Whether the prompting motive has been the benefiting of their shareholders or not, it has been with an eye to future rather than to present profit that they have planned and thought and toiled, and the whole problem has been bound up in the one hope—that of bringing the right sort of people to cultivate the land. And the stream has already begun to flow in goodly force; it is gathering volume all the time, and promises to spread the gladness of prosperity throughout the whole of the Western country. One day monuments will be erected to these railway pioneers; and others will arise to lay down new tracks in lands that are now waste, and "the course of empire" will "westward run" for ages yet.

But Western Canada must have a soul as well as a body. The insistent question for Canada is not how many acres can be made to grow wheat, how many forests of timber can be shipped to foreign lands, how many barrels of oil can be pumped from the bosom of the earth. If she contents herself with driving railways to the farthest corners of her domain and developing her natural resources, she falls lamentably short. She is inviting immigrants from the Old World. Has she something better to offer these people? How can she build up a moral strength side by side with material wealth? By each man doing his part. What is wanted is the creating and maintaining of a public spirit, the acknowledgment of the fact that it is possible to be both manly and moral. Beginning with the children and the home, from Halifax to Vancouver, and from Winnipeg to the banks of the Lesser Slave, and working its way into every ramification of Canadian life, private and public, must be the strong conviction, not that honesty and integrity are the best policy, but that they are the only policy.

Sports and Pastimes in the Australian Commonwealth.

By D. HOGARTH.

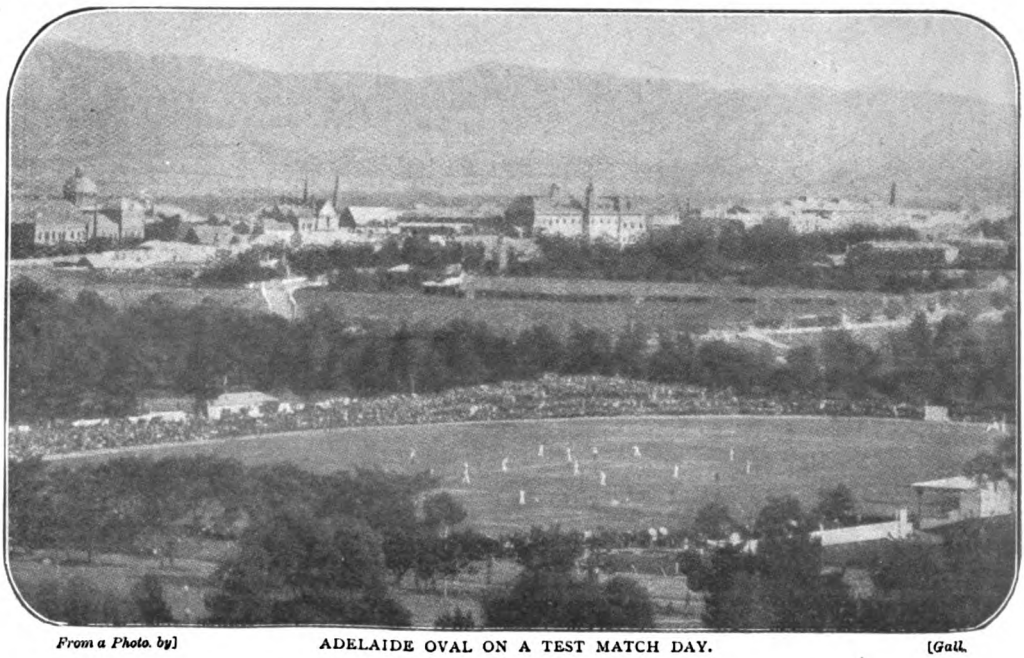
WHEN I first came out to Australia from the North of England, I said good-bye in my heart to the outdoor pastimes in which from boyhood to manhood I had been an eager participant on the play-fields of my native shire. "Yes," I said to myself, "I am now leaving thoughts of play and relaxation behind me. I am going to a land where I shall have to 'rough it' somewhat, and, above all, to work."

I had not quite made up my mind what particular kind of work I should embark upon, or in which State, city, or district I should settle; but I was ready to take my coat off if necessary, and either till the land or dig for gold, grow wool or keep a shop. I wasn't particular, so long as there was money in the thing I undertook, and having a moderate amount of capital in hand I could afford to look around before deciding, and I did. But I was in desperate earnest, and knew, or thought I knew, that my days of sports and pastimes were over and done with for ever.

Of course, I was aware of the reputation of the Australian cricketers, but regarded their exploits as those of a small and exclusive band of professionals rather than as an indication of a widespread national bent. And I left it at that until later experiences disabused me of my preconceptions.

I am not—at this present writing, at all events—going to tell the story of my landing in Sydney and my trips up-country into the remoter lands; of my voyagings and journeyings in quest of fair fields and good opportunities to, in, and about Victoria, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the rest; but just tell you how at every point it was revealed to me that nowhere are sports and pastimes indulged in with greater zest than among the people of Australia.

As this side of the Australian character was gradually forced upon me, it seemed to me that it was nothing more nor less than the natural and rational result of Anglo-Saxon racial energy, displayed under exceptionally favourable conditions. The spirit of competition is in the air; it permeates both work and recreation, and keeps a fairly even balance between the two. The Australian is as whole-souled in the cricket or football field as in his daily labour, whatever the latter may be. The better he works the better he plays, or interests himself in play. For one thing, he has more leisure than



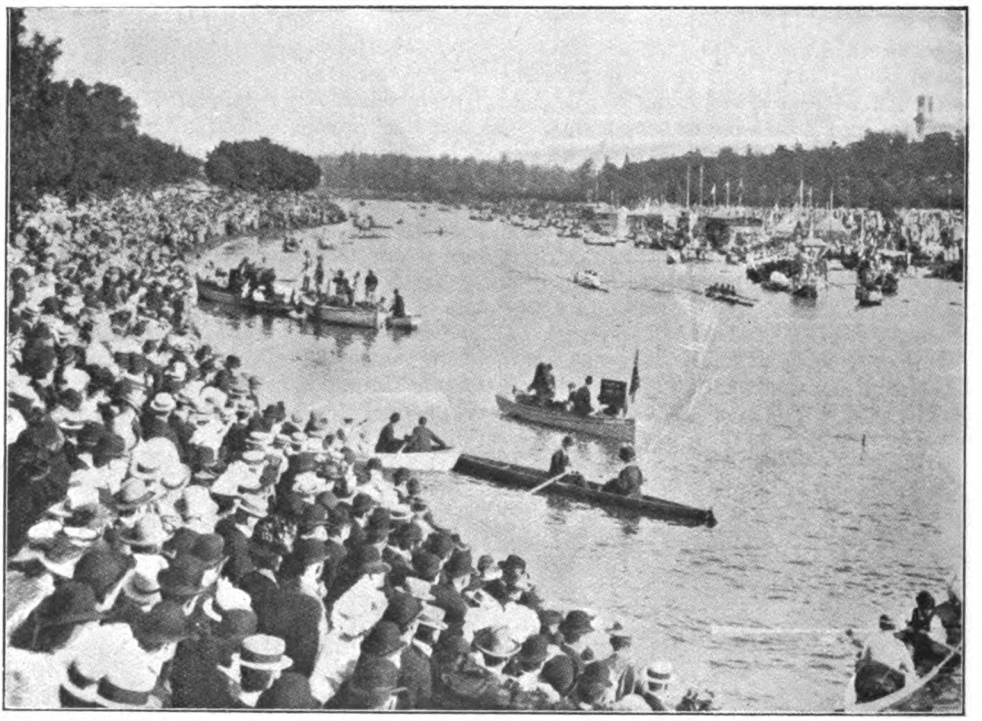
From a Photo. by] ADELAIDE OVAL ON A TEST MATCH DAY. *[Gall.*

the ordinary Englishman has, and, generally speaking, more money; and the climate is one that makes outdoor life a necessity and outdoor pastimes the natural complement of a healthy existence.

The "sport of kings" is nowhere more enthusiastically followed than on the great racecourses of Flemington (Melbourne) and Randwick (New South Wales), where the Australian Jockey Club has its head-quarters, the spring and autumn meetings on these well-equipped courses being witnessed by enormous crowds, including the best people of city and country, while the horses competing are the finest that can be entered.

The sport free from undesirable elements, and stringent legislation keeps the gambling features well under control.

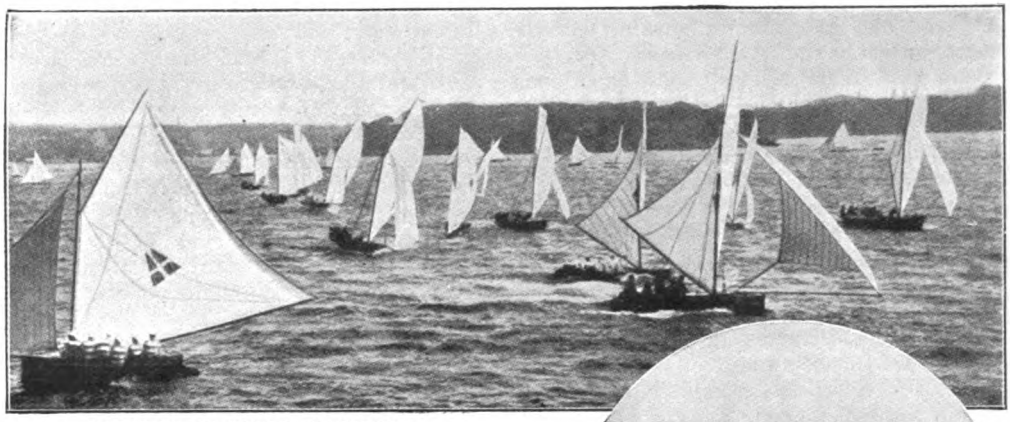
The "Derby" of the Australian Turf is the race for the Melbourne Cup, which attracts a crowd of something like 100,000 people, drawn from every corner of Australia. As for the real excitement of horse-racing, it can be had to the full on these Antipodean racecourses. The animals may be a fraction less speedy than those of the big English races, but it is claimed that the Australian horses are both better-tempered and of better stamina, and, after all, extreme speed is not the only enjoyable element of a race;



From a Photo. by] HENLEY-ON-THE-YARRA, MELBOURNE. *[Sears.*

I have been as much entertained on the premier racecourses of Victoria and New South Wales as ever I was at Epsom or Doncaster. The scene is much the same, indeed, down to the minor elements of the itinerant amusement-mongers, the "bookies," and what not. The "four-in-hands," and carriage evidence generally, may not be so strong a feature as on the old-country courses, but all classes are nevertheless well represented, and the wealth, beauty, and fashion of Australia make a great show on these occasions. Every care is taken to keep keenness and closeness of running and number of competitors are great counting factors, and where are these more enjoyably exhibited than at Flemington or Randwick?

Turning now to the English national game, cricket, it is just the old country over again, only a little more so. Of the crack teams of Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide I need say little. Their leading representatives are well known in England by the frequent visits they pay to the homeland. What I want to make clear is that every cricket-playing State in the Commonwealth



YACHTING IN SYDNEY HARBOUR.

SURF-BATHING.

has not only its big clubs that are the pride and glory of the people, but that for the cricketing rank and file there are thousands of clubs and good grounds everywhere.

Football is hardly less enthusiastically followed. It is the great winter pastime of Australia. New South Wales is the Rugby stronghold, while in New Zealand, where the All Blacks come from, the football organizations are of the best and strongest. The conditions for the game in the various States are almost ideal. Rain seldom interferes with a match, and though the days of play may be hot and sunny—far different from the conditions under which football is played in England—the clearness of the atmosphere is a splendid asset of enjoyment, both to players and spectators. Although the Rugby game seems to be more generally favoured throughout the Commonwealth, there are also many Association clubs, and the proportions are much the same as in England.

I have to confess, indeed, that Australia has taught me more about games and pastimes and the true ethics of sport than I ever imagined I should know. Instead of dearth of pastimes there is almost a plethora; but the Australian sporting instinct seems, on the whole, to be sane and healthy. People don't become so absorbed in sport that they can talk and think about nothing else, as so many of the young and old folks at home do. No; sport is here more of a pure relaxation, enjoyed intensely while it lasts and indulged in with buoyant exhilaration; but both players and spectators are only slaves to it while it lasts.

There are, as a matter of course, many examples of the riff-raff class always hanging around Australian racecourses and cricket and football fields on the great days when the gambling instincts are more particularly appealed to; but, fortunately, in the great sum of outdoor Australian pastimes this element is not a seriously disturbing feature, and the Colonials give short shrift to sport-spoilers, be they whom they may.

Since I have been in Australia I have experienced the paradoxical feeling of being more of a sportsman, and yet less of a sportsman, than I was in Yorkshire; that is, I am interested in many more sports than when I was in England, but my interest, by being distributed over a greater number of pastimes, is tempered and moderated, the old fever and the unrest are gone, and I can enjoy the games rationally and still go about my daily work with a tranquil mind.

In England I was a cricketer, a football player, and an occasional racecourse visitor, and went not farther afield for outdoor sports. Tennis I knew something of, and golf, but these games did not engross me; whereas in Australia they do, the outdoor conditions being so much more favourable than I had previously been accustomed to.

The way in which golf has "come along" in Australia during the last few years is

astounding. "It has spread over the face of the land like an epidemic," says an enthusiastic writer in the *Australasian Traveller*, "and now almost every fifth man one meets—whether in the suburban trams or trains, in country towns, or far-back sheep farms—has caught the infection."

Not so long ago golf was looked upon in Australia as an eccentric sort of pastime, occasionally indulged in by strange men of guttural speech. "Now," adds our critic, "it is not so much a game as a religious rite," and around Sydney, Melbourne, and the other State capitals golf-links and club-houses are in full swing.

Hockey is advancing rapidly in popular favour with young Australians of both sexes; and amongst men whose waists have expanded under years of trying prosperity bowls is a game that receives considerable patronage. In fact, most of the games under the sun appear to have found Australia congenial soil to thrive in. Lacrosse was imported from Canada and baseball from the United States, and each has its votaries.

But in Tasmania I found a national pastime that is special and particular to that State alone—the sport of wood-chopping! It says much for the grit and vigour of Tasmanians that this really serious and arduous work should be regarded as the finest sport.

At Hobart and Launceston they have their Turf meetings, their cricket, football, golf, cycling, and so forth; but to a wood-chopping contest people will flock from far and near—men, women, and children—and watch the axe-wielders hewing away at huge blocks of timber as if life and reputation depended upon the issue. Thud, thud, thud, go the axes, and the splinters fly in all directions, the judges calmly sitting near taking note of the strokes, the spectators cheering the competitors from time to time as frantically as if they were racehorses. To be a wood-chopping champion means something to a man in Tasmania.

Water sports and pastimes in all their forms have long been highly popular all over Australia. Sailing, sculling, and swimming are followed with splendid zest on the various harbours, lakes, and rivers. Aquatics are indulged in wherever the opportunity offers, and nowhere more successfully or more enjoyably than on the Pacific fringe of New South Wales. "Armies of New South Wales residents," says a writer who is well familiar with the scene, "young and old, and of both sexes, play an actual part in water recreation." They don't look on; they actively engage in the pastime that takes their fancy.

"In Sydney Harbour yachting and motoring are followed by the multitude to an extent unequalled perhaps on any other sheet of water of its size on the globe. The squatting or the mining potentate has no monopoly of this luxury. He may excel in the size and richness of his craft; but as he steams or sails down the beautiful waterway he has to thread his course through a floating maze of boats of every class and size, representative of every section of the community. Labourers and clerks and schoolboys sail and motor on

From a Photo. by] WOOD-CHOPPING CONTEST—TASMANIA'S NATIONAL SPORT. *[Grattan.*

these waters all through the summer. It is a poor drone indeed who cannot afford to be the part-owner of a boat along the shores of Port Jackson," which cannot be excelled for smooth-water yachting. As everyone knows, New South Wales has given many champion oarsmen to the world.

In New South Wales men and women and children take to the water as naturally as the proverbial duck; and of late years it has become a daily summer-time habit for thousands of bathers to sport in the surf of the near ocean beaches. It is no uncommon experience to see twenty thousand bathers or more splashing, diving, leaping, and swimming in the warm, exhilarating waters near Sydney on a fine Sunday morning. It is what is called "mixed bathing," as at many English watering-places, and there can be no denying its extreme enjoyableness, to say nothing of its healthfulness.

In Victoria they have a Henley of their own for yachting and boating. "Henley-on-the-Yarra," they call it, and there every year, as at Henley-on-Thames, regattas take place which are a great attraction. This annual carnival is held in the spring, when Melbourne is full of visitors for the great race-meet, and forms a very brilliant function. Another favourite yachting place is the Brisbane River in Queensland, where the Queensland Royal Yacht Club holds important sway. The Brisbane River is alive with yachts during the season, every cut and capacity being represented; while the waters of Moreton Bay afford capital cruising ground for the yachtsman desiring his craft to dance on the waves of the sea.

The list of Australian sports and recreations is so extensive that many articles would be required to describe them. Cricket, football, lawn tennis, golf, horse-racing, and aquatic sports are the prominent pastimes of every State. In regard to some sports, however, they are special to certain States and localities. If you want to hunt the kangaroo you must go to South Australia. Then there are special coursing centres, and angling is a sport that has to be pursued according to local conditions, most of the rivers, however, offering ample work for rod and line, while there is excellent sea-fishing on every coast.

From a Photo. by] THE FLEMINGTON RACECOURSE AND LAWN—MELBOURNE CUP DAY. *[Sears.*

Foot-racing, rifle-shooting, polo-playing, and motoring also come into the list—and some would add boxing, but there I should be inclined to draw the line. But motoring is a sport, pastime, luxury, convenience, or what you like to call it, that is just now entering largely into the life of the Australian Commonwealth in every part, and is revolutionizing road transit; and this is a feature that is being strengthened day by day, and promises to have a very important influence.

I fear my notes have been rather rough and disjointed, but when I think of sport all Australia seems to be one huge playground, and when I think of work it is just as huge a workshop. We don't let one spoil the other, therefore we succeed in both.

The Railway Conquest of Canada.

II.—THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.

"BY the autumn of 1911," said Mr. C. M. Hays not long ago, "I see no reason to doubt that our first Grand Trunk Pacific train will pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Prince Rupert, British Columbia—a distance of 3,600 miles." And when Mr. Hays talks about Canadian railways, especially about this particular enterprise, he speaks of that whereof he has supreme knowledge.

Twelve years ago Mr. Hays assumed managerial control of the Grand Trunk system, being selected for that position by Sir C. Rivers Wilson, G.C.M.G., the Grand Trunk chairman in London. The appointment was a new departure, previous occupants of the office having been men from this side, not fully familiar with Canadian life, business methods, and requirements. Mr. Hays was "to the manner born," and the success of his administration may be partly — but by no means wholly—measured by the resulting increase of the line's dividend-paying power, to the extent of over twenty-four times as much as that of the previous dozen years. For the twelve years ending December 31st, 1895, the shareholders received dividends aggregating only £173,032, but for the twelve years terminating December 31st, 1907, the dividend-total amounted to £4,232,411. The progress has been made, moreover, by legitimate expansion—not by cheeseparing economies—by that true policy of railway conquest that means not only the prosperity of to-day but of the far future. Mr. Hays's management, it is claimed, has increased the value of the system to investors by £20,000,000; has brought about the reconstruction of the railway out of its own earnings, and augmented the locomotive equipment so that the carrying capacity of a train is now three to four times more than it was twelve years ago—that is, from 500 to 600 tons it is increased to from 1,500 to 2,000 tons.

MR. C. M. HAYS, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AND PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.

But far-reaching as are these reforms, affecting as they do a greater railway mileage in Eastern Canada than is owned by any other company, it is upon the great Transcontinental extension, the Grand Trunk *Pacific* Railway, that the attention of those interested in Canada's railway developments is at the moment chiefly directed.

This great extension, adding 3,596 miles of new railway to the older Grand Trunk system, will be entirely within Dominion territory, and will stretch from Moncton, N.B., on the east coast, to Prince Rupert on the Pacific coast, providing the shortest "All Red" route from Great Britain to Asia. It will cross fresh "lands of promise" from east to west, opening up 300,000,000 acres of fertile agricultural land, sufficient for homes for twice the present population of all Canada, and be the means of establishing numberless new cities, towns, and villages, where now are only vacant stretches of prairie. As Sir C. Rivers Wilson, in reviewing the situation, recently pointed out, what had to be considered was whether the Grand Trunk should remain localized in the old provinces of Quebec and Ontario, with its outlet on the east at Portland and on the west at Chicago, or follow and participate in the development of the fertile territory of the North-West.

The course of the new railway may be briefly outlined. Its Eastern Division, starting at Moncton, proceeds direct to the City of Quebec as its first stage, crossing the St. Lawrence by a new cantilever bridge, which will be the biggest in the world, at an elevation of 150ft. above high-water mark, admitting of the free passage underneath of

the largest ocean steamers. From Quebec it runs to the vicinity of Lake Abitibi, and to the north of Lake Nepigon to Winnipeg, 1,800 miles from Moncton. This section of the line passes through the mineral belt of Eastern Canada, near the famous cobalt deposits. The Western Division is subdivided into the prairie section and the mountain section, the former extending from Winnipeg via Edmonton to Wolf Creek, Alberta, a distance of about 916 miles, while the latter extends from Wolf Creek to Prince Rupert, about 840 miles farther west. The prairie section is destined to become a great wheat growing territory, being four times larger than the wheat-growing area of the United States. The mountain section will tap an immense new mineral field, from which important developments may be expected in future years. Many of the engineering difficulties encountered by other Transcontinental lines have been obviated by the selection of the Yellowhead Pass route, whereby a maximum gradient of only 21ft. in the mile was secured, but one summit of 3,712ft. having to be mounted. Some twenty branch lines will also extend the system at various points in northerly and southerly directions where railways do not at present exist.

These vast new agricultural territories are already attracting thousands of incoming settlers. New towns are springing up in all directions in the rich prairie garden land. Winnipeg may be regarded as the gateway of this great region, Edmonton, in Alberta, as its centre, and Prince Rupert as its Pacific terminal. When this immense area has been put under cultivation, Canada will indeed have fulfilled its predicted mission of becoming the world's granary.

Mr. C. M. Hays, viewing the situation with the eye of practical foresight, recently informed a representative of the *National Review* that "at present the wheat crop is either hurried to the ports on the Great Lakes, Duluth, Fort William, Chicago, during the few weeks between threshing and the closing of the lake navigation in November, or it is held up for six months in elevators at a considerable cost; or, again, if carried through to the eastern seaboard in winter, when the St. Lawrence route is closed by ice, the long haul through heavy snows makes the operation difficult, costly, and even disastrous, both for the railway and the farmer. But west-bound from Saskatchewan and Alberta to Prince Rupert the grades are easy, and there is very little snow in winter, so that when the Panama Canal opens in six years I expect to see Prince Rupert one of the very great grain ports of the world."

The existing cultivated area is but 6,000,000 acres—a mere patch, as Mr. Hays truly says, on a farm of 300,000,000 acres. As yet the surface is but scratched. "We shall require very shortly," adds Mr. Hays, "to do what the Canadian Pacific is already doing in Manitoba—that is, double-track our road to enable us to handle the traffic. Thus the diversion of a large portion of the Far Western wheat trade will advantage every section of our road; it will enable us to give settlers much lower rates, because we shall even-up our loads, sending full cars both east and west, instead of only east. While we send cattle, grain, and minerals west, we shall haul back the coal and the lumber east which the settlers on that 300,000,000-acre farm need."

The stability of the town growth along the Grand Trunk Pacific route is shown in many ways. Local improvement by-laws are being passed, and add to the assurance that the "latest West" is the "best West." Nokomis, Sask.—a town but a few months old—already boasts of several hundred inhabitants, and amongst other things a newspaper, and an assessed property valuation of nearly £50,000 voted on March 1st on by-laws aggregating £2,000 to cover street lighting, fire protection, water supply, the purchase of a site for municipal buildings, the purchase of land for a cemetery, and general street improvements, all of which were carried by large majorities. Another flourishing town is Wainwright, Alberta, 666 miles east of Winnipeg.

As to Prince Rupert, the great Pacific port of the future, it promises to outstrip in rapidity of growth any other marvel-city of the western coast. It has a magnificent harbour, backed by a semicircle of gently-sloping hills, and is about 550 miles north of Vancouver. Already it has its hotels, its newspaper, and a population of over 200 souls.

In connection with the Grand Trunk organization on this side, it may be mentioned that some five years ago Mr. Hays, realizing the great trade possibilities of Canada, appointed Mr. F. C. Salter, a Canadian, to help in the development and education of the Imperial idea, and establish harmony in commercial relationship between Canada and European countries in the interest of the Grand Trunk Railway. His head-quarters will shortly be removed from Liverpool to new palatial offices in Trafalgar Square, London.

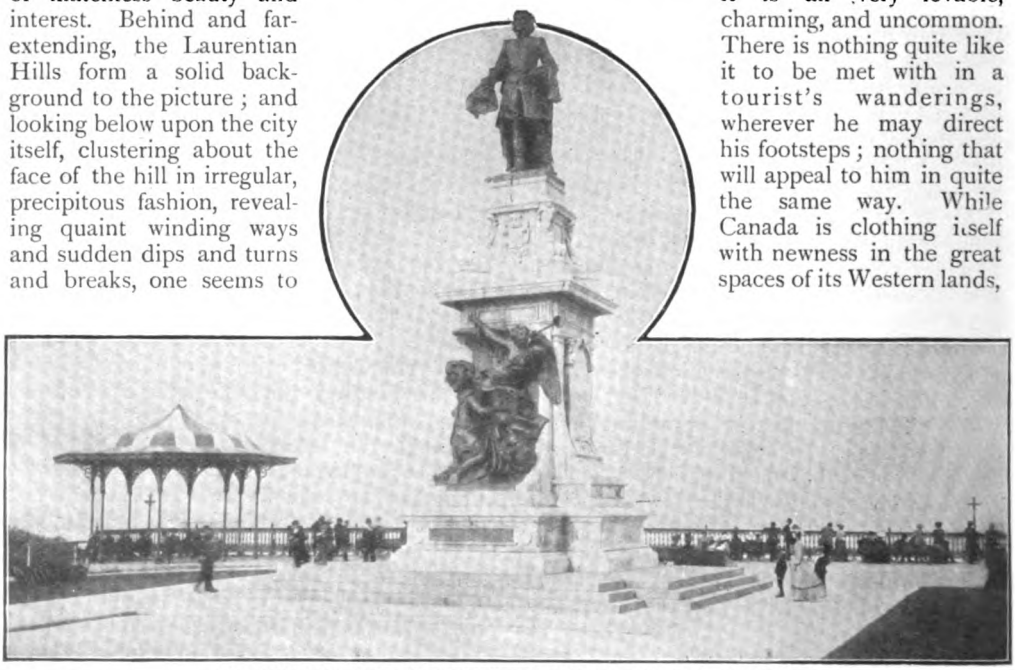
IN QUAINT QUEBEC.

A HINT FOR TOURISTS.

THE eager tourist, with his mind full of visions of the Golden West, is apt to overlook the older land of the East wherein the foundations of the Canadian Dominion were laid, and often hurries on in quest of the new territories, forgetful that in Quebec the glamour and fascination of historic days remain so picturesquely and beautifully impressed that it almost seems a crime against one's patriotism to pass it by. But there is no spot on the entire North American continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Far Northern snows, that will better repay a day or two's sojourn than this ground of the old heroic conflict, alive with associations of Champlain, Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery, and other men whose glorious deeds still linger in hallowed memories.

Standing on the King's Bastion of the Citadel, hundreds of feet above the St. Lawrence, which sweeps majestically along on its ever-widening course to the sea, bearing on its bosom the great ocean liners that at every voyage forge fresh links of connection between Europe and Canada, the view is one of matchless beauty and interest. Behind and far-extending, the Laurentian Hills form a solid background to the picture; and looking below upon the city itself, clustering about the face of the hill in irregular, precipitous fashion, revealing quaint winding ways and sudden dips and turns and breaks, one seems to be confronted with bits of old Normandy. The upper town, across whose crest Dufferin Terrace stretches in airy spaciousness, constituting an unparalleled vantage-ground of promenade, is compact of modernity, with fine residential structures, imposing public buildings, and ample evidences of wealth, substance, and taste.

But it is in the old walled garrison city below that the tourist will find himself the most impressed. Here he plunges into the ancient days of chivalry and romance, recalled in a thousand ways—in the quaint French architecture; in the old gates and walls; in the narrow, crooked streets, with their odd-looking buildings of curious gables, steps, and recesses; in the old-time "calèches," which are the Quebec cabs; but most of all in that picturesque, neat, dainty, sympathetic, chattering crowd of French folk, young and old, that instil the actual old French life into the streets, squares, lanes, and passages of Quebec. It is a French population that suggests the quiet country corners of old Gaul rather than the modern cities of the Republic, with just a touch of old English pastoral sweetness added, perhaps. Anyway, it is all very lovable, charming, and uncommon. There is nothing quite like it to be met with in a tourist's wanderings, wherever he may direct his footsteps; nothing that will appeal to him in quite the same way. While Canada is clothing itself with newness in the great spaces of its Western lands,



THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC.

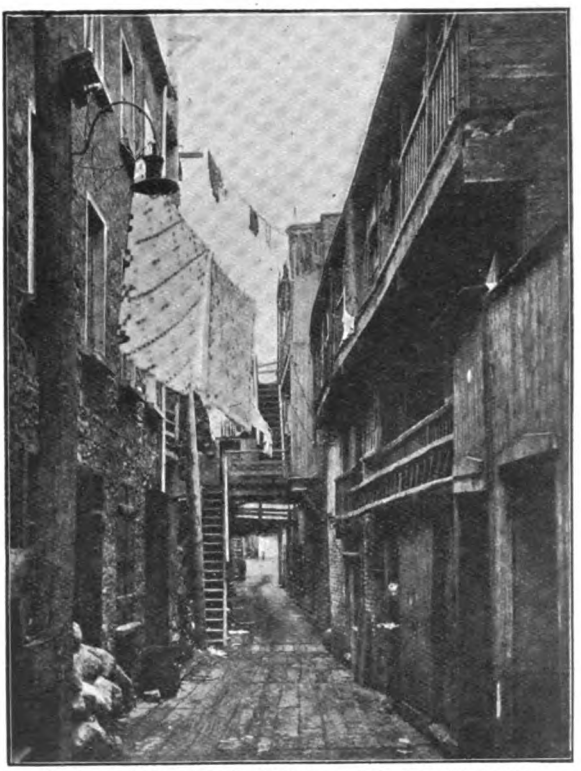
and peopling those spaces with members of newer races, here stands Quebec as of old, undivested of its ancient quaintness, as attractive as when its fate was decided on the Plains of Abraham, in 1759, between Wolfe and Montcalm.

Quebec still preserves much of its old aspect of a military stronghold, and of its old religious fervour. The Citadel is a Canadian Gibraltar, forming a strong natural fortress. A high stone wall encloses the fort, which is crowned on the side commanding the river with an immense park of artillery, including in the centre of the courtyard a small cannon captured by the British at Bunker Hill. The place is well garrisoned with soldiers, and the whole aspect of the place bespeaks martial ardour, albeit it is more an eighteenth than a twentieth century aspect, perhaps. It serves, however, all the better for the recalling of the strenuous days of conflict.

The calm and serenity of peace stand out in contrasted relief in the many religious edifices which Quebec has to show; some of them dating from far-back times and recalling the days of the French occupation, while others are of a more modern character. First in point of interest comes the Basilica, a magnificent building standing on the site of a votive chapel erected by Champlain in 1633.

In the days of war and peril, when invading armies threatened on one side and savage Indians were a constant menace on the other, the church of Ste. Ann de Beaupré held faithfully to its religious mission, giving food to the hungered, shelter to the hunted, protection to such as suffered cruelty; and performing its solemn rights through all trials and changes, the one thing of unchanging purpose in the whole scene. At this sacred shrine thousands of devout pilgrims have sought the blessing of health, and the services have been kept on in almost unbroken continuity from the period of the early French settlers.

The English cathedral is of later date, and, therefore, lacks the interesting associations of the Roman Catholic edifice. It was consecrated in 1804 by Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, and contains numerous notable mural monuments. In Lower Town the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, built in 1688, is worth a visit; its site was formerly occupied by Champlain's house and fort. Still more ancient is the Hôtel Dieu, the convent and hospital founded by the Duchess d'Aiguillon, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu, in 1639, being the oldest institution of the kind on the continent, and containing several rare paintings. Then up at the old Ursuline Convent, also dating from 1639, and covering seven acres, there is more hallowed, historic ground, for in the sweetly-quaint chapel of the convent repose the remains of Montcalm; also the body of St. Clement, brought here from the catacombs at Rome in 1687, and many other relics calling for reverence.



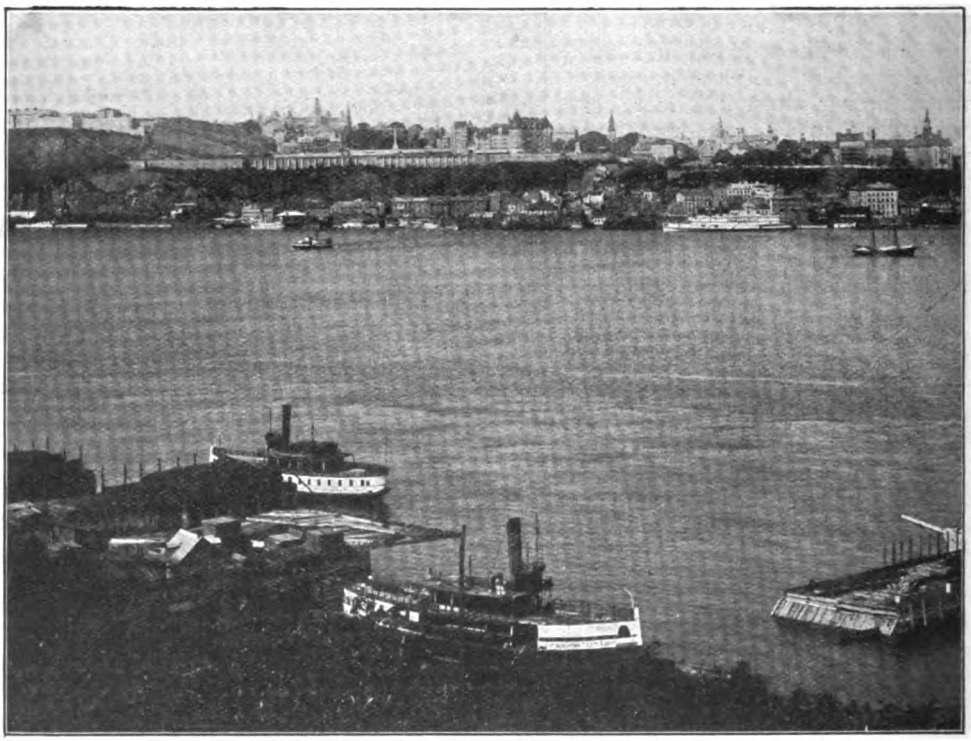
SOUS LE CAP STREET, LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC CITY.

The old and the new do not jar with each other in Quebec as in so many cities; what is new harmonizes with the old, what is old seems for ever undetachable from its surroundings. The great seven-storeyed hotel, the Château Frontenac, standing at the foot of the Citadel, is a replica of a sixteenth-century French château, and fits in so beautifully with its surroundings as to seem to have always been part of the granite cliff from which it overlooks one of the most impressive expanses of mountain, valley,

city, river, and island to be seen in the world.

Whichever way one turns, kindred points of picturesqueness present themselves. Out on Dufferin Terrace, where fashion gathers, the whole Quebec scene, with its mediæval and modern interminglings, lies open to the view; the cliffs and the heights upon which Upper Town is perched, and the venerable ways and timeworn buildings of Lower Town, all come within the range of vision. From Dufferin Terrace it is but a few minutes' calèche drive to Cape Diamond, where the exact spot is shown on which General Montgomery fell leading the attack on Quebec, on the last day of December, 1775, the approach being by way of Champlain Street. The Champlain Monument, commemorating the founder of the city, the Montcalm Monument on Dufferin Terrace, the Wolfe Monument on the Plains of Abraham, erected on the spot where he fell victorious, the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm—brave victor and brave vanquished—in the Governor's garden, and the monument near St. Louis Gate to the Canadian soldiers who fell in the Boer War, show how tenderly the citizens of Quebec hold their heroes in remembrance.

Quebec, indeed, is just the place for a restful halt before passing on to the West. It is the grand contrast to all the rest—the keystone and starting-point from which to measure what lies beyond. Many tourists spend days and days in strolling up and down the streets of Lower Town, Sous le Cap Street having a special attraction for all; and when the city itself is exhausted there are drives and excursions to be had to innumerable beauty-spots in the neighbourhood—the Montmorency Falls, the Shrine of St. Anne, the Chaudière Falls, the Indian village of Lorette, and so on.



CITY OF QUEBEC FROM LEVIS, ON THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

In fact, the whole province is full of charm and interest, and with the railway facilities afforded by the Grand Trunk line and by the Intercolonial Railway, Eastern Canada is easily reached in any part. From Quebec to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, Canada's sunrise lands, the facilities of transit are all that could be desired, and few railway trips are more enjoyable than that given by the Intercolonial along the south shore of the Lower St. Lawrence, through the picturesque French-Canadian villages, and on to the holiday resorts of the coast.

IMRE KIRALFY'S Reminiscences.

SIX PENCE

The Cabinet as Children

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See Page 22.

EDITED BY Geo: Newnes

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No. 222
VOL 37

JUNE
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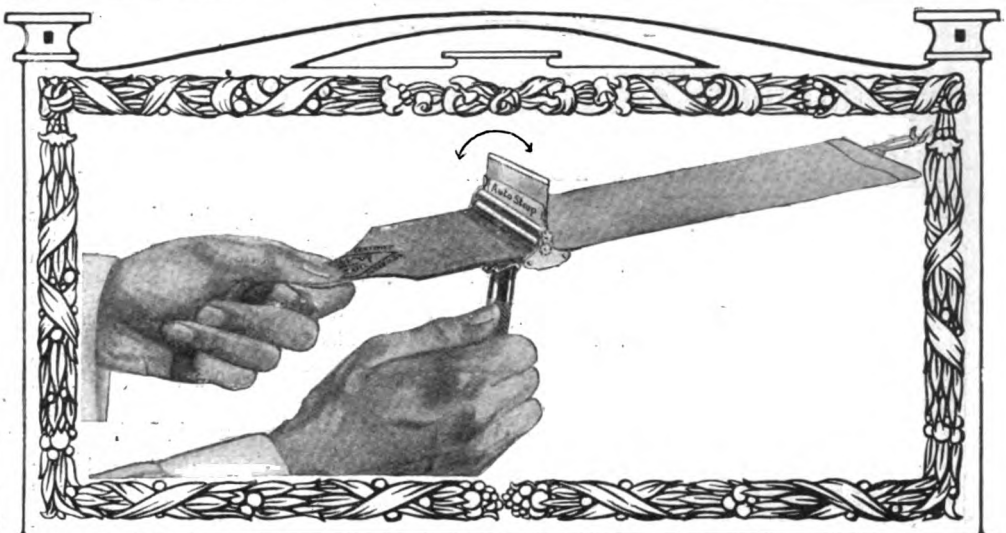

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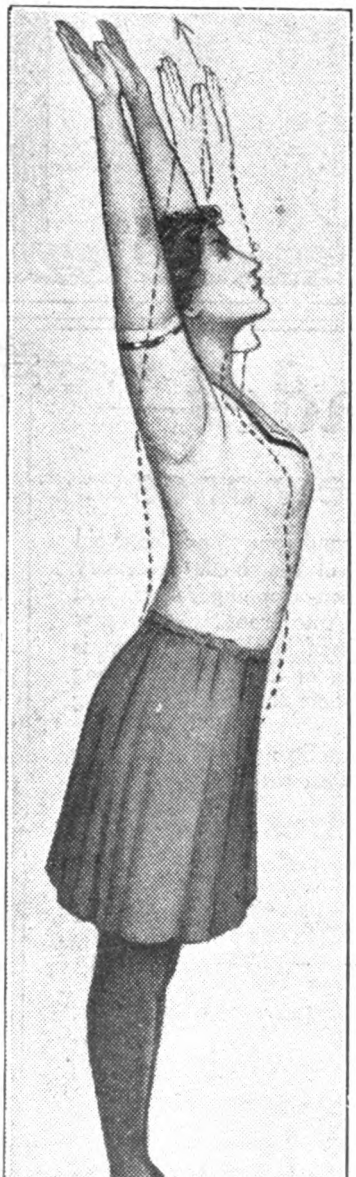

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To illustrate all this, just try one exercise, No. 305 on my list, which I often give. (See illustration.)

(1)—Stand in your ordinary upright position, with arms raised above the head (see dotted figure).

(2)—Now reach upwards with the arms, lifting shoulders and chest, and contracting the abdomen; in other words, endeavour to reach the ceiling with tips of the fingers. If you keep this point in mind you will find that the abdomen and hips will contract involuntarily as will the chest raise. Your extra stretch will be about six inches; inhale through the nostrils while stretching (see full figure); momentary pause then.

(3)—Let the shoulders and chest sink, when the abdomen and hips will relax. The arms to remain above the head. Exhale forcibly through the mouth. Repeat the uplifting and sinking of shoulders at least six times.

The above exercise, if done conscientiously, should demonstrate the underlying principle of **my** method, which is:—**stretch.**

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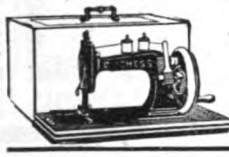

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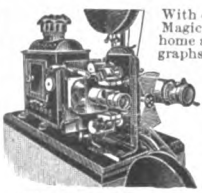

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STRAND MAG., June, 1909.

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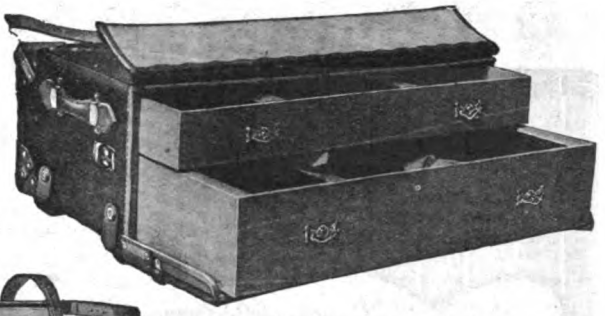

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Marvellous Success.

We have an absolute cure, entirely free from anything hurtful or injurious to the most delicate skin, never failing to entirely eradicate the strongest growth, destroying the elastic filaments so completely that the annoyance **WILL DISAPPEAR.** And to prove the correctness of the above statement, we will send absolutely **FREE,** securely packed and free from observation, with **MEDICAL CERTIFICATE AND TESTIMONIALS,** a sample to all who enclose two penny stamps. Address—
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The human hair has been called the "Cinderella of every woman's beauty and every man's appearance," and this for two reasons:

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There is hardly anything which is so disfiguring to a woman's beauty—or to a man's appearance—as Hair which has become Scanty, Faded, Grey, Discoloured or Scurfy, or a Scalp upon which Patches of Baldness have spread where formerly luxuriant hair used to grow. Just as Cinderella, clad in rags, and sitting in the ashes, appeared plain and commonplace to all who saw her, so does a woman seem—no matter how regular her features or rare her complexion—whose hair has become afflicted with one or other of these disorders.

IN THE SECOND PLACE.

There is no part of the human body which recovers its Health, Strength, and Beauty so rapidly under proper scientific care and treatment as does the Hair. Although, when neglected, it certainly quickly deteriorates in quality, quantity, and colour, yet, if only two minutes a day are spent in cultivating it, or "drilling" it, according to the rules of the world-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill," it responds even more quickly still.

Why not develop to the utmost the growth natural to your hair? Why not—when you can have the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit for seven days' trial free of cost and free of obligation of any kind? The Outfit is sent to you on these terms because the senders know that you will be delighted with what it will do for you even in seven days.

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These are the two main reasons why the Hair has been called the "Cinderella of Woman's Beauty and Man's Appearance."

And what follows conclusively from this?

Why, nothing less than the fact that whilst

Baldness, Scanty Hair, Falling Hair, Greyness, Discoloured Hair, Scurf Deposits,

and other similar and allied Hair and Scalp Disorders add anything up to *fifteen years* to the appearance of any man or any woman, besides detracting from the former's "well-groomed" air and from the latter's beauty and fascinating charm, it is quite possible—and quite easy—for any man or woman—any reader of this article, for instance—to rid themselves of the tell-tale marks which the passing years imprint on their hair, and to vastly increase their charm, good looks, fascination, and all those qualities that go to make up "Beauty" in a woman and "Smartness" in a man. If you are troubled with Premature Baldness, Greyness, and Scalp Trouble of any sort, remember that all these ailments are "premature" in your case. Your hair can retain both its luxuriance and its colour up to practically any age if "Harlene Hair-Drill" is only practised every day.

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COUPON FOR FREE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT.

Issued by the Royal Hair Specialists to all desirous of growing and beautifying the hair.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE. June. 1909.

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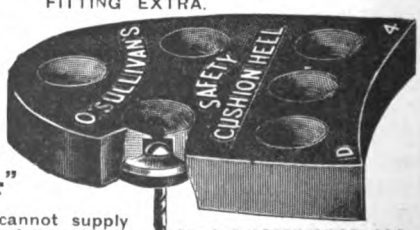

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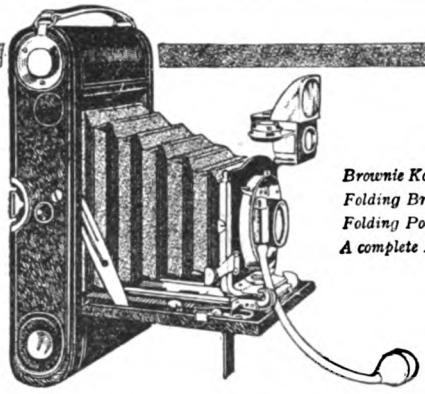

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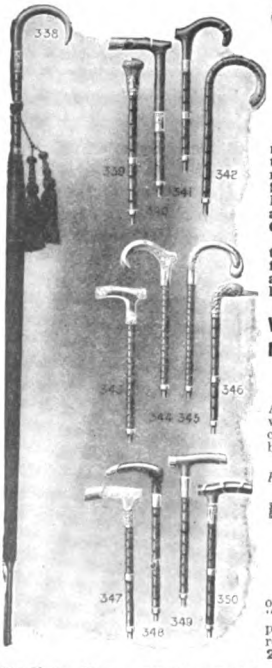

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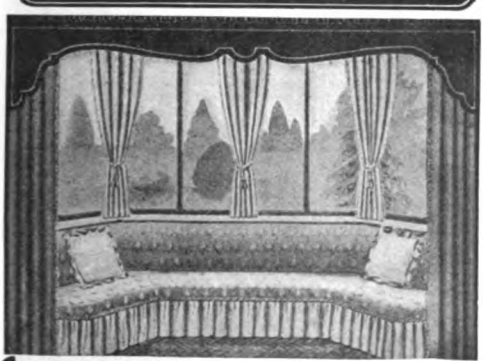

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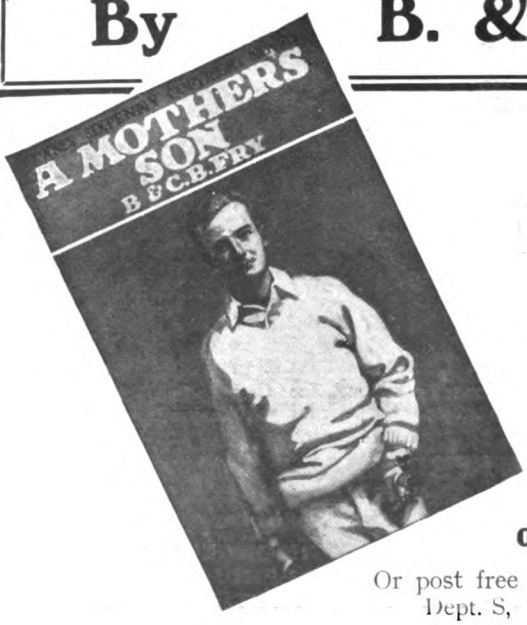

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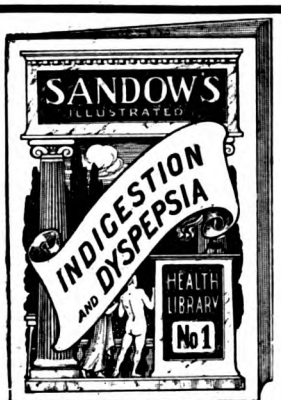

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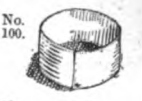

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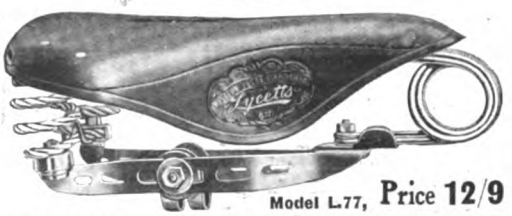

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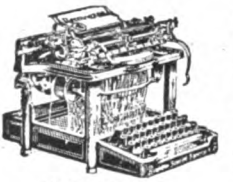

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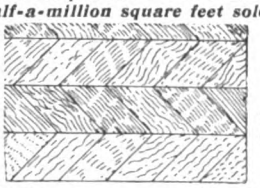

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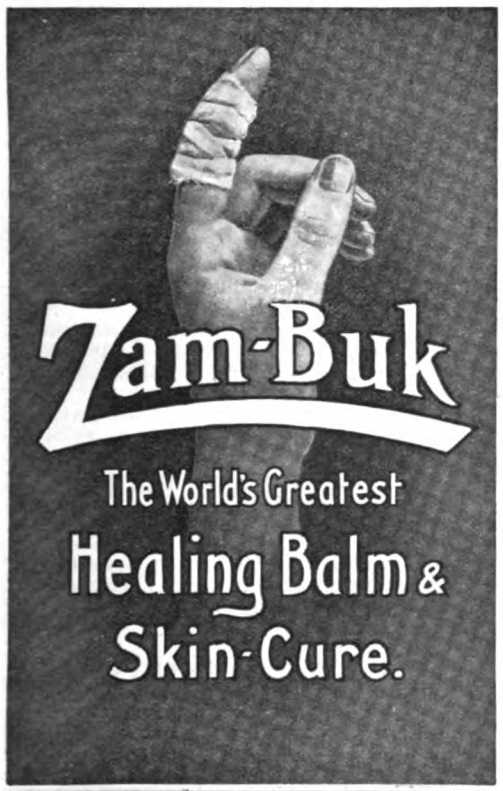

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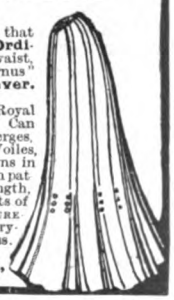

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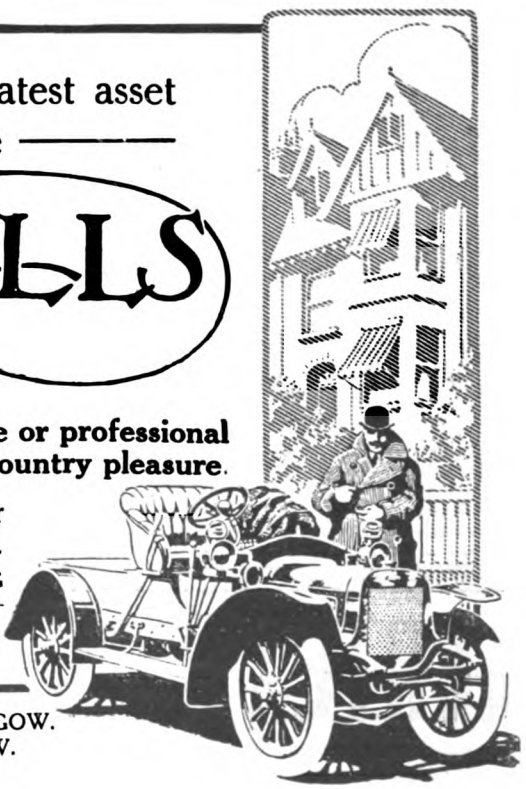

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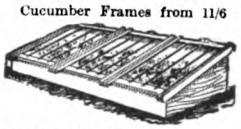

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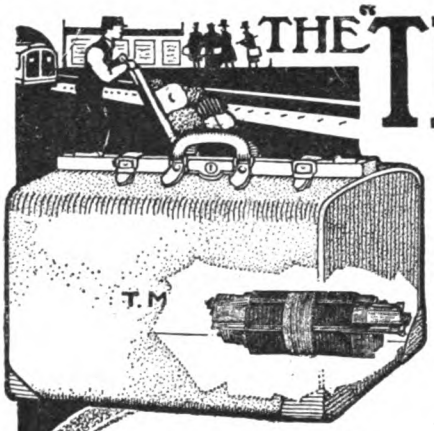

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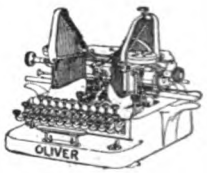

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Shaped to wind on spirally from ankle to knee without any turns or twists. Last as long as leggings, look better, and cost less.

Made in various qualities & colours. Shade Cards on application.

For Ladies and Children.—Light Weight, with Spats, **7/6** per pair (detachable **1/-** extra). Without Spats, **5/-** per pair. Send size of boot.

For Men.—With Spats, from **10/6** to **12/-** per pair (detachable **1/-** extra). *(If detachable required send size of boot).* Without Spats, from **6/-** to **7/6** per pair.

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers: FOX BROS. & Co., Ltd. [Dept. 'F"], Wellington, Somerset.
Agents for the United States, BALE & MANLEY, 260 and 266, West Broadway, New York.

STUDY COMFORT.

Sound, comfortable, healthy sleep is man's greatest blessing, yet thousands never realise this blessing because they try to obtain sleep on an uncomfortable and unhealthy bed.

THE MARSHALL MATTRESS is the only Mattress that fully satisfies scientific requirements, and ensures a completely healthful condition of slumber and repose.

The comfort, ease, and refreshing sleep obtained by using this Mattress prolong your life, renew your energy, and enable you to stand the social and business hustle of the present day. It contains over

1,000 COPPERED STEEL SPRINGS

ingeniously encased in special woven pockets, and is upholstered with high class horse-hair and covered with best ticking.

Ventilators are placed at each end of the **MARSHALL MATTRESS**, which

ACTS LIKE THE HUMAN LUNGS,

inasmuch as they allow of a free circulation of air, which is changed by every movement of the body, and is thus always pure and fresh.

THE MARSHALL MATTRESS yields to the slightest movement of the occupant, as it fits the body at every point.

It is used in the best homes in England, also by all the leading Steamship and Railway Companies, including the world-renowned Steamships the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*.

Obtainable at all House Furnishers, etc., but insist upon seeing the name and Trade Mark.

Mattress, size 3ft. wide, **£3 12 6** | Mattress size 4ft 6in. wide, **£4 18 6**

Illustrated Catalogue with full particulars of construction sent post free

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Ltd.,
113, Salusbury Rd., West Kilburn, N.W.

HARE SPRING

Is your character worth £100?

Send a specimen of your handwriting for a delineation of your character and enter for

"WOMAN'S LIFE" GREAT Handwriting Competition.

The easiest and most fascinating Competition ever devised.

The Proprietors of "Woman's Life," price 1d. weekly, have secured the exclusive services of "Caligro," the famous character delineator, to discover from the handwriting of THE STRAND MAGAZINE readers, which of them have the best characters. All that competitors have to do is to send a specimen of their handwriting according to the instructions mentioned below. The character of each competitor will be delineated from the handwriting, and the prizes will be awarded each month to those competitors whose characters in "Caligro's" opinion are the best.

Every competitor will receive a delineation of his or her character by "Caligro," whose marvellously correct delineations have astonished all those who have received them.

FIRST PRIZE - £100 in cash.
SECOND „ - £20 „
THIRD „ - £10 „

20 Prizes of 10s. each in cash. 40 Prizes of 5s. each in cash.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Put a specimen of your handwriting, with your usual signature, in a stamped addressed envelope (unfastened), and place this with the coupon below and postal order for sixpence (not stamps) in another envelope. Address this and send it to "Caligro," "Woman's Life" Competition Dept., 1, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C., before June 30, 1909.

The stamped envelope is to cover the postage of the delineation which "Caligro" will send you personally, and the postal order will go towards the cost of making delineations and office expenses in connection with the competition.

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., the Proprietors of "Woman's Life," wish it to be clearly understood that they make no profit out of this competition, which is merely intended to bring this readable family magazine before the notice of competitors, and to afford them an opportunity of testing for themselves "Caligro's" remarkable skill.

In view of this fact, the Proprietors of "Woman's Life" make it a point of honour with every competitor to assist them in making the competition a success by bringing it before the notice of three friends, and obtaining from them a promise to compete. The names of the prize-winners in this competition will be announced in "Woman's Life" during July.

As an enormous response is expected you should send for your delineation of character to-day.

Send this coupon to "Woman's Life" Competition Dept., 1, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Cut along this Line.

Name of Competitor .....

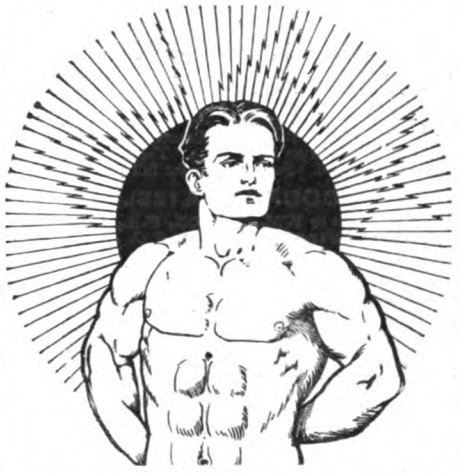
Address .....

County .....

I undertake to abide by the decision of "Caligro" in awarding the prizes in this competition. I have called the attention of 3 friends to the competitions, and they have promised to compete.

S.M.1.

"I'M STRONG ONCE MORE."



"I was once weak, thin, emaciated, puny, and colourless. Would you ever believe that I am the same man who came into your office three months ago? Look at me. See how well my muscles are developed. I have strength, vitality, energy, vim, and vigour. That 'AJAX' DRY-CELL BATTERY is a wonder. There is nothing like it to put 'steam' and life into one."

Such are the enthusiastic expressions of an "Ajax" patient.

That's what it does. It makes men out of the weakest specimens; big, robust, manly men, the kind that are admired and honoured. Wouldn't you rather be such a man and have people point to you and say, "Isn't he a fine chap?" than to be a weakling who is trodden upon and despised? You can be if you will let us pour a stream of electric life into your weakened nerve centres while you sleep.

The "AJAX" BATTERY is a dry-cell electric generator. It is always charged, always ready for use. You do not have to be bothered with any acid or other substances in charging it. It gives out its current whenever it is applied to the body. It is endorsed by the highest authorities as the only genuine electric body battery ever invented. The well-known expert, W. Lascelles Scott, Esq., after an exhaustive test, says: "The results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." This Battery secured the Grand Prix and Gold Medal at the International Exhibition.

A FREE BOOK telling all about the electric cure is sent free upon application. It is entitled "Electricity—the Road to Health." It is a volume of 80 pages, which is brimful of the things the true lover of health likes to read. It is well worth two guineas to any sufferer, yet it does not even cost you a penny stamp. Please ask us to send it to you at once. We will give you the names and addresses of hundreds of "AJAX" men—the men who have been cured. We have a book for women also. Call at the office for a free test, if you can, or write at once.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE
(Dept. 17), **25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

TO CURE CATARRH AND NOSE BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.

A Gift Book by Patient and Doctor, Discoverers of Remarkable "Breathing Cure" which Re-opens Nasal Air Passages.

No Sprays—No Operations—No Cauterising—Cures During Sleep.

A book has just been published which tells of the joint discove by a Doctor and his Patient of a remarkable cure for catarrh, h fever, adenoids, polypi, and other nose-breathing difficulties remarkable because it calls for no sprays or injections—no powde to be snuffed—no operations—and no painful electrical cauterising of the inflamed mucous membrane. The new cure is further remarkable as it *cures automatically during sleep.*

The book contains several illustratio showing how the nasal air-passag are affected in catarrh, hay fever, ad noids, and nose-breathing difficultie

Every reader afflicted with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it ca*

The nasal air-passages—by disuse—become more and mo obstructed, causing adenoids and polypi, which in the pa have had to be operated upon by the surgeon. The fallin back down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of t poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy, mucous matter causes offensi breath and a bad taste in the mouth. The hearing sometim becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry (wit reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose Even the mouth-breathing is handicapped by the accumulation catarrhal matter in the bronchial tubes and lungs. The pent-u catarrhal slime often gets into the stomach and the liver an kidneys, seriously interfering with their functional ability, givin rise to catarrh of the stomach.

The joint authors of the discovery—as the result of a fruitle quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory function.

In one night the nose, ears, tongue, and throat give evidence the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharg catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, and th mouth and throat clean and sweet.

It is the special desire of the discoverers of the cure that a who have catarrh should accept their present offer of a gratis cop of the book, "Respiratory Re-Education." Send only a penn stamp for its postage to the Publishers, "Respiratory Re Education," 71, Rhycol Building, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C

The "Blick" Brings Business

Visible Writing.
Direct Inking.
Great Speed.
Beautiful Work.

The price is from **£9 9s.** to **£13 13s.** only.
Liberal Cash Discounts or Easy Terms.

The "Blick" embodies all those refinements in typewriter construction and finish which make for consistently clear, rapid, and accurate typing. Yet "Blicks" cost only half the price, and are but a third the weight of many old-fashioned clumsy makes.

Send to-day for Booklet No. 28, which gives all particulars.

THE BLICKENSDERFER CO., Ltd.,
9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN

during the next few years? How many unlooked-for events will crowd themselves into your life? You are in the dark, but if you KNEW you could be prepared for many difficulties and surprises. I am

OLD SOL

THE

Astrologer,

and can tell you just what will happen in the next few years. I give advice on all subjects such as **Marriage, Health, Friends, Business, Changes, Mention Lucky Colours, Days, and Stones.** I invite you to test my knowledge by sending P.O. for 1/- and birth-date to

OLD SOL, 155, HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

I will add 2 years' events FREE if you mention THE STRAND MAG.

DO NOT DELAY, SEND NOW.

Do you Suffer from HERNIA?

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals, doctors, trusses, electricity, and all else. Merely send your name and address on the coupon, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured 7 years. He tried this method, and has worn no truss for over 6 years. Mr. G. Thomas, 1, Station Road, Llansamlet, Glams., was ruptured 40 years; has now worn no truss in 6 years. Mr. W. Lockwood, Tanton, Downham, Brandon, Suffolk, ruptured 30 years, not worn truss for 5 years. These men were cured by the Rice Method. Send coupon for full particulars.

W. LOCKWOOD.

COUPON (A 123).

Cut out and post to **WM. S. RICE, R.S., Ltd., 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**

Right, left, or both sides, or navel?.....

Name.....

Address.....

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SEND FOR THIS

MY Testimonial BOOKLET

of 20,000 unsolicited pars of praise overwhelmingly proves that I charge infinitely less, give longer credit, and offer far easier terms of payment than anyone else.

Remember, I've always a stock of thousands of **Rudge-Whitworth, Coventry-Challenge, Quadrant, Progress, Beacon,** and other brand new cycles of leading makes for you to select from. The machine is sent on approval, and immediate delivery guaranteed.

You can buy from me—

HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES

From **£3 10s.** cash, or **5/-** Monthly.

Write for Lists

12 Years' Guarantee.

Edwd O'Brien, Ltd

The World's Largest Cycle Dealer (Dept. 133), Coventry.

FREE

May we send you a Dainty Sample Lady's **HANDKERCHIEF**

with Illustrated List, etc.? Then send along a stamp for postage at once, mentioning *Strand Magazine*, to

THE BRITISH LINEN CO., New Oxford Street, LONDON.

THIS IS IT!

THE HANDY HOOK

NEVER TRAVEL WITHOUT A "HANDY" HOOK (*Patent*).

Fits any door, and does not mark the door or prevent it shutting. A special boon to ladies.

Price **4d.** each; 3 for **1/-**, post free, from—

WILSON'S PATENTS SYNDICATE, 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

SEWING MACHINES NEW & SECOND HAND

SINGERS, JONES, WHEELER & WILSON

Latest High Speed Sewing Machines, Hand Machines, Treadle or new style Drop Cabinet Machines. Heads only if desired. Vibrating Shuttle, Central Bobbin, and Rotary Hook Machines. **20 years' written guarantee.** Write for Illus. Bargain Lists; post free.—

Imperial Sewing Machine Co., Shipley, Yorks.

30/- CASH OR 5/- PER MONTH

BAFFO

ENLARGES THE MOUSTACHE.

Trains and promotes the growth of moustache and beard. Contains no grease. By its use waxy appearance is obviated, nor does the moustache require twisting to a point, the hair stopping as brushed, thereby making the enlargement.

With Wax — With Baffo

READ WHAT USERS SAY—

Aldwych Theatre, Strand, London, W.C., Jan 18/09. Dear Sirs—Kindly send me two shilling tins of "Baffo." I am highly pleased with the preparation, and find it very useful. It is quite the best thing I have ever used (I have tried a good many things too). Wishing you every success.—Yours truly, J. MAJOR WARD (Acting Manager).

The Empire, Edmonton, London. Dear Sirs,—I am just writing to tell you how pleased I am with your "Baffo." I have used this now for some years, and can truthfully say that it is, without doubt, the best moustache fixer on the market. Wishing you the success you certainly deserve.—Faithfully yours, H. BAWN (Managing Director).

Of all Hairdressers, etc., or **1/-** P.O. to **The Nottm. Perfumery Co., P.M.P. Dept., 37, Goose Gate, Nottingham.** Foreign Orders 1/6.

14/3 Worth for 8/9

For 8/9 you can get from your tobacconist, or direct, post free, a box of 25 Lord Kitchener Cigars, value 3/9, Sirdar size, and a 10/6 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, Iridium Tipped and fitted with a Gold Plated Pocket Clip. Every pen guaranteed. State if fine, medium, or broad point required. Export Orders: To obtain export duty allowance 8 Boxes and 8 Pens could only be sent jointly, for which an allowance of 8/- may be deducted. Net total £3-1-0.— Makers: RILEY'S, Ld., Cigar Manufacturers, Nottingham.

No Matter How Bad Your Case, nor How Long You Have Suffered from

Painful and Irritating PILES

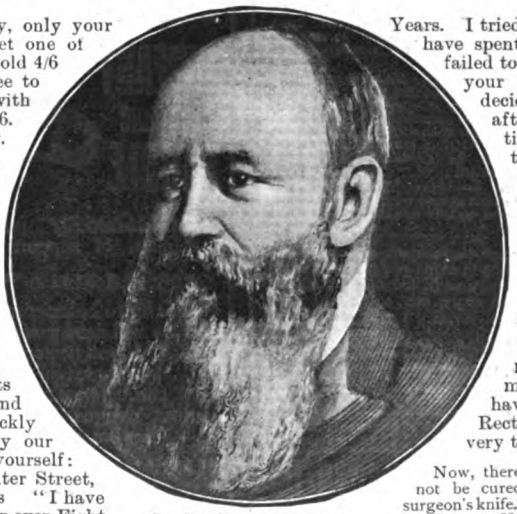
Our New 3-Fold Treatment Can Cure You.

A 4/6 Treatment FREE to Try.

Don't send a single penny, only your name and address, and get one of Dr. Van Vleck's regular 3-fold 4/6 Absorption Treatments Free to try. Then, if fully satisfied with benefit received, send us 4/6. If not it costs you nothing. We take your word. Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation, etc., is curing thousands in every stage of this cruel disease — chronic cases of 30 and 40 years' suffering as well as all the milder stages.

Here are two letters recently received from patients after years of suffering and torture, but who were quickly and **permanently cured** by our 3-fold Treatment. Read for yourself:

Mr. T. Cheen, of 8, Walter Street, Abercynon, Glam., writes us "I have been a sufferer from Piles for over Eight Years. I tried all kinds of ointments and have spent pounds in doing so, but failed to obtain a cure. Then I saw your treatment advertised and decided to give it a trial, and after using the remedies a few times, I found relief. I continued with the treatment, and am now thankful to say that **I am permanently cured.**"



DR. VAN VLECK *(from Photo).*

Another patient, Mr. S. Montgomery, of Killynether, Newtownards, Co. Down, says: "I have much pleasure in stating that your 3-Fold Absorption Treatment **has cured me.** Since using your treatment I feel quite well and I have not had a return of my Rectal trouble, for which I am very thankful."

Now, there is no reason why you should not be cured too. Do not wait for the surgeon's knife. Write to-day to Van Vleck Co., 633, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

PACKED FREE. CARRIAGE PAID.

MEAD Coventry Cycles

Warranted Fifteen Years. Puncture-Proof or Dunlop Tyres; Coasters, Speed Gears; latest Improvements, &c.

From £2 15s. CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

500 Shop-soiled and Second-hand Cycles from **15/-**. Write for **Free Art Catalogue** and *Special Offer* on Sample Machine. Agents wanted at once.

Established 23 years.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 50 A, 11. Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL

59 AND NOT A WRINKLE.

I have removed mine, and will remove yours, and guarantee you a Youthful Complexion. Particulars of a "guaranteed cure" sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials—genuine under a penalty of £1,000.

MADAME S. T. ELISE, 5, Farley Rd., Catford, LONDON (Late New Bond Street).

10000 FREE SAMPLES SPHAGNOL THE GREAT CURE FOR ECZEMA

AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

To enable all sufferers to prove for themselves that SPHAGNOL **will cure** when all else fails, the proprietors are giving away 10,000 Free Samples.

An eminent Doctor writes: "I order Sphagnol Soap and Ointment for all my patients now."

Sphagnol is used and recommended by the highest medical authorities. Write now for a Free Sample.

PEAT PRODUCTS (SPHAGNOL), Ltd., 18 & 19, Queenhithe London, E.C.

Mention Magazine.

BILLIARDS AT HOME.

There is no home amusement that can compare with Billiards. With its endless combination of positions and strokes it never palls—never becomes wearisome.

Played on **Riley's Miniature Tables** the game is just as correct as on standard tables, because the tables are built in exact proportions.

The tables can be placed in a moment on any dining table, or supplied as combined dining and billiard table. Prices are astonishingly low, ranging from £3 7s. 6d. upwards. **Cash or Easy Payments.**

FREE *On receipt of post-card, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized tables and sundries.*

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Challenge Billiard Mills, Accrington.
London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

CURE YOUR CORNS

THERE is no reason why you should have a Corn or Wart. WOOD'S VEGETABLE REMEDY cures permanently. Completely removes the Corn and makes you easy. With WOOD'S special appliance (as shown in illustration) you can attend to your corns in a few seconds. Cure is as certain as it is speedy. A bottle sent by return for P.O. for **1/-** to **C. WOOD,** Chemist (by Royal Warrant to the King), **50, HIGH STREET, WINDSOR.**

Oatine

beautifies the complexion and nourishes the skin. It rids the clogged pores of dirt and oily matter that soap and water cannot reach.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations, and book on Face Massage.

The Oatine Co., 160a, Denman Street, London, S.E.

Modern Society says: "Practically inimitable. He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift, the results of which are in some cases quite startling."

Dr. R. MAROUCHE, M.D., B.S.C.: "The accuracy with which he depicted my life facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

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Lord —— says: "That which you pointed out proved very true, and might have been serious had you not warned me."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/-, for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE

from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. A. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.

A PROFESSIONAL MAN WRITES:—YOU

ASTONISH & HELP

THE SADDLE OF THE SEASON

is the Hygienic "RIDEASY" Saddle—the saddle which makes cycling *all* pleasure. The fatigue, the stiffness, the soreness which come with riding an ordinary saddle disappears when you

RIDE A "RIDEASY"

because it is designed in every detail to conform to the needs of the rider. In a word, the

RIDEASY HYGIENIC SADDLE

is **anatomically perfect,** and gives the maximum of support and freedom of action.

YOU CAN RIDE A "RIDEASY" ON TEST.

Send 2/6, to cover cost of packing and postage, and we will send you a saddle for a **fortnight's trial.** If you decide to keep the saddle the 2/6 forms part of the purchase money.

Full particulars and prices, with illustrations of various designs, for either ladies' or gent.'s, free on application to Dept. M 7.

MIDDLEMORE'S, Saddle Experts, **COVENTRY**

This Wonderful Syphon

makes Mineral Waters *instantly*

at 1/4 per Dozen Syphons.

Anyone can do it. Failure is impossible. And you can save 50% by making your own Mineral Waters at home with the

'Prana'

Sparklet Syphon

which lasts a lifetime, and can be purchased from any Chemist or Stores.

PRICE 2/6

Write for full particulars to the Sole Manufacturers:—

AERATORS, Ltd. (Dept. A.T.),
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Women of England!

MELLOR'S SAUCE

is

sauce for the gander as well as the goose, and Monday's cold joint, served with **Mellor's Sauce,** mild or piquant, is keenly enjoyed by the man of the house.

Sold by all stores, etc.

LIVER HEADACHES
STOMACH DISORDERS

Pain is always the danger signal that something has gone wrong with the works. An irregularity which requires correction is at once flashed to the brain, and if you neglect this summons you must pay the penalty of prolonged agony for your neglect. If you take a dose of Kutnow's Powder at once, you relieve the tension, set the machinery in order, and thus live a life of joy and happiness, instead of merely existing in a state of misery. You can try the remedy free!

Removed Free of Cost!

TEST IT

FREE OF COST!

We invite you to try Kutnow's Powder and prove its merits. This you can do without incurring any responsibility or expense. You will then find that it is not too late to remove headaches, biliousness, indigestion, and constipation. Send your name and address on the form below.

E. Presland, Esq.,

writes:

"36, Catherine Street, Elland, Yorkshire,
"April 8th, 1909.

"Gentlemen,—I wish to bear my testimony to the efficacy of Kutnow's Powder for sluggish liver and disordered stomach. After trying several other so-called remedies from which I derived no benefit, I decided to give your Powder a trial, and after taking three bottles am pleased to say it has acted like magic. It is most pleasant and agreeable to take. I wish I had tried it before."

Guard Against Fraud.

The Genuine Kutnow's Powder can be had of all conscientious Chemists at 2/9 per bottle, or direct from Kutnow's London Offices for 3/- post-paid in the United Kingdom. See that the fac-simile signature, **"S. Kutnow & Co., Ld.,"** and also the registered trade mark, **"Hirschensprung, or Deer Leap,"** are on the carton and bottle. You then

Get Genuine Kutnow's Powder

Free Trial Coupon.

Please send me a free sample of Kutnow's Powder.
(WRITE DISTINCTLY.)

Name .....

Address .....

STRAND MAGAZINE, June, '09.

Send this form to

S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd.,
41, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

EVERY CRICKETER WILL ENJOY

25 CRICKET STORIES

1/- Net.

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It is a volume of complete stories of the cricket field. Not a volume of anecdotes—but splendid fiction written round the national game.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSAGENTS.

Or post free 1/3 from GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Dept. S, 3—12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

A 7/6

Fountain Pen

For 3/3 Post Free.

All a fountain pen should be —all you would like it to be— all that careful manufacture can make it, is found in

The "AWLRYTE"

Fountain Pen, which we are offering at 3/3 post free. Note particularly that this pen has a 14-carat gold nib, the most approved feed, and is beautifully finished. British made.

Send P.O. for 3/3, state whether broad, medium, or fine nib, and the pen will be sent you in box complete with filler, by return of post.

HARRISON, ANDREWS & CO., Ltd.,
Novelty Manufacturers, 9, Catherine Court, E.C.

& £1 EQUALS £2

If you wear WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS,

Every pound you spend on boots goes twice as far.

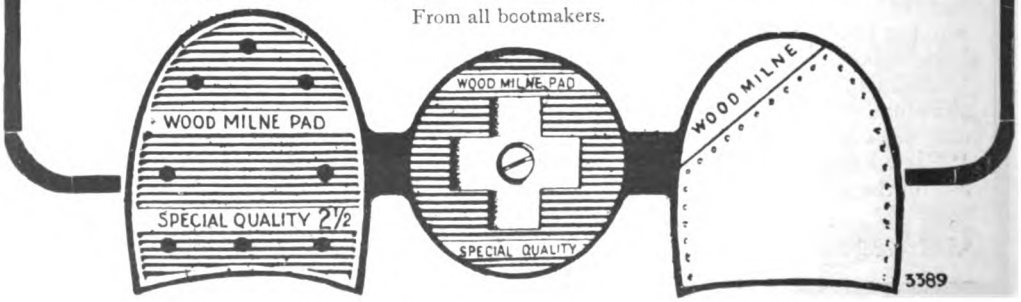
Prove the economy of Wood-Milne Heels this way—wear a different pair of boots on alternate days—one pair with Wood-Milnes, one pair without.

We'll say nothing about the relative comfort. When one pair calls for the cobbler, inspect the condition of the Wood-Milne pair. Be your own judge and jury all in one.

WOOD-MILNE Rubber Heels

If they really ***are*** Wood-Milne, they outlast four leather heels — result is boots keep shape and last as long again. By the name on the heels shall you know them.

From all bootmakers.



ALCOHOLIC EXCESS and Drug Habit can be cured at Home. Let us prove this at our own expense. A small fee is payable when you are satisfied with result, your word being accepted. Each case has the personal attention of a Highly Qualified English Physician, and all enquiries are regarded as strictly confidential. Write for treatise (free), or call Med. Supt., Teetolia Treatment Association, 16, Waldorf Chambers, Aldwych, London.

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and a Highland Holiday.

The Centre of the Finest Scenery in Scotland. Beautiful Excursions by Steamer, Coach, and Rail. Golf, Tennis, Bowls, first-class Bands, and other attractions. All charges moderate. Easily reached. Guide and Full Particulars from **N. MACKENZIE, Town Advertising Board, Inverness.**

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(Usually sold at 24/-)

Packet No. 853 contains 120 stamps, including the following fine stamps: 4 Venezuela, 5, 10, 25, 50 c. (cat. 1/6), **Transvaal 1/- King, Orange River Colony 1/- King,** rare Spain 1857, imperf., unused (cat. 2/6), Chunking 24 candarins, **Hong Kong 1dol. on 96c., obsolete,** Ecuador high value (face 12/6), and a grand set of **7 unused Zanzibar, ½, 1, 2, 2½, 3, 4, and 4½ annas, Sultan's Head Issue,** and many others. Only 1 packet sent to each applicant. Don't delay writing for this wonderful offer. "A.B.C." Catalogue of the World's Stamps, 7th ed., 750 pp., 1/9, post free.
BRIGHT & SON, 164, Strand, W.C.

FOOT'S PATENT

COMBINATION SCISSORS

Are the most convenient and useful article for the pocket of either lady or gentleman. They not only combine the following

NINE USEFUL ARTICLES:

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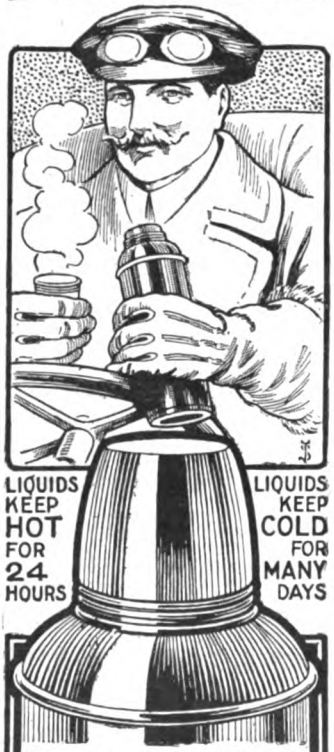

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	Pension.	Endowment.
	£ s. d.	£
50—51	28 1 4	400
51—52	30 8 6	423
52—53	32 17 6	446
53—54	35 11 4	470
54—55	38 7 4	494
55—56	41 8 0	520
56—57	44 12 4	546
57—58	48 2 10	573
58—59	51 19 10	601
59—60	56 4 6	630
60—61	60 16 4	660
61—62	65 13 8	690
62—63	70 18 6	721
63—64	76 14 6	754
64—65	82 18 8	787
65—66	89 16 4	822

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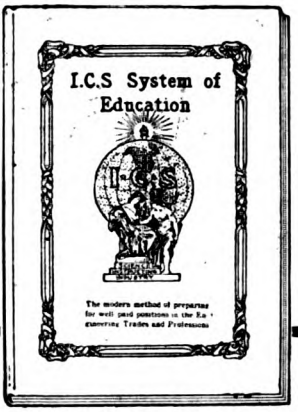

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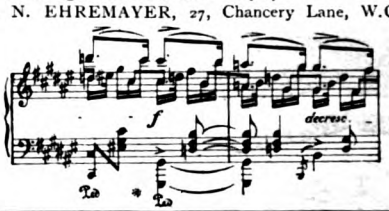

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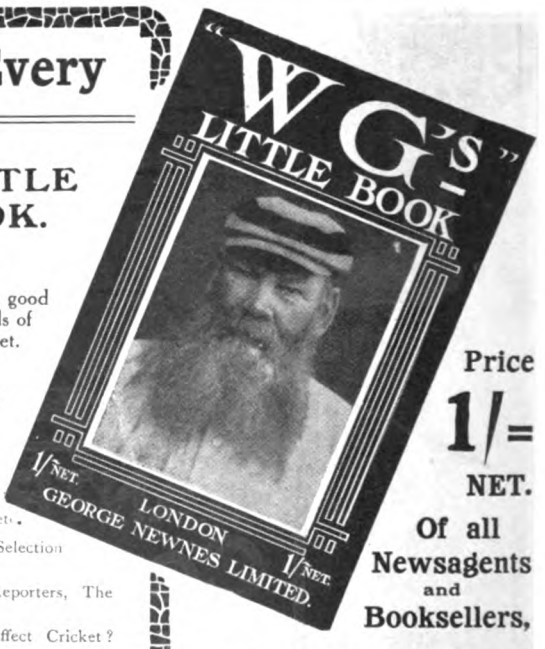

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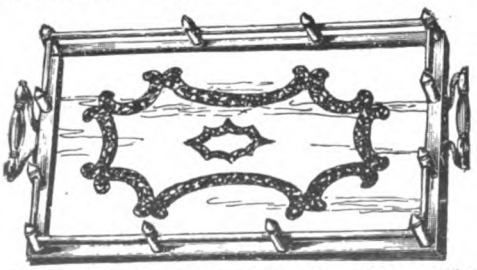

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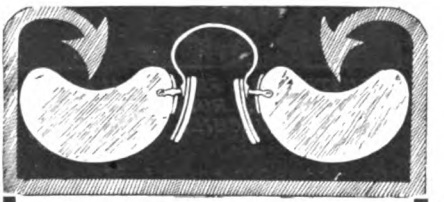

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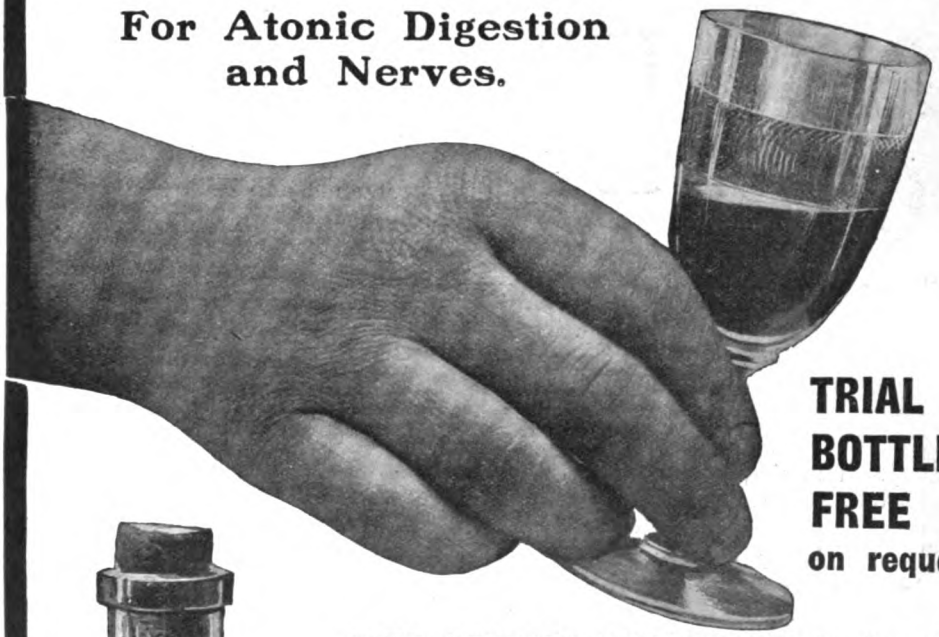

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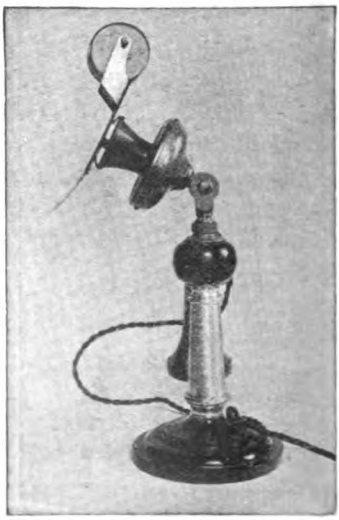

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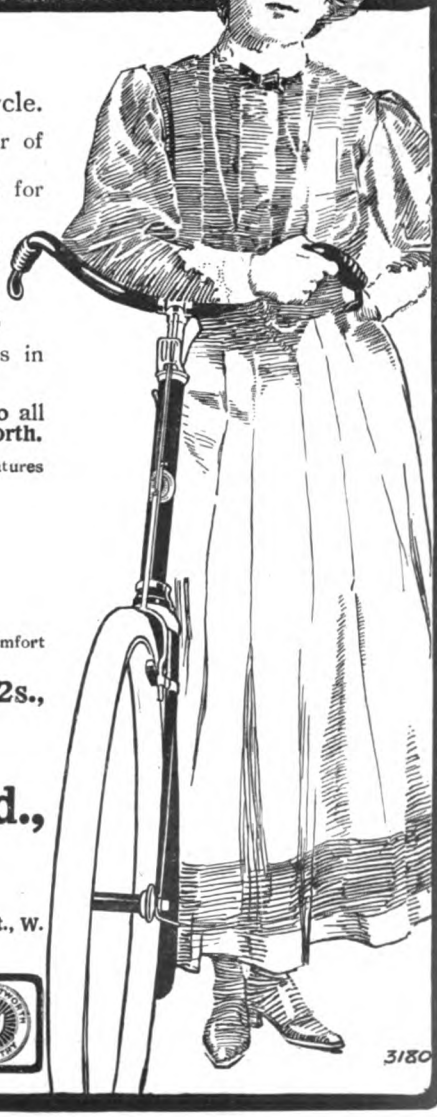

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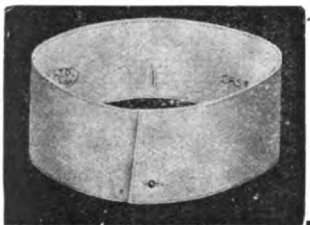

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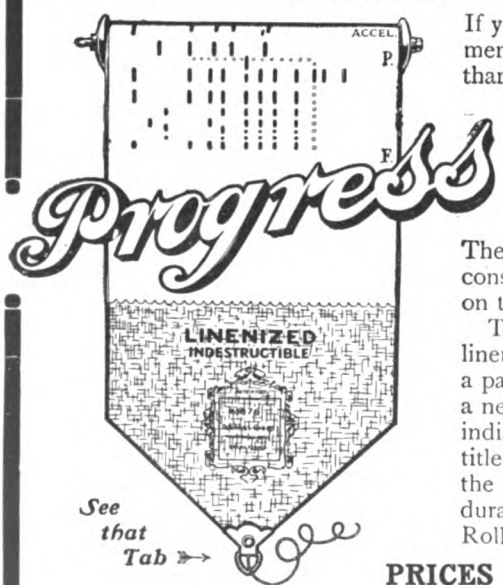

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New South Wales,
AUSTRALIA.

Letters received by the Agent-General for New South Wales from assisted immigrants.

Tintenbar, Richmond River,
New South Wales,
20th March, 1909.

I am writing to let you know my impressions of New South Wales. It is almost sufficient when I say I am sorry I did not come out here ten years ago. I rode over to Rosebank last week to see a friend who came out with me, and I was very pleased to see the grand dairy farms all the way. It is a good country for the working man, as they pay a good wage, and I think a steady man should be able in a few years to have a nice little banking account. The chances for the small farmer are also very good, as with a little capital and the encouragement he receives from the Government, and a bit of hard work, he should very soon be able to call his farm his own.

R. T. JONES.

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(work guaranteed)
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12,000 miles for £3.

Abundant opportunities for earnest workers.

West Maitland,
New South Wales,
22nd March, 1909.

I can but feebly express my feelings of surprise at such a vast country, the possibilities of which are patent to everyone. What strikes me as especially fine is the high social status of the labourer, very different to the homeless type in the old country.

JOHN WHITLARK.

Dunmore Farm,
Meercham Vale, N.S.W.,
12th March, 1909.

I think this is a lovely place, in fact, God's own country, and I wish for nothing better, with plenty of work for everybody that is not afraid of work, and many more chances for getting on than in the old country. All I now want is my wife and family out, and then I could take a place on the Shares, as we all understand farming. I am glad to know that I can get them out at the reduced rates.

WM. HISCOX.

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THE MAYFLY TROUT. By "EAST SUSSEX."

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RACEHORSE AND TRAINER AT HOME: Mr. Alec Taylor at Manton. By A. SIDNEY GALTREY.

VERMIN AND GAME PRESERVING. By FRANK BONNETT.

TAKING A SUNFISH. By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE SECRET OF THE GOLF SWING. By DR. CARRUTHERS and GEO. W. BELDAM.

THE GREAT DANE. By GEO. L. CHESTERTON.

RUBS ON THE GREEN. By BERNARD DARWIN.

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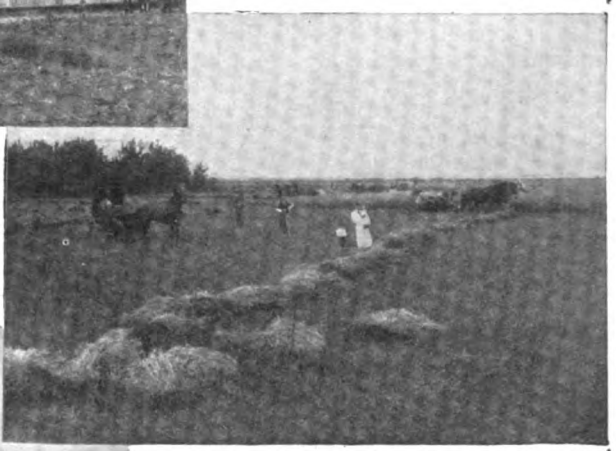

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Mr. JOHN WEBSTER, 17-19, Victoria Street, Belfast.

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ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF RISKS.

IN spite of the fact that there is an elaborate and highly interesting branch of mathematics dealing with the subject of chance, the word is, in reality, little else than a name for ignorance, and the thing chance does not exist. If two crews are engaged in a boat-race, and we have no reason to suppose that one is better than the other, and if, so far as we know, all the conditions of the race are equal, we are entitled to say the chances of winning are equal. If, in the result, one crew wins, we are sure that there was some cause for this result, and if we could analyse this cause we should find it resolved into a number of small factors, the balance of the effect of which was to bring one crew to the winning-post before the other.

It is precisely the same with the indefinite and numerous risks that are run in everyday life, a great many of which can be guarded against by insurance so far as their financial consequences are concerned. A man slips on a piece of orange-peel and is run over by a motor-car. Were we omniscient we should know the precise causes which led to the orange-peel being where it was, and to the man and the motor being where they were at that particular moment. We should also know exactly how it was that the man was not sufficiently careful in the way he walked, and not agile enough to avoid falling—just as we should be able to explain how it was that the driver of the motor was not quick or expert enough to stop or to swerve out of the way. These points deal with only a small fraction of the causes of the accident, but each of the countless causes was just as sure and certain in its operation as is the pull of the earth upon a weight which we call the force of gravity.

Retail Ignorance Wholesale Knowledge.

Being of necessity ignorant of the consequences that must result from the interaction of numerous forces, we are unable in any effective fashion to guard against the results of those causes, and are therefore exposed to all sorts and conditions of risks.

It is a very extraordinary thing that, although we are so ignorant about each single risk, we are singularly well informed in regard to the average results of a large number of risks; sickness, fire, accident, marriage, burglary, deaths, births, fraudulent trustees, dishonest employés, and any number of other contingencies involving financial loss exhibit average results when observed on a large scale. This law of average makes possible the system of insurance by means of which the financial consequences of the endless risks to which we are all exposed can be avoided. The result is that when phenomena of this character are dealt with in detail uncertainty is extreme, and our ignorance in regard to them profound. When dealt with wholesale the uncertainty almost entirely disappears, our knowledge can be regarded as approximately complete, and upon that knowledge a business of exceptional stability has been and can be built up.

Life assurance enables us to guard against the loss resulting from premature death, while at the same time constituting a safe and lucrative method of saving money. By taking a fire policy we can pay annually the average cost done by fire to such property as our own. Sickness and accident insurance equally averages up the loss that results from these happenings, and goes some way towards mitigating even the unpleasant consequences by securing us against loss of money pending recovery. Not only goods that are stolen, but the damage done by burglary—often a more serious item—are paid for by an insurance company if we have had foresight enough to substitute frequent very small payments for an occasional big loss. Equally essential for the prudent man is the elimination of the risk of having to make big payments to servants injured in his employ by sending once a year a small cheque to a good insurance company.

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MY LADY'S MIRROR.

By Mrs. Robert E. Noble.

Special Toilet Hints for the Summer.

DURING the sunny months of the summer very special attention must be paid to the details of the toilet. The sunshine, which possesses so many health-giving and delightful properties, may also damage, scorch, and freckle a delicate skin until it loses all its charm. Many women too easily give way to the temptation of exposing the face to brilliant sunshine. Often in the country or at the seaside hats and parasols are discarded and gloves but seldom worn. The result is most disastrous. The hot rays of the sun stream down and scorch and tan the face, and the hands become brown and freckled and entirely lose their natural daintiness.

When the weather is really hot the complexion soon suffers unless proper precautions are taken to maintain the body in healthy coolness. The best beginning to the day is a tepid bath. One that is ice-cold gives too great a shock to any but the very strongest. Moreover, it may chill the liver and bring on innumerable complaints. Also, if the bath is taken quite cold the after-glow that results when the bather has a good circulation tends to warm rather than to cool the skin. Lukewarm water in which a little oatmeal has been soaked is most refreshing, and now and again a few drops of prepared ammoniacal lotion may be added with benefit, since it adds to the refreshing properties of the water.

After the heat of the day a rather warmer bath is very refreshing, and will probably help to induce a good night's sleep. Particular care must be taken to keep the feet well bathed. They are apt to blister unless they are treated with care. A few drops of a suitable disinfectant added to the bathing water soothes the feet and rests them. If the skin is tender, it should be rubbed with a little methylated spirit or whisky, or a few drops of acetic acid may be mingled with water and applied. Vinegar is also beneficial to tender feet. The feet should be well powdered with either boracic acid or with fuller's earth prior to putting on the stockings and shoes in the morning.

Sometimes after quite a short walk the ankles become swollen and very sensitive and painful. They should then be well bathed in cold water to which vinegar has been added, and after careful drying be massaged with the tips of the fingers. Sometimes a slight muscular stiffness can be remedied in this way without further trouble.

During a sojourn by the seaside weak ankles and tender feet will benefit much from sea-bathing. Those who cannot bathe in the sea should have some sea-water taken into their rooms and, after warming it, use it to bathe the feet. When sea-water is not available crystals of sea-salt may be obtained at the chemist's and dissolved in warm water and used for bathing the feet.

Very often the complexion suffers during the summer months owing to imprudence in matters of diet. Heating foods of every description must be rigorously eschewed, and light but nourishing substitutes taken. Plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables are a *sine qua non*, and good health and a clear skin depend to a very great extent upon this. Lemon juice is another most useful liquid. It should be taken in water, either the first thing in the morning or the last thing at night. It works wonders in clearing a muddy complexion.

Care must be taken not to drink cold beverages

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The Corsets for This Year.

NO lady would think now of dressing in the fashion of last year. However pleasing and attractive the styles of 1908 were *in* 1908, they are impossible in 1909.

Yet many ladies who are so commendably particular about being up-to-date in the matter of dress forget that changes in the styles of dress necessarily call for changes in the design of corsets. They insist, and rightly so, on having their dresses and costumes made on the latest and most approved models, yet they continue to wear the same kind of corsets they wore last year, and even before that.

Disappointment and the Cause.

This is why ladies who admire the clinging styles which are the mode of the moment, when they see them in fashion-plates or photographs, are so annoyed and disappointed with the effect of similar dresses worn by themselves. This disappointment will remain, so long as so-called standard patterns of corsets are worn. But all ladies who insist on wearing with the 1909 fashions the 1909 style of corset will achieve the grace and elegance which are so much admired everywhere.

To be more particular, the 1909 Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corsets are expressly designed to conform with the fashions of the day. These new Royal Worcester styles were introduced simultaneously with the new season's modes. From the very beginning the fashion-creating modistes of Paris took into their confidence the leading corset designer, the Principal of the Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corset Studios, so that his new models should be *absolutely correct* for the 1909 Spring modes.

The Verdict of Paris.

So successful has the result proved that the well-known costumière of the Quartier de l'Opéra, Paris, Madame Suzette, says: "For this season's fashions only the Royal Worcester Corsets are possible. And why? It is because for these new modes, so beautiful, so artistic, so clinging, one make of corset alone has been modelled specially, and that is the Royal Worcester." Following on that, most leading modistes are stipulating that they shall fit over Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corsets *and no other*, recognising that it is hopeless to expect successful results unless the corset foundation be perfect.

Then, in addition to imparting that perfection of style, the supreme ease, comfort, and suppleness of Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corsets are a revelation to ladies who wear them for the first time. The superb shapes do not involve the least sacrifice of comfort. On the contrary, indeed, they have an unmatched quality of responding faithfully to the slightest movement of the figure.

A Book about Corsets.

In justice to herself every lady should make a point of seeing these new styles when purchasing her new season's corsets. Or, before inspection is made, write for the Illustrated Catalogue, devoted to Art in Corsage, which will be sent gratis and post free on request from

JOHN BARKER & Co., Ltd.,
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A postcard written now will secure a copy by return post.

MY LADY'S MIRROR.

(*Continued from page* 84.)

after taking violent exercise or when one is very hot. Sometimes a most disfiguring rash on the face is the result of such an indiscretion.

In the matter of food, salads should play an important part in the diet, and fruit of all kinds in season, both cooked and uncooked. Much meat is not necessary, and heating foods, like porridge, curries, etc., should be avoided. Of course, over-ripe fruits must never be eaten, as more serious ills will result than the mere temporary affection of the skin of the face.

Exercise is absolutely essential, no matter what the time of year or weather. The most satisfactory method in very hot weather is to get up early and take a walk before the sun attains its full strength. Violent exercise before breakfast is not desirable; indeed, before going out some light food should invariably be taken—either a cup of milk or weak tea and some bread and butter, or else a biscuit. Of course, if the early morning walk is merely ten minutes in the open air prior to breakfast nothing should be eaten, as the main object of the walk is to gain a healthy appetite for breakfast.

In the matter of cosmetics the fewer used really the better, with the exception of a good cream to effectually protect the face from sunburn and freckles.

There are so many different kinds of skin that each individual must discriminate for herself in choosing a cream that is good for her particular kind of skin. Then some complexions have more tendency to become dry than others, and some are naturally too oily. However, there is nowadays a very wide choice of complexion creams, so that even the most fastidious woman ought to be able to find one to her liking. Pure cream alone is very soothing to the face, and, if applied after exposure to the scorching heat of the sun, it has a very beneficial effect. In the country buttermilk is often obtainable, and that, too, is excellent as an antidote to sunburn, but it should not be used by those whose skins tend towards oiliness.

If the face feels very hot and smarting, then it should be bathed in water to which a few drops of glycerine have been added. Then a soothing cream should be gently applied and allowed to remain on the skin to allow of some being absorbed before the face is wiped on a soft handkerchief. If these simple precautions are taken there is no reason why quite a delicate skin should not pass unscathed through the hottest and sunniest summer.

The hands are also susceptible to the influence of sunshine. There is a certain charm about a faintly sunburnt hand, provided it merely suggests summer and summer sports. Nothing is, however, less attractive than hands burnt brown and scorched a deep dull red by the sun's rays. Such hands bear witness to the fact that gloves have been discarded on all occasions, and that outdoor life has been the order of the day.

This is rather foolish, and its folly would be realized if women remembered the intrinsic value of the sunshade as a valuable asset included in the summer toilette. There is something particularly fascinating about the subdued glow of the sun through a pretty sunshade. It throws a most becoming shadow over the face, that veils the defects in a plain face and that enhances the beauty of a pretty one. Moreover, the sunshade is not only pretty but practical, and its value shows itself in the protection it affords both face, neck, and arms from the ill-effects of scorching sunshine.

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The Poultry Yard in June.

By "SUSSEX."

THE long days of June are never too long for the poultry-keeper working on a fairly large scale, and even the "small man"—using the adjective to describe the extent of his poultry-keeping—finds plenty to do, for he will, presumably, have several broods in various stages of growth to tend. But a word first as to the importance of the "small man." He is the backbone of the poultry industry in this country; it is by a multiplication of poultry-keepers who own a few fowls, rather than by poultry-farming—that is to say, poultry-keeping on a large scale—that the ideal some of us dream of, a Great Britain self-supporting in the matter of eggs and chickens, will be reached. But while many thousands of house and garden owners who could keep a few fowls with profit to themselves do not do so, not all of them can rear chickens. They require space and liberty, and where land is limited it is better to replace the old hens by younger ones when necessary. Chickens can do an infinity of mischief in a garden, and do not thrive in a limited run.

Chickens mature rapidly or slowly according to breed. The variations are certainly large. There are authentic cases of Leghorn pullets laying at thirteen weeks old, while cases of March-hatched pullets that have never laid until the following year are, I regret to say, common. Speaking broadly, we may put the period of chickenhood at three months. At that age the lighter breeds have practically finished growing, and though the heavier breeds are only half grown they have by that time weathered the critical stage of growth, and the death-rate among them will be that of adult fowls and not of chickens. Some poultry-keepers declare there are three specially critical periods inside these three months, and it may be so, but as a matter of fact the whole period is fraught with anxiety to the careful rearer. And—one states the fact regretfully—there is no doubt the stamina of chickens, nowadays, leaves much to be desired. True there are plenty of hardy strains of all the popular breeds, but there are also delicate ones. Inbreeding, overshowing, and bad management leave their mark on many a stock bird, and the result is chickens that ail and die on the smallest provocation.

We cannot be too careful as to the pedigree of the eggs we sit. The stock birds need to be unrelated, to have a free range on grass, and to be free from any ailment whatever. Secondly, the eggs must be fresh, especially if incubators are used. In the latter case they should be laid within eight days of putting them in the incubator, or the results are almost sure to be unsatisfactory. Eggs under hens hatch fairly well if a fortnight old, but the fact cannot be too strongly emphasized: the fresher the incubated egg the better chance of a strong, healthy chicken. If, therefore, the poultry-keeper is disappointed with the way his chickens are growing, if they seem mopy and out of sorts in spite of all his care, it may not be feeding or management that is at fault, but constitutional delicacy due to one or other of the causes mentioned above.

Many poultry-keepers have by now stopped setting eggs, others like to put down a few sittings in June, and they might do worse. The chickens can be reserved for the Christmas market, when they ought to fetch good prices, and they will be very easy to rear. Let the sitting hen have plenty of air, but keep her shaded from the light. A sitting-box in an open shed is the best place for her. As many hens will probably be broody, select only those who have proved themselves good sitters and mothers, or the hens that have laid best and will therefore benefit by the rest.

But the great thing this month is the rearing of the chickens already out and about. It is a safe prophecy that there will be far fewer chickens about than usual in June. The weather was exceptionally unfavourable for the first broods of the season, and not a few feathered babies succumbed to it. All the more reason to hasten the growth of the latter broods. Specially important is it to avoid overcrowding. When chickens are big enough to leave their mother they will sleep very well for a while in the coop she and they have hitherto occupied, but a small movable chicken-house with a barred floor is even better for them. Where there are several broods the chickens, when the hens are taken away, all crowd together and make for the same coop at night. This should not be allowed. If chickens are reared in a shrubbery, and if there is no danger from thieves or foxes, they should be encouraged to roost in the bushes, those at least that are three months old. But in the great majority of cases they have to sleep in wooden houses. Try and keep the broods separate as long as possible, and above all keep them away from the adult fowls. Chickens of the year should not run with adult fowls till quite six months old, and even then they will be pecked and bullied by the older hens. Cockerels as soon as they learn to crow get pugnacious, and should be separated from the pullets at any time after two months that they get troublesome.

The system of chicken-feeding in Sussex is to give the chickens, as soon as they are ready for their first meal, Sussex ground oats damped with water to the consistency of porridge. To prevent waste it is served on a board. They are given nothing else, and often, when at three months old they go into the fattening pen, have never eaten a grain of hard corn. This seems a monotonous diet, though certainly it seems to suit them. But there are several excellent chicken meals on the market, the use of which can be recommended, with or without the addition of meat. In the latter case it should be supplied in some form or other. Animal food is very necessary to chickens. In their wild state fowls get half their livelihood from grubs, flies, and insects, and as in captivity they cannot obtain such a diet, meat in the form of shredded animal food is necessary. Fish meal is also very good. The shredded meat, or meat meal, is recommended because it is so easy to prepare. To buy scraps from a butcher and boil them down means taking a lot of unnecessary trouble. Give chickens a little meat every day.

Milk—that is to say, skim milk—is a valuable poultry food, even more so than its analysis suggests. Whether the chickens drink it or have their soft food mixed with it, the benefit they derive from it is remarkable. Nothing is so good for rapid growth. It does not matter if it is sour, as the staleness of it does not affect them. Of course, whole milk is better still, but it is usually too valuable to give to chickens, while skim milk is of little value.

Never leave food lying before chickens. What food is left remove before the next meal is served. To feed little and often is best, but never allow them to get really hungry. Very small chickens should be fed six or seven times a day, and the number of meals can be gradually reduced to three when they are three months old.

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THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

By E. T. COOK, *Editor of "The Garden."*

JUNE is a month in which we rejoice in the meeting of spring and summer. Flowers are opening on the China Rose, and there is the scent of blossom in the wind. The winter is past, and once again comes the resurrection of everything that is beautiful in Nature.

An important consideration is the shading of plant houses, and I cannot give better advice on this point than that in "Gardening for Beginners," where it is mentioned. "There are times when many plants that generally seem able to endure any amount of warmth require shading Thus, it is common practice where orchids and plants that delight in heat are grown, to shade the houses they are in during the summer, except, of course, when evening approaches. Plants in an ordinary greenhouse also need shelter from the sun during portions of the day. Cuttings, or newly-planted things of any description, need some temporary shading, if given only with newspapers House-shading is best furnished by blinds made of some woollen material, such as tiffany, attached to wood rollers, fixed to the ridge of the house; these can be drawn up or down when necessary. This enables the gardener to remove shading quickly when the weather is cloudy. Some shade their glass-houses in summer by coating the glass with a thin solution of milk and blue. It does well for ferns, but often makes the house too dark in cloudy weather"

Bedding plants may be taken from the frames to their appointed places in the garden with safety now, and half hardy annuals, the beautiful Comet China Asters and others, must also be planted. June is a busy month. The true spring flowers are over, and then comes the planting out for the summer months—geraniums dahlias, and the many exotics we cherish for their colour and fragrance.

I cannot give better advice than already mentioned in my book, with regard to the work necessary to be done in the garden in June. I am referring now to the flower garden only. This is an excellent time to sow seed of hardy perennial or biennial flowers, which make a charming display not only for one year, but yearly, as many may be propagated afterwards by division of root or by cuttings. Finish all planting out and stake or support anything needed. It is better to do this early before the plants get injured Now is a good time to kill weeds on walks Use weed-killers when the weather is dry. Roses may be sprayed with soapy or tobacco water, and in wet seasons, should mildew appear, dust the plants with dry sulphur. Use a small hoe freely between growing plants to keep down weeds. All creepers will need attention for a time to keep them in place, as those on buildings will grow unwieldy.

The white or Madonna Lily will soon expand its spotless flowers, that scent the garden and give greater pleasure than even the flaming Tiger Lily of the autumn. But, unfortunately, it is subject to a fungoid disease, which I think is the result of frost. When, however, it appears, the following mixture, called the Bordeaux, will arrest its progress: Sulphate of copper and fresh quicklime, 1lb. each. Dissolve the sulphate in a wooden tub and slake the lime in a pail or anything convenient. Pour the lime when slaked into the sulphate solution, and add ten gallons of water, syringe gently with this mixture, and again a week or ten days later.

Alpine flowers for walls. I have been asked to name some Alpine flowers for walls. These should include the silvery Milfoil (Achillea argentea), Æthionema grandiflorum, the white Arabis, purple Aubrietia, yellow Alyssum, Androsace sarmentosa, the Pasque-flower (Anemone pulsatilla), Columbine or Aquilegia, Arenaria montana, Sea Pink (Armeria), Bellflowers (of which there is a large and delightful variety, especially Campanula Garganica, muralis, pulla, the exquisite pumila and pumila alba), Alpine Wallflower (Cheiranthus alpinus), Corydalis lutea, Alpine Pinks (Dianthus alpinus, arenarius, cæsius, deltoides, and neglectus), Draba Aizoides, Dryas octopetala, Erinus alpinus, Geranium argenteum, Candytufts (Iberis), Edelweiss, the pretty Forget-me-Not called Myosotis rupicola, the Prophet-flower (Onosma echioides), Alpine Phloxes, Primulas, the Alpine Poppy (Papaver nudicaule), Saponaria ocymoides, Saxifrages in variety, Stonecrops, Snapdragons (Antirrhinum), the Silenes, Thyme, Veronicas, especially V. prostrata, rupestris, and saxatilis, Wallflowers, and Zauschneria Californica. There are many others, but these I hope will suffice as a start.

This is the season to plant Water-lilies (Nymphæas), which are generally supposed to require large expanses of water for their well-being, but the smaller kinds may be grown with complete success in tubs. As I have mentioned before, the size of the garden is a matter of small consideration. Quite amateur gardeners may grow Nymphæas in tubs, and they give little trouble. Procure sufficient casks or barrels to hold the plants. Cut each into two in the middle, and make sure each part is fairly watertight. A hole must be made and plugged up, as it is necessary to have some means of letting off the water. It is an excellent plan also to have some larger tubs, so that they may be of varying widths, from eighteen inches to three or even twenty feet. The tubs will require drainage; that is, there must be in the bottom, as in the case of pot plants, some pieces of broken pots or bricks, and for soil use loam mixed with leaf mould. When the soil is very poor, enrich it by the addition of bone-meal, but as a rule this is unnecessary.

My favourite water-lily for tubs is the pretty little Nymphæa pygmæa Helvola, which has yellow flowers.

This is the time to plant grape vines outdoors, and they will grow in almost any soil, but require a sunny aspect. I have been asked to name some of the best for the open air, and any of the following may be selected, the fruit ripening in each case in September or October: Black Cluster, a very free bearing variety, almost certain to crop, and most satisfactory on a west wall; Chasselas Vibert, a sweet refreshing grape, white, and reminiscent of a Sweet Water; Chasselas Rose, a grape that should be more grown for the sake of its peculiar Muscat flavour; Early Samur Frontignan, an amber-coloured variety of great merit; Gamay Noir, a small purple berry, a very hardy vine, and much esteemed for making wine; Miller's Burgundy, a very hardy purple grape, and excellent for walls and fences; Reine Olga, a new and most satisfactory vine, with large berries and branches, very hardy, and should have a south wall; Royal Muscadine, one of the best known of the hardy vines; Chasselas Fontainbleur, a delicious grape for a northern wall; and the Sweet Water or Dutch White, which is the best kind for a wall. The plants should be purchased in pots.

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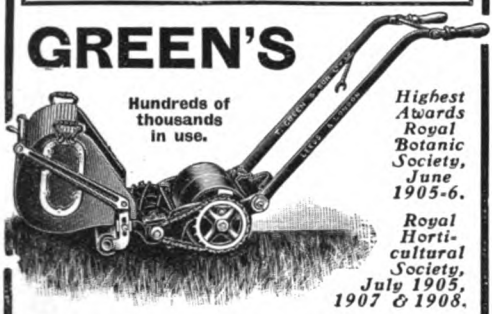

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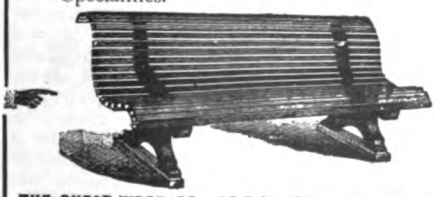

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OUR HEALTH PAGE.

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

WHEN one is "getting on in life," as the saying goes, the question of how to conserve health and strength, and so to enjoy a ripe old age, assumes a highly important aspect. Before we attain the fifties, say, the prospects of old age do not greatly concern us. Although a physician was credited with suggesting that after forty most of us should be made to undergo euthanasia by the dulcet aid of chloroform, the high chorus of dissent with which this opinion was met showed clearly enough that the fifties, or even the sixties, were not to be regarded as the time-limit of human activity and of profitable labour. There was a wiser saying of another physician, and one founded on a scientific basis, to the effect that "a man is as old as his arteries." These vessels carry pure blood all through the body, and it is the characteristic of a healthy artery that it is highly elastic, and by aid of this property assists materially in securing a free and pure distribution of the vital fluid to all the tissues. On the due performance of this function the nourishment of the body depends. When, through changes in the arteries incidental to old age, these vessels lose something of their elasticity, they are no longer able to discharge their duty as perfectly as of yore. Hence nutrition is apt to lag behind the body's demands, and so the saying about the arteries and human age has come to assume all the significance and force of a scientific proverb.

The craving for long life is natural enough, but we have advanced beyond the stage of human thought and desire whereof the search for an *elixir vitæ* was a prominent feature. There can be no rejuvenescence of the aged, no exchanging the hoary ways of age for the activity of youth, no restoring to the weakened frame the ardour and vigour of its twenty years. Most of us wisely recognise this plain fact, and admit that to grow aged is as natural as to develop, and to die as natural as to be born. That which really concerns the sensible man is how to make the most and the best of his remaining days, even if he has not used his earlier years as wisely as he ought. Science teaches him that a great deal may be done by careful living to prolong life, not in feebleness, but in a fair measure of comfort and activity. There comes encouragement to him from frequent announcements in the journals of the demise of old ladies and gentlemen, mostly of humble rank, who shuffle off their mortal coil at ages varying from one hundred years to a century and five or even six years over. There may be a little doubt about a year or two in such chronicles, but even if we admit the century, and if people live for a hundred years, and may be even fairly well at that age, we may rest assured by that time they will be quite ready and contented to bid life good-bye.

True it is that certain people are favoured over others in certain of the conditions which tend to prolong life. It is not always among those who are well-to-do, and who have had a life of many halcyon days, that extreme old age is attained. On the contrary, as I have said, one meets with octogenarians and older folks more frequently, perhaps, among the masses than among the classes. The late Professor Humphry, of Cambridge, in the course of researches made regarding English longevity, found a large number of his subjects in workhouses. Nor had they always lived sober and frugal lives. One very old man, when he had the opportunity to get out of the workhouse, not only drank like a fish, but drank anything and everything he could get. Very often these people had come through an existence of toil, deprivation, and hardship, and yet they survived in fair health long past the appointed term, so-called, of man's life. These facts lead me to the inevitable conclusion that the all-important condition for the attainment of a good old age is the starting of life with a sound constitution. Over and above all things else, we must admit the value of the *corpus sanum* to begin with. The opposite state of a weakly frame handicaps its possessor at the outset of his existence, and discounts largely his chances of attaining, it may be, even the epoch of middle life. But health science does not leave us hopeless in the face of such a grave contingency, for, by the exercise of care, and by the practice of godly living in a physical sense, even the weakling may live to find the shadows grow long behind him.

The first rule for the middle-aged man to observe with care, if he would live long in the land, is moderation in eating and in drinking. If you note a man of, say, forty-five, eating as much and drinking as freely as he did when he was ten years or fifteen years younger, you may prophesy with exactitude, because "you know," that he will probably not see seventy. The body as it ages does less work, therefore it needs less food, and it is on this rock of repletion that many of us come to grief with our exuberant dining and wining. Most long livers are, and have been, spare eaters, and they have been temperate men to boot. Excess of alcohol tends to deteriorate the tissues, and brings about more quickly than is natural that brittleness of the arteries which we have seen to interfere with the body's nutrition. Simplicity of diet is another point to be borne in mind in this connection. The digestive powers grow weak, and they are to be coaxed to do their work by food of a kind which will not overtax their energies. Then there is the question of rest and sleep. The heart is a long-suffering but very willing organ, and, with encouragement in the way of adequate rest, will serve us well and stoutly enough even when we grow old. As for exercise, this must be graduated to the body's needs, and also to the body's wants and strength. As thy days so should thine exercise be. The man of seventy, or before it, should renounce golf, I think. He will be safer to look on, and to take his daily walks abroad at an easy pace as his best form of outdoor life. He need not grudge giving up his clubs, for has he not his whist and bridge to keep his brain active and his senses keen?

The purer the air our old man breathes the better he will resist disease attack, and his tepid bath in the morning or a warm bath at night will assist skin action and serve as a soothing measure. Above all, I think the old person benefits from taking an active interest in something or other. Many very old men have led lives of an intellectually active kind, and though the spectacle of a senile judge or a doctor attempting to practise when he should perhaps be a patient is melancholy enough, yet there is much to be said for a certain amount of brain exercise, in that it helps to keep old people alive in the best sense of the term. We desire to wear out gradually, not to rust out, and a certain measure of mental activity lends a zest to life, and so acts as a tonic to the bodily powers.

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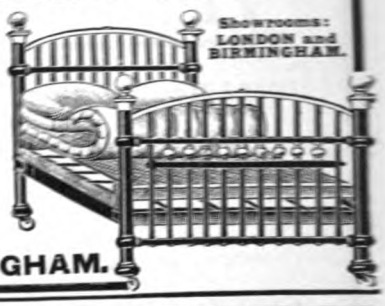

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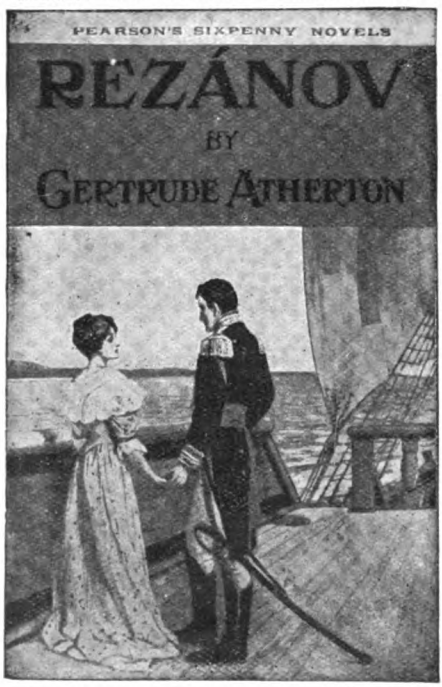

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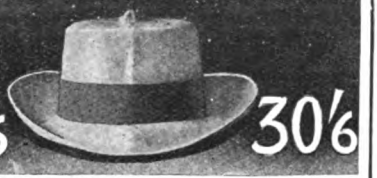

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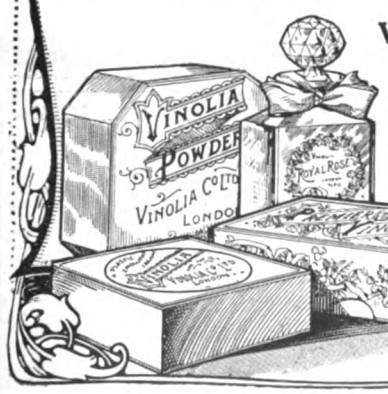

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